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'ARMENIA: AN APPEAL.

THE time has come for every reasoning inhabitant of these islands deliberately to accept or repudiate his share of the joint indirect responsibility of the British nation for a series of the hugest and foulest crimes that have ever stained the pages of human history. The Armenian people in Anatolia are being exterminated, root and branch, by Turks and Kurds—systematically and painfully exterminated by such abominable methods and with such fiendish accompaniments as may well cause the most sluggish blood to boil and seethe with shame and indignation.

For the Armenians are not lawless barbarians or brigands; nor are the Turks and Kurds the accredited torch-bearers of civilisation. But even, if the rôles of the actors in this hideous drama were thus distributed, an excuse might at most be found for severity, but no pretext could be discovered for the slow torture and gradual vivisection employed by fanatic Mohammedans to end the lives of their Christian neighbours. If, for instance, it be expedient that Armenians should be exterminated, why chop them up piecemeal, and, in the intervals of this protracted process, banter the agonised victims who are wildly calling upon God and man to put them out of pain? Why must an honest, hard-working man be torn from his bed or his fireside, forced to witness the violation of his daughter by a host of all-pitiless demons, unable to rescue or help her, and then, his own turn come, have his hand cut off and stuffed into his mouth, while a short sermon is being preached to him on the text, "If your God be God, why does He not succour you?" at the peroration of which the other hand is hacked off, and, amid boisterous shouts of jubilation, his ears are torn from his head and his feet severed with a hatchet, while the piercing screams, the piteous prayers, the hideous contortions of the

agonising victim intoxicate with physico-spiritual ecstasies the souls of the frantic fanatics around? And why, when the last and merciful stroke of death is being dealt, must obscene jokes and unutterable blasphemies sear the victim's soul and prolong his hell to the uttermost limits of time, to the very threshold of eternity? Surely, roasting alive, flaying, disembowelling, impaling, and all that elaborate and ingenious aggravation of savage pain on which the souls of these human fiends seem to feast and flourish, have nothing that can excuse them in the eyes of Christians, however deeply absorbed in politics.

But it is the Turks and Kurds who, at their best, are stagnant, sluggish, and utterly averse from progress; and at their worst are—the beings who conceive, perpetrate, and glory in the horrors just enumerated and in others that must be nameless. The Armenians, on the contrary, constitute the sole civilising—nay, with all their many faults, the sole humanising—element in Anatolia; peaceful to the degree of self-sacrifice, law-abiding to their own undoing, and industrious and hopeful under conditions which would appal the majority of mankind. At their best, they are the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are moulded. Christians, believing, as we believe, that God revealed Himself to the world in Jesus Christ, they have held fast to the teachings of our common Master in spite of disgrace and misery, in the face of fire and sword, in the agonies of torture and death. From the middle of the fifth century, when the hero Vartan and his dauntless companions died defending their faith against the Persian Mazdeans,* scarcely a year has elapsed in which Armenian men and women have not unhesitatingly and unostentatiously laid down their lives for their religious belief. The murdered of Sassoon, of Van, of Erzeroum were also Christian martyrs; and any or all of those whose eyes were lately gouged out, whose limbs were wrenched asunder, and whose quivering flesh was torn from their bodies, might have obtained life and comparative prosperity by merely pronouncing the formula of Islam and abjuring Christ. But, instead of this, they commended their souls to their Creator, delivered up their bodies to the tormentors, endured indescribable agonies, and died, like Christian martyrs, defying Heaven itself, so to say, by their boundless trust in God.

Identity of ideals, aspirations, and religious faith give this unfortunate but heroic people strong claims on the sympathy of the English people, whose ancestors, whatever their religious creed, never hesitated to die for it, and when the breath of God swept over them, breasted the hurricane of persecution.

* Yazdiged II., King of Persia, insisted on the apostasy of the Armenian people, whom he commanded to embrace the garbled doctrines of Zoroaster. Vartan, the chieftain of the race, gathered 287 members of the royal family around him, and with a following of 749 others, manfully died on the field of battle after a bloody combat with the Persian troops, on June 2, 450.

But what special claims to our sympathy are needed by men and women whom we see treated by their masters as the damned were said to be dealt with by the devils in the deepest of hell's abysses? Our written laws condemn cruelty to a horse, a dog, a cat; our innate sense of justice moves us to punish the man who should wantonly torture a rat, say, by roasting it alive. And shall it be asserted that our instincts of justice, humanity, mercy need to be re-inforced by extrinsic considerations before we consent to stretch out a helping hand, not to a brute or to a single individual, but to tens of thousands of honest, industrious Christian men, pure, virtuous women, and innocent little children to save them from protracted tortures, compared with some of which roasting alive is a swift and merciful death? Yet it is a melancholy fact that we have not alleviated the sufferings of these woe-stricken people by a single pang, and that the succour which no one of us, individually, would dream of withholding from a friend, a neighbour, nay, a bitter enemy were he in such straits, we all, as a nation, deny to our Christian brethren who are being bludgeoned, sawn in twain, burned or thrust fainting into a gory grave.

Why is it that our compassion for these, our fellow-men, has not yet assumed the form of effective help? For reasons of "higher politics"; because, forsooth, the Turks and Kurds, in whose soulless bodies the Gadarene legion of unclean spirits would seem to have taken up their abode, are indispensable to Christian civilisation—for the time being; and because the millions of soldiers, the deadly rifles and the destructive warships which are accounted the most costly possessions of contemporary Europe cannot be spared in such a cause—they are wanted by the Christian nations to mow each other down with. In a word, the civilisation built up on Christ's Gospel cannot stand, or at least cannot thrive, without the support of Kurdish cruelty and Turkish thuggery! It may be asked, on what grounds the people of Great Britain ought to show themselves more ready to pity, and more eager to succour, the Armenians than our Continental neighbours. The question differs little in spirit from that which the priest and the Levite asked themselves as they passed the helpless man mentioned by Jesus, who, on his way to Jericho, had fallen among thieves, and was left lying half-dead. But in the present case an answer is forthcoming, an answer which is calculated to satisfy the most callous among us, and transform us into Good Samaritans. Briefly, it is this: because we are primarily responsible for their sufferings; because they are the innocent victims of our selfish pursuit of political interests—which have none the less eluded our grasp, and left us empty-handed, and face to face with the calamitous results of our egotism.

In the first place, we refused to recognise the Treaty of San Stefano, and to allow the Christian subjects of the Sultan to owe

the boon of humane treatment to Russia's policy or generosity. We insisted on delivering them back, bound hand and foot, to their rabid enemies, undertaking, however, to undo their fetters later on. But the "later on" never came. Oppression, persecution, incredible manifestations of savagery, characterised the dealings of the Turk with the Christians, but we closed our eyes and shut our ears until the Porte, encouraged by our connivance, organised the wholesale massacres of Sassoon. Then, for the first time, we interfered striking out a line of action which we knew must prove disastrous if not completely successful, and without first assuring ourselves that we could and would work it out to a favourable issue. And the result was what was feared from the first. We acted as a surgeon might who, about to perform a dangerous operation, should lay the patient on the table, probe the wound, cut the flesh, and just when the last and decisive manipulation was needed to save the life of the sufferer, should turn away, and leave him to bleed to death.

These are reasons why we, and we more than any other people, are responsible for the misery of the Armenians.

The condition of Armenian Christians when we first interfered (1878) was, from a humane point of view, deplorable. Laws existed only on paper. Mohammedan crimes were punishable only in theory. Life and property depended for security solely on the neighbourly feeling which custom and community of interests had gradually fostered between Moslems and Christians, and which greed or fanaticism might at any moment suddenly uproot. Russia was willing to substitute law and order for crime and chaos, and to guarantee Christians the treatment due to human beings. But we then denied her right to do this, as she refuses to admit our claim to undertake it single-handed. Our interference was inspired by purely political calculations, unredeemed by considerations of humanity. About that there is now no doubt, nor was there then any disguise. Our political interests needed, or our Government fancied they needed, propping up of the Turkish Empire, when the Turkish Empire already became the embodiment of the powers of darkness. And these fancied interests were sacrificed to the property, the honour, the lives of the Armenian people. But not to appear less generous or humane than our northern rival, we solemnly and emphatically promised to compel the Porte to deal fairly with its Christian subjects, and we undertook to see that such reforms were introduced as would enable Armenians to work without fear of legalised robbery or lawless brigandage, to marry without the certainty of having their wives honoured and their daughters violated, and to worship God after the manner of their fathers without being liable to imprisonment, torture, and death. We said in effect: "Though our political interests

clash with those of Russia, we will see to it that they are not subversive of the elementary principles of human justice and the immutable law of God. Therefore we declare that we are actuated by the will and possessed of the power to induce or compel the Porte to grant such political and administrative reforms as are essential to the well-being of its Armenian subjects."

This promise, and the events that rendered it necessary, constitute the main claim of the Armenian people in Turkey to English sympathy and assistance.

Yet we never took any efficacious step to fulfil that solemn promise. We never said or did anything the effect of which was to assuage the sufferings which owed their continued existence to our egotism. Nay, more; we allowed things to drift from bad to worse, mismanagement to develop into malignity, oppression to merge in extermination, and for the space of seventeen years we deliberately shut our eyes and closed our ears to the ghastly sights and lugubrious sounds that accompanied the horrors of Turkish misrule in Armenia. Our consuls forwarded exhaustive reports, the Press published heartrending details, Armenian ecclesiastics presented piteous appeals—all of them describing deeds more gruesome and nefarious than those which in patriarchal days brought down fire from heaven upon Sodom and Gomorrah. But we "pigeon-holed" the consular reports, pooh-poohed the particulars published by the Press, or characterised them as a tissue of gross exaggerations, and ignored the petition of the priests.

Let it not be supposed for a moment that this breach of faith was a mere "political peccadillo." It is often implicitly assumed, and sometimes flippantly affirmed, that politics postulate a code of morals different from that of private life. Even if this strange theory were true, it would furnish no justification, no excuse, no pretext for this indefensible conduct of a great nation towards a poor and downtrodden people. For the guiles and wiles, the subterfuges and stratagems which commonly characterise the diplomatic dealing of independent peoples and States are usually confined, even in their furthest consequences, by the narrow limits of the political sphere. They leave the real weal and woe of individuals practically untouched. National prestige, commercial advantages, or, at most, a strip of territory, is all that is at stake. But our unfortunate action and inaction made themselves immediately and fatally felt in the very homes and at the firesides of hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women, driving them into exile, shutting them up in noisome prisons, and subjecting them to every conceivable species of indignity, outrage, and death. We pressed a knob, as it were, in London, and thereby opened hell's portals in Asia Minor, letting loose legions of fiends in human shape, who set about torturing and exterminating

the Christians there. And, lest it should be urged that our Government was ignorant of the wide-reaching effects of its ill-advised action, it is on record that for seventeen years it continued to watch the harrowing results of that action without once interfering to stop it, although at any moment during that long period of persecution it could have redeemed its promise, and rescued the Christians from their unbearable lot.

If a detailed description were possible of the horrors which our exclusive attention to our own mistaken interests let loose upon Turkish Armenians, there is not a man within the kingdom of Great Britain whose heartstrings would not be touched and thrilled by the gruesome stories of which it would be composed.

During all those seventeen years written law, traditional custom, the fundamental maxims of human and divine justice were suspended in favour of a Mohammedan saturnalia. The Christians by whose toil and thrift the empire was held together, were despoiled, beggared, chained, beaten and banished or butchered. First their movable wealth was seized, then their landed property was confiscated, next the absolute necessities of life were wrested from them, and finally honour, liberty, and life were taken with as little ado as if these Christian men and women were wasps or mosquitoes. Thousands of Armenians were thrown into prison by governors like Tahsin Pasha and Bahri Pasha, and tortured and terrorized till they delivered up the savings of a lifetime, and the support of the helpless families, to ruffianly parasites. Whole villages were attacked in broad daylight by the Imperial Kurdish cavalry without pretext or warning, the male inhabitants turned adrift or killed, and their wives and daughters transformed into instruments to glut the foul lusts of these bestial murderers. In a few years the provinces were decimated, Aloghkerd, for instance, being almost entirely "purged" of Armenians. Over 20,000 woe-stricken wretches, once healthy and well-to-do, fled to Russia or to Persia in rags and misery, deformed, diseased, or dying; on the way they were seized over and over again by the soldiers of the Sultan, who deprived them of the little money they possessed, nay, of the clothes they were wearing, outraged the married women in presence of their sons and daughters, deflowered the tender girls before the eyes of their mothers and brothers, and then drove them over the frontier to hunger and die. Those who remained for a time behind were no better off. Kurdish brigands lifted the last cows and goats of the peasants, carried away their carpets and their valuables, raped their daughters, and dishonoured their wives. Turkish tax-gatherers followed these, gleaming what the brigands had left, and, lest anything should escape their avarice, bound the men, flogged them till their bodies were a bloody, mangled mass, cicatrized the wounds with red hot ramrods, plucked out their beards hair by hair, tore the flesh from their limbs

with pincers, and often, even then, dissatisfied with the financial results of their exertions, hung the men whom they had thus beggared and maltreated from the rafters of the room and kept there to witness with burning shame, impotent rage, and incipient madness, the dishonouring of their wives and the deflowering of their daughters, some of whom died miserably during the hellish outrage.

Stories of this kind in connection with Turkish misrule in Armenia have grown familiar to English ears of late, and it is to be feared that people are now so much accustomed to them that they have lost the power of conveying corresponding definite impressions to the mind. The more is the pity. It is only meet that we should make some effort to realise the sufferings which we have brought down upon inoffensive men and women, and to understand somewhat of the shame, the terror, the despair that must take possession of the souls of Christians whose lives are a martyrdom of such unchronicled agonies, during which no ray of the life-giving light that plays about the throne of God ever pierces the mist of blood and tears that rises between the blue of heaven and the everlasting grey of the charnel-house called Armenia.

It should be remembered that these statements are neither rumours nor exaggerations concerning which we are justified in suspending our judgment. History has set its seal upon them; diplomacy has slowly verified and reluctantly recognised them as established facts, and religion and humanity are now called upon to place their emphatic protest against them on record. The Turks, in their confidential moods, have admitted these and worse acts of savagery; the Kurds glory in them at all times; trustworthy Europeans have witnessed and described them, and Armenians groaned over them in blank despair. Officers and nobles in the Sultan's own cavalry regiments, like Mostigo the Kurd, bruit abroad with unpardonable pride the story of the long series of rapes and murders which marked their official careers, and laugh to scorn the notion of being punished for robbing and killing the Armenians, whom the Sublime Porte desires them to exterminate. Nay, it was the Armenians themselves who were punished if they complained when their own relatives or friends were murdered. And they were punished, either on the charge of having cruelly done their own parents, sisters, children to death, or else on suspicion of having killed the murderers, who, however, were always found afterwards living and thriving in the Sultan's employ, and were never disturbed there. Three hundred and six of the principal inhabitants of the district of Khnopss, in a piteous appeal to the people of England, wrote:

"Year by year, month by month, day by day, innocent men, women and children have been shot down, stabbed, or clubbed to death, in their houses and their fields, tortured in strange fiendish ways in fetid prison cells,

or left to rot in exile under the scorching sun of Arabia. During that long and horrible tragedy no voice was raised for mercy, no hand extended to help us. . . . Is European sympathy destined to take the form of a cross on our graves?"

Now the answer has been given. These ill-starred men might now know that European sympathy has taken a different form—that of a marine guard before the Sultan's palace to shield him and his from harm from without while they proceed with their orgies of blood and lust within. These simple men of Khnouss might now know and wonder at this—if they were still among the living; but most of them have been butchered since then, like the relatives and friends whose lot they lamented and yet envied.

In accordance with the plan of extermination, which has been carried out with such signal success during these long years of Turkish vigour and English sluggishness, all those Armenians who possessed money or money's worth were for a time allowed to purchase immunity from prison, and from all that prison life in Asia Minor implies. But, as soon as terror and summary confiscation took the place of slow and elaborate extortion, the gloomy dungeons of Erzeroum, Erzinghan, Marsovan, Hassankaleh, and Van were filled, till there was no place to sit down, *and scarcely sufficient standing room*. And this means more than English people can realise, or any person believe who has not actually witnessed it. It would have been a torture for Turkish troopers and Kurdish brigands, but it was worse than death to the educated schoolmasters, missionaries, priests, and physicians who were immured in these noisome hotbeds of infection, and forced to sleep night after night standing on their feet, leaning against the foul, reeking corner of the wall which all the prisoners were compelled to use as The very worst class of Tartar and Kurdish criminals were turned in here to make these hell-chambers more unbearable to the Christians. And the experiment was everywhere successful. Human hatred and diabolical spite, combined with the most disgusting sights and sounds and stenches, with their gnawing hunger and their putrid food, their parching thirst and the slimy water, fit only for sewers, rendered their agony maddening. Yet these were not criminals nor alleged criminals, but upright Christian men, who were never even accused of an infraction of the law. No man who has not seen these prisons with his own eyes, and heard these prisoners with his own ears, can be expected to conceive, much less realise, the sufferings inflicted and endured. The loathsome diseases, whose terrible ravages were freely displayed; the still more loathsome vices, which were continually and openly practised; the horrible blasphemies, revolting obscenities and ribald jests which alternated with cries of pain, songs of vice, and prayers to the unseen God, made these prisons, in some respects, nearly as bad as the Black Hole of Calcutta,

and in others infinitely worse. In one corner of this foul fever-nest a man might be heard moaning and groaning with the pain of a shattered arm or leg; in another, a youth is convulsed with the death spasms of cholera or poison; in the centre, a knot of Turks, whose dull eyes are fired with bestial lust, surround a Christian boy, who pleads for mercy with heart-harrowing voice while the human fiends actually outrage him to death.

Into these prisons venerable old ministers of religion were dragged from their churches, teachers from their schools, missionaries from their meeting-houses, merchants, physicians, and peasants from their fire-sides. Those among them who refused to denounce their friends, or consent to some atrocious crime, were subjected to horrible agonies. Many a one, for instance, was put into a sentry-box bristling with sharp spikes, and forced to stand there motionless, without food or drink, for twenty-four and even thirty-six hours, was revived with stripes whenever he fell fainting to the prickly floor, and was carried out unconscious at the end. It was thus that hundreds of Armenian Christians, whose names and histories are on record, suffered for refusing to sign addresses to the Sultan accusing their neighbours and relatives of high treason. It was thus that Azo was treated by his judges, the Turkish officials, Talib Effendi, Captain Reshid, and Captain Hadji Fehim Agha, for declining to swear away the lives of the best men of his village. A whole night was spent in torturing him. He was first bastinadoed in a room close to which his female relatives and friends were shut up so that they could hear his cries. Then he was stripped naked, and two poles, extending from his armpits to his feet, were placed on each side of his body and tied tightly. His arms were next stretched out horizontally and poles arranged to support his hands. This living cross was then bound to a pillar, and the flogging began. The whips left livid traces behind. The wretched man was unable to make the slightest movement to ease his pain. His features alone, hideously distorted, revealed the anguish he endured. The louder he cried, the more heavily fell the whip. Over and over again he entreated his tormentors to put him out of pain, saying: "If you want my death, kill me with a bullet, but for God's sake don't torture me like this!" His head alone being free he, at last, maddened by excruciating pain, endeavoured to dash out his brains against the pillar, hoping in this way to end his agony. But this consummation was hindered by the police. They questioned him again; but in spite of his condition, Azo replied as before: "I cannot defile my soul with the blood of innocent people. I am a Christian." Enraged at this obstinacy, Talib Effendi, the Turkish official, ordered the application of other and more effective tortures. Pincers were fetched to pull out his

teeth; but, Azo remaining firm, this method was not long persisted in. Then Talib commanded his servants to pluck out the prisoner's moustachios by the roots, one hair at a time. This order the gendarmes executed, with roars of infernal laughter. But this treatment proving equally ineffectual, Talib instructed his men to canterise the unfortunate victim's body. A spit was heated in the fire. Azo's arms were freed from their supports, and two brawny policemen approached, one on each side, and seized him. Meanwhile another gendarme held to the middle of the wretched man's hands the glowing spit. While his flesh was thus burning, the victim shouted out in agony, "For the love of God kill me at once!"

Then the executioners, removing the red hot spit from his hands, applied it to his breast, then to his back, his face, his feet, and other parts. After this, they forced open his mouth, and burned his tongue with red hot pincers. During these inhuman operations, Azo fainted three several times, but on recovering consciousness maintained the same inflexibility of purpose. Meanwhile, in the adjoining apartment, a heartrending scene was being enacted. The women and the children, terrified by the groans and cries of the tortured man, fainted. When they revived, they endeavoured to rush out to call for help, but the gendarmes, stationed at the door, barred their passage, and brutally pushed them back.*

Nights were passed in such hellish orgies and days in inventing new tortures or refining upon the old, with an ingenuity which reveals unimagined strata of malignity in the human heart. The results throw the most sickening horrors of the Middle Ages into the shade. Some of them cannot be described, nor even hinted at. The shock to people's sensibilities would be too terrible. And yet they were not merely described to, but endured by, men of education and refinement, whose sensibilities were as delicate as ours.

And when the prisons in which these and analogous doings were carried on had no more room for new comers, some of the least obnoxious of its actual inmates were released for a bribe, or, in case of poverty, were expeditiously poisoned off.

In the homes of these wretched people the fiendish fanatics were equally active and equally successful. Family life was poisoned at its very source. Rape and dishonour, with nameless accompaniments, menaced almost every girl and woman in the country. They could not stir out of their houses in the broad daylight to visit the bazaars, or to work in the fields, nor even lie down at night in their own homes without fearing the fall of that Damocles' sword ever suspended over their heads. Tender youth, childhood itself, was no guarantee.

* The above description is taken literally from a report of the British Vice-Consul of Erzeroum. Copies are in possession of the diplomatic Representatives of the Powers at Constantinople. The scene occurred in the village of Semal before the massacres, during the normal condition of things.

Children were often married at the age of eleven, even ten, in the vain hope of lessening this danger. But the protection of a husband proved unavailing; it merely meant one murder more, and one "Christian dog" less. A bride would be married in church yesterday and her body would be devoured by the beasts and birds of prey to-morrow—a band of ruffians, often officials, having within the intervening forty-eight hours seized her and outraged her to death. Others would be abducted, and, having for weeks been subjected to the loathsome lusts of lawless Kurds, would end by abjuring their God and embracing Islam; not from any vulgar motive of gain, but to escape the burning shame of returning home as pariahs and lepers to be shunned by those near and dear to them for ever. Little girls of five and six were frequently forced to be present during these horrible scenes of lust, and they, too, were often sacrificed before the eyes of their mothers, who would have gladly, madly accepted death, ay, and damnation, to save their tender offspring from the corroding poison.

One of the abducted young women who, having been outraged by the son of the Deputy-Governor of Khnouss, Hussni Bey, returned, a pariah, and is now alone in the world, lately appealed to her English sisters for such aid as a heathen would give to a brute, and she besought it in the name of our common God. Lucine Mussegh—this is the name of that outraged young woman whose Protestant education gave her, as she thought, a special claim to act as the spokeswoman of Armenian mothers and daughters—Lucine Mussegh besought, last March, the women of England to obtain for the women of Armenia the *privilege* of living a pure and chaste life! This was the boon which she craved—but did not, could not, obtain. The interests of "higher politics," the civilising missions of the Christian Powers are, it seems, incompatible with it! "For the love of the God whom we worship in common," wrote this outraged, but still hopeful, Armenian lady, "help us, Christian sisters! Help us before it is too late, and take the thanks of the mothers, the wives, the sisters, and the daughters of my people, and with them the gratitude of one for whom, in spite of her youth, death would come as a happy release."

Neither the Christian sisters nor the Christian brethren in England have seen their way to comply with this strange request. But it may perhaps interest Lucine Mussegh to learn that the six Great Powers of Europe are quite unanimous, and are manfully resolved, come what will, to shield his Majesty the Sultan from harm, to support his rule, and to guarantee his kingdom from disintegration. These are objects worthy of the attention of the Great Powers; as for the privilege of leading pure and chaste lives—they cannot be importuned about such private matters.

What astonishes one throughout this long, sickening story of

shame and crime is the religious faith of the sufferers. It envelops them like a Nessus' shirt, aggravating their agonies by the fear it inspires that they must have offended in some inexplicable way the omnipotent God who created them. What is not at all wonderful, but only symptomatic, is the mood of one of the women, who, having prayed to God in heaven, discovered no signs of His guiding hand upon earth, and whose husband was killed in presence of her daughter, after which each of the two terrified females was outraged by the band of ruffians in turn. When gazing, a few days later, on the lifeless corpse of that beloved child whom she had vainly endeavoured to save, that wretched, heart-broken mother, wrung to frenzy by her soul-searing anguish, accounted to her neighbours for the horrors that were spread over her people and her country by the startling theory that God Himself had gone mad, and that maniacs and demons incarnate were stalking about the world!

Such, in broad outline, has been the *normal* condition of Armenia ever since the Treaty of Berlin, owing at first to the disastrous action and subsequently to the equally disastrous inaction of the British Government. The above sketch contains but a few isolated instances of the daily commonplaces of the life of Armenian Christians. When these have been multiplied by thousands and the colours duly heightened, a more or less adequate idea may be formed of the hideous reality. Now, during all those seventeen years, we took no serious step to put an end to the brigandage, rapes, tortures, and murders which all Christendom agreed with us in regarding as the *normal* state of things. No one deemed it his duty to insist on the punishment of the professional butchers and demoralisers, who founded their claims to preferment upon the maintenance of this inhuman system, and had their claims allowed, for the Sultan, whose intelligence and humanity it was the fashion to eulogise and admire, decorated and rewarded these faithful servants, making them participators in the joy of their lord. Indeed, the utter perversion of the ideas of justice and humanity which characterised the views of European Christendom during the long period of oppression and demoralisation has at last reached such a pitch that the Powers have agreed to give the Sultan a "reasonable" time to *re-establish once more the normal state of things*.

The Turks, encouraged by the seventeen years' complicity of the only Power which possessed any formal right to intervene in favour of the Armenians, and confident that the British nation was a consenting party to the policy of sheer extermination which was openly proclaimed again and again, organised a wholesale massacre of the Christians of Sassoon. The particular reason for this sweeping measure lay in the circumstance that the Armenian population in that part of the country consisted of the hardest, bravest, and most

resolute representatives of the race, and that their proportion to the Mohammedans there was more than twice greater than elsewhere. The systematic Turkeries which had impoverished and depopulated the other less favoured districts were consequently of little avail in Sassoon; therefore, a purgative measure on a grandiose scale was carefully prepared, for a whole year before, by Imperial officials, whose services the Sultan has since nobly required.

The preparations were elaborate and open. The project was known to and canvassed by all. A long report was addressed by the Abbot of Moush, Kharakhanian, to the British representative at Erzeroum, informing him of this inhuman plan, proving its real existence, and appealing to the people of England to save their Christian brethren. But international comity forbade us to meddle with the "domestic affairs of a friendly Power," and the massacre took place as advertised. Momentary glimpses of the blood-curdling scenes, as described by Turkish, Kurdish, and Armenian eye-witnesses, have since been vouchsafed us; not by the Government, which "pigeon-holed" the reports of its consuls, but by the Press. And in these dissolving views we behold long processions of misery-stricken men and women, bearing witness to the light invisible to them, as they move onward to midnight martyrdom amid the howls of their frantic torturers. The rivulets were choked up with corpses; the streams ran red with human blood; the forest glades and rocky caves were peopled with the dead and the dying; among the black ruins of once prosperous villages lay roasted infants by their mangled mothers' corpses; pits were dug at night by the wretches destined to fill them, many of whom, flung in while but lightly wounded, awoke underneath a mountain of clammy corpses, and vainly wrestled with death and with the dead, who shut them out from light and life for ever.

It was then that our present Ambassador at Constantinople took action and displayed those remarkable gifts of energy and industry to which the Prime Minister lately alluded with pride. It was owing to his enlightened initiative and indefatigable perseverance that the unfortunate Armenians. . . . But what, ask the Armenians, have we to feel grateful for? What act of clemency, what deed of humanity, do we owe to British intervention?

The British Ambassador, however, did his best. He prosecuted inquiries, studied reports, made energetic representations to the Sultan, and at last carried the appointment of a Commission of investigation. An excellent result, apparently, and the beginning of much else. Yes, but on one condition—viz, that the British Government, before beginning this arduous work, saw its way to bring it to a successful issue, and, having irritated the Turks and Kurds to fury against the Armenians by this foreign intervention, were resolved not to abandon the Christians to the mercies of the

Mohammedans without foreign protection. Otherwise it was only too clear that our tardy action would turn out to be a piece of inexcusable inhumanity. This view was expressed and maintained at the time by some of the leading organs of our Press. But the Government went its way unheeding. Yet while the Commission of Inquiry was still sitting at Moush the deeds of atrocious cruelty which it was assembled to investigate were outdone under the eyes of the delegates. Threats were openly uttered that on their withdrawal massacres would be organised all over the country—massacres, it was said, in comparison with which the Sassoon butchery would compare but as dust in the balance. And elaborate preparations were made—ay, openly made, in the presence of consuls and delegates—for the perpetration of these wholesale murders; and in spite of the warnings and appeals published in England nothing was done to prevent them.

In due time they began. Over 60,000 Armenians have been butchered, and the massacres are not quite ended yet. In Trebizond, Erzeroum, Erzincan, Hassankaleh, and numberless other places the Christians were crushed like grapes during the vintage. The frantic mob, seething and surging in the streets of the cities, swept down upon the defenceless Armenians, plundered their shops, gutted their houses, then joked and jeered with the terrified victims, as cats play with mice. As rapid whirling motion produces apparent rest, so the wild frenzy of those fierce fanatical crowds resulted in a condition of seeming calmness, composure, and gentleness which, taken in connection with the unutterable brutality of their acts, was of a nature to freeze men's blood with horror. In many cases they almost caressed their victims, and actually encouraged them to hope, while preparing the instruments of slaughter.

The French mob during the Terror were men—nay, angels of mercy—compared with these Turks. Those were not insensible to compassion; in these every instinct of humanity seemed atrophied or dead. In Trebizond, on the first day of the massacre, an Armenian was coming out of a baker's shop, where he had been purchasing bread for his sick wife and family, when he was surprised by the raging crowd. Fascinated with terror, he stood still, was seized, and dashed to the ground. He pleaded piteously for mercy and pardon, and they quietly promised it; and so grim and dry was the humour of this crowd that the trembling wretch took their promise seriously and offered them his heartfelt thanks. In truth they were only joking. When they were ready to be serious they tied the man's feet together, and taunted him, but at first with the assumed gentleness that might well be mistaken for the harbinger of mercy. Then they cut off one of his hands, slapped his face with the bloody wrist, and placed it between his quivering lips. Soon afterwards they chopped off the

other hand, and inquired whether he would like pen and paper to write to his wife. Others requested him to make the sign of the cross with his stumps, or with his feet, while he still possessed them, while others desired him to shout louder that his God might hear his cries for help. One of the most active members of the crowd then stepped forward and tore the man's ears from his head, after which he put them between his lips, and then flung them in his face. "That Effendi's mouth deserves to be punished for refusing such a choice morsel," exclaimed a voice in the crowd, whereupon somebody stepped forward, knocked out some of his teeth, and proceeded to cut out his tongue. "He will never blaspheme again," a pious Moslem jocosely remarked. Thereupon a dagger was placed under one of his eyes, which was scooped clean out of its socket. The hideous contortions of the man's discoloured face, the quick convulsions of his quivering body, and the sight of the ebbing blood turning the dry dust to gory mud, literally intoxicated these furious fanatics, who, having gouged out his other eye and chopped off his feet, hit upon some other excruciating tortures before cutting his throat and sending his soul "to damnation," as they expressed it. These other ingenious pain-sharpening devices, however, were such as do not lend themselves to description.

In Erzeroum, where a large tract of country, from the lofty mountains of Devi Boyen to the Black Sea shore, has just been laid waste and completely purged of Armenians, similar scenes were enacted. The vilayet of Van, the town of Hassankaleh, and numerous other places have been deluged with blood, and polluted with unbridled lust. A man in Erzeroum, hearing the tumult, and fearing for his children, who were playing in the street, went out to seek and save them. He was borne down upon by the mob. He pleaded for his life, protesting that he had always lived in peace with his Moslem neighbours, and sincerely loved them. The statement may have represented a fact, or it may have been but a plea for pity. The ring-leader, however, told him that that was the proper spirit, and would be condignly rewarded. The man was then stripped, and a chunk of his flesh cut out of his body, and jestingly offered for sale: "Good fresh meat, and dirt cheap," exclaimed some of the crowd. "Who'll buy fine dogs' meat?" echoed the amused bystanders. The writhing wretch uttered piercing screams as some of the mob, who had just come from rifling the shops, opened a bottle, and poured vinegar or some acid into the gaping wound. He called on God and man to end his agonies. But they had only begun. Soon afterwards, two little boys came up, the elder crying, "*Hairik, Hairik*,"* save me! See what they've done to me!" and pointed to his head, from which the blood was streaming over his handsome face, and down his neck.

* Father, father.

The younger brother—a child of about three—was playing with a wooden toy. The agonising man was silent for a second and then, glancing at these, his children, made a frantic but vain effort to snatch a dagger from a Turk by his side. This was the signal for the renewal of his torments. The bleeding boy was finally dashed with violence against the dying father, who began to lose strength and consciousness, and the two were then pounded to death where they lay. The younger child sat near, dabbling his wooden toy in the blood of his father and brother, and looking up, now through smiles at the prettily-dressed Kurds, and now through tears at the dust-begrimed thing that had lately been his father. A slash of a sabre wound up his short experience of God's world, and the crowd turned its attention to others.

These are but isolated scenes revealed for a brief second by the light, as it were, of a momentary lightning flash. The worst cannot be described. And, if it could be, no description, however vivid, would convey a true notion of the dread reality. At most of these manifestations of bestial passion and delirium the Sultan's troops, in uniform, stood by as delighted spectators when they did not actually take an active part as zealous executioners.

And these are the Turks, whom unanimous Europe has judged worthy of continuing to govern and guide the Christians of Asia Minor. True, the Powers have courteously signified their desire, and the Sultan has graciously pledged his "word of honour" that these massacres shall cease. His Majesty, in fact, undertakes, if a reasonable time be given him, to re-establish the *normal* state of things in Turkish Armenia; and we know that that *normal* condition implies the denial to Christians of the fundamental rights of human beings, the refusal of elementary justice, the prevalence of universal violence and brutality, the abolition of womanly purity, the disintegration of the family, the rape of tender children—in a word, a system of "government" for which the history of the world affords no parallel.

Yet unanimous Europe, we are told, entertains no doubt that the true interests of Christendom demand that Turkish rule, as thus understood, should be maintained. And, with the genuine interests of Christianity at heart, the Great Powers are agreed to maintain it, in God's name.

If the refusal of the Powers to compel the Mohammedans of Turkey to respect the manhood, the motherhood, and maidenhood of their Christian fellow-subjects could be, and had been, based upon their religious reluctance to employ force even against superlative evil, one might question the wisdom of such forbearance, but it would be impossible to withhold respect from the principle underlying it. But such is not the plea. Those same Governments who persistently proclaim Christianity on the one hand and unblushingly support the

fiendish torturers of Christians in Turkey on the other, are eager to blow each other's Christian subjects in thousands off the face of the earth—ay, and to invoke God's blessing on the work over and above.

But indefensible as the conduct of Continental nations may appear to us, it is only fair to say that none of them was pledged specially and solemnly to see justice done to the Armenians; none of them broke any solemn promise by conniving for seventeen years at every species of human villainy in Asia Minor, nor could any of them reproach themselves with having roused the sleeping devils, lashed them to fury against the Armenians, and then left the latter to be trampled upon, burned, disembowelled, and pitchforked into eternity.

This unenviable rôle was reserved for Great Britain. Is it to be further persisted in? And if it is, are we, as Christians—nay, as men—to give the approval of silence to a line of conduct that would disgrace a tribe of heathens? Is there any political advantage so important and so seductive that the hope of ultimately securing it should harden our hearts to utter insensibility to the laws of God, the promptings of conscience, the inborn instincts of healthy human nature? To some, even among us, it may perhaps seem possible to imitate the Christian States of Continental Europe and keep the standard of true morality hidden away, to be applied only to bygone times and buried generations. But surely the bulk of normal Englishmen are still capable of assuming a definite attitude towards contemporary crimes, even though they have a political aspect, without staggering and reeling from the centre of Christianity to the distant and dangerous circumference.

It cannot be too clearly stated nor too widely published that what is asked for is not the establishment of an Armenian kingdom or principality, not a "buffer State," not even Christian autonomy in any sense that might render it offensive or dangerous to any of the Powers of Europe; but only that by some *efficacious* means the human beings who profess the Christian religion in Anatolia and who professed and practised it there for centuries before the Turks or Kurds were heard of, shall be enabled to live and die as human beings, and that the unparalleled crimes of which for the past seventeen years they have been the silent victims, shall speedily and once for all be put a stop to.

What serious hope is there that the lot of the Armenians will be bettered in the future? The question of the promised reforms has already ceased to be actual. The Grand Vizier, explaining lately his reasons for not publishing the Sultan's recent undertaking to better the condition of the Christians, alleged, and very truly alleged, that the present Commander of the Faithful had brought no new factor into the question that needed to be published or made known. "His Imperial Majesty," he said, "made exactly the same kind of promise,

respecting the same kind of reforms, as his illustrious predecessor seventeen years ago." Exactly; and it will have precisely the same kind of results. The Christian Powers of Europe will see to this, and England's duty is admittedly to follow the Powers. Continental juriconsults have just given it as their conscientious opinion that any special reforms for the Armenians would necessarily involve a grave violation of the rights of man and of the law of God; and the juriconsults ought to know. If this be so, the sensitive Sultan will naturally shrink from such lawlessness and godlessness and piously shelve the reforms. The reason given by these conscientious juriconsults is intelligent enough: because to favour any one class of the population—say the Christians—to the exclusion of the others, would be to foster race hatred, to rouse religious fanaticism, and to unchain the most furious passions that now lie dormant (?) in the Mohammedan breast. They would strongly recommend—would these learned spokesmen of the Christian Powers—the introduction of wide-reaching reforms for *all* Turkish subjects, were it not that insuperable objections render even such a course absolutely impossible; for, in the first place, the Powers have no right to interfere in favour of the Sultan's *Mohammedan* subjects, who in this case would be mainly concerned; in the second place, the Turks and Kurds themselves desire no such reforms, are, in fact, opposed to their introduction; in the third place, they are utterly unripe for them; and, in the fourth place, general reforms for all would necessarily prove as disastrous as special reforms for Armenian Christians, because the Armenians, as the most intelligent and only self-disciplined element of the population, would profit by the improvements to obtain political preponderance for themselves. Things had better, therefore, remain as they are, with the wholesale butcheries left out; that is to say, the *normal* condition of things must be re-established, which in a very few years will solve the Armenian Question by exterminating the Armenians.

And England—Christian, moral England—apparently endorses this view, and seeks to persuade herself that by combining with the Powers to carry it out, she will have discharged all her duties, general and special, to the Christians whom she solemnly promised to protect. Is it right and proper to acquiesce even by silence in such unqualifiable conduct as this? Have the tender humanities of the teachings of Jesus no longer any virtue that can pass into our souls and move us to condemn in emphatic terms the abominations which are even now turning the lives of our brothers and sisters in Armenia into tortures and their horrible deaths into the triumph of the most ferocious malignity that ever lurked in the abysses of the human heart?

If any Englishman in any walk of life, be he a Cabinet Minister or a Yorkshire boor, had been appealed to for help by the wretched woman whose little girl was outraged to death in her presence, after

she had been dishonoured in the presence of her daughter, and her husband had been killed before the eyes of both, would he have taken much time to reflect before according it? Had he witnessed the living quivering Christian's flesh being offered for sale as "fresh dogs' meat," while the wretched man's children, whom he loved more than life, stood opposite him, the one with cloven skull asking for help, the other innocently plashing with his wooden toy in the red pool fed by his father's blood, would he have suspended his judgment until Continental Christians told him what opinion he should hold concerning these fiendish ferocities? Yet these are the deeds which, in thousands and tens of thousands, are being perpetrated, while we rejoice and thank God that at last all Europe is unanimous—unanimous in its resolve to shield the *Turks*, the doers of these deeds, from harm.

If there still be a spark of divinity in our souls, or a trace of healthy human sentiment in our hearts, we shall not hesitate to record our vehement protest against these hell-born crimes, that pollute one of the fairest portions of God's earth, and our strong condemnation of any and every line of policy that may tend directly or indirectly to perpetuate or condone them.

E. J. DILLON.

SHAKESPEARE AT ELSINORE.

"Take up any 'Shakespeare' you will, from the first collection of his works to the last which has been read, and look what play bears the most obvious signs of perusal. My life for it, they will be found in the volume that contains the play of 'Hamlet'."

—J. F. KEMBLE

FOR close upon three centuries critics and commentators have been explaining and elucidating the greatest tragedy of the greatest dramatist of all time, "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark." As it is one of the very longest of Shakespeare's plays, so it is the one into which he seems to have thrown himself with his whole soul. It bears the name of his only son, Hamnet, who died, eleven years old, in 1596. If the sorrow-stricken father wished to perpetuate the name of his son he has succeeded. For among all civilised nations the name of Hamlet has become a symbol of the highest reach of insight into human souls as yet attained by man. More enduring monument father never raised to son.

"Hamlet" has been more minutely scanned and studied than any other of Shakespeare's plays. The myriad-minded dramatist himself might well be appalled if he could look up from his grave at Stratford-on-Avon and view the library of books written about this single play. He looked upon his poems as the pillars of his fame. Posterity has reversed that judgment. The mere titles of works on, and editions of, "Hamlet" take up thirty folio pages in the great catalogue of the British Museum, not counting its appearance in every collective edition of his plays. Nor are the articles and disquisitions on it by every writer of note included, for these are innumerable as sand on the seashore.* It may be well to mention here that the name of Shakespeare fills five catalogue volumes in folio,

* Furness, in his Variorum edition of "Hamlet," 1877, gives 13 1400 titles of books, articles, and editions of Hamlet, although he nowise claims that his list is exhaustive. Since then the number has increased in geometrical progression, and must now be close on 2000. Two novels have been written on Hamlet.

each containing 100 pages, in the same library, and that some of the titles represent from ten to forty volumes. This heap of literature, at the lowest estimate 10,000 volumes, might possibly without serious loss take a somewhat smaller compass. The valuable is alloyed with the worthless. But to add to it would seem as superfluous, not to say presumptuous, as to carry coals to Newcastle. Yet I have an addition to make, which I will not withhold.

I wish to point out that the author of "Hamlet" shows in this drama a correct knowledge of Danish names, words, and customs of his time—nay, a local knowledge of the royal castle at Elsinore which he could not have derived from books, and which can only be satisfactorily accounted for by assuming,

- (1) That Shakespeare himself saw what he describes; or
- (2) That he was told of it by others who had been at Elsinore, and seen the interior of the Castle.

If the first can be proved, new light of high interest and importance will be thrown on Shakespeare's life. No one, so far, has been able to show, with any credibility, that he ever set foot on the soil of any country but his own, which he loved so well:

‘This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
England bound in with the triumphant sea’

In the latter case new light is thrown upon the manner in which he set to work when writing his plays: new light from Hamlet's country.

It will be useful briefly to glance at the time and the circumstances of the first appearance of "Hamlet." The first undoubted mention of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is an entry in the Stationers' Registers under date July 26, 1602:

“A booke called the ‘Revenge of Hamlett, Prince (of) Denmarke,’ as yt was lately Acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servantes.”

After being thus copyrighted, it was printed in the next year, 1603, which is the date of the first edition of "Hamlet" we possess:

“The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. As it hath been diverse times acted by his Highnesse (King James I.) servantes in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London. 1603.”

But this was a pirated and garbled edition, most likely based upon shorthand notes made during the representation, as we know was done, from Heywood, who complains of it. "Hamlet," in the shape in which it has a world-wide renown, appears for the first time in 1604:

"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London. 1604."

The statement about the enlargement is true; for the quarto of 1604 contains 3719 lines, while that of 1603 only contains 2143 or little more than one-half. After several more editions of no importance "Hamlet" appears, after Shakespeare's death, in the folio of 1623. I shall, for convenience sake, use the terms Q1=quarto of 1603, Q2=quarto of 1604, and F1=folio of 1623, which are generally accepted by Shakespeare scholars.

So far all seems simple and clear; but there are found allusions to a play called "Hamlet" long before 1602. The earliest of these is that of Nash, in his preface to Greene's "Menaphon," 1589. He alludes to a playwright who, "if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, will affoord you whole Hamlets—I should say handfulls—of tragical speaches." More important is an entry in Henslowe's theatrical diary: "9 of June, 1594. R(eceive)d at hamlet viiis." This was Henslowe's share of the profits of the representation. Lodge, in his "Wit's Miserie," 1596, says of a fiend that he is as pale as "ye ghost which cried so miserally (*sur*) at ye theator like an oisterwife. 'Hamlet, revenge.'"

It is supposed that there existed a pre-Shakespearian "Hamlet," probably by Thomas Kyd, and that the "Hamlet" of 1603 represents an older "Hamlet" retouched by Shakespeare. But Shakespeare may have collaborated in or partly written the earlier and imperfect "Hamlet." His earliest tragedy, "Titus Andronicus," is of the "Hamlet" type. He was twenty-five in 1589. It is true that Meres, in his list of Shakespeare's works in 1598, leaves "Hamlet" out; but then he leaves out other plays of his which we know were written before 1598. To sum up, we may say that Shakespeare's "Hamlet" existed in 1602, and may have been roughly sketched as far back as 1589.

The story of "Hamlet" is first told by Saxo Grammaticus in the third and fourth book of his history of Denmark, written A.D. 1180–1200. But Saxo's "Amlethus" appears two hundred years earlier, in the tenth century. The Icelandic poet, Snæbjörn, alludes to the myth of "Amlothi," in a poetical circumlocution, in his verse, and there are found in Iceland stories, in prose and verse, of Armbales or Amlothi, which has become a common word, used in everyday talk for a fool. These Hamlet stories can be traced back to the sixteenth century in their present form, and will be edited in the forthcoming work of Mr. Gollancz on "Hamlet."

The earliest printed edition of Saxo is that of Paris, 1514, and the story was then translated into French, in which language it first appears in the fifth volume of Belleforest, "Histoires Tragiques,"

Paris, 1570. Thence it was translated into English; but, although the only edition of this translation we possess bears the date 1608, there may have been earlier editions. We know of no other source from which Shakespeare could have borrowed the story, whether his source was French or English, indirectly, if he had an earlier play to work upon. At any rate, all the framework of the story is found in Saxo, and it is of the deepest interest to watch how out of the mythical Amlothi of Iceland and the rude Amlethus of Saxo, the genius of Shakespeare has created the most famous figure in the literature of the world.

Having dealt with the date and the source of "Hamlet," we shall see what circumstances favoured Shakespeare's choice of a Danish theme as the subject of a play.

James VI. of Scotland in 1589 married Anne, a daughter of King Frederick II. of Denmark. The marriage was first solemnised by proxy. But when strong headwinds, ascribed by the superstition of the time to witchcraft, kept Anne weather-bound for months in Norway on her way to Edinburgh, King James crossed over and again married her, this time in person. The ceremony was repeated for the third time at Elsinore in 1590. This time it was before the Danish Court in the splendid Kronborg Castle, which had been finished a few years before. Shakespeare and his company, the Lord Chamberlain's servants, during the last and evil days of Elizabeth no doubt looked forward with joy to the accession of King James and his Danish queen to the English throne. They had taken, if not an active, at least a passive part in the high treason which led to the execution of Essex and the imprisonment for life of Southampton, their patrons, in February 1601. For some time before the Essex insurrection broke out they had been acting "Richard II." in the City. In this play a king of England is deposed and imprisoned. This was supposed to win the City for the plans of Essex, and it is certain that James I. considered Essex to be a martyr to his title to the English Crown.

The much married Queen Anne was a woman fond of merry-making, of masques and plays and interludes. She had her own company of actors, and even acted a part herself in Ben Jonson's "Masque of Queens," on February 2, 1609, an extraordinary step for a queen to take in those times, when actors were despised. She took her Danish chambermaids with her from Denmark to Scotland and from Scotland to England, and never parted with them. It may have been partly owing to her influence, that King James, only ten days after his arrival in London from Scotland, on May 17, 1603, granted to Shakespeare's company a licence to act at the Globe Theatre. Shakespeare and nine actors of his company were in the royal train and heard a Danish march played, when James and Anne, in March

1604, almost exactly a year after Elizabeth's death, made their public entry into the City. Shakespeare knew that the Danish queen was a staunch protectress of the drama, whatever lurking Puritan prejudices against it her husband might harbour. It was therefore natural that he should either choose a Danish theme for a play or rewrite his early sketch of such a play to recall to the mind of his high and gracious patroness her native land.

Christian IV. of Denmark, whose sister sat on the English throne, returned the visit that his brother-in-law had made to Elsinore in 1590, and came sailing up the Thames with eight men-of-war in 1606. He stayed a month, and there were daily entertainments in his honour. His sister may have given him the opportunity of seeing "Hamlet." Christian IV. had eminent Englishmen in his service, John Dowland and Inigo Jones. He called Inigo Jones from Venice to Denmark shortly after 1600, and was "greatly engrossed" with him. It is said the plans of Rosenborg and Frederiksborg palaces are due to Inigo's genius, but that is only a tradition.

There is a striking proof that Shakespeare wished to please Queen Anne. In act ii. sc. 2, Hamlet says to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern :

"Denmark's a prison
ROSENCRANTZ : Then is the world one.
HAMLET : A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons,
Denmark being one o' the worst "

This dialogue, that might have displeased the Queen as a Dane, is left out in all editions during Shakespeare's life, and first appears in 1623, when there was no longer any need to suppress it.

When we compare the Hamlet story of Belleforest, Shakespeare's direct or indirect source, with the Hamlet story of the play, we find in the latter Danish customs, names and descriptions of persons and places which do not occur in the former. Consequently they were introduced by the author of the play.

Shakespeare has changed the scene. That of Belleforest's "Hamlet" is laid in Jutland; that of Shakespeare's at Elsinore, in the island of Sealand. Elsinore and Copenhagen, in Shakespeare's time, were the two chief royal residences in Denmark. He gives no name to the castle at Elsinore in and round which the whole action of the play is laid. But in more than one place he correctly describes it as situated on the sea. Horatio says to Hamlet (act i. sc. 4):

"What if it (the ghost) tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,"

and speaks of the sea roaring beneath, "so many fathoms." The castle Shakespeare had in his mind was Kronborg, the magnificent

and stately Dutch Renaissance pile built by Frederick II. in 1571-85 to command the entrance to the Sound. It stands on the Sound, which here is only a few miles wide, on an eminence north-east of Elsinore, that might well be called a cliff by an Englishman. It is called Croneborough in English records of the time.

Kronborg plays a great part in Danish history. It was frequently taken and retaken in the wars between Sweden and Denmark. Within its walls the English queen of Christian VII., Caroline Mathilde, was imprisoned for adultery in 1772. Nelson, in 1801, forced the passage through the Sound, in defiance of its guns, by keeping close to the Swedish coast. It is at present used as a barrack-room for officers. Views of the square building, with its watch-towers and belfry, may be seen in Knight's "Shakespeare." To-day, as three hundred years ago, these towers stand out conspicuous on the horizon, weather-beaten beacons for the mariner far off at sea.

I shall now proceed to show that the writer of act iii. sc. 4 of "Hamlet" had, it seems, a local knowledge of a room in this famous castle. The passage I shall quote is found equally in 1603, 1604, and 1623.

Hamlet, after stabbing Polonius behind the arras, upbraids his mother, Queen Gertrude, for her marriage with King Claudius. He compares her two husbands, his father and his uncle, both Kings of Denmark :

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man;
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?"

Those who have acted the part of Hamlet—and what great actor has not?—have always found a great difficulty in representing these two portraits described by Hamlet. The most widely accepted custom has been that the actor who played Hamlet produced from his pocket two miniature portraits or medallions of his father and uncle, and held them before the queen. Th. Davies* says this has been the practice since the Restoration, but sagaciously adds that two full-length portraits in the tapestry of the queen's closet might be of service in this scene, and would help the graceful action of the players in pointing at them. The old stage had no movable scenery. This was first introduced by Betterton, from France, in 1662. The scantiness of

* "Dramatic Miscellanies," vol. iii. (London, 1784) pp. 106-7.

decorations may have compelled the old actors to have recourse to miniatures. It seems, however, at best a clumsy contrivance, and does not agree with Hamlet's words.

In an engraving on the frontispiece to Rowe's edition of "Hamlet," 1709, we see two portraits, half-lengths, hung on the wall behind the queen, while Hamlet kicks down the chair on which he sat at the entrance of the ghost. To half-lengths, however, the same objection lies as to miniatures, as I will show below.

Steevens, in 1766, says miniatures are used, though, as he justly remarks, Hamlet's "pictures" were meant for whole-lengths, part of the furniture of the queen's closet. Hamlet, who in an earlier scene censures those "pictures in little," would hardly carry such in his pocket.

Goethe, in his account of Hamlet in "Wilhelm Meister," 1795, mentions two full-length portraits on the wall in this scene; and Malone, in 1790, says the miniatures are modern innovations, though here he is wrong.

Caldecott tells, in 1819, that a Bath actor had suggested that Hamlet should snatch his uncle's medallion from the neck of his mother. Whether owing to Caldecott or not, this is done by several great actors. Fechter, Rossi, and Edwin Booth used to wear the dead king's medallion on their (i. e. Hamlet's) neck, and tear that of the living king from the neck of the queen. Fechter and Booth then throw Claudius' portrait away, while Rossi dashes it to the ground and stamps on the fragments. This seems only one degree less clumsy than producing the miniatures out of one's pocket, and it certainly does not fit in with Hamlet's words in the text.

Other Hamlet actors have tried to steer a middle course. Hunter says, in 1815, that Holman used to have the picture of the living king hung on the wall, and the miniature of his dead brother on Hamlet's neck. Edwin Forrest used this way, too. Hackett, in 1863, tells of an ingenious contrivance that he used. The ghost of Hamlet's father, who appears in this scene, steps out of the painted canvas, and the picture disappears until its departure, when it reappears.

Henry Irving and Salvini have not been satisfied with any of the various modes of representing the two portraits. Percy Fitzgerald, in his "Life of Garrick" (ii. 65, 1868), suggested that the portraits should be seen only with the mind's eye. Irving may have followed this suggestion, but it is more likely that he and Salvini were thinking of Hamlet's answer to Horatio, who asks him where he sees his father (act i. sc. 2) :

" In my mind's eye, Horatio."

But this is merely an easy way of evading the real difficulty of representing the portraits, which it does not solve.

It is the ambition of every actor of note to appear as Hamlet at some time in his career. On the English stage there have been nineteen noted Hamlets from Richard Burbage, who created the character for Shakespeare, to Beerbohm Tree. The Queen's words of Hamlet (act v. sc. 2), "he's fat and scant of breath," was a personal allusion of Shakespeare's to Burbage. Betterton created Hamlet again in 1662, Garrick in 1742. Henderson was blamed in 1772 for throwing away the uncle's miniature, which Garrick retained in his hand. John Philip Kemble was the most famous Hamlet of three brothers, who all acted the part. He came out in it in 1783, Charles M. Young in 1807, Edmund Kean in 1814, Macready in 1821, Charles Kean in 1838, Fechter in 1861. Fechter wore the father's medallion on a gold chain, and in comparing the king to Hyperion he produced and fondly gazed at the portrait, which he placed side by side with his mother's miniature of Claudius. He reverentially kissed the portrait, as he murmured: "I must be cruel, to be kind." Irving produced his "Hamlet" in 1874, Wilson Barrett his in 1884. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in an article on "Hamlet" in the *Fortnightly Review*, December 1895, declares for miniatures. In Germany, the great actor Devrient, and Tieck and Lessing, have been in favour of portraits on the wall.

Having reviewed the various unsatisfactory modes of representing the two portraits, none of which are in agreement with Hamlet's words—station (*i.e.* standing attitude), combination, and form, &c.—I shall proceed to give the evidence from which I conclude that Shakespeare in writing this scene had in his mind a room in Kronborg Castle, of which we fortunately possess descriptions dating from his time. Then, and then only, Hamlet's words fit in, and all difficulties are solved.

In a letter to Gert Rantzow, issued September 28, 1585, Frederick II. of Denmark writes as follows about portraits of Danish kings found in Kronborg Castle:

"Thyge Brahe of Knudstrup, our man and servant, has most humbly informed us that he intends to publish something about the late Kings of Denmark according to the manner and order of the portraits on the tapestry we have had made in our hall in our Palace Kronborg. He therefore most humbly asks that we most graciously may grant him to have the portraits of the late kings, as they are there to be found, reproduced, which we will not refuse him. Wherefore we command, that when he makes his request you then order our painter there at his earliest convenience carefully to draw all the portraits of kings as they are found and arranged in the said tapestry. Also, that you get copied the German and Danish rhymes which are about and inscribed on our portraits, in order that Thyge Brahe may have these to go by." *

We could not have a better authority for the fact that portraits

* "Danske Samlinger," v., 1869, p. 172.

of Danish kings were woven in the tapestry of one of the rooms in Kronborg Castle. But still more explicit than the royal letter is an English description of Kronborg, given under date 1603, in Stowe's "Annales" (p. 1486). The passage first appears in the second edition of this work, 1605. The first edition is of 1592. Stowe got his information from his friend, William Segar, King-at-Arms of the Order of the Garter, who in 1603 accompanied the Earl of Rutland to Elsinore to invest Christian IV. with the Garter.

"This Castell of Elsenor is a quadrant, and one off the goodliest fortifications in that part of the world, both for strength and most curious Architecture, and was built by Frederick, this King's (Christian IV.) father. There is in the same, many Princely Lodgings, and especially one great Chamber: it is hangd with Tapistary of fresh-coloured silke, without gold, wherein all the Danish kings are exprest in antique habits, according to their severall times, with their armes and inscriptions, containing all their conquests and victories: the rooffe is of inlett woods and hung full of great branches of brasse for lights."

The two descriptions, the Danish and the English, agree, though the latter is more full. Accordingly there was in Kronborg Castle a room hung with silken tapestry in which were woven a series of historically true portraits of Danish kings, in their due order of succession. This room made such an impression on honest William Segar, that it is the only room in Kronborg which he describes. Yet as "Hamlet" was both written and published before 1605, Stowe's "Annales" could not be Shakespeare's authority for his description of the royal Danish portraits. Nor could he have learnt by word of mouth from Segar what this gentleman saw in July 1603, for "Hamlet" was then already out.

Take Hamlet's or Shakespeare's description of the portraits. He says the "station" or standing attitude of his father is like that of Mercury gracefully poised in his winged sandals on a heaven-kissing hill. He speaks of the "combination and form" of his body, and gives a detailed description of his face and figure. This leaves no doubt as to his portrait being full-length, and—that of King Claudius matches it. Shakespeare, be it noted, uses the very same expression of the portraits as Frederick II. The Danish *contrafeï* he calls counterfeit presentments. Hamlet's words in comparing and contrasting the portraits,

"Look here upon this picture and on this,"

read and connected with

"This was your husband,* Look now what follows.
Here is your husband. . . .
. . . Have you eyes?"

show plainly that the full-length portraits of the two Danish kings were placed side by side, and in due succession. We know that the actual portraits in the tapestry at Kronborg were thus placed.

It will be seen that Shakespeare's description of the portraits entirely fits in with what we know of the actual counterfeit presentments at Kronborg. And so does the arras behind which Polonius is hiding, and through which Hamlet stabs him. Arras is tapestry, originally from the town of Arras in France. Hamlet, before he lifts it up and sees Polonius' body, asks his mother :

"Is't the king?"

and when he has lifted the arras, says :

"I took thee for thy better"

Bearing in mind that Polonius is hiding behind a tapestry with full-length portraits of Danish kings woven in it, Hamlet's words, after making a pass with his sword through the arras which bore the image of his deadly foe, become pregnant and full of meaning.

After careful consideration of the evidence here collected, I can only come to the conclusion that Shakespeare, in writing act iii. sc. 1 of "Hamlet," made use of his knowledge of the room in Kronborg Castle described above. How he acquired that knowledge is a question I shall deal with below. This result, if accepted, will not only add to our knowledge of Shakespeare's working method, but also materially alter the stage direction and the acting of the scene in question. We know from Sagar that the "queen's closet" was a large splendid Renaissance chamber, with Danish kings in antique habits looking down from the tapestry* on its walls. At these Hamlet points with his finger. How much impressiveness, solemn dignity, nature, and graceful action is hereby restored to the scene!

Whether it was only after the theatres had been closed so long during the Civil War that separate paintings took the place of the intended original designs in the arras is uncertain. What is certain is, that Shakespeare's words admit of no satisfactory explanation but the one given above. It completely solves all the difficulties found by "Hamlet" actors in the scene, and which, as I have shown, have been met, in different ways by different actors. Shakespeare continually used the dress and manners of his own times in his historical plays, of which "Hamlet" is one. To the objection that King Claudius had only reigned a few months I answer that, for Shakespeare, his knowledge of the above tapestry sufficed to place the two

* This tapestry contained 111 kings of Denmark. Hamlet must have been there, among the mythical ones. It was nearly all burnt in a fire, 1859, but remains of it are in the old Northern Museum, Copenhagen

kings there along with their ancestors in due succession. The Elizabethans were not squeamish about anachronisms.

Shakespeare shows a knowledge of Danish customs not generally possessed by Englishmen of his time. He makes Hamlet, Horatio, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz study at the University of Wittenberg in Germany. Hamlet calls Horatio his "fellow-student," and asks him twice what he is doing away from Wittenberg. Hamlet's mother and King Claudius repeatedly urge Hamlet not to go back to his studies in Wittenberg. As a matter of fact, this was the favourite University of Danish noblemen who studied out of their own country in the sixteenth century. In 1567 not less than twenty-six Danes were pursuing their studies there. Holger Rosenkrands, the famous theologian, studied there for five years, and a collection of his letters, written from this University to his father (Joergen Rosenkrands, Regent 1588-96), in Copenhagen, in 1593-94, is preserved. He was there from the age of sixteen to twenty-one, which explains the king's words to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as "being of so young days brought up with him" (Hamlet), and Hamlet's words to them in the same scene, "by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth." Still more explicit are their own words to Hamlet:

"We thank your grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at Wittenberg" (Q1, p. 29)

Though Wittenberg was mentioned by Marlowe, Shakespeare's contemporary, and though we find two English students there in 1592, yet the fact that it was favoured by Danish noblemen was unlikely to be known in England.

In act iii. sc. 2 of "Hamlet," the story of the play acted at Kronborg before King Claudius is represented in dumb-show before the performance. There is, so far as is known, no other example of this in the English drama, while in Denmark it was the custom, probably owing to the difficulty of otherwise conveying to an illiterate public the meaning of the Latin school-comedies which then flourished. It is even likely that the English actors who frequented Denmark resorted to the same device to make their English plays better understood. De la Pryme, in his diary, says that the Danish soldiers who acted in 1688 at Hatfield began their performance with a dumb-show of the plot of the play, and adds that this was the general custom of the Danish stage.

Shakespeare all through "Hamlet" again and again recurs to the Danish custom of drinking "cannon healths." It is of this custom that Hamlet makes the famous remark, that it is

"More honoured in the breach than the observance"

Horatio and Hamlet are walking on the castle wall of Elsinore at midnight waiting for the ghost. They hear ordnance shot off within. Horatio asks what this means. Hamlet tells him that every time the king drinks a health, guns are fired and trumpets sounded, a custom which gave rise to the name cannon health. Horatio asks if it is a custom. Hamlet tells Horatio of it in not less than thirty lines of blank verse (act i. sc. 4). As if Horatio were not himself a Dane who knew all about it! Shakespeare describes this custom in act i. sc. 2 :

"No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly thunder"

And more fully in act v. sc. 2 :

"And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without
The cannoneer to the heavens, the heaven to earth
Now the king drinks to Hamlet"

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Danes seem to have been the hardest drinkers in Europe. In 1603 King James sent an embassy under the Earl of Rutland, accompanied by William Segar, to Christian IV. of Denmark, as mentioned above. Stowe, after going to press, received from Segar notes of the journey.* Christian IV. spoke in Italian with the Earl, and they were present at the baptism of his son on July 10. In the evening a banquet was given, of which Segar uses these expressions: "It would make a man sick to heare of their drunken healths, use hath brought it into a fashion, and fashion made it a habit, which ill beseemes our nation to imitate." He invested King Christian with the Garter in the "Castell of Elsenor" on July 14. That afternoon the Earl gave a banquet for the King on board his ship, and "Euery health reported sixe, eight or ten shot of great Ordinance, so that during the king's abode the ship discharged 160 shot." On the 16th the Earl at last grew "weary of these Bachinall entertainments" and took his leave. On the 19th he sailed, saluting Kronborg and re-saluted by the king, who, standing on a battlement rising out of the sea, "set fire to a cannon with his own hand for our last farewell." Segar finishes by declaring: "I hold him to be the goodliest king of Christendome."

The English quickly took to these cannon-healths. Heywood says they got the custom of "wassail-bowls and elbow-deep healths" from the Danes. Harrington† tells us of a representation of the Coming of the Queen of Sheba before James I. and Christian IV. in London in 1606. The Queen of Sheba fell and Christian IV. then got up to dance with her, but, unable to stand, was carried to bed. The persons

* Stowe, ed. 1605.

† "Nugæ Antiquæ," i. 849.

representing Faith, Hope, and Charity were dead drunk. Most of the company were reeling, "wine did so occupy their upper chambers," says Harrington, and adds: "In our Queen's days never did I see such lack of sobriety."

Christian IV. beat the record at a banquet he gave to the Earl of Leicester in 1632. After drinking thirty-five healths, one to each king and queen in Christendom, he was taken away in his chair, while the Earl bore up stoutly, and shook off two of the king's guards who came to take him by the arms as he was going downstairs. Howell, who relates this in his letters, notes with pride that "my Lord went alone."

In the funeral sermon of Frederick II. (1559-88) the officiating clergyman said his Majesty might have lived longer, had he not been over-fond of the joys of Bacchus. De la Salle, the French Ambassador to Frederick III. in 1653, writes: "When the king was told I had been drunk last night, the Court was much amused and I was more respected than before." It is clear that Shakespeare was perfectly right in laying such stress on the drinking customs of the "drunk Dane," as he calls him in "Othello," the only play besides "Hamlet" in which he mentions him.

Shakespeare changes the names in Belleforest's "Hamlet," introduces new Danish names, and alters non-Danish names into Danish ones. Belleforest calls the Queen of Denmark Geruth. Shakespeare substitutes the correct and common Danish name *Gertrude*. This form first appears in 1623 (F1). The quartos use corrupted forms, Q1 (1603) Gertred (p. 35 Gerterd), Q2 (1604) Gertrard.

Shakespeare introduces the names of two courtiers, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, neither of which is found in Belleforest. It is a curious fact that two Danish noblemen bearing these names were at the time studying at Padua, Rosencrantz in 1587-89, Guildenstern in 1603. These two names belonged to the most powerful and respected families of the Danish nobility. It would have been impossible to designate the Danish noblemen of the time better with any two names. Frederick II. had nine Guildensterns and three Rosencrantzes at his Court, and branches of the two families swarmed all over Denmark. Two Guildensterns and three Rosencrantzes were members of the Council. The autographs of a member of each family, in a spelling resembling the English—Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern—are found side by side in a German autograph-book of this time.

Rosencrantz is corrupted into Rossencraft in Q1, into Rosencraus—clearly a misprint for Rosencrans—in Q2, and into Rosincrane in F1, which also has Rosincrance. Jørgen Rosenkrands (1523-96) was a member of the Regency that ruled Denmark during the minority of Christian IV. (1588-96). Holger Rosenkrands was a member of the embassy that came to England to congratulate James I. on his acces-

sion to the throne. Members of the family were often ambassadors in England. It was a Rosenkrands whom Cromwell asked, in 1652, if it was the custom in Denmark to entrust state affairs to youths ere their beards were grown. "Maybe my beard is young, yet it is older than your republic," was the retort of the young man, who was nowise taken aback; and it is said that Cromwell was well pleased with his presence of mind. In science and in theology the family had distinguished men, and one of these studied at Wittenberg as mentioned above.

The Guldens terns were almost equally distinguished. Peder Guldens tern was member of the Regency 1580-94, and Secretary of War under Frederick II. The name is corrupted into Guilderstone in Q1, and Guyldensterne in Q2, while F1 has Guildensterne, which comes near the Danish form Gyldenstjerne. A Guildenstern in 1433 was naturalised in England under the name Andrew Agard, derived from his estate. His descendants, among whom is the novelist Rider Haggard, still wear the Guildenstern arms, a golden star with 6(7) rays.

The name of the ambassador sent by King Claudius to Norway is Voltemar in Q1, Valtemand and Voltemand in Q2, Voltemand and Valtumand in 1623. These corrupted forms point to the well-known Danish Voldemar or Valdemar, a name borne by several Danish kings. The quarto of 1603 here for once has the form that is least corrupted.

At the beginning of act ii. sc. 1, Polonius asks Reynaldo :

"Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris."

Dansker is a Danish word, and means a Dane. The word occurs nowhere in the whole range of English literature but in this passage. The New English Dictionary (D, Oxford, 1894) gives no other quotation for it. But Dansk and Danske (Danish) are wrongly and indiscriminately used by all other writers for the people, or the country, or as adjectives as far back as 1578. It is certainly striking that Shakespeare should use a Danish word not used by any one else, correctly, both as regards meaning and grammar, while all his contemporaries, in both respects, are floundering hopelessly about the same word in its adjectival form. Dansk,* plural Danske, means Danish. It is almost impossible to believe that Shakespeare could have got the word Dansker from any one but a Dane, for his English friends would immediately have corrupted it into Dansk. The word, as might be expected, does not appear in the surreptitious and pirated Q1 (1603). It is first found in the "true and perfect copy," 1604, Q2.

* It is mixed up with Dantsick sometimes, as in the "White Devil."

The name *Yaughan*, act v. sc. 1 :

"Go, get thee to Yaughan ; fetch me a stoup of liquor,"

has been explained as *Johan*, but it is more likely that it is a corruption of the Danish *Joergen*, in which the *r* is faintly sounded. The old derivation does not account for the guttural *gh*.

Whence did Shakespeare derive his knowledge of a room in Kronbrog Castle, of Danish names, and customs, and other matters, a knowledge which, as we have seen above, is so accurate that he uses correctly Danish names which everybody else in England uses in a wrong form and meaning? Did he obtain his knowledge from his itinerant fellow-actors who had been in Elsinore in 1586? Or, since the history of his early theatrical life is completely unknown, and we have no record of him from 1585-92, may we conjecture that he went to Denmark with them during the time of his apprenticeship in matters theatrical?

When I say that there is no record of him from 1585-92, I am well aware that his name appears in a Bill of Complaint brought by his father in 1589, on behalf of his family against John Lambert; but this in no way implies his presence in England. From the baptism of his twins on February 2, 1585 (thus recorded in the Stratford Church Register: "Hamnet and Judeth sonne and daughter to William Shakspeare"), until he is mentioned in September 1592 in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance," as one who "supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in our country," we find no record of him in England. Greene died on September 3, and his lampoon on Shakespeare was published soon after his death.

It is a sheer impossibility that Shakespeare could have got knowledge of the kind described above from any books of that time in England which have come down to us. The question at issue would then seem to be narrowed down to this. Did he or did he not go with his fellow-actors to Elsinore? The first step towards this is to find who the actors were.

At the close of the sixteenth century English actors seem to have been appreciated at the Danish Court. We find them crossing the North Sea to perform in Denmark. We see from Stowe that, as a rule, it was only a week's sail from Hull to Elsinore. That would be accounted a short and easy journey in those days of long sea voyages. Sea travelling was so much more comfortable than land travelling that English actors, as we shall see, thought it easier and more desirable to cross the sea and act at Elsinore Castle than to travel by land through Germany, though it was nearer.

Frederick II. (1559-88) was fond of seeing plays acted in Latin

or Danish by students from the University and from grammar schools. In 1574 the students of one of the University colleges in Copenhagen were commanded to act Terence at every reading, that they might the better commit him to memory. A Latin play was dedicated to the Queen in 1578; and at all Court festivities such comedies were acted. This was done in 1584, and also on the occasion of the visit of James VI. in 1590.

In 1585 we hear for the first time of English actors in Denmark. An entry in the town accounts of Elsinore of that year (printed by P. V. Jacobsen, in *Dansk historisk Tidsskrift*, 1844, v. 525) runs thus :

"Paid for building up again the plank wall between the house of Lauritz, town clerk, and the courtyard of Town Hall, which people broke down when the English performed (acted) in that courtyard . . . 4 skilling."

We know that in London performances often took place in court-yards in the Elizabethan time. The actors did the same in Elsinore, and, though they acted in English, they seem to have drawn an audience that was capable of being drunk with enthusiasm, as well as with spirits of greater solidity. Though, after all, it may have been the "drunk Dane" who broke the plank wall. The history of Elsinore is silent on that point.

According to an entry in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber we find that in 1586 seven English actors were engaged to perform before the Danish Court from June 17 to September 18, at a monthly salary of six daler (dollars), each of the five last named. I give their names as they are spelt in the Danish manuscript, and prefix the English spelling :

| In London | At Elsinore | At Dresden |
|--------------------|----------------------|----------------|
| William Kemp | Wilhelm Kempe . . | |
| Daniel Jones . | Daniell Jonns | |
| Thomas Stephens . | Thomas Stawens . . . | T. Stephan |
| George Bryan . | Jurgenn Brienn | G. Beyzandt |
| Thomas King . | Thomas Kouing . . . | T. Konigk |
| Thomas Pope . . | Thomas Pape . . | T. Papst |
| Robert Percy . . . | Robert Per-j . . . | Rupert Persten |

Before I proceed to state in what relation these actors stood to Shakespeare, I will continue the story of their company. The Elector of Saxony, Christian I., 1586-91, gathered musicians and comedians round himself from Italy and other countries. He carried on a long correspondence with his uncle, Frederick II. of Denmark, as he wished to engage the above-named English actors for his Court at Dresden. King Frederick's replies are dated Kronborg, August 10 and 27, 1586, and Gedtsgardt, September 25. Though Frederick II. brought all his influence to bear, and though the German Prince

promised high salaries, he had the utmost difficulty in persuading the actors to go. They wanted to return to London. Germany was too far off, and they did not understand its language. This objection would seem to imply that they could, at least to some degree, make themselves understood in Denmark. At last they yielded, and started off with an interpreter. They arrived in the middle of October 1586, and left Dresden on July 17, 1587. They also acted at Berlin on their arrival. Two letters of the Elector relating to them are extant; in the document by which they are appointed their names are spelt in German, as above, but their own signatures are found on a separate leaf. They undertook to play as often as they were wanted to, at banquets, and on the travels of the Elector. It will be seen that Kemp and Jones are left out, but they may, nevertheless, have been in Germany. It was the custom to name only shareholders, and apprentices would not be named. Kemp was then not yet known as actor. In a passport issued in London, February 10, 1591, only four members of Sackville's company are mentioned as going to Germany, though we find later that they were eighteen. Subordinate persons were often left out.

We do not know if the actors on leaving Dresden went directly back to London, but we know how they came to Denmark. Thomas Heywood in his "Apology for Actors," 1612, writes: "The King of Denmark, father to him that reigneth (Frederick II.) entertained into his service a company of English comedians, commended unto him by the honourable the Earle of Leicester." No doubt the Elsinore company is meant, for the time fits. Of the twenty to thirty Elizabethan noblemen who had their own players, Leicester was the most powerful, and he had a royal patent for his company as early as 1574. In 1585 he gathered 500 men from his Warwickshire estates for his expedition to help the Netherlands against Philip of Spain. Among his men we find two Ardens, relatives of Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, and a member of a Stratford family; the Combes, from whom Shakespeare bought land in 1602. John Combes' effigy was executed by the same sculptor as Shakespeare's, to whom John left £5 in 1611. Shakespeare, in his will, bequeathed to Thomas Combe his sword. Leicester left in December 1585, and remained a whole year in Holland. No doubt he had actors in his vast retinue. Ben Jonson and other dramatists were with him. His players had been in Stratford in 1573, and came again in 1587. Sir Philip Sidney, his nephew, in a letter to his father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham, dated Utrecht, March 24, 1586, writes: "I wrote to yow a letter by Will, my Lord of Le(ice)ster's jesting plaier, enclosed in a letter to my wife, and I never had answer. . . . I since find that the knave delivered the letters to my Ladi of Leicester." Bruce in 1844 thought Will was Kemp, though Shakespeare, too, might have been in Holland.

W. J. Thoms and Dr. W. Bell thought Will was Shakespeare. The expression knave, *i.e.* boy, would suit him and Kemp equally at that time. So far there is nothing to prove who Will was. By the passport mentioned above we see that English actors went abroad to "perform music, feats of agility, and the games of comedies, tragedies, histories." Every actor consequently was more or less of a jesting player, and we see from Stowe that Leicester had pantomimes, dancing, and vaulting at Utrecht to the great delight of the Dutch. We may take it then that the English actors in Denmark in 1586 were some of Leicester's players bent on seeking their fortunes abroad.

Turn we now to the individual actors. Three of these, William Kemp, George Bryan, and Thomas Pope are enumerated in the folio of 1623 among "the Principall Actors in all these Playes." It follows that Shakespeare knew them, to some degree at least. And Kemp and Pope seem to have been his companions and colleagues as soon as he entered on his theatrical career in London.

Kemp, Kempt in the folio, otherwise Kemp(e), was the famous clown who, it is thought, was aimed at in ten lines about a clown in "Hamlet" Q1, left out in Q2, as being too personal. "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them" ("Hamlet," act iii. sc. 2), was probably meant for Kemp, who used to extemporise, and seems to have acted most of Shakespeare's clowns. He was already known in 1580, when a pamphlet was dedicated to "that most comical and conceited cavalier ;" and in mad jigs and merry jests he succeeded the famous Tarleton who died in 1588. Kemp, on June 10, 1592, acted in Lord Strange's company at the "Rose," in a play one scene of which is due to him. "Henry VI.," I., was acted at this theatre on March 3, 1592. There exists the plot of Tarleton's "Seven Deadly Sins," part II., acted about this time by Lord Strange's actors. In the list of actors affixed we find Burbage[•] and Condell, Pope and Bryan, while Shakespeare, Kemp and Heminge are not mentioned, though we have every reason to believe they acted in it. There is a Will, who acts "Itys." Shakespeare, as we shall see, was often called Will. Or he may have acted the king, as he was noted for kingly parts. John Davies in 1611 addresses a poem to our English Terence, Mr. W. Shakespeare :

- "Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing
Hadst thou not played some kingly parts in sport
Thou hadst been a companion for a king."
("A Scourge of Volly.")

However that may be, the names of the following six members of Lord Strange's company are given in an Order of the Privy Council of May 6, 1593, authorising them to play without a radius of seven miles out of London as follows : Edward Alleyn, William Kemp, Thomas Pope,

John Heminges, Augustine Philips, George Bryan. The list is not full, for we know of others who acted with them at Bristol, Chester, York. It was a list of shareholders, exclusive of apprentices and those who had not shares.

On March 15, 1594, William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richard Burbadge were paid by the Treasurer of the Chamber for two comedies acted at Greenwich Palace, before Queen Elizabeth, on December 26 and 28, 1593. This is the first nominal mention of Shakespeare in London. He had by this time risen from a strolling actor, and was privileged to act for the Queen.

In the list of the ten principal actors in Ben Jonson's plays prefixed to the folio of 1616, we find Shakespeare, Burbadge (dg=g), A. Philips, Heminge, Condell, Thomas Pope, William Kemp. Kemp created Peter in "Romeo and Juliet" and Dogberry in "Much Ado about Nothing"; in the quartos his name is sometimes substituted for Peter and Dogberry (enter Kemp). He is spoken of as dead in 1609, and his epitaph runs:

"Thou'st danced thee out of breath,
And now must make thy parting dance with death"

He seems to have been closely associated with Shakespeare as far back as we can go in his theatrical career.

Thomas — was in Lord Strange's company, as we have seen, in May 1593, and we find him in the Lord Chamberlain's company with Kemp and Shakespeare in 1594. He acted with them for the next ten years in Ben Jonson's plays and in Shakespeare's own. He was Shakespeare's neighbour in 1596, when they both lived near the Bear Garden in Southwark. He died in 1603. They, too, were friends and fellow-actors as far back as we can go.

George — we find, as shown above, with Pope and Kemp in Lord Strange's company in 1593, and subsequently in the Lord Chamberlain's. He, too, was one of the principal actors in Shakespeare's plays. He, with the two others, is associated with Shakespeare as far back as we can go.

Bryan, Pope, and Kemp, with the other Elsinore actors who have not distinguished themselves among the 250 Elizabethan actors whose names have come down to us, were, it seems (see p. 18), Lord Leicester's servants. When the Earl died, September 4, 1588, Lord Strange assumed the patronage, and Edward Alleyn immediately formed a company substantially of the same members. We know that Shakespeare was in this company, in which he could learn his art from the most famous comedians of the time, Alleyn, Kemp, Pope. They acted at the "Crosskeys" in 1589, and at the "Rose" from February 19, 1592, to June 22, when the plague broke out. "Taner of Denmark" was performed there, May 23, 1592, and Henslowe tells us they had two pair of Danish hose and suits. The Shake-scene satirized in

September 1592, as an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, is praised in December 1592, as "excellent in the qualittie he professes (*i.e.*, as actor)," by Henry Chettle, in his "*Kind-Harts Dreame*." Chettle, in 1602, wrote a Danish tragedy after he had seen "*Hamlet*." "*The Tragedy of Hoffman, or, Revenge for a Father*," entered on the Stationers' Registers, December 29, 1602, is full of murders and madnesses, and reminiscences of "*Hamlet*." Hamlet is called Hoffman, and Ophelia, Lucibella.

Shakespeare, it is clear, was a well-known and envied actor in 1592; and as acting is not a profession in which one suddenly obtains mastery, it may be inferred that he had for years belonged to the profession. We see him adhering to the same fellow-actors throughout his career, to the men who were with him in Lord Strange's and then in the Lord Chamberlain's company. We know that these men had been in Leicester's service, and gone to Denmark in 1586. It was at Leicester's death in 1588 that the company changed their patron and became Lord Strange's. It is a legitimate inference that Shakespeare probably joined them under Leicester. In fact, J. P. Collier proved it by a document which he forged.

Did circumstances favour Shakespeare's joining Leicester's company or his retinue in 1585? We have seen that relatives of his mother, his fellow-townsmen, and hundreds of men from Leicester's Warwickshire estates, joined the retinue of the magnificent Earl. Shakespeare had in April of that year, 1585, attained his majority and was twenty-one. What better opportunity could present itself to extricate himself from pecuniary and other—domestic, poaching—embarrassments? Most Shakespeare scholars conjecture that he left Stratford not long after the birth of his twins. It would have been unwise of him not to go with his neighbours, Leicester's tenants, with his friends and kinsmen, if he had a thought of leaving Stratford at all, for travelling was expensive in those days. His father was just then in straitened circumstances, and young Shakespeare must needs think of earning a livelihood for himself. Everything seems to point to his having taken the opportunity offered. Whether he was the messenger and player, Will, whom Philip Sidney employed in the winter 1585-86, is doubtful. But as the names of Leicester's players in Holland, with that exception, are not given, many another Will may have been among them. There are traces of a tradition that Shakespeare was abroad. The Rev. R. Davies, writing in the seventeenth century, says: "Sir Th. Lucy at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement."

I have given many instances above of the custom of naming only the shareholders, the chief men among the actors, and silence on that point in the Danish Treasury accounts proves nothing. It is surely more credible and more satisfactory in all respects that "gentle

Will," as he was called, should get his wide training in this way, than as an attendant in the livery stables of a theatre, as is generally assumed, without any evidence.

Bearing in mind the striking knowledge of matters Danish shown in "Hamlet," and viewing it in the light of the facts given above as to Shakespeare and his earliest fellow-actors and friends, in whose company he seems to have entered upon his theatrical career, his visit with them to Elsinore may be safely located in the region that lies between probability and certainty. How near to either of these must be individual opinion, but part of the Danish knowledge in "Hamlet" can, it seems, only thus be explained.

When he wrote "Hamlet," in 1602, his face had indeed become "valanced (bearded) since I saw thee last," as Hamlet says to one of the players whom he repeatedly bids "welcome to Elsinore." He acted as late as 1603 in Ben Jonson's "Sejanus." There was another actor, called Edmund Shakespeare, and there was one called Robert Hamlet (Hanten).

Hamlet's instructions to the players might be reminiscences of the instructions Shakespeare got from Kemp and Burbage, who, in the "Return from Parnassus," written in 1601-2, appear as instructors of their art to two Cambridge students. Kemp criticises, and then Burbage says: "A little teaching will mend these faults. . . . Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down. Kemp: It is a shrewd fellow, indeed." Shakespeare, like other mortals, had to learn his art.

Shakespeare died with "Hamlet" in his mind. As an interlineation between the eleventh and twelfth lines of the second page of his will he traced with a tremulous hand on his deathbed the name of his beloved son's godfather, Hamlett Sadler, wishing him to buy and wear a mourning ring in his memory. It was the name of his only son. It was the name of his greatest tragedy. Yet I have little doubt that it was the son, and not the tragedy, he was thinking of.

JON STEFANSSON.

FIVE WEEKS WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

FOR nearly a whole year, from the beginning of 1895, Spain has been trying in vain to stamp out the fifth insurrection which has broken out in Cuba during the present century.

Whilst other Spanish Transatlantic colonies were gaining independence by rebellion, Cuba remained loyal, suffering gross military and financial tyranny, in the hope that either gratitude or experience would work some change in the method in which Spain ruled her colonies, and that she would cease to regard them simply and solely as a source from which to draw a perpetual stream of profit, and a hunting field where needy Spanish officials might grow rich by plunder and blackmail.

By much patience and suffering Cuba earned the name of "ever faithful," but nothing more. Spain possessed an island capable of swift development and boundless prosperity, yet her methods remained always the same; enterprise and industry withered under Spanish rule; she chose blindly to gather the plunder of to-day rather than wait for the greater profits of to-morrow. Spain acknowledges to-day, and always has acknowledged, that her administration is corrupt, yet she has never sought to effect a change; the wave of constitutional reform which in 1836 swept over Spain was deliberately withheld from Cuba, and the last remains of Cuban loyalty vanished. The Spaniards were fully conscious of the course they were pursuing. On the one hand to grant the island constitutional liberty, to see it grow rich and strong would rob Spain of much that was profitable and might in time lead to actual independence; whilst, on the other hand, there was the course with which they were so familiar, the policy of financial and administrative despotism. They grasped what they could at the moment, and hoped that the day of retribution might be far

distant, and that the anger and discontent of the Cubans might long be held down by force. Revolution upon revolution has been the result, and year by year the hatred which every Cuban feels for Spain has grown stronger; three times before the great ten years' war the Cubans rose and were subdued, till, in 1868, began the insurrection which the Cubans maintained against the whole power of Spain till 1878. For ten years they fought, and that at a far greater disadvantage than they do to-day; and in the end they were not crushed, but submitted to the terms of peace offered by General Martinez Campos. He pledged himself to obtain certain constitutional reforms; he had been sent to Cuba expressly to make peace, and he made it, but his promises were never ratified by Spain. Since then the island has been nursing itself for the present insurrection. If the Spaniards wish to keep Cuba for Spain they will have to conquer the Cubans in the field, for the fight is now for absolute independence, without terms or compromise. *

Little is known to the outside world of the actual state of affairs in Cuba during the present war. The greater part of the news published abroad is derived from Spanish official notices, or from some Spanish source, and is always untrustworthy and, if unfavourable to Spain, is deliberately falsified. Other reports are made by the agents appointed by the various newspapers in the principal seaport towns of Cuba, and their despatches necessarily consist for the most part of a *resumé* of the rumours which are incessantly being circulated from mouth to mouth, and which, whether favourable to Spain or no, are usually either so distorted as to be beyond recognition or entirely without foundation. In Santiago it was reported with more than usual assurance that General Antonio Maceo had been heavily engaged, that he was gravely wounded, and that he was either dead or dying. I saw him afterwards, as he and his escort of 100 horse rode up at full gallop to present themselves to the newly elected President of the Cuban Republic a theatrical scene, where President and General embraced and the troops saluted and cheered. He had been in many actions, but had suffered no wound throughout the present war.

So too, shortly before I joined the insurgent forces, circumstantial accounts of an action were published in the American newspapers, in which the Spaniards claimed to have completely defeated a vastly superior number of the insurgents with a loss to themselves of only some dozen men. I afterwards chanced to ride down the valley where this Spanish newspaper victory had been achieved; the road led from the town of Santiago to Guintanamo, and on either side there was thick forest. A Spanish column some 2000 or 3000 strong had here been attacked by 400 or 500 insurgents, who for two days

had driven the Spaniards in disorder before them. The road was deep in mud and almost impassable, dynamite lay in the way, and the insurgents were all around, and yet invisible. Scattered here and there along the road were the skeletons of the Spanish dead; at one point where dynamite had been used the bones were mixed and scattered abroad; and here alone some fifteen or twenty men must have fallen.

It is seldom that the insurgents in the field can send despatches giving their version of affairs. Every day the difficulty of forwarding reports through the Spanish lines is increasing, and the undertaking becoming more hazardous; every one passing through the lines is suspected, and is liable to search, whether provided with a pass or no. Communication is kept up with the towns; but the news, when it arrives at all, is usually very much behind the time, and has been already discredited by previous reports.

Inland, the island is in the hands of the insurgents; but the towns are Spanish, and in the hands of the Spaniards are the means of reporting the progress of a campaign of what would appear to be almost unbroken success for themselves. Spanish troops have been poured into the island in thousands upon thousands, and there lost sight of. Telegrams and reports in England and America describe Spanish actions, and the numbers engaged and killed on either side, and always there is the same story from the Spanish authorities—that the end is very near, and that Martinez Campos is only waiting for reinforcements to begin the general advance which is finally to crush out the rebellion. The general impression is that the insurrection is being sustained by bands of savage, undisciplined, and half-armed guerillas, outcasts of Cuban society, and negroes who, hunted from place to place by the Spanish regulars, and condemned by the better class of Cubans, maintain themselves in the woods and mountains and carry on a marauding warfare of rapine and murder, avoiding the Spanish forces save when they are in vastly superior numbers.

The statements of the victorious progress of the Spaniards are false, and the reports are absolutely unreliable. It is true that Spain is making every effort; ships are bought and blockade the coast, yet arms and ammunition are continually being landed, and as yet no filibusterer has been taken. Troops are sent from Spain, but no change in the situation takes place. At the end of October the Spaniards were everywhere practically standing on the defensive; they held the towns, certain positions along the coast, and, after a fashion, the railroads, which usually run a very short distance inland; the rest of the island is "Free Cuba," and is in the hands of the insurgents. The Spaniards seldom venture inland in any direction away from their base, and never with a force of less than 2000 or 3000 men; and even

then the disorganisation of their commissariat and the hostility of the country are such as to prevent them from keeping the field for more than a very few days at a time.

Almost every Cuban on the island is in sympathy with the insurrection; nothing is more false than to suppose that only those who have nothing to lose favour the revolt. Rich and poor, educated and uneducated, even the children born in the island of Spanish parents—all are against Spain.

So, too, for the most part, the American and English colonists, owners of plantations, and managers of mines are the friends of the insurgents, and wish them well; and passing freely as they do from the country to the towns they assist the rebels in a hundred ways, and always at great personal risk to themselves.

The Spaniards know that the hand of every man is against them. In the town of Santiago every one is under suspicion, and everywhere there are spies; for an American an unguarded word might mean banishment, and for a Cuban transportation; the news of the morning was who had been arrested during the night, and crowds of suspects were taking passage with every ship leaving Cuba, no matter where it was bound for, warned by some friend that they had best leave quickly lest worse should befall them.

I remember speaking to the son of a very wealthy Spaniard; he had much to say of the greatness of Spain and of their righteous cause, but was interrupted by the news that a Spanish warship had been sunk with all hands by an insurgent bomb. The youth forgot that he was speaking to a stranger and all that he had said; he clapped his sides and bellowed with delight, an indiscretion which he instantly regretted.

So again, whilst I was making my way out into the country, I fell in with an American. His business lay within the Spanish lines, and there were Spanish troops all around. He spoke with violence of the insurgents, and together we lamented their ways and praised the all-powerful Spaniard. It was only afterwards that I discovered that far and near in "Free Cuba" he was held in the greatest reverence, that he had helped the insurgents in every kind of way, and that he was everywhere spoken of as Tommy.

On September 20 I landed at Santiago, the Spanish base of operations for the eastern end of the island. I had come by sea from New York, intending in some way or other to join the insurgent forces; though how I was to get through the Spanish lines, or where the rebels were to be met with, I had not the remotest idea.

From New York I brought a letter to a Cuban sympathiser in Santiago, who was to furnish me with some plan of escape. This document was the talisman in which I trusted, and with the greatest caution I brought it ashore and through the custom-house, safely

lodged in my boot, but only to find that the most necessary friend to whom it was addressed, had shared the fate of other suspects—that he had been arrested on the previous night, and was then lying prisoner on a ship which was getting up steam in the bay ready to leave for Ceuta, the Spanish penal settlement in Africa.

Santiago is the ancient capital of Cuba. It stands on sloping ground at the head of a magnificent land-locked harbour, and all around, in an amphitheatre, are mountains and forest—a lovely place, but a fatal one for the Spanish soldiers. The town itself is a whitened sepulchre. The streets are narrow and the place filthy beyond all words; the heat is only varied by tropical showers, which fall every afternoon through the summer and autumn months—rain so heavy that in a very few minutes the streets sloping down to the bay are like muddy mountain streams in spate, carrying with them all kinds of refuse and rubbish. Everywhere the yellow fever is abroad, but it is particularly deadly amongst the Spanish troops. How many die is never made known; the dead are carried away and buried by night, and at one hospital a hole was cut in the wall facing the burial ground, that the soldiers outside might not see the nightly processions. The Spanish soldiers stalk about the streets in their dirty white linen uniforms and big straw hats, looking pale and thin; they are badly fed, and suffer every kind of privation; boys for the most part under twenty, they are unaccustomed to the climate, and by exposure are made unfit to battle with it.

For more than a week I stayed in Santiago, trying to devise some scheme for getting through the lines, and day by day, as the various plans miscarried, the chances of success seemed to grow smaller. The easiest course would have been to visit one of the plantations which lay outside the lines; so on landing I professed the greatest interest in sugar-cane, and importuned the Governor for the all-necessary pass. From the first, however, I fell under suspicion, and all passes were most sternly refused me. The longer I stayed, the greater grew the suspicion, and I was followed by a shadow, who watched what I did and to whom I spoke. One Cuban was warned by a friend of his in the Government that he had better not be seen in my company, and those who might have helped me began to fight shy of me.

Everywhere the talk was of the revolution. From hour to hour new rumours took shape and grew, and there was the incessant story of skirmishes and heavy fighting; everything was rumoured, but nothing was known for certain; and it was impossible to learn where the insurgent forces were, or how to reach them. I had only a very few weeks to spare; my time was passing, and nothing whatever had been done; every one had some plan which had to be arranged, and at the last moment would declare that he found it impossible.

The spirit of the place, the word which was in every one's mouth, was "to-morrow"; to-day one had to sit idly in a verandah smoking innumerable cigars, knowing that nothing was being done, and that the morrow would probably be the same.

One good fellow—an American—was bound for a point along the coast in a small fishing-boat. He was willing to take me, but, as I had no pass, and it was as impossible to leave without one by sea as it was by land, together we bribed the padrone of the boat to hide me under some sacks in the bows. He was persuaded, though much against his will. I was to be put out of sight overnight, and first thing in the morning we were to sail. The plan was well laid, but, like a dozen others, fell through at the very last, and I had to stay behind. The sailor who worked the boat with the padrone was of a timid disposition, and absolutely declined to risk transportation for a few pieces of money—a sensible view as it turned out, for just as the boat was preparing to sail the port officers came, and searched her from top to bottom.

To be shut up in the town was insufferable; and I saw that if I wanted to get out I should have to go out alone, and as best I could. My plan was in some way or other to reach my friend, who had vanished in the boat, and who would be able to help me in joining some rebel force. To get there, however, it would be necessary to take to the mountains, since there were Spanish troops between him and the town. It was awkward not understanding Spanish, but I learned the phrase, "I desire to avoid the Spanish troops," and started one evening just as I stood, save for pockets heavily loaded with cigars. Next day I was with the insurgents. I came successfully to some iron mines on the coast, and there learned that a party of insurgents were coming down from the mountains that night to fetch despatches, and to them I attached myself.

The eastern end of Cuba is mountainous and everywhere covered with virgin forest. The vegetation is semi-tropical, and the creepers and undergrowth present so formidable an obstacle to progress that when, as was very frequently the case, it proved necessary to pass round some particularly impossible bit of the road, the man riding in front had to open out a way with his *machete*—the large knife of the country, which in times of peace serves to cut the cane, and in times of war is carried as a side arm.

The first ride I had with the insurgents—there were two of them, a captain and a trooper—was through the most wonderful scenery I have ever seen. All night we rode through forest, and always in an upward direction; there was a full moon, and now and again we could look down on the sea which lay below, and up at the wooded peaks above. For two hours we slept beside our horses whilst they

rested, and were pressing on again before daylight; we wished to get to one of the camps by the following evening, and the nearest was still a long way on. The tracks were exceedingly bad, sometimes deep in mud, and at others precipitous and covered with loose rocks, over which the horses climbed like monkeys. All day we pressed on, always at a slow walk and in single file, now and again pulling up to give a challenge, for we were near the Spanish forces and did not know whom we might fall in with. It had been a long ride, and the horses were dead tired. They had been going almost incessantly through the whole day and the greater part of the night. It had been terribly hot, and only once in the early morning had we had anything to eat. We were worn out; and when after sunset we found that we had lost our way and were wandering aimlessly up and down wooded valleys which all looked exactly alike, we became thoroughly dispirited. Late that evening we came to the insurgent outpost and heard the challenge given from the darkness above us; and as we rode through the guard we saw through the trees the fires of the rebel camp. It was situated on a triangular spur of land; behind and above were the mountains, and far below was the level coast land, and beyond it again the sea.

Colonel Valleriano, a mulatto, had occupied this position for many weeks with a few Cuban officers and a force of 100 men, most of whom were negroes. Down below, on the coast, about ten miles off, were encamped the Spaniards, some 2000 or 3000 strong. The insurgents lay in their way, a handful of men in a strong position, and the Spaniards had made no move against them.

The Spaniards moved out from their camp the morning after my arrival. The insurgents were drawn up along the edge of the hill, watching the Spanish advance with field-glasses, and praying that they might come on. Videttes were sent forward, and every one was ready; but that day was like the previous one, and no attack was made.

The camp was composed of a number of palm-thatched sheds, under which were slung two or three hammocks side by side. It was a curious evening—the officers gathered round us in the Colonel's hut, and stood or sat about smoking, whilst we ate with a ravenous appetite the food they set before us. Afterwards, by the light of the camp fires and a flickering candle, my captain read aloud the news from the Spanish newspapers he had brought with him; he sat on a hammock with the officers round, and outside crouched some sixty negroes, listening intently, and now and again laughing quietly at an account of some reported Spanish success.

That night I found my hammock slung next to that of the trooper who had ridden with me from the muster. The poor fellow was already there. Somehow or other he had got a touch of fever, and was quite delirious, tossing himself about and raving in a most

unpleasant way. I had brought a variety of pills with me from New York, but, unfortunately, could not in the least distinguish between them, as they were marked not with the ailment for which they were intended, but with the various ingredients they contained. Happily, I struck on an appropriate bottle, and gave the trooper four large pills, which silenced him in a moment and caused him to lie like a log through the rest of the night. I afterwards learned that the virtue of these pills lay in reducing the temperature from high fever to the normal state at a jump, and that they were very powerful and should have been administered sparingly. We both slept comfortably through the night, and although my patient had a relapse next day, he speedily recovered, and was very grateful to me for the treatment.

In the whole island there were some 25,000 insurgents under arms, all, both infantry and cavalry, carrying the *machete* as a side-arm, and a rifle of one kind or another, usually a Remington. Here and there the men were armed with Mausers, the new Spanish magazine rifle, which had either been collected from the prisoners or taken from the Spanish dead; it is a small-bore rifle, and from the cases I saw it would seem that the wound it inflicts is easily healed, the bullet boring a hole through the bone instead of breaking it.

For the time being there appeared to be a tolerable supply of ammunition, but no very large reserve; and in the future the insurgents may have to rely on supplies from abroad. More rifles and ammunition are constantly being run into the country; and with the increased supply of arms the numbers of the insurgents in the field could be very largely increased, since those who desire to join in the struggle very largely exceed the number of rifles now available.

Everywhere discipline was strictly enforced, guard was regularly kept, and orders had to be carried out to the letter. In their drill the insurgents cut a most ridiculous figure; yet drilled they were, however, and that twice a day; often, as was the case in José Maceo's camp, by Spanish drill sergeants, who, like so many others, had been driven from the Spanish lines by ill usage. The cavalry were much better in hand than the infantry, and those I saw manœuvred with tolerable ease. The men were well mounted, and in the open country to the west they are accustomed to charge the Spanish infantry in square, and often with success. In the broken country of the Santiago province the cavalry is of little service, and the fighting is necessarily more of a guerilla warfare, planned by the officers, but executed by the men as units.

The rank and file of the rebels in the east are black, but further west they are almost exclusively white, and a negro there is the exception. The negroes are fine fighting men, and able to endure every kind of hardship; they march thirty or forty miles in the day without great fatigue, and are able to go for long periods without

food—indeed starvation would seem to make them more efficient, since it is said that Antonio Maceo prefers his men to fast for two days before battle. A few of the officers are black, but usually they are Cubans. The staff of General José Maceo was largely composed of the sons of wealthy Cuban planters, of doctors, and other professional men, many of them educated in America, and many of them speaking excellent French or English.

General José was encamped on the high road, some fifteen miles from a Spanish division; he had only 400 or 500 men with him, and here the insurgents had no advantage in their position, yet for weeks the Spaniards had made no move against him, and here, as elsewhere, they remained inactive and powerless. Further west, on a large open prairie, General Antonio Maceo was able to entertain the insurgent Government with a review of some 5000 men, whilst within twenty miles, both to the north and to the south, the Spaniards had superior forces, were fully conscious of all that was passing, and yet declined to make the slightest effort.

General Antonio Maceo is the moving spirit of the whole revolt. He is a tall, broad-shouldered mulatto, with a reputation for reckless-bravery and a good knowledge of Cuban warfare, gained during the last insurrection. He is the hero of the Cubans and the terror of the Spanish soldiery, a volcano of energy, with a charming manner, a kindly disposition, and eyes which are perpetually smiling through a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses.

I first met Maceo on an occasion of great state and ceremony. Cuba had just elected a Provisional Government, which was to watch over the interests of the country till the struggle should be ended. The General was mobilising the troops of the east to receive and do honour to the President and Ministers of the Cuban Republic, who had journeyed very far to meet him. The President of the Republic, the Marquis of Santa Lucia, is a man very nearly eighty years old, a stately and courteous old gentleman, and so wiry that he had arrived at the place of meeting several days before he was expected. The rest of the Government is almost entirely composed of young men, who are almost all under forty; shrewd, pleasant fellows they seemed, full of zeal and hope in the future, and apparently by no means over-sanguine. From them I learned how it was proposed absolutely to forbid and prevent the grinding of the sugarcane throughout Cuba, and so to hinder Spain from getting any financial assistance from the island. The insurgent forces were maintaining themselves in the field without expense, and could continue to do so, whilst the Spanish army of occupation was an ever-increasing burden, and one which every day Spain became less able and willing to bear. The Cuban policy was to cripple Spain financially whilst she withstood her in the field. The insurgents would be

willing to treat with Spain as to a price for Spanish evacuation, and to pay freely rather than draw the war out to the very end. During the first three months of the struggle they would have accepted a free and full measure of autonomy, but now the establishment of a Cuban Republic can only be prevented by Spanish victory and Cuban annihilation.

Riding through Cuba from camp to camp was a pleasant life, and often an exciting one. I had an escort, an officer and trooper, and all day we rode over hills and through forest, and always along tracks which were almost impassable. Sometimes our road would pass near the Spanish lines, and on one such occasion we barely avoided a Spanish ambush; at times we would ride the greater part of the day without food of any kind, and with a hot sun above, with the result that one's grip in the saddle seemed to loosen and one's head to turn. When our horses tired we changed them for fresh ones with the prefects along the way.

Wherever we chanced to find ourselves at nightfall, we slung our hammocks and slept: sometimes it would be in a shed, and sometimes in the open air, and once and again unpleasantly near the enemy. We passed one night in the shed which contained the printing-press of the Cuban Republic, and round about us lay the copies of the gala number of *Cuba Libre*, the organ of the insurrection, all printed in blue and red type to commemorate the government's election. In the morning, we would be up and in the saddle again before sunrise, the only toilet possible being a good shake. Everywhere, I found the Cubans the most courteous and hospitable people conceivable: whatever hour of the day or night it might be, all that the Cuban had and all that he could do were at the service of the stranger. In the middle of the night we were served with coffee and food if there chanced to be any, and no matter how poor our host might be it was out of the question that he should receive money. From the time I joined the insurgents to the day I got back to Santiago, I never spent a penny.

How I ever got back to Santiago I am still at a loss to understand. Twice I had to pass through Spanish troops, whose officers, as I afterwards heard, had expressed a wish to lay their hands on the Englishman who had joined the insurgents. True, I had borrowed a planter's suit—which was necessary, as I had not had my own clothes off for three weeks—and I had shaved. But, for the rest, I met with the most extraordinary good luck.

I have only been five weeks in Cuba, but I have seen and heard enough of what is passing to wish all success to the cause of the insurrection, and to hope that the United States will not be long in recognising the Cuban insurgents as a belligerent Power.

HUBERT HOWARD.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING IN THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

THE question is no longer "Is the religious controversy of the Seventies to be reopened?" Thanks to a small but persistently noisy little coterie of extremists—who pose as knowing all about what the working-man wants in this matter, and display their acquaintance with his desires by shouting in his name and in that of his children for an education rigidly sectarian in its religious aspect and rigidly circumscribed so far as the secular subjects are concerned—that question has been effectually put out of date. What the wise people of the country, those who really believe in a generous education for the child of the worker and who want to make it easy for every child to get his fill of that education up to the limit of his capacity, have to ask themselves now, is this: "How may the religious controversy of the Nineties be most expeditiously and most effectively closed?" Can we not, all of us, forget sectarian bitterness this once, and join hands for the sake of the children, the men and women of to-morrow, the heirs to the nation's greatness, the trustees of its posterity?

Of course, it is crying over spilt milk now to urge that there was no need to disturb the compromise of 1870; it is wasting time to remind controversialists that their clamour for a new law respecting the teaching of religion in the Elementary Schools has been utterly unsupported by any genuine claim on the part of those most interested, the parents of the children using the schools; it will avail little to belaud the wisdom and toleration of the compromise of 1870, offering, as it has done to every child whose parents desire it, a foundation of Christian religion—not less Christian because undenominational—providing relief for those who demand exemption from this teaching, and throwing, most appropriately, as I think, upon private purses the cost of satisfying those who desire more. The

time has come, it seems, to review and alter the plan. I am sorry. But the disputations ones have beaten the drum so loudly that at last that very potent factor in these affairs, "the man in the street," has turned his attention this way, and has begun to fancy that there really is a religious difficulty, and that somehow or other it has been in existence all the time since 1870!

That is where we find ourselves to-day; and hence the inevitableness of the problem. For myself, I repeat, I wish the Government could settle its scheme of "further financial aid" one way or the other without a word being said on the religious "difficulty"—a "difficulty" which exists almost entirely outside the school walls. But if we will only strive hard enough to appreciate each other's point of view, the inclusion of the religious problem in the discussions may, after all, make for the permanency of the settlement.

Now the facts as we find them to-day are as follows.

In nearly all the Urban centres we have Board and Voluntary schools working side by side. In five out of every six of the villages the only school is a Voluntary school, carried on under the auspices of the Church of England. In the Board schools the religious instruction is strictly unsectarian—"no religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school." But in the vast majority of the Board schools of the country excellent and wholesome Christian teaching is given which has from time to time, up to the initiation of the present deplorable controversy, received the blessing of the leaders of the various Churches, from the present Archbishop of Canterbury and the late Cardinal Manning downwards.

In the Voluntary schools, of course, definite denominational teaching is permissible. But both in Board and Voluntary schools parents are permitted under the Conscience Clause to withdraw their children from religious instruction altogether.

We may next look at the criticisms levelled at the existing system:

Firstly, it is suggested that children of Church parents are attending the Board schools on whose behalf something more is desired than is possible under the undenominational system. "Church teaching for Church children in the Board schools" is the English Church Union's way of putting Mr. Riley's catchphrase, "Christian teaching for Christian children in the Board schools." [It should, perhaps, be observed that I do not discuss anywhere in this article the question of further financial aid to schools.]

Secondly, Nonconformists complain that in five out of six of the parishes of the country their children are compelled by law to attend a Church of England school; they point out that they

are allowed no share in the management of these schools; they deny the efficiency of the Conscience Clause to safeguard their interests; they draw attention to the fact that the trust deeds of many of these schools—now entirely in some cases, almost entirely in many cases, and very largely in all remaining cases, maintained from public funds—demand that their teachers shall be members of the Church of England (thus shutting out from the teaching profession the village Nonconformist); they remind us, further, that of the 3602 places in the Residential Colleges for Teachers 2288 are only open to those who conform to the dogma of the Established Church; and they point out that of £129,215 19s. 3d. spent on these colleges last year, £84,467 12s. 10d. was provided from the public purse in the shape of grants from the Committee of Council.

This in brief is the case against the present system. It is easily stated; its treatment is a matter not quite so easily set down.

For myself, now that we are going into the matter thoroughly, I confess I should like to see an effectual and permanent settlement of the whole problem, one that should set squabbling at rest for good, and enable teachers to push ahead without hindrance, making the most of the all too brief opportunity the children have to secure a thoroughly generous and useful training. But I do not imagine that any instant settlement of the whole of the points raised above will be possible. We shall solve them in course of time, no doubt. Meanwhile, what is the least the Government will find itself compelled to attempt directly it tables its money proposals? (I assume that, like most Governments, it will take the line of least resistance—notwithstanding its majority of 152.)

In the first place we have the demand, made on behalf of Church children attending the Board schools, that facilities shall be offered for their definite instruction in the Church creed. I do not believe that the parents themselves are at the back of this demand in any large numbers.

I believe that in a rough sort of way English parents are keenly anxious that their children shall receive a Christian education and be brought up to reverse the teachings associated with their own early days; but there, I think, the matter ends. I do not believe that there is any very absorbing desire for the denominational teaching of any Church; nor do I believe that parents use the Church schools in very large numbers because of the denominational religious instruction given. I believe parents use the Church schools because they know and respect the teachers; because they themselves went to the "National;" because the elder brothers and sisters were brought up under the roof of the "National;" and because the "National" is

the nearest school to the home. But, as I have said, the demand has worked its way into the political field, and so I suppose it must be attended to. If I spend time in discussing its treatment it is because, in the long run, I firmly believe we shall get back to the *status quo* of to-day, and then the ground will have been cut away from the Rileys, the Nunns, and the Halifaxes.

And in discussing its treatment, let me put on one side at once Lord Salisbury's remedy of "a multiplication of denominational schools," as suggested to the Wesleyan deputation of November 27. I wonder his lordship didn't think of the cost, seeing that expenditures on education seem to trouble him so much. But on grounds other than those of genuine economy, on grounds of actual practicability, this suggestion may be dismissed at once.

Far more practicable—if change there must be, and if that change be carried out on wise and moderate lines—was the proposal of the leaders of the Church of England made a week earlier to Lord Salisbury himself, that the religious compromise of 1870 should be modified on the lines of the Industrial Schools Act of 1866. No. 8, it will be remembered, of the "principles to be kept in view in all legislation affecting public elementary schools," as laid before the Prime Minister by the Archbishop of Canterbury on behalf of the Church of England, on Wednesday, November 20, ran as follows :

"Provision that all reasonable facilities shall be afforded for the separate religious instruction of children in Board or Voluntary schools whose parents may desire it, in the spirit of the Industrial Schools Act of 1866."

It may be well to quote at once the exact clause in the Industrial Schools Act of 1866 to which reference is here made. It is clause 25, and reads :

"A minister of the religious persuasion specified in the Order of Detention as that to which the child appears to the justices or magistrates to belong, may visit the child at the school on such days and at such times as are from time to time fixed by regulations made by the Secretary of State, for the purposes of instructing him in religion."

It is only just to those who are advocating this modification of the very excellent system of religious instruction which the country has enjoyed under the Act of 1870, to admit that they appear to be as much actuated in the interests of the Nonconformist children living in the 10,000 English villages possessing only a Church of England school, as they are on behalf of the Church of England children attending the Board schools of the country.

And, if it be agreed that the present system of giving religious instruction shall be perpetuated as the basis, and that wherever a genuine demand is made on the part of a parent for something more, or something less, or something different than his child is receiving at present,

it would no doubt be desirable, as far as practicable—if only, as already said, to cut the ground from under the feet of that very small section of exceedingly clamant people who buzz about our ears to-day—to extend to the elementary day schools the privilege involved in Clause 25 of the Industrial Schools Act.

I have already suggested that the demand for the exceptional treatment therein prescribed is not likely to be at all general. I hear a good deal about “the undeniable rights of the parents to determine the religious instruction;” I hear a good deal about the extent to which the present system fails to satisfy these rights. But it is not, as I have already pointed out, from the parents themselves that I, or anybody else, hear these many statements. It is from those who least of all have any claim to speak on behalf of the working-class parent; who are not working-class parents themselves; who do not love or use the public elementary schools; and whose acquaintance with the life of the working classes is of an extremely exiguous character.

Nevertheless, may we not all agree to offer an opportunity for the satisfaction of this supposed demand? I ask this in the profound belief that the opportunity would be seized in a very few and rare cases. If it became at all general it would become at once impracticable. The schools do not lend themselves to the simultaneous inculcation of differing denominational tenets to a dozen or more little pens of denominational juveniles under the care of amateur teachers who are very far from being distinguished either for the genius of simple elucidation or for the power of maintaining discipline amongst youngsters.

But supposing we agree in order to set at rest the disturbed conscience of this fabulous parent, to set up in order to meet exceptional demands the system possible under the Act of 1866. It should be clearly understood at the very outset that the educational system of the country will at once become exposed to the most serious injury at the hands of unscrupulous fanatics. We of the London School Board have had a very ugly taste of the way this particular Act may be worked, in connection with our new Day Industrial School in Drury Lane, the Chairmanship of which Mr. Athelstan Riley, with characteristic modesty, has told the world that he took “*in order to see that it was established on proper lines!*”

As against a scheme to run the religious instruction of this school on exclusively denominational lines brought forward by Messrs. Cecil and Riley, Mr. Fiennes and myself successfully carried through a compromise, under which the basis of the religious instruction would be undenominational: “Each day shall be begun and ended with simple family worship consisting of prayer, singing, and the reading of Scripture.” But, beyond this, in accordance with Clause 25 of

the Industrial Schools Act, we agreed that ministers of religion or their delegates should be permitted to give denominational teaching to the children of their faith; the whole essence of the scheme being that such denominational teaching *should be exceptional to the permanent provision of the teaching power provided for the school out of the rates.*

In due course advertisements were issued in the usual form to fill the teacherships in these schools. When with unblushing effrontery, Mr. Athelstan Riley caused a letter to be written to each candidate, quoting the rule for the conduct of religious instruction in the school, and continuing as follows :

"Having regard to the above rule, the Industrial Schools Committee, as managers of the school, will, in all probability, appoint as principal teacher a member of the Church of England. I am, therefore, directed to ask whether you are a member of the Church of England, and, if so, that you will forward me, as soon as possible, some further testimonial or testimonials as to your capability, if appointed, of acting as the delegate of the minister of the Church of England, who will be responsible for the religious instruction of the children."

By this means a head teacher is chosen from the Church people amongst the applicants; and subsequently, by a similar method, a Roman Catholic is appointed as assistant—Mr. Riley writing to the *Catholic Times* upon the event as follows :

"My friends and I received such generous support from the Roman Catholics at the late election, that I am anxious that your readers should understand that, although there is unfortunately no member of your community on the Board, your interests are safe in my hands."

So that the Act of 1866 is here distorted, in what I venture to describe as a most audacious manner, in order to secure, as a part of the permanent teaching in the school, Anglican and Roman Catholic religious instruction. And, further, the office of teacher is here entirely subordinated to denominational considerations.

Now, not only is this a most audacious twisting of the Act of 1866, and not only does it subordinate the teachership to denominational exigencies, but, at the very moment when the leaders of the Church are profuse in their desire to deal fairly with Nonconformists, it inflicts, I am bound to say, a most serious injustice upon the members of all religious communities other than those belonging to the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches. For this reason. The head-mistress of this school will give her time during the Scripture lesson to Church teaching; the assistant to Roman Catholic teaching. Who, I should like to know, will instruct the other children specified as not belonging to either of these denominations?

Of Mr. Riley's action in this connection, it would be impossible to speak too severely. On May 2 last, when endeavouring to get through the Board the exclusively denominational system which he and Mr. Cecil, as already stated, brought forward, Mr. Riley endeavoured to impress upon the members of the Board the fact that, "*These were not Board schools in the same sense as the ordinary day schools,*" and, therefore, it was a fair thing to plead exceptional treatment for them. Having ultimately accomplished his end—in the achievement of which he was in the first instance frustrated—by the appointment of members of the Church of England and of the Roman Catholic Church as permanent teachers, Mr. Riley then writes to the public press as follows, the italics being mine :

"As affecting the whole School Board system, this is of indirect as well as direct importance; because if it be found possible to work a Day Industrial school on denominational lines, *this would prove an irresistible argument for working the Board's ordinary schools on the same lines*, should an alteration of the law permit it. *The two kinds of schools are practically on all-fours with each other, being both day schools, and both being supported out of the rates.*"

I would not have gone into this incident at length had it not been that Mr. Riley was a member of the Committee which drew up the Memorial of the Archbishops to the Prime Minister, and were it not that there is very good reason for supposing that he is the author of the suggestion that the principle of the Act of 1866 should be worked into the Elementary Education Act of 1870.

This gentleman, it may further be observed, leaves us in no doubt whatever as to what he means by "the spirit of the Act of 1866." His idea would be to place in every Board school in the kingdom, in the first place, a permanent teacher, who should be a member of the Church of England; then a permanent teacher, who should be a Roman Catholic; and then, no doubt, he would try to satisfy the Nonconformists by the appointment of teachers who should be members respectively of each of the Free Churches. And a pretty state of things we should then have arrived at. Our teachers would in each case be subjected not only to religious tests, but to denominational religious tests. Their fitness as teachers would be an entirely secondary consideration; and, within the four walls of every Board school in the United Kingdom, we should have the elements of a very promising theological warfare.

I will not do the leaders of the Church party the injustice of suggesting that they, like Mr. Riley, would work the Act of 1866 on these extreme lines. But, at any rate, I may point out what has been done in London, in order that all who esteem religious freedom, all who desire to meet the Church fairly in this proposed modification

of the Act of 1870, and all who care two straws about the welfare of our common schools, may watch with extreme care the earliest appearance of "Rileyism" permeating "the spirit of the Act of 1866."

I turn for a moment to the Nonconformist complaint. It will be observed that, in a great measure, the extension to the Act of 1870 of the principles of Clause 25 of the Act of 1866, if carried out fairly and honourably, would meet the village "difficulty"—a difficulty altogether minimised, let it be said to their lasting credit, by the discretion, the wisdom, and the discrimination of the vast body of the teachers at work in the village Church schools.

But that difficulty will not be entirely met until the management of the village school is popularised. And here I delight to note that Churchmen like the Bishop of Hereford and Archdeacon Wilson, both old schoolmasters, agree. This, however, will necessitate the bringing up of trust deeds for revision—a necessity which may be utilised to remove the disability under which any young Nonconformist anxious to enter the teaching profession may rest; and further, to provide a means of appeal for the teachers against dismissal for matters unconnected with the conduct of the State school.

As to the Training Colleges the solution here lies in the direction of extending to these institutions the Conscience Clause of the Act of 1870. This, together with the fact that there are already 840 absolutely unsectarian places open to Nonconformists in the day Training Colleges, should, I think, remove all reasonable ground of complaint in this direction.

T. J. MACNAMARA.

PHYSICS AND SOCIOLOGY

IV.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION NOT CO-EXTENSIVE WITH SOCIAL PROGRESS
EVOLUTION IS THE ORDERLY SEQUENCE OF THE UNINTENDED.

WHEN Mr. Spencer says that the prevalence of "the great-man theory" has been the main obstacle to a right conception of social science, it will now be seen that he spoke the truth, but in a sense quite different from the sense intended by him. That theory has been an obstacle certainly; but not because it was opposed to a right conception of the science, but because, being really essential to such a right conception, it was in its popular form a misrepresentation of itself, and thus led to its own rejection. But even in that crude form it was not so false as it appeared to be. Its falsehood has been exaggerated, because the undoubted truths, which have appeared to be opposed to it, have been exaggerated also.

The truths referred to are those which are half-expressed and half-hidden by the phrase *social evolution* as at present employed and understood. There is one broad fact, unrecognised till recent times, but obvious to all as soon as attention is directed to it, which that phrase suggests instantly to the mind—the fact that all great men, in any civilised society, however remarkable and however original their achievements, could not have achieved them if it had not been for their social circumstances, which circumstances they themselves had no hand in producing. The most influential thinker of to-day, for instance, owes half his influence to the printing-press. His most daring and original discoveries are based upon the discoveries of his predecessors. The work of each great man, in fact, incorporates or utilises the work of an indefinite number of other people. Hence the idea very naturally arises that, since the work of each great man

depends on the work of such a number of other men, the great man's own part in it must be a mere negligible fraction.

The above fact, together with this deduction drawn from it, was present to the mind of Buckle and other writers long before the principle or theory of evolution, as formulated by Darwin and his followers, was applied to the explanation of the phenomena of organic life; but it derived from that theory a new significance and importance. The great work accomplished by the evolutionary theory of Darwin was to supplant the old theory, which explained the phenomena of organic life as resulting from the design of some quasi-human intelligence; and the elimination of such an intelligence from the world of Nature, provided by analogy an added scientific justification for the elimination of the great man's influence from the world of social action. But Darwinian science did much more for sociology than this. It provided sociologists with a fundamental and general principle, by means of which the sequence of social changes could be seen, represented, and explained, as possessed of some continuous meaning; and, above all, it supplied them, by its account of the struggle for existence, with a theory which enabled them to reduce to some common and intelligible process the apparently endless varieties of social change and action. It seemed as though suddenly it had made social science vertebrate, giving it some framework round which to group its details; and thenceforward the principal aim of sociologists has been to adapt to social science and to human history the evolutionary principles of physiological science and of natural history. In this way a wide and tempting field has been laid open to research, to ingenuity, and to genius; and the work of sociologists in this field has been so absorbing that they have lost sight of any other. Their whole duty has, in their eyes, resolved itself into tracing the operation of the struggle for existence amongst men, and showing how that it resembled and differed from the corresponding struggle amongst animals. The main point of difference, which has been the subject of their examination and their exposition, has been the fact that men, unlike animals, organise themselves into communities; that each community constitutes a corporate organism, and that the human struggle for existence is therefore a struggle not only of individual with individual but of aggregate with aggregate. With the details of their speculations we are, at this moment, not concerned. We are concerned only to notice one general result of them, which has been this. The operation of those same principles, which have produced physiological evolution, have shown themselves operating so widely in the production of social evolution, that evolution itself has come to appear to sociologists as being essentially and fundamentally a mass of natural selection, of the survival of the fittest or the strongest, and the adaptation of organisms to their environment. Further, evolution,

as thus understood, has been found to explain so many of the phenomena of progress, that progress has come to be regarded as the same thing as evolution—as a less scientific name for it, or a less scientific conception of it.

This identification of progress with evolution, and this identification of evolution with the results of the struggle for existence, together constitute that exaggeration—or we may, with equal truth, call it the mutilation or distortion—of certain indubitable scientific truths, which makes, as was said just now, even the most exaggerated estimate of the influence of great men appear far more false than it really is, and more than anything else prevents a true estimate of that influence from being arrived at. The struggle for existence is, no doubt, the main agent of evolution in the physiological world; and is an important agent of evolution in the social world; but in both cases its connection with the evolutionary process is accidental; and, in neither, represents what is really its essential characteristic. Furthermore, though progress and evolution, in many respects, coincide, they are not identical. There is a large part of social progress which is not evolution; and there may be much evolution which is certainly not progress. The present chapter will be devoted to the elucidation of these points.

With this object in view let us again turn to evolution, as revealed to us in the physiological world—in the origin of species, and the development of the species Man; and let us again give our attention to a point that has been already noticed—the relationship of the evolutionary theory to the theory of design, which it superseded, or at all events rendered unnecessary. According to this latter theory, every species of living thing—from the lowest to the highest—was constructed by the power and purpose of one supreme mind, who adapted the frame and the faculties of each to a prearranged set of circumstances, and the fulfilment of certain needs. According to the former theory—that is to say the theory of evolution—these results were accomplished by purpose, and intelligent power likewise—only not by the purpose and power of a supreme external mind, but by those of the living things themselves. Each living thing chose its mates, reproduced its kind, hunted for food, fought with rivals, and either conquered or was conquered by them, acting in obedience to the promptings of its own instinctive purposes. These were the motive power of the whole evolutionary process. The variety and the development of organic life were the result, not of one great intention, but of an infinity of minute intentions. Thus far the theory of design and the theory of evolution resemble each other; but now we come to the point of essential difference between them. The varieties and gradations of organic life, according to the theory of design, were not only the result of intention in the supreme mind, but were also them-

selves the exact result intended. According to the evolutionary theory, although they were the result of an infinity of intentions, not one of the living things from whose intention they resulted intended them. They were the by-product of actions directed to entirely different ends. This is the essential and this is the peculiar character with which the theory of evolution invested them. It presented to the mind the extraordinary phenomenon of a single series of actions producing a double series of results, the intended and the unintended—the latter of which, though entirely different from the former, was equally orderly, equally reasonable and coherent. Evolution, in fact, as revealed to us in the physiological world, is, in its essence, neither more nor less than this—the *reasonable sequence of the unintended*.

But this definition of evolution does not apply only to development as exhibited in the sphere of facts studied by Darwinian science. It is equally applicable to the development of the inorganic universe; and thus exhibits the unity underlying the two processes. With the inorganic universe, however, we are not concerned here. The sole point to which here it is necessary to direct attention, is the fact that the definition in question is equally applicable also to evolution as exhibited in the sphere of social phenomena. In fact, social evolution is even more strikingly, though not more truly than physiological evolution, the reasonable sequence of the unintended. So soon as the conception which this definition embodies is clearly grasped, it will be seen to correspond with, and to comprehend, that entire order of facts which are held conclusively to prove the fallacy of “the great man theory.” All those general conditions amongst which the great man is born, and through which he works, such as the knowledge which he finds accumulated, the inventions which he finds in use, the political and economic position of his country, are, taken as a whole, the result of no one man’s genius. It is equally obvious that they do not represent any one man’s intention, or even the joint intention of a number of men acting in concert. Accordingly, when any great man initiates some fresh social change, either as an inventor, a director of industry, a politician, or a religious teacher, a large part of his achievement consists in his manipulation and refashioning of previous results in the domain of social progress, which can be set down to the credit of no individual, nor any body of individuals—that is to say, of results that were unintended. Let Mr. Spencer, and other opponents of the “great-man theory,” consider the matter in this light, and they will see that the entire set of facts on which, in this connection, they have been accustomed principally to dwell, gather themselves together at once under this conception of “the unintended.” But something else will happen besides this. Not only will the social results and conditions of the kind just mentioned be thus grouped together into a logically coherent mass as the unintended, but

there will be left behind an equally coherent and an equally striking residuum, namely, the social results and conditions that have been obviously and notoriously intended. These may not be found existing apart from the former; but, although in conjunction or combination with them, they will be visible as a distinct and separate element; and their true importance as a factor in social progress will begin to be apparent to the mind so soon as their specific peculiarity, as just described, is apprehended. It will begin to be apparent that social progress is not a single process, but a double one. If it is not merely a sequence of changes intended by great men, still less is it merely a sequence of unintended changes brought about by general laws and social conditions generally. It is neither of them singly. It is both taken together. It is, in other words, the joint result of evolution, or unintended change, and change intended, designed and carried out by men of various degrees of greatness.

Let us take a few examples, which, owing to their magnitude and familiarity, will be at once sufficiently intelligible. Our first shall be taken from the history of art and speculative philosophy. In each of these dominions of human activity and achievement we find those phenomena of progressive and orderly development to which it is now customary to apply the name of evolution. Thus we hear of the evolution of philosophy from the crude speculations of Thales to the elaborate system of Aristotle. We hear of the evolution of the Greek drama from the exhibitions of Thespis with his cart to the tragedies of Æschylus, and again, from the tragedies of Æschylus to those of Sophocles. And similarly we hear of the evolution of the English drama from such exhibitions as miracle plays or "Gammer Gurton's Needle" to tragedies such as "Hamlet" and comedies such as "As You Like It." And to all such examples of development the word *evolution* is applicable, for there is in each an obvious sequence of the unintended. Aristotle's philosophy was in part derived from that of his predecessors. It employed existing materials so as to produce a result which was not intended, indeed was not even imagined, by those who originally got them together and fashioned them, but which, on the other hand, would not have been reached by Aristotle had his predecessors not yielded him this unintentional assistance. None the less, however, does the Aristotelian philosophy, as its author gave it to the world, embody the deliberate intention of his profound and unrivalled genius; and it is only because it embodies this intended element that it constitutes an advance on the philosophies that went before it. Similarly, though Sophocles and Shakespeare, in constructing their dramas, each profited by the achievements of the dramatists who had gone before them, and though the art of each would have inevitably been more crude and imperfect had he come into the world a generation or two before he did, yet the peculiar

faculty that gave immortality to "Antigone" and to "Hamlet" had its seat in the minds of the two individuals who composed them, and who deliberately, in their poetry, externalised and realised their conceptions. The part played by evolution in the production of these dramas is undoubted; but it is totally distinct from, and is altogether dwarfed by, the part played by the design and the intention of their authors.

It is probably in the production of a work of art that the intention of the great man plays the largest part, as compared with the part played by evolution; for the discoveries of previous men of science, and the thoughts of previous philosophers, can be appropriated in their entirety by the philosophers and men of science who came afterwards; but it is only a very small portion of the merits of a great poet that subsequent poets can appropriate and put to new uses. A great poet can teach his successors something as to form and style, and enable inferior men in these respects to improve upon him; but the main results of his genius can be taken advantage of by nobody. A man of moderate intellect to-day may know all that Aristotle knew and more, and might thus be able to write a more complete system of philosophy; but no man by studying Shakespeare could write a greater tragedy than "Hamlet." He could not start, as a poet, where Shakespeare left off.

It is evident, therefore, that in those social changes and results to which the term evolution is in any sense applicable, the relative importance of the parts played by evolution and individual intention varies. In art intention plays a larger and evolution a less part than in philosophy; though even in philosophy—or, at all events, in the work of great philosophers—the part played by intention is preponderant. Let us now turn to invention and applied science, and we shall see that in this respect as philosophy is to art so invention and applied science are to philosophy. The part played by evolution is larger in them, and the part played by intention relatively less; or, in other words, for each intended advance made in material production and civilisation there is a larger by-product of the unintended. We shall, however, see that even here the part played by intention is enormous, and that, unless we understand this part, evolution will be unintelligible, while, unless this part was performed, evolution would be impossible. Let us do again as we have done before, and go for a typical example to Mr. Herbert Spencer. He has selected an excellent one, in the shape of the *Times* printing press and its history, in order to illustrate what, according to him, is purely a process of evolution.

"In the first place," he says, "this automatic printing machine is lineally descended from other automatic printing machines . . . each presupposing others that went before. . . . And then, in

tracing the more remote antecedents, we find an ancestry of hand printing presses which, through generations, have been successively improved." He further points out that this press implies not only an ancestry of former presses, but also the existence of the machinery used in making it, and again, how this machinery has a further ancestry of its own. Again, he reminds us how this press would have been useless until there had been invented a paper machine which would turn out paper in almost endless lengths; accordingly he reminds us "there is the genesis of the paper machine" involved; and he adds to all this the abundance of iron in England, which has been a chief cause of the development of our machine-making generally. But even yet, he proceeds, this answer is not completed.

"Without mechanical engineers who fulfilled their contracts tolerably well by executing work accurately, neither this machine nor the machines that made it could have been produced; and, without artisans having considerable conscientiousness, no master could assure accurate work; . . . so that there are implied in this mechanical achievement not only our slowly-generated industrial state, with its innumerable products and processes, but also the slowly moulded moral and intellectual natures of the master and workman. Has," Mr. Spencer continues, "nothing now been forgotten? Yes. We have left out a whole division of all-important social phenomena—those which we group as progress of knowledge. Without a considerably developed geometry . . . without a developed physics, . . . and in the absence of a developed chemistry . . . such a machine could not have come into existence. Surely," he exclaims, "we have now got to the end of our history. Not quite; there yet remains an essential factor. No one goes on year after year spending thousands of pounds, and much time, and persevering through difficulties and anxiety, without a strong motive. . . . Why, then, was the 'Walter press' produced? To meet an enormous demand with great promptness—to print with one machine 16,000 copies an hour."

It is impossible to imagine a better illustration than that supplied by the above series of facts of the parts played by evolution in the domain of mechanical invention; indeed, it illustrates much more than Mr. Spencer, at the moment, designed it to do. It illustrates the action of evolution in other domains as well. Let us first, however, consider the single case of the printing-press. It is perfectly plain that the mass of discoveries, inventions, and achievements which preceded and paved the way for the final invention in question, were due to men who had in their heads no idea of a machine such as a steam-driven printing-press at all. When printing was first invented, steam-power was undreamed of. When the steam-engine was being perfected as a means of driving machinery, the inventors had no specific intention of applying this force to the printing-press. The men whose genius and energy, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, laid the foundation of the English iron trade, and with it, as Mr. Spencer says, the foundation of "machine-making generally," in all probability never even saw a newspaper, and could not have conceived

the possibility of collecting enough news daily to fill as much as one page of the *Times*. The mathematicians and chemists to whose work Mr. Spencer alludes most probably never gave a thought to the practical application of their discoveries, and knew as little of the process of printing as they did of Chinese grammar. But let us give to these facts all the weight we can. Let us regard the antecedents that made the Walter press possible as being not only sequences but also concurrences of the unintended; and we shall still see that the intentions of gifted and exceptional men played in the process a large and essential part. The fact that the Walter press could never have existed unless Caxton's press had preceded it, and that Caxton never dreamed of the development of the Walter press, does not disprove the fact that in the development of printing genius like Caxton's was an indispensable agent, and one which stamped its character on the whole sequence of changes which it inaugurated; nor does it disprove the fact that in the production of the Walter press the genius of its immediate inventors was equally indispensable. Our contemporary social philosophers argue that because the great man does not do everything, therefore he does nothing. By this curious leap in thought from one extreme to another, they have missed the central region in which the truth lies—the region between these two extremes. The great man does not do everything, but he does a great deal; and the problem is to discover how much he does, and what. In a direct sequence of inventions, such as those which resulted in the Walter press, the men to whom these progressive inventions were due may be compared to a vessel, propelled and steered with the deliberate purpose of the captain, on a voyage of discovery in a certain quarter of the globe, the locality of which is generally known, though its detailed features can be no more than conjectured; and evolution may be compared to unsuspected ocean currents, which deflect the vessel into unintended courses.

Mr. Spencer's illustration, however, shows us, as has been already said, that an invention like the Walter press results not only from a direct sequence of inventions and discoveries, but from a concurrence of many separate sequences, such as the inventions and discoveries of chemists, mathematicians, producers of iron, engineers, and machine-makers; and this concurrence, which plays so large a part in the production of the final result, evolutionists will argue, is at all events altogether fortuitous, so far as the final result is concerned, and thus enlarges the domain of evolution and diminishes that of intention. But this argument, though it has an element of truth in it, entirely ignores one of the most important features of the case; and the facts on which it is based in reality bear fresh witness to the importance of individual intention, as well as to that of evolution. For although the coexistence of these separate chains of sequences—these separate lines of progressive inventions and discoveries—may be

altogether fortuitous and unintended by any of those concerned in them, their concurrence itself is emphatically not fortuitous. It is due to the deliberate intention of men with strong synthetic powers, who appropriate the diverse achievements of various other men, connect them together, and divert them to some new purpose. Chemistry, geometry, the production of iron, and the development of machinery for machine-making, would never have worked together to produce an automatic press had the immediate inventors of such an implement not coerced them into their service, and forced them to contribute to a deliberately planned result.

The lessons to be learnt, however, from Mr. Spencer's illustration are not exhausted yet. There still remains to be considered an order of facts suggested by it, which, though they may seem to tell against the conclusion just insisted on, will be found in reality to throw it into stronger light. One of the causes essential to the production of the Walter press was, as Mr. Spencer indicates, the enormous demand for the journal which that press was designed to print; and the cause of this demand was obviously neither more nor less than the existence of a reading public, consisting of an enormous number of more or less educated persons. Now, in the preceding century such a body hardly existed. The number of persons who could read was comparatively small; news was collected with difficulty, and travelled with extreme slowness; and the appetite for knowing the history of the whole world from day to day, and the desire of forming an opinion on all political questions as they arose, had not yet been developed. The reading public which helped to call the Walter press into being was produced by a variety of concurrent causes, which began to come into visible operation about a hundred years ago, such as the rapid growth of wealth, the enormous enlargement of the middle-class, the massing of populations in towns, the improvement of the postal service, and the diffusion of education. Here, again, as in the invention that led directly to the Walter press, we have many sets of sequences; and in each is to be traced similarly the parts played by the intention of exceptional individuals; but the final result in this case—namely, the great reading public—differs from the Walter press in being itself wholly unintended. The Walter press regarded as a mechanical contrivance, represented the previous achievements of a number of exceptional men, deliberately appropriated, transformed, and added to, by the intentions of other exceptional men. The great reading public—say sixty thousand families—who created the demand which the Walter press supplied, represented the achievements of a number of exceptional men, acting not on the intention of a handful of other exceptional men, but on the wants and thoughts and habits of a multitude of average men, who were the subjects of a change which they had no intention of producing, and who, in their capacity of the

reading and thinking public, had become a new force in the community before they realised that they had done so. The inventors of the Walter press knew what they were doing, and intended what they were doing, when they supplied the demand for the *Times*. The members of the reading public, when as a body they created the demand, had individually no intention of acting as a body at all, nor were they individually even aware of the magnitude of the demand to which they contributed.

It will thus be seen that the designed and intended changes which are produced by great men may produce further changes of two distinct kinds—on the one hand, those further changes, which are accomplished by other great men, and which require for their accomplishment design and intention also; and on the other hand those further changes, which are suffered rather than accomplished, by average men; and of which the total result is not intended by anybody. All changes in social conditions which affect all men equally, produce results which are of this latter kind. That is to say, they produce results which, in their totality, are unintended by the individuals who contribute to them; and they afford us genuine examples of evolution. As will appear hereafter, these results are of great importance, but they are far from lessening the part played by intention in social progress as a whole. For though a social product such as the modern reading public is evolved out of conditions produced by the intentions of great men, without the action of any subsequent great men being necessary, yet this reading public when once produced, has not, apart from the action of any great men that may be included in it, any power or tendency to develop any further change. It brings into the community new demands or wants, such, for instance, as the increased demand for the *Times*; but the supply of these wants, and very often the discovery of them, requires the agency of the great man's genius and intention, as we see in the case of the inventor of the Walter press. In a word, evolutionary progress accompanies and influences intentional progress, but could not exist without it.

In this respect social evolution differs from physiological evolution; and the familiar analogies drawn from the latter, when taken by themselves, go a very little way towards explaining the former. The struggle for existence, the survival of the fittest, the adaptation of the organism to its environment, are all of them processes which play a part in social evolution as in physiological; but the part they play in the former, though essential is yet subordinate; and the analogies offered us by Darwinian science do not even suggest the evolutionary processes which, in social science, most demand our study. This aspect of the problem will be discussed at length hereafter. Here it is mentioned only for the sake of one of the points included in it, a

consideration of which is necessary in order to understand more clearly the nature and scope of the influence of the great man. It is a point which contemporary evolutionists altogether neglect. It is as follows: physiological evolution results from the survival of the fittest, and social evolution is due partly to a similar process. The survival of the fittest, however, in the social world is not the true counterpart to the survival of the fittest in the physiological world. The true counterpart is not the *survival* of the fittest, but the *domination* of the fittest. This difference is profound. Let us now go on to examine it.

V.

THE STRUGGLE WHICH CAUSES SOCIAL PROGRESS IS A STRUGGLE OF THE FEW AGAINST THE FEW. IT IS A STRUGGLE FUNDAMENTALLY DIFFERENT FROM THE DARWINIAN STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

It will be seen from what has been said in the preceding chapter, that whatever the influence of the genius and intention of great men may be in effecting social changes and in promoting progress, the importance of their influence as compared with that of evolution, is not constant; but is in some cases less than this last, and in others more; and that the character of the progressive sequence varies also—this sequence being sometimes a chain of intended changes, in which the results deliberately planned and achieved by one great man are directly appropriated and developed by another; and sometimes a chain of intended changes, combined with links of the unintended, as when a great invention produces some unexpected effects in the wants and habits of the masses, and some subsequent invention is designed to minister to these. The lesson which, at the present stage of our argument, it is necessary to draw from these facts is simply this—that it is impossible by any method of *a priori* reasoning to express the parts played in social progress by great men and by evolution respectively, in terms of any simple and general formula; but that, in spite of this, the part played by great men, though thus far indeterminate, is obviously essential and very great. It is not yet time to leave the region of generalities; but without doing that, there are many further facts to be noticed, which will give the reader a much clearer idea of how essential and how great the part played by great men is. Of the facts here alluded to, the first to be considered are those indicated in the observation which concluded the preceding chapter—the observation, namely, that so far as importance is concerned the true counterpart in the social world to the survival of the fittest in the physiological world, is not the survival of the fittest, but the domination. The domination of the fittest includes the survival of the fittest, but it changes and

enlarges the meaning of it, extending it from lives, or aggregates of lives, to influences; and also adds to it the new element of intention, consciously directed towards the production of results, which affect the lives of others, and indeed that of society generally, simultaneously with the life of the individual whose genius produces and intends them.

The best illustration of the above fact is to be found in certain features of economic life, which have become specially prominent during the course of the present century. This century has been, *par excellence*, the period of material progress and the increase of material wealth; and progress has been not only notoriously accompanied by competition, but, as all schools admit, has been, to a certain extent, caused by it. Contemporary sociologists seize on this fact, and declare that in competition we have the counterpart of the Darwinian struggle for existence. They represent the means of life as some great and growing hoard, of which every one is endeavouring to appropriate as large a share as he can; of which the largest shares are inevitably appropriated by the strongest; and of which, each strong man, in proportion to his power of appropriation, leaves less and less for the comparatively unsuccessful and weak. This conception of competition runs through and dominates the whole of Mr. Kidd's work on "Social Evolution." The rivalry of life, within the limits of the community, presents itself to his mind as a struggle of individual against individual, as though they were dogs fighting over the same plate of meat, and as though the gain of one were necessarily the loss of the other. That in social life there is some struggle of this kind is no doubt true, but it is comparatively unimportant. An example of it, Socialists tell us, is to be found in the Stock Exchange, and in what, as Mr. Kidd takes pleasure in reminding us, these philosophers call "its unclean brigand aristocracy." But let us grant the utmost that the Socialists say on this head. Let us grant that all the fortunes made by purely financial speculators are so many abstractions made by the cunning from the simple, by the strong from the weak, by the dishonest from the honest, by non-producers from producers. This does not touch the sole fact which we are concerned to deal with as students of material progress. For material progress does not consist in the fact that an increasing minority of men are every year making large incomes, which they might quite conceivably do by appropriating the wealth of others; but in the fact that there is an increase in the aggregate amount of the income of the community as a whole. This is the great feature which characterises the progressive countries of to-day. If ten men had ten thousand a year between them, two men, by their cunning, might conceivably appropriate eight thousand; but the total income of the ten would remain just what it was. No process of internal "brigandage" could increase the original ten thousand to fifteen, to twenty, or to

thirty. But it is precisely an increase of this kind in the total that has characterised modern progress during this century of competition; and the proportion of ten to thirty is very nearly the exact proportion in which wealth has increased per head in such countries as England and America. The mere struggle for the appropriation of wealth, then, does not explain, or tend to explain, or even touch or hint at the real nature of that kind of struggle to which modern progress is due. The struggle to which specifically modern progress is due is not a struggle to appropriate wealth, but a struggle to produce wealth; and though the hope of appropriating it may be the motive that urges men to produce it, what they endeavour to produce is something not taken from the products of others, which those others would naturally enjoy; but something added to the products of others, which without the competitive effort would not exist at all. The average income per head of the population of this country is now, it has just been said, nearly three times what it was at the beginning of the century. There has been an increase, that is to say, of nearly 200 per cent., and the entire income of the rich and of the middle class, together with a large part of the incomes of the more efficient and skilful artisans, is not abstracted from the sum that constituted the national income previously, but come wholly and solely from this recent addition to it. It is this addition which represents material progress, and it is the specific result of the modern competitive struggle. In other words, it is this addition which is the result of the efforts of the more strenuous and more highly gifted competitors—of the men who have succeeded in doing what all men would have wished to do if they could, and which many men vainly tried to do.

And now let us consider the means by which this struggle is carried on. What, speaking generally, is the nature of the course pursued by the men who succeed in the struggle to produce wealth—or, in other words, in the struggle which produces material progress? Let us first see how progress, as the result of struggle, is explained by Mr. Kidd, and also, as Mr. Kidd will show us, by our contemporary sociologists generally.

"Progress everywhere," he says, "from the beginning of life, has been effected in the same way, and it is possible in no other way. It is the result of selection and rejection. In the human species, as in every other species which has ever existed, no two individuals of a generation are alike in all respects; there is infinite variation within certain narrow limits. Some are slightly above the average in a particular direction, as others are below it; and it is only when the conditions prevail that are favourable to the preponderating reproduction of the former that advance in any direction becomes possible. To formulate this as the immutable law of progress since the beginning of life has been one of the principal results of the biological science of the nineteenth century; and recent works, including the remarkable contribution of Professor Weismann, in Germany, have all tended to establish it on foundations which are not now likely to be shaken.

To put it in words used by Professor Flower in speaking of human society, 'Progress has been due to the opportunity of those individuals who are a little superior in some respects to their fellows of asserting their superiority, and of continuing to live, and of promulgating as an inheritance that superiority.'"

This passage will bring home to the reader the truth of the observation which was made just now, that Mr. Kidd conceives of the rivalry of life amongst men, within the limits of each community, as being simply a reproduction of the rivalry of life amongst animals—that is to say, a struggle of individual against individual, each individual working in isolation, and those individuals surviving who have been born stronger than the rest. But the passage shows us a great deal more than this. It shows us not only how Mr. Kidd conceives generally of the competitive struggle amongst men, but also the particular way in which he conceives of that struggle as producing progress. He conceives of it as a process which affects men in general, and which continually, though gradually, in any progressive community, raises the average natural capacities of the mass of individuals who compose it. The means of subsistence are being constantly appropriated by the strongest members, whilst the members who are congenitally weaker have an insufficient portion left them. The latter, therefore, either die early themselves, or breed no children, or breed children who die early; whilst the former, on the contrary, live long, and breed children who live likewise; and of these children there is always a certain percentage in whom are reproduced the superior qualities of their parents. Thus the weaker members of the community are always dying out, whilst the stronger members not only become more numerous, but also more and more efficacious as individuals. Whether the increase in the number of the stronger members, or the increase in their average efficiency, is held to be most concerned in producing progress is here altogether immaterial. It is enough to observe that social progress, according to Mr. Kidd and his school, is the work of these stronger members of the community, as opposed to and excluding the weaker; and that the rate and extent of this progress is in direct proportion to the progressive birth-rate amongst children who are congenitally gifted with capacities of a certain order, or to an increase in the average of capacity which is inherited by the same number; or else to an increase in the birth-rate and in the average of capacity also. This, says Mr. Kidd, again quoting Professor Flower, "is the message which pure and abstract biological research has sent to help us on with some of the commonest problems of human life."

Now, to this quotation the answer to be made is, that pure and abstract biological research does help us on with some of the com-

most problems of human life, but that, taken by itself, it helps us on with them very little. Professor Flower's words, however, are useful, because they emphasise one great fact—namely, that the entire reasoning of modern sociologists is biological or physiological; or that progress, in other words, is treated by them as the result of physical reproduction—"a preponderating reproduction of individuals slightly above the average." That there is some truth in this statement as an explanation of progress is not to be denied; but there is only a small and comparatively unimportant part of the truth, and the larger and more important is altogether excluded by it. The main element in progress has not been the preponderating reproduction of individuals slightly above the average, but the domination over individuals who are not above the average at all of a small number of individuals who are above it in an indefinite degree. Let us turn again to the facts of material progress during this century, and we shall at once see that this is so. The productivity per head of the population in this country has, let it be said once more, very nearly trebled itself during the past ninety or a hundred years; but it is perfectly obvious that the efficiency of the average workman, as an individual, is not now treble what it was at the beginning of the century. This can be easily shown by reference to the condition of such trades as the building trade, whose processes science and invention have done comparatively little to alter. A hundred years ago the best joiners and masons did work which is not surpassed, and very rarely equalled, to-day. Indeed, no kind of material product, the quality or quantity of which depends on the capacities of the individual worker, has either improved in quality, or, relatively to the number of producers, increased in quantity, during the past hundred years, or, indeed during the past two thousand. If the masons who built the present Houses of Parliament were in any way, as individuals, superior to the masons who built Westminster Abbey, they were superior to them only through the possession of knowledge acquired during their lifetime, not through the possession of any congenital superiority, due to the "preponderating reproduction of individuals slightly above the average." But the special point which it is necessary for us to observe here is that material progress, even of the most rapid and startling kind, need not imply individual improvement in the mass of workers at all—no rise in the standard of either their acquired qualities or their inherited. This is shown by the fact that some of the greatest advances ever made in material civilisation have been brought about during the active lifetime, and with the aid of the hands and muscles, of a single generation of workers. Take, for instance, the introduction of railways, of the telegraph, of the telephone, and of electric lighting. The mass of workers who, at the beginning of each of these undertakings, were employed on it were

men who were taken for this purpose from some former employment, and were not asked or expected to develop any new skill, but merely to exercise the skill already possessed by them, in obedience to other men, of whose ultimate purpose they knew nothing. The men by whose hands England was covered with railways, were men who had been employed previously in digging and in embanking canals; and it was quite indifferent to them, as they wielded their picks and shovels, whether their efforts were to subserve the transit of the old familiar barges, or locomotives, of whose machinery they knew as little as they did of the geography of the moon. The mechanics, similarly, who made the first telegraphic instruments, the mechanics who hung the first telegraph wires, or the factory hands who made the first insulators; or the other mechanics and workmen of a still more recent date, who were employed in making the various parts of the telephone, or the elaborate apparatus required for the generation of electric light, were none of them asked to perform any tasks which required on their part any new knowledge and skill. All they were asked to do, and all they did do, was to submit their existing powers to some new external guidance; and, doing this, they saw a new industrial epoch developed before their eyes, before they even understood the nature of the results to which their exertions had contributed, or the reasonable relation to the whole of the separate tasks assigned to them. All these great steps in material progress were due, not to any increase in the efficiency of the industrial population as individuals; not to the preponderating reproduction of men congenitally more capable than their predecessors; not even to any acquisition by any large body of workmen of new scientific knowledge, or new technical aptitude; but to the conceptions, on the part of a few men, apart from the majority, of new results, to the production of which the existing aptitudes of the majority might be directed; to the discovery by them, in detail, of the steps by which these results were to be reached, and to the enterprise, the determination, and the practical sagacity which enabled them so to control and direct the industrial actions of others that these steps should actually be taken.

The competitive struggle, then, which is the main cause of material progress, is not any struggle which takes place amongst the majority—a struggle of men who are all trying as individuals to work more efficiently than their neighbours. It is the struggle which, from its very nature, is practically confined to a minority—the struggle of men who are trying to direct the work of the majority to the best purpose. It is perfectly true that there is amongst the majority a struggle of the very kind which Mr. Kidd and his school describe. In a progressive country there is, or there always tends to be, a larger number of would-be workers than there are of tasks which

at the moment can be profitably assigned to them. A competitive struggle is therefore involved in securing work of any kind; and for the higher and better paid kinds of work the struggle is very keen. But this is not the struggle to which progress is mainly due. Progress is mainly the result of a struggle not to execute work in the best way, but a struggle to give the best orders for its execution. The introduction of any new invention, the utilisation of any material hitherto neglected, the opening up of any new line of commerce, really consists, so far as practical progress is concerned, simply in the issuing by one man, or a few men, of a new set of orders to many men. Men who formerly made retorts and gas-meters, in obedience to new orders make dynamos and accumulators. Men who formerly extracted a hundredweight of aluminium in a day, now, in obedience to a new set of orders, so exert themselves that they extract a ton. Mere personal skill in the execution of orders is in certain cases paid highly—as, for instance, in the case of a great painter. But, as a rule, it is the struggle to give orders, not to execute them, which not only is the cause of progress but also the road to wealth, and which principally constitutes what Mr. Kidd calls the rivalry of life. It is the struggle, not alone of the men who aim at becoming, and see the way to becoming, millionaires, but of the larger number of those who aim at securing, and see the way to securing, moderate or small fortunes. Most successful workmen, who have any ambition or enterprise in them, when they have achieved and exhibited skill up to a certain point, do not aim at developing more skill; they aim at becoming overlookers or foremen, or perhaps sub-managers, or managers; and, if not actually themselves originating orders, at all events superintending their execution, instead of personally executing them. In fact, positions of command, whether supreme or subordinate, constitute, with few exceptions, the objects of that competitive struggle which is the primary agent in modern material progress.

Now, as compared with that competitive struggle which is the sole struggle presenting itself to the biological and physiological student, this social struggle presents to us certain points of profound difference. In the physiological struggle each individual animal fights for itself only, or for its young. A lion fights for the possession of the most desirable female; it fights in order to protect its young and rear them. But its strength, its courage, and its sagacity have no advantageous effect except upon its family and upon itself. They do nothing to alter or influence the procedure of other lions, unless it be to interfere with and to thwart it. Indeed, it is only an accident in the strong lion's existence that any other families of lions exist in the same region at all. But the man who is stronger than his fellows as an agent in material progress, and secures for himself in the competitive struggle what may be called the lion's share, in achieving this success

necessarily influences others, and his success depends on his influencing them in a particular way. A man, for instance, as has been just said, who makes a fortune by starting some new industry does so by giving a new direction to each act in the industrial life of an indefinite number of employes, thus rendering it economically more profitable than without this influence it would have been; and the competitive struggle involved is not a struggle with the employes, but only with other men who are anxious to employ them also. There is, as has been said before, a subsidiary struggle as well—namely, the struggle to be employed; but it is the struggle to employ that is the main cause of progress; and the process of selection and rejection, in which this struggle results, is a process of selecting and rejecting those men who are capable of employing others to greater or less advantage.

These facts which, when once stated, are so obvious, not only throw the biological or physiological struggle altogether into the background, as an agent in social progress, but they show us that it presents us with no true analogy to that kind of struggle from which progress principally results. They show us that, on the contrary, the struggle which produces social progress, though it resembles the biological struggle in one point, is in all other points contrasted with it. It resembles the biological struggle thus far—that it does involve, within certain narrow limits, a struggle which, though in one sense identical with it, is never really analogous to it. The struggle of the minority to employ the majority to the best advantage is so far like the biological struggle for existence, that it is a struggle in which individual is pitted against individual, and the gain of the successful is the loss or the extinction of the unsuccessful. But the limits within which this struggle is confined are very narrow indeed, and embrace only a very small section of the community. The success of the strongest and ablest employers may involve, and does involve, their selection for survival, and the rejection and extinction (as employers, though not necessarily as men and parents) of their less strong and less able rivals, but it involves no struggle for existence with the men employed by them—that is to say, with the great mass of the community. Two men, we will say, start rival hotels, and each begins with a staff of a hundred persons. One of them may understand his business far better than the other. His hotel is always full, whilst his rival's is half empty. The latter at last becomes bankrupt; the former buys his business, and, together with his premises, takes over his staff; he employs two hundred persons, instead of a hundred, as at first; the hotel of the bankrupt, which the bankrupt ran at a loss, now yields the same profit as the other, and the aggregate takings of the two are thus increased largely. Here we have a community of two hundred and two persons, offering a marked example of great material progress; and this progress has been the result of a genuine

struggle for existence. But the struggle for existence has been between two of these persons only, that is to say, between the two hotel-keepers. As hotel-keepers, existence is the very thing they have been fighting for, and the survival of the one has meant the disappearance of the other; but between them and the two hundred persons employed by them there has been no such struggle at all. The achievement of the successful hotel-keeper of a fortune double that with which he started, has not involved any diminution in the wages of his staff. It may, on the contrary, have enabled him to increase their wages; and, since we are taking the case now in question as an example of that material progress which has so distinguished the present century, we must assume that the successful hotel-keeper's increase of his own fortune has, as a fact, increased the wages of his staff also; for whatever allowance has to be made for the lowest class, or the residuum, of our modern populations, there can be no doubt that along with the vast mass of new wealth which the successfully competing members of the employing minority have secured for their own enjoyment, there has been not a corresponding diminution, but a corresponding increase, in the means of subsistence that has gone to the population generally.

It will be seen then that the rivalry of life which produces material progress, is not a general rivalry which pervades the whole community, and which tends to raise the average efficiency of the majority; nor is it a rivalry between the majority and an exceptionally able minority, in which both classes are struggling for what only one can win, and in which the success of one involves the failure of the other; but it is a rivalry which is confined to the members of the exceptional minority alone, and in which the majority play no part as antagonists or rivals whatsoever, but merely share, without any fresh exertion of their own, in the results of the victories won by those who survive in the struggle for their leadership.

Now the reader must here take note of the following fact. It is not said that in the production of material progress the majority plays no part. On the contrary, they play an essential part; and there could be no progress without them. The power of directing other men would be useless, if there were no other men to direct; and the masses, in any progressive community, must possess certain qualities, which enable them to act in accordance with the direction given them. The part, in short, which the majority plays in material progress is a question which requires to be considered as carefully as the part played by the minority; and it will be considered by-and-by. All that is said now is, not that the successful competitors amongst the minority are the sole agents in the realisation of material progress, but that they are the sole motive force, just as a locomotive is the sole propelling force in a passenger-train, but is not, for that

reason, the whole train, and the carriages, and the passengers. And the special truth, which in this chapter it has been sought to put before the reader, is that the "great man" in the sphere of material progress, as, following Mr. Herbert Spencer, we have been calling him, is great, not as an isolated fighter or an isolated runner in a race, but is great because, and in proportion as, he influences by his greatness the action of other men, and carries a multitude of other men along with him, not as competitors, but as followers. In doing this he makes them partake, either consciously or unconsciously, in some deliberate intention of his own, and it will thus appear, from the very first survey we take of the situation, how far-reaching the influence of the intention of the great man is; and that whatever may be the part which we assign to evolution in progress, the part played by the great man is, at all events, not insignificant.

These general considerations, however, are not yet complete. We have, thus far, been contemplating merely the phenomena of progress—that is to say, the process by which, each year or decade, the products produced by a given population become more numerous or better than the products produced in the year or the decade preceding. We have been treating production, in fact, as a mere succession of increments. An equally, indeed a more, important aspect of the question still remains to be dealt with—namely, the process by which production is not only increased but maintained. For every increase by which the production of one year exceeds that of the year preceding involves the continued production of the same amount of products as heretofore, in addition to the production of the increment by which the total is increased. It will be found that a consideration of this process—the process by which the quantity and quality of production, at any given moment, are maintained in their then condition, and which would be requisite for so maintaining them, even were no further advance made—will throw additional light on the function of great men, and on the nature of the struggle which they are engaged in, and that it will also dissipate many of the erroneous conceptions by which the importance and the nature of the part played by them are obscured.

VI.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE FEW AGAINST THE FEW, RESULTING IN THE DOMINATION OF THE FITTEST, IS AS NECESSARY FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF CIVILISATION AS IT IS FOR ITS PROGRESS.

The erroneous conceptions which have been just alluded to are common to the whole school of existing Sociologists; but they are expressed most frequently and most vehemently by those who are either avowedly Socialists or are influenced by socialistic sympathies;

for these last have a motive, peculiar to themselves, in endeavouring to minimise the functions of the great man. Other Sociologists endeavour to minimise them in the interests of what they conceive to be science. The Socialists endeavour to minimise them in the interests of a political party also. It is therefore by the Socialists that the argument which we are about to consider is put before the world at large, not only with the most emphasis, but with the most clearness. These writers are often found to admit that any fresh advances, or at all events certain advances, made at any given period in the quantity or quality of production, are each due, whilst they are actually being made and perfected, to some man or some knot of men whose talents or whose energies are exceptional; but so soon as each advance is actually a thing accomplished—so soon as some new machine has come into successful employment—so soon as some new principle, or process, or motive power, has been discovered and successfully applied, from that moment, say the Socialists, whatever may have been the function of the discoverer or inventor thus far, his discoveries or inventions become common property, the only exception being such as can be, and are, protected by patents. This protection, however, is merely artificial. It lasts, even as matters stand, only for a short time, and is applicable to a limited class of discoveries and inventions only. It is impossible to patent knowledge; it is impossible to patent ideas. Practically therefore, every advance made is an advance which communicates itself at once to the whole world, and thus raises the capacities of the average man of to-day up to the level of the exceptional man of yesterday. Thus any mechanic at the Swindon or Crewe engine works to-day could, with his own hands, make a model locomotive better than any that could have been once made by Stephenson; nor would it require any exceptional originality to make a new cantilever bridge like the one which already spans the Forth. Whatever has been done once can be done again; and so far as the maintenance of our material civilisation goes, all that is required from the various directors of labour, and all that is done by them, is to pick up and utilise that knowledge and those ideas which are lying on every side of us, as the common property of the race. Such is the case as put so continually by the Socialists, the implication being that the men who make great fortunes make them not because they are in any way superior to their fellows; but merely because, through the accidental possession of capital, they are enabled to use capacities which are really common to all. This view has been recently expressed by an American writer, Mr. Bellamy, in words which have been caught up, and quoted with expressions of enthusiasm and delight, by a flock of socialistic writers and others who have sympathy with Socialism. The passage in question, for instance, is

thus introduced by Mr. Kidd. "Mr. Bellamy," he says, "very aptly and truthfully remarks that all that man produces to-day more than did his cave-dwelling ancestors, he produces by virtue of the accumulated achievements, inventions, and improvements of the intervening generations, together with their social and industrial machinery; and further, 'Nine hundred and ninety-nine parts out of the thousand of every man's produce are the result of his social inheritance and environment.' This is so," Mr. Kidd proceeds, "and it is, if possible, even more true of the work of our brains than of the work of our hands." I shall, in another place, have occasion to refer again to the last of these two statements, and show how utterly untrue, in any practical sense, is the idea which is embodied in it, and which has deceived many people besides Mr. Bellamy. I shall have occasion to point out that if of what one man produces only one part in a thousand is produced really by himself, the same reasoning will apply to all human conduct; and that if we are only to set down the thousandth part of a man's good deeds to his credit, we must set down only a thousandth part of his bad deeds to his discredit; or perhaps, since even the worst deeds have some grain of good in them, we may actually have to consider the perpetrator of the most monstrous crimes as an excellent man who has contributed one grain of virtue to a mass of villainy, which last is properly to be laid to the charge of his grandfather. But this is not the prime point which requires to be dwelt on here. The point which requires to be dwelt on here is as follows.

In a certain sense it is true that all the ideas, discoveries, and achievements of past great men and generations are common property, and that to maintain our material civilisation in its existing state we need only pick up this common property and utilise it. But this property is common property in a certain sense only—only in the sense that there neither is nor can there be devised any means for making it legally private property. But the laws do not for that reason make it, in any practical sense, the property of everybody. So far as the laws are concerned it is the property of nobody. It becomes the property of individuals, it belongs to a few, to many, or to all, only because, and in so far as, a few, many, or all, appropriate it—appropriate this knowledge, this idea, this experience—by learning them, by digesting them, by combining them, by turning them to practical account. Writers like Mr. Bellamy imagine—to judge from their language—that the accumulated knowledge and experience of the past reproduce themselves in the existing generation naturally and to an equal extent in every one of its members. But in reality the very reverse of this is the case. It is unnecessary to dwell on the obvious truth that each generation that is born comes into the world knowing nothing, and no member of it ever knows anything but what he or she

individually learns. It is unnecessary to insist on this truth, because a certain amount of such learning comes to every average individual by almost imperceptible processes—by education of the most rudimentary kind, and by the most ordinary observation; and this amount may, with sufficient accuracy, be spoken of as reproducing itself generally and inevitably, almost as though it were handed on from parents to children by the process of physical generation. But this amount of learning thus generally and inevitably acquired is either superficial or fragmentary, or else minute, partial, or limited, such as the knowledge which a child may pick up of some single industrial process which is carried on by his father. It is emphatically not coextensive with the knowledge which is required for maintaining the material civilisation of to-day. Of the knowledge required for this purpose, the most important portions—the portions on which the value of all the rest depends—have constantly to be acquired afresh by the deliberate and arduous exertion of fresh individuals; and though such knowledge, in a sense, is open to all to acquire, it is, as a fact, acquired only by those who have the ability to acquire it, and is acquired by them in greater or less degree in proportion to their ability. There is no branch of knowledge which, in a sense, is so open to all as mathematical knowledge; yet the great mathematicians of each generation are few—few even as compared with those whose tastes incline them to the study, and who enjoy similar opportunities as students at the same university. As I have observed elsewhere, the mere accumulation of knowledge by past generations does not make that knowledge common property, any more than the existence of a Chinese grammar and dictionaries enables every English street boy to talk Chinese. And what is true of mathematics and language is equally true of the process of material production as a whole. It requires no great ability to see, in a general way, the principles on which such a work as the Forth Bridge is constructed; but to understand those principles in such a way as to enable a man to give the detailed orders to other men which will alone make the construction of another such bridge possible, requires mental and moral powers possessed only by a few. In fact, the more advanced material civilisation is, and the larger the legacy of knowledge which one generation hands on to another, the less, in any practical sense, does the knowledge become common property; for the greater are the talents required for acquiring it, assimilating it, and applying it.

But the most important point to be noticed in this connection still remains to be mentioned. Thus far we have been assuming that Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Kidd are right in imputing the material prosperity of the existing generation to the knowledge accumulated by the preceding generations and transmitted by them to us. There is truth in this contention, but only half the truth. At least

one half of the special kind of knowledge required for maintaining the position achieved for us by preceding generations is left out of their argument altogether. The kind of knowledge now referred to is a knowledge which cannot be inherited from any past generation at all, and which no generation can hand on to another. It must be acquired *de novo* by whoever is capable of acquiring it; and a man of to-day has no advantages in acquiring it over a man born in Florence under the Medici. This is a knowledge of men, their capacities, their characters, and their wants; and together with this knowledge of men there is also requisite the power of leading, of directing, of organising them. And the more complex a civilisation grows, the more necessary knowledge of this kind, and power of this kind, become; the wider becomes the effect of the action of the few over the many; and the more dependent become the many on the capacities of the few—or, to use again the phrase we have used hitherto, on the capacities of great men. Greatness itself is not progressive. The great men of our century do not tend to be appreciably greater than the great men of the century preceding. They produce and maintain progress only because they work on accumulating materials; and these materials, as they accumulate and become more complex, afford, when handled properly, more and more assistance in production, but require at the same time more and more skill to handle them. Thus in maintaining a given state of material civilisation, as well as in advancing it, great men are equally indispensable; and the manner in which they operate is in each case the same; that is to say, they operate by directing the activities of other men. Within the limits of this minority, composed of the exceptionally gifted, whether their gifts are those of scientific knowledge, or knowledge of men's characters and wants, or of a power to direct men, there does undoubtedly take place a struggle strictly analogous to that with which Darwinian science has familiarised us, the result being, as Mr. Spencer's celebrated formula expresses it, the survival of the fittest. Only it is not a struggle for existence, if the word existence is taken to mean life; it is a struggle for existence in a position of rule or domination. It is, moreover, not a struggle with the majority of the community, but with the minority only. The fittest, the survivors, the winners, instead of depriving the majority of the means of subsistence, on the contrary, increase those means, and their unsuccessful rivals are defeated, not by being deprived of the means of living, but only of the profits and privileges that come from directing others. That there is a subsidiary struggle amongst the majority, a struggle to obtain work, not to direct work, is true, as has been said already; but, as has been said also, this is not the struggle which primarily either causes the advance of civilisation or maintains such advances as have been made. It contributes to these results, and how far and in what way

it does so will require to be discussed hereafter; but it is not the principal, it is not the primary cause of them. The primary cause is the struggle which causes the survival, not of the largest number of men of average capacity, but of the largest number of men of exceptional capacity—the largest number of great men.

In any study, therefore, of sociology, of social evolution, of social progress, the first step to be taken is to study the part played by great men. It is idle to speak of what *man* does, or of what social aggregates do, unless we use such language as a sort of convenient shorthand. To give this shorthand any intelligible meaning, we must first inquire carefully what is done by the parts of which social aggregates are composed—different classes of men, different grades of men, and in certain cases different individuals.

W. H. MALLOCK.

LORD DE TABLEY.

A PORTRAIT.

IT will not be disputed, I think, by any one who enjoyed the friendship of the third Lord De Tabley that no more singular, more complicated, more pathetic nature has been—I dare not say revealed—but indicated to us in these late times. His mind was like a jewel with innumerable facets, all slightly blurred or misted; or perhaps it would be a juster illustration to compare his character to an opal, where all the colours lie perdu, drowned in a milky mystery, and so arranged that to a couple of observers, simultaneously bending over it, the prevalent hue shall in one case seem a pale green, in the other a fiery crimson. This complication of Lord De Tabley's emotional experience, the ardour of his designs, the languor of his performance, the astonishing breadth and variety of his sympathies, his intense personal reserve, the feverish activity of his intellectual life, the universality of his knowledge, like that of a magician, the abysses of his ignorance, like those of a child, all these contrary elements fused in and veiled by a sort of radiant dimness, made his nature one of the most extraordinary, because the most inscrutable, that I have ever known. Tennyson said to me of Lord De Tabley, in 1888, "He is Faunus; he is a woodland creature!" That was one aspect, noted with great acumen. But that was a single aspect. He was also a scholar of extreme elegance, a numismatist and a botanist of exact and minute accomplishment, the shyest of recluses, the most playful of companions, the most melancholy of solitaires, above all and most of all, yet in a curiously phantasmal way, a poet. It would need the hand of Balzac to draw together into a portrait threads so slight, so delicately elastic, and so intricately intertwined. When all should be said, however, in the most fastidious language, something would escape, and that

would be the essential being of the strangest and the most shadowy of men.

I.

John Byrne Leicester Warren, the third and last Baron De Tabley, was born at Tabley House, Cheshire, on April 26, 1835. He was the eldest son, and his mother, Catherina Barbara, daughter of Jerome, Count De Salis, from whom he inherited his sensibility and his imagination, gave, I have heard, to the ceremony of his baptism something of a romantic character, his godfather, Lord Zouche, having brought water from the river Jordan for the christening. For the first twelve or thirteen years of his life, until he went to Eton, indeed, he lived mostly with his mother in the south of Europe, and faint impressions of this childish exile seemed to be always returning to him in later life.

In these early days in Italy and Germany the foundation was laid of his love of botany, coins, minerals, and fine art, by the companionship of his godfather, then Robert Curzon, who travelled with his parents, and who bought for them the beautiful Italian things—enamels, majolica, medals, and statuettes—which are now the ornament of Tabley House. He was a finished connoisseur, and in his company the little Johnny visited old shops and museums, eager to begin, at ten years old, a collection of his own. He was meanwhile being very carefully prepared for Eton.

In 1845 the death of his younger brother made centre about John Warren the hopes of the family, and no more male children were born to his father. From Eton he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. Among his close Oxford friends, there survive Sir Henry Longley, who is now his executor, and Sir Baldwyn Leighton, who, in 1864, became his brother-in-law. Henry Cowper, Lord Edward Clinton, and the late Lord Lothian were among his close companions. Prince Frederick of Holstein, who died some ten years ago, was a very great friend up to the last. But by far the dearest of his college-intimates was George Fortescue, a young man of extraordinary promise, a few weeks older than himself, who awakened in Warren the passion for poetry, and was all to him that Arthur Hallam was to Tennyson. Fortescue would, perhaps, have been a poet had he lived; at all events, the two friends wrote verses in secret, and, as shall presently be told, in secret published them. This delightful association, however, was suddenly snapped; on November 2, 1859, George Fortescue lost his footing while climbing a mast on board the yacht of the late Earl of Drogheda in the Mediterranean, fell, and was killed. This incident was one from which John Warren never entirely recovered; after the first agony of grief he mentioned his friend no more, and would fain have obliterated his very memory.

Before this deplorable catastrophe, however, Warren had entered

life. He had taken his degree in 1856, with a double second-class in classics and modern history. In the autumn of 1858 Lord Strangford de Redcliffe, going out to Turkey for the last time, to bid farewell to the Sultan, was permitted to take with him three unpaid temporary attachés. He chose John Warren, Lord Sandwich (then Lord Hinchinbroke), and Mr. J. R. Swinton, the portrait-painter. The visit to Constantinople was, on the whole, fairly agreeable. Warren made the acquaintance of Lord Strangford, with whom he found himself infinitely in sympathy, and whose close friend he remained until Lord Strangford's untimely death. He went reluctantly, but Lord Strangford's companionship was a joy to him, and as numismatics were now the passion of his life, he was able to dig in the Troad for the coins of Asia Minor, and to scour the bazaars of Stamboul for Greek federal monies. The months spent in Turkey were not without stimulus and interest; unhappily he suffered from dysentery and had to come home. This disease he never entirely conquered; only the other day he wrote from Ryde, "I am just as bad as I was with the Cannings at Constantinople."

After his return to England, the shock of Fortescue's death at first unfitted him for all mental exertion. But he struggled against his unhappiness, continued his numismatic studies, seriously determined to become a poet, and began to see a little more of that Cheshire life, in his father's noble old house, which hitherto he had known so little. His talents attracted the attention of family friends and neighbours, such as Mr. Gladstone and Lord Houghton, with both of whom; but especially with the former, he became on intimate terms. He was called to the Bar in 1860. The Cheshire Yeomanry had its headquarters in Tabley Park, and John Warren was first an officer in, and then captain of it, until he came into the title in 1887, when, to the regret of the neighbourhood, he gave up this local interest. All these things will sound strange to those who only knew Lord De Tabley as a poet; still stranger to those who knew him as a man may sound the fact that in 1868, urged by his father, and under the particularegis of Mr. Gladstone, he unsuccessfully contested Mid-Cheshire in the Liberal interest. What is less known is that, a little while before Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, Warren had determined to try for a seat again; but events presently converted him into a Liberal Unionist. At his father's second marriage, in 1871, he left his home in Cheshire, and went to reside in London.

In the later sixties, when he was more and more devoting himself to poetry and science, he was less of a recluse than at any other period of his life. After the publication of his "*Philoctetes*" in 1867, the late Lord Houghton introduced him to Tennyson, who was always a warm admirer of his poetry. Warren's acquaintance with Tennyson became almost intimate for seven or eight years, although

he could not quite get over a certain terror of that formidable bard. (After 1880, I think, he never saw him.) Several incidents, among which I will only mention the death of his mother in February, 1869, and of his sister, Lady Bathurst, in 1872, tended to deepen and irritate his melancholy, which had already become chronic when I first knew him in 1875. Successive annoyances and disappointments so fostered this condition, that about 1880 he practically disappeared. That was the beginning of the time to which Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff refers, in the valuable and interesting notice of De Tabley which he contributed to the *Spectator* of December 7, when he says that people declared "Warren has two intimate friends. The first he has not seen for five years, the second for six."

The death of his father, in 1887, roused him from his social lethargy. He found the estate practically insolvent, and only by the sacrifice of the whole of his own private fortune, and the greatest economy during the remainder of his life, was he able to prevent the sale and secure the retention of the family mansion. In 1893 the success of his "Poems" gave him an instant of fame, which greatly comforted and cheered him. That year was probably, on the whole, the brightest of his life. But he was already looking old, and those who have seen him ever since at short intervals must have noticed how rapidly he was aging and weakening. When, this last summer, he lunched with me to meet Mr. Bailey, the author of "Festus," a man more than twenty years his senior, I could but wonder whether any stranger could have conceived Lord De Tabley to be the younger. All this autumn his face had the solemn Trophonian pallor, the look of the man who has seen death in the cave. Yet the end was unexpected. He was planning to spend the winter at Bournemouth with his sister, Lady Leighton, but lingered on, as his wont was, in his lodgings at Ryde. He was positively ill but a day or two, sinking rapidly, and passing away, without suffering, on November 22, 1895, in his sixty-first year. The coffin was brought to his beautiful home in Cheshire, and buried in the grass of Little Peover churchyard, where he had wished to lie. Earth from the Holy Land was sprinkled over him, and the grave was filled up with clods from a certain covert where he had loved to botanise. Such is the meagre outline of a life, whose adventures were almost wholly those of the soul.

II.

John Warren's first enterprise in the world of published poetry was a very shabby little volume, issued in 1859, under the title of "Poems. By G. F. Preston." This was the conjoint pseudonym of two Oxford friends, of whom George Fortescue was the other. An obscure volume scarcely exists, for nobody bought it, and almost

every copy disappeared, or was destroyed. It is a mere curiosity, for it contains not a single piece that deserves to live, although it is curious to find in it several subjects and titles which Warren afterwards used again. Immense is the advance, in every direction, marked by "Præterita," a volume entirely by Warren, published in 1868, under another pseudonym, "William Lancaster." The moment was not favourable for the issue of poetry of a contemplative and descriptive order. Mrs. Browning and Clough were lately dead; Tennyson, while preparing the "Enoch Arden" volume, had published nothing since "The Idylls of the King"; Matthew Arnold, who appeared to have given up the practice of poetry, in which no one encouraged him, was a professor at Oxford; Robert Browning had been silent since the cold reception of "Men and Women." It was a dead time, before the revival and wild revels of the Pre-Raphaelites. No verse that was not smoothly Tennysonian and mildly idyllic was in favour with the public.

Warren's modest volume had no success, nor is it probable that it has ever possessed more than a very few readers. Yet its merits should have been patent to at least one reviewer. The splendour of diction which was afterwards to distinguish his poetry Warren had not yet discovered. "Præterita" is noticeable mainly for two qualities—for the close and individual observation of natural phenomena, in which not even Tennyson excelled Lord De Tabley, and for the technical beauty of the blank verse pieces, which are usually better made than the lyrical. Of the former of those qualities specimens may be given almost at random, as this of a frosty day in the country:

"When the waves are solid floor,
And the clods are iron-bound,
And the boughs are crystall'd hoar,
And the red leaf nailed aground;

"When the fieldfare's flight is slow,
And a rosy vapour rim,
Now the sun is small and low,
Belts along the region dim;

"When the ice-crack flies and flaws,
Shore to shore, with thunder shock,
Deeper than the evening daws,
Clearer than the village clock."

(De Tabley was, like Wordsworth, a bold and graceful skater, and used, it is said, to cut his own name in full on the ice of Tabley Lake without pausing); or this description of dawn:

"ere heaven's stubborn bar and subtle screen
Crumbled in purple chains of seiling shower
And bared the captive morning in his cell";

while his mosaic of delicate and minute observation of aerial phe-

nomena is displayed in conjunction with the excellence of his blank verse in this study of "tremulous evening":

"The weeds of night coast round her lucid edge,
Yoked under bulks of tributary cloud;
The leaves are shaken on the forest flowers,
And silent as the silence of a shrine
Lies a great power of sunset on the groves.
Greyly the fingered shadows dwell between
The reaching chestnut-branches. Grey the mask
Of twilight, and the bleak unmellow speed
Of blindness on the visage of fresh hills."

Here every epithet is felt, is observed; and the volume is full of such pictures and of such verse. Nevertheless, the book is not interesting; its beauties are easily overlooked, and we feel, in glancing back, that it gave an inadequate impression of its author's powers. Similar characteristics marked the volumes called "Eclogues and Monodramas" and "Studies in Verse."

Then came the publication of "Atalanta in Calydon," and Warren's eyes were dazzled with the emergence of this blazing luminary from the Oxford horizon, which he had himself so lately left.

Of Mr. Swinburne's influence on Warren's imagination, on his whole intellectual character, there can be no question. Personal influence there was none; he recollected, dimly, the brilliant boy at Eton, two years his junior; and once, in 1878, I persuaded these two men, of talents and habits of mind so diverse, to meet at dinner in my house; with that exception, and Warren was absolutely tongue-tied throughout the eventful evening, he never (I think) saw the poet whose work had so deeply ploughed up his prejudices and traditions. But he had been one of the very first to read "Atalanta," and he had tormented G. H. Lewes into a grudging permission to let him write about it in the *Fortnightly Review*. His article appeared, and was one of those which earliest called attention to Mr. Swinburne's genius; but Lewes, although Warren's criticism was signed, had toned down the ardour of it, and had introduced one or two slighting phrases. These editorial corrections poor Warren carried about with him, like open wounds, for, it is no exaggeration to say, thirty years, and to the last could never be reminded of Mr. Swinburne without a shudder at the thought of what he must think that Warren thought he thought. Alas! at times his life was made a perfect nightmare to him by reverberated sensibilities of this kind.

The importance of the stimulus given to Warren by Mr. Swinburne's early publications was seen in the metrical drama after the antique, "Philoctetes," printed in 1867. It was announced as "by M.A.," which meant Master of Arts, a further excess of anonymity, but which was interpreted as meaning Matthew Arnold, to the author's unfigured dismay. This rumour—instantly contradicted, of course—gave a certain piquancy to the book, and this was the one of all

Warren's early volumes which may be said to have received an adequate welcome. It was compared with "Merope," and its superiority to that frigid fiasco was patent. In "Philoctetes" Warren, undisturbed by the circumstance that Sophocles had taken the same story for one of the most stately of his tragedies, undertook to develop the character of the wounded exile in his solitary cave in Lemnos, and under the wiles of Ulysses. In the poem of Sophocles no woman is introduced, but Warren creates Egle, a girl of the island, humbly devoted to Philoctetes. Instead of the beautiful, delicate figure of Neoptolemus, the modern poet makes Pyrrhus the companion of Ulysses, and omits Heracles altogether. This plot, indeed, is quite independent of that of Sophocles. He introduces a chorus of fishermen, who chant unrhymed odes, often of extreme beauty, in this manner:

"Pan is a god seated in nature's cave,
Abiding with us,
No cloudy ruler in the delicate air-belts,
But in the ripening slips and tangles
Of cork-woods, in the bull-rush-pits where oxen
Lie soaking, chin-deep;
In the mulberry-orchard,
With milky kexes and marrowy hemlocks,
Among the floating silken under-darnels.
He is a god, this Pan,
Content to dwell among us, nor disdains
The damp, hot wood-smell;
He loves the flakey pine-boles sand-brown."

To give any impression of a tragical drama by brief extracts is impossible. But Warren put a great deal of himself into the soliloquies of the lame warrior, and few who knew him but will recognise a self-conscious portrait when Ulysses tells his companion that

"Persuasion, Pyrrhus, is a delicate thing,
And very intricate the toil of words
Whereby to smoothe away the spiteful past
From a proud heart on edge with long disease;
For round the sick man, like a poison'd mist,
His wrongs are ever brooding. He cannot shake
These insects of the shadow from his brow
In the free bountiful air of enterprise.
Therefore expect reproaches of this man
And bitter spurts of anger; for much pain
Hath nothing healed his wound these many years."

The publication of "Philoctetes," however, marks a period of healing almost like that of the Lemnian hero's own return. The shy and self-distrusting poet was conscious of a warm tide of encouragement. From many sides greetings flowed in upon him. Tennyson, though deprecating the composition of antique choral dramas as not a natural form of art, applauded; Robert Browning was enthusiastic; Mr. Gladstone, an old family friend, was warm in congratulation. This was the one bright moment in Warren's early literary life;

something like fame seemed to reach him for a moment, and his delicate, shy nature expanded in the glow of it. It passed as quickly as it came, and a quarter of a century was to go by, and nearly the whole remaining period of his life, before he tasted popular praise again.

Encouraged by this ephemeral success and applause, and under the stress of a violent and complicated private emotion, Warren wrote in 1868 another antique drama, his "*Orestes*," in my judgment the most completely satisfactory of his works, and the most original. It was not, however, well received. The classical reviewers were stupefied to discover that the hero was not the celebrated son of Agamemnon, but a wholly fictitious *Orestes*, "prince of the Larissæan branch of the *Aleuadæ*." This fact alienated sympathy while it puzzled the critics, who received with frigid caution a play the plot of which seemed to lay a trap for their feet. Why Warren, with characteristic lack of literary tact, chose the unhappy name of *Orestes* for his hero, I know not; when it was too late, he bewailed his imprudence. But the reception of this noble poem—which, some day or other, must be re-discovered and read—was one of the tragical events in Warren's life. This should, too, have been the moment for him to drop the veil and come forward in his real person; but all he could persuade himself to concede was a return to the old unmeaning pseudonym, "*William Lancaster*."

The neglect was trebly undeserved. "*Orestes*" was one of the most beautiful poems that English literature produced between the generation of Arnold and that of Rossetti. The plot is simple, dignified, and dramatic, the verse strong and vivid, well-knit, and not of a too-waxy sweetness. There is a scene near the close—where *Orestes*, who has discovered that his mother, *Dyseris*, is dishonoured in the love of *Simus*, an adventurer, turns upon her, breaking the chain of filial awe, and denounces her crimes to her face, going too far, indeed, and accusing her, falsely, of a design upon his own life—which is magnificent, with the stately, large passion of Racine. It is unfortunate that to quote intelligibly any of this species of poetry demands a wider space than can here be spared. But I hope that whatever revival of Lord De Tabley's poetry may be made, will without fail include "*Orestes*."

In the next years he essayed, still as *William Lancaster*, to write novels. He made no mark, though, I believe, a little money, by "*A Screw Loose*," 1868, and "*Ropes of Sand*," 1869. He returned to his true vocation in the volume of poems entitled "*Rehearsals*," 1870, when for the first time a title-page carried the full name John Leicester Warren. "*Searching the Net*" followed in 1873, and we may take these two books together, for they were identical in character, and they displayed the poet at his average

level of execution. In these dramatic monologues, songs, odes, and sonnets we find a talent, which in its essence was exquisite, struggling against a variety of disadvantages. Among these, and it is necessary to mention them, for they were always Lord De Tabley's persistent enemies, two were peculiarly prominent, want of concentration and want of critical taste. The importance of the first-mentioned quality, in his case, was exemplified by the success of the volume of 1893, which mainly consisted of the best things, and nothing but the best, which he had previously published. The second led him to produce and to print what was not reprinted in 1893, and to give it just as much prominence as he gave his best pieces. Nothing else will account for the neglect of such things as lie strewn about the pages of these unequal volumes, pictures like :

"Where deep woods swoon with solitude divine,
I wait thee there, arm-deep in flowery twine,
Where gleam flushed poppies in among grey tares;
Grape-clusters mellow near, and tumbled pears
Are brown in orchard-grass. The fern-owl calls
At eve across the cloven river-falls,
Whose flood leaves here an island, there a swan."

Or this, from the fine dramatic fragment called "Medea":

"The sullen king turns roughly on his heel,
Whirling his regal mantle round his eyes,
And so departs, with slow steps, obstinate;
Ah, but the queen, the pale one, beautiful,
Prone, in the dust her holy bosom laid,
Mingles her outspread hair with fallen leaves,
And sandal-soil is on her gracious head,
Ah, lamentable lady, pitiful!"

Warren's next work was a drama, on which he was working long, and from which he expected much. But "The Soldier of Fortune," 1876, proved the worst of his literary disasters. It was a vague German story of the sixteenth century put into blank verse, and cut into five huge acts; this "play" extends to between four and five hundred pages. It is essentially undramatic, mere bed-rock, through which run veins of pure gold of poetry, but in an impregnable condition. "The Soldier of Fortune" is full of beautiful lines, one of which, in particular, has always run in my memory—

"On worm-drill'd vellums of old-time revenges,"—

but it is perfectly hopeless as a piece of literature. He told me lately—I know not whether in pardonable exaggeration—that not a single copy of it was sold. He was deeply irritated and wounded, and now began that retirement from the public which lasted obstinately for seventeen years.

At last his brother-in-law, Sir Baldwyn Leighton, persuaded him

that a new generation had arisen, to whom he might make a fresh appeal. Others encouraged this idea, and by degrees the notion of a selection of the best things in his old books, supplemented by what he had written during these years of eclipse, might form a volume which people would read with pleasure. The result was "*Poems Dramatic and Lyrical*," of 1893, which still represents Lord De Tabley to the majority of readers. This book enjoyed a genuine and substantial success, quite as great as verse of this stately order could enjoy. He was encouraged to write more, and, to our general astonishment, he was able, in the spring of 1895, to produce, in identical form, a second series of the "*Poems*." This was respectfully received, but so enthusiastic a welcome as greeted the concentrated selection of 1893 was not to be looked for.

If we examine the central and typical qualities of Lord De Tabley as a poet, we are struck first by the brocaded magnificence of his style. This steadily grew with his growth, and was an element of real originality. It is to be distinguished from anything like tinsel or flash in what he wrote; it was a genuine thing, fostered, in later years, by a very close study of the diction of Milton, which gave him more and more delight as he grew older. He liked to wrap his thought in cloth of gold, to select from the immense repertory of his memory the most gorgeously sonorous noun, the most imperial adjective, at his command. In all this he was consciously out of sympathy with the men of our own time, who prefer the rougher, directer verbiage, or else a studied simplicity. The poetry of Lord De Tabley was not simple; when he tried to make it homely, he utterly failed. His efforts at humour, at naïve pathos, were generally unfortunate. But, when his melancholy, dignified Muse stalked across the stage wrapped in heavy robes, stiff with threads of gold, she rose to her full stature and asserted her personal dignity with success. It was with the gorgeous writers of the middle of the seventeenth century that Lord De Tabley found himself in fullest sympathy, with Milton and Crashaw in verse, with Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne in prose. So, among poets of the present century, his sympathies were all with Keats and Browning, while for Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold he had a positive indifference; he liked a weighty form and full colour in style, and it was in the production of such a manner that he excelled.

Another central quality which distinguishes him as a poet is his extremely minute and accurate observation of natural phenomena. Many poets of a high order recognise no flower but the rose, and no bird but the nightingale, and are fortunate if the whale is not their only fish. But among his exceptional accomplishments, Lord De Tabley counted an exact knowledge of several branches of science. In botany, in particular, and in ornithology, his reputation at certain

points was European; I believe I am right, for instance, in saying that he was the first living authority on the Brambles. His eye, trained in many branches of observation, served him admirably as a poet; for the general reader, it served him, perhaps, too well, bewildering the untaught brain with the frequency and the exactitude of his images drawn from the visible world of earth and sky.⁶ In these he is not less accurate than Tennyson, and he sometimes pushes his note of nature still farther into elaborate portraiture of country life than Tennyson, with greater tact, ever cared to do.

III.

In some dedicatory verses to myself, which Lord De Tabley printed in 1898, he said that "twenty years and more" were then "ended" since the beginning of our friendship. His memory slightly stretched the period, but it was in the winter of 1875 that I met him first. I have no recollection of the event; one week I had never heard of him, the next week he had become part of my existence. Long afterwards he told me that, crossing Hyde Park one Sunday morning, after a painful interview with an old companion, he had observed to himself that his acquaintances had fallen below the number which he could count on the fingers of his two hands; his principle was that one should not be acquainted with fewer than ten people in all, and so he determined to know Mr. Austin Dobson and myself, "to add a little new blood," as he put it. For my part, I was too raw and inexperienced to appreciate the distinction of his choice, but not too dull to value the soft goings and comings of this moth-like man, so hushed and faded, like a delicate withered leaf, so mysterious, so profoundly learned, so acutely sensitive that an inflection in the voice seemed to chill him like a cold wind, so refined that with an ardent thought the complexion of his intellect seemed to flush like the cheek of a girl.

He was forty at that time, but looked older. Those who have seen him in these last years recall a finer presence, a more "striking" personality. Of late he carried upon his bending shoulders a veritable *titte de roi en exil*; he reminded us, towards the end, of one of the fallen brethren of Hyperion. But in 1875, in his unobtrusive dress, with his timid, fluttering manner, there was nothing at all impressive in the outer guise of him. He seemed to melt into the twilight of a corner, to succeed, as far as a mortal can, in being invisible. This evasive ghost, in a loose snuff-coloured coat, would always be the first person in the room to be overlooked by a superficial observer. It was in a *titte-à-titte* across the corner of the mahogany, under a lamplight that emphasised the noble modelling of the forehead, and lighted up the pale azure eyes, that a companion saw what manner of man he

was dealing with, and half-divined, perhaps, the beauty and wisdom of this unique and astonishing mind. It was an education to be permitted to listen to him then, to receive his slight and intermittent confidences, to pour out, with the inconsiderate egotism of youth, one's own hopes and failures, to feel this infinitely refined and sensitive spirit benignantly concentrated on one's prentice efforts, which seemed to grow a little riper and more dignified by the mere benediction of that smile. His intellect, in my opinion, was a singularly healthy one, and, therefore, in its almost preternatural quickness and many-sidedness, calculated to help and stimulate the minds of others. It did not guide or command, it simply radiated light around the steps of a friend. The radiance was sometimes faint, but it was exquisite, and it seemed omnipresent.

Yet it is unquestionable that to most of those who saw Lord De Tabley casually, his manner gave the impression more of hypochondria than of health. That excessive sensitiveness of his, which shrank from the slightest impact of what was, or what even faintly seemed to be, unsympathetic, could but produce on the superficial observer an idea of want of self-command. To pretend that the equilibrium of his spirit was not disturbed would be idle; the turmoil of his nerves was written on those fierce and timid eyes of his. But it is only right now to say, and to say with insistence, that it was no indulgence of eccentricity, no wilful melancholy, that made him so quivering and shrinking a soul. He had suffered from troubles such as now may well be buried in his grave, sorrows that beset him from his youth up, disappointments and disillusionments that dogged him to the very close of his career, and made death itself almost welcome to him although he loved life so well. He was one who, like Gray, "never spoke out," and only those who knew him best could divine what the foxes were that gnawed the breast under the cloak. Very few human beings are pursued from the beginning of life to its close with so many distracting griefs and perplexities, such a combination of misfortunes and wearing annoyances, as this gentle-hearted poet, who grew, at last, so harried by the implacable ingenuity of his destiny that a movement or a word would awaken his fatalistic alarm.

The knowledge of this should now account for a good deal that puzzled and even grieved his friends. Moral and physical suffering had rendered the epidermis of his character so excessively thin that the merest trifle pained him; he was like those unfortunate persons who are born without a scarf-skin, on whom the pressure of a twig or the grip of a hand brings blood. This sensitiveness was pitiable, and the results of it even a little blameworthy, since, if they entailed wretchedness on himself, they caused needless pain to those who truly loved him. I doubt if any friend, however tactful in self-abnegation, got through many years of Lord De Tabley's intimacy without an

electric storm. His imagination aided his ingenuity in self-torture, and conjured up monsters of malignity, spectres that strode across the path of friendship and rendered it impassable. But his tempestuous heat was not greater than his placability, and those who had not patience to wait the return of his kinder feelings can scarcely have been worthy of them.

He lived for friendship—poetry and his friends were the two lode-stars of his life. Yet he cultivated his intimates oddly. He sometimes reminded me of a bird-fancier with all his pets in separate cages; he attended to each of them in turn, but he did not choose that they should mix in a general social aviary. He was not unwilling to meet the acquaintances of his friends, but he did not care to bring his intimates much into contact with one another. Probably the number of these last was greater than any one of them was accustomed to realise. At the head of them all, I think, stood Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff; not far behind, Sir A. W. Franks. Besides these companions of his youth, he cultivated among the friends of his middle life, Sir Henry Howorth, Mr. W. T. Thistleton-Dyer, and others, each linked with him by a combination of tastes—antiquarianism, numismatics, zoology, horticulture, some pursuit which made the woof of a texture in which personal sympathy was the warp. But he lived among the dead, and to these his attitude was much the same as that of a priest in the shrine of his vanished deities. To him the unseen faces were often more real than the living ones.

The side on which I was most capable of appreciating Lord de Tabley's gifts as a collector was the bibliographical. If I am anything of a connoisseur in this direction, I owe it to his training. His zeal in the amassing of early editions of the English poets was extreme; he was one of those who think nothing of hanging about a book-shop at six in the morning, waiting for the shutters to be taken down. But his zeal was eminently according to knowledge. He valued his first edition for the text's sake, not for the bare fact of rarity. Every book he bought he read, and with a critical gusto. A little anecdote may illustrate his spirit as a collector. In 1877 he secured, by a happy accident, a copy of Milton's "Poems" of 1645, a book which he had never met with before. Too eager to wait for the post, he sent a messenger round to my house with a note to announce not merely the joyful fact, but—this is the interesting point—a discovery he had made in the volume, namely, that the line in the "Nativity Ode," which in all later editions has run,

"Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing,"

originally stood,

"The enamell'd arras of the rainbow wearing,"

"which," as he said, "is a grand mouthful of sound, and ever so much

better than the weak 'like glories.' " I shall not forget, when dining alone with him once at Onslow Square, noticing that at the beginning of the meal he was strangely distraught. At length, the post came, and Warren (as he then was) tore open one envelope wildly; he read the first words, and sank back faint in his chair, hiding his eyes with his hands. I was convinced that some terrible calamity had happened to him, but it was only that he had secured a first edition of Shelley's "Alastor" at a country auction, and—*la joie faisait peur!* For some of his little, rare seventeenth-century volumes he had an almost petulant affection. He has celebrated in beautiful verse his copy of Suckling's "Fragments Aurea"; and perhaps I may be allowed to tell one more bibliomaniac story. On a certain occasion, when I was at his house, Robert Browning and Frederick Locker being the other guests, Warren had put on the table his latest prize, a copy of Sir William Davenant's "Madagascar" of 1638. Browning presently got hold of the little book, and began reading passages aloud, making fun of the poetry (which, indeed, is pretty bad) with, "Listen, now, to this," and "Here's a fine conceit." Warren bore it for a little while, and then he very gently took the volume out of Browning's hands, and hid it away. "Oh!" he explained to me afterwards, "I could not allow him to *patronise* Davenant." A particular favourite with him was Quarles, as combining the metaphysical poet with the emblematiser. He had a curious theory that the influence, not only of Quarles, but of Alciati, could be traced in the designs of Blake, another special object of his study. Before I leave this subject I am tempted to quote a passage from one of his delightful letters, now nearly twenty years old;

"I have been cheered up by buying to-day a copy of Henry Lawes' 'Ayres for the Theorbo; or, Bas Viol,' 1653, with some Herrick and Lovelace pieces set. Also a 'Spenser' of 1610, the first collected Folio, with nice little plates to the 'Shepherd's Calender'—one each month. I must tell you, for very idiocy—I had the most vivid dream last night that you and I were cardinals, turning over books in the Vatican Library. I remember the look of my own red stockings. We were both in cardinal red from top to toe. I felt quite pleased to be so smart, but your robes seemed better made. How infinitely absurd! But so vivid. A certain room I remembered in the Vatican came back fresh, and the exact dress of the old creatures I saw at the Council (in 1869)."

Bibliography and the ardour of the collector led Warren by degrees into a department where he was destined to exercise a considerable influence. His love of books extended to a study of those marks of ownership which are known as *ex-libris*, and in 1880 he published "A Guide to the Study of Book-plates," a handsomely illustrated volume which has been the pioneer of many interesting works, and of a whole society of students and annotators. He was led to the historical study of the book-plate by his love of heraldry, which was to

be traced, too, in more than one passage of his poetry. I cannot recollect that his passion for books extended to bindings. His own library, of which it was his intention to prepare a privately printed catalogue—a project which his premature death has frustrated—was not conspicuous bibliopically. He belonged to the class of bibliophiles whose books lie strewn over sofas and arm-chairs, instead of being ranged in cases like jewels. His servant, I recollect his telling me, became so incensed with his books that he grew to regard them as personal enemies, and when, about 1879, Warren proposed to move from Onslow Square, this man snorted with the joy of battle, and said, "At last I'll be even with them dunned books."

He was writing poetry to the last, and I think, from what he very lately wrote to me, that a volume of MS. verses will be found almost ready for the press. It was a great pleasure to him to know that many of his fellow-craftsmen were now eager to receive his work. Mr. Austin Dobson had always been an admirer, and one of the latest tributes which cheered De Tabley was a copy of verses from this friend of twenty years, which I have the privilege of printing here for the first time :

"Still may the Muses foster thee, O Friend,
Who, while the vacant quidnuncs stand at gaze,
Wondering what Prophet next the Fates will send,
Still treadst the ancient ways ;

"Still climb'st the clear-cold altitudes of Song,
Or, lingering ' by the shore of old Romance,
Heed'st not the vogue, how little or how long,
Of marvels made in France.

"Still to the summits may thy face be set ;
And long may we, that heard thy morning rhyme,
Hang on thy mid-day music, nor forget
In the hushed even-time !"

Mr. Theodore Watts, too—whose touching and picturesque anecdotes in the *Athenæum* of November 30 are of real value in forming an impression of Lord De Tabley's character—was a constant and judicious encourager of his art.

In those three latest years of his partial reappearance in the world of letters, Lord De Tabley has rejoiced many of his old friends by a renewal of the early delightful relations. He has formed new friendships, too, among those who will remember his noble head and gentle, stately manners when we older ones have joined him. He appreciated the company of several members of the new school of poets, and especially that of Mr. William Watson, Mr. John Davidson, and Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson. The last-named, I think, in particular, enjoyed a greater intimacy with him than any other man who is now less than thirty-five years of age. There has been so much of the elder generation, then, in this little memoir, that I prefer to close with

a few words written to me by this latest friend when the death was announced—words which Mr. Benson kindly permits me to print :

"Lord de Tabley always struck me as being a curious instance of the irony of destiny—a man with so many sources of pleasure and influence open to him—his love of literature, his mastery of style, his conversational charm, his social position, his affectionate nature—yet bearing always about with him a curious attitude of resignation and disappointment, as though life were, on the whole, a sad business, and, for the sake of courtesy and decency, the less said about it the better. I must repeat the word 'courtesy,' for, like a subtle fragrance, it interpenetrated all he did or said. It seemed the natural aroma of an exquisitely sensitive, delicate, and considerate spirit. There was something archaic, almost, one might say, hierarchical, about his head, with its long, rippled, grey hair, the transparent pallor of complexion, the piercing eye. He dressed with the same severity, and though I never heard him speak of religion, there was about him a certain monastic stateliness of air which one sees most frequently in those who combine worldly position with the possession of a tranquillising faith. He contrived to inspire affection to a singular extent. Perhaps there was a certain pathos about his life and the strange contradictions it contained, but I think there was also in him a deep need of affection, and in spite of his determined effort after courage and calm, an intimate despair of gaining the encouragement of others."

This is beautifully said, I think, and delicately felt, yet, like all our attempts to analyse the fugitive charm of this extraordinary being, it leaves the memory unsatisfied.

EDMUND GOSSE.

PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

IX.—ARCHITECT.

BUILDING of the kind dignified by the name architecture cannot exist during early stages of social development. Before the production of such building there must be an advance in mechanical arts greater than savages of low type have made—greater than we find among the slightly civilized.

It is true that constructions of unhewn stones arranged upon the surface into some order, as well as rude underground stone chambers, have been left by prehistoric peoples, and that incipient architecture is exhibited in them. If we extend the conception to take in these, however, we may remark as significant, that the art was first used either for preservation of the dead or as ancillary to ceremonies in honour of the apotheosized dead. In either case the implication is that architecture in these simple beginnings fulfilled the ideas of the primitive medicine-men or priests. Some director there must have been; and we can scarcely help concluding that he was at once the specially skilful man and the man who was supposed to be in communication with the departed spirits to be honoured.

But now, saying nothing more of this vague evidence, let us pass to evidence furnished by those semi-civilized and civilized peoples who have left remains and records.

We are at once met by the broad fact, parallel to the fact implied above, that the earliest architecture bequeathed by ancient nations was an outcome of ancestor-worship. Its first phases were exhibited in either tombs or temples, which, as we have long ago seen, are the less developed and more developed forms of the same thing. Hence, as being both appliances for worship, now simple and now elaborate,

both came under the control of the priesthood; and the inference to be drawn is that the first architects were priests.

An illustration which may be put first is yielded by Ancient India. Says Manning :—"Architecture was treated as a sacred science by learned Hindus." Again we read in Hunter—

"Indian architecture, although also ranked as an *upa-veda* or supplementary part of inspired learning, derived its development from Buddhist rather than from Brāhmanical impulses."

In Tennent's *Ceylon* there are passages variously exhibiting the relations between architecture and religion and its ministers. By many peoples the cave was made the primitive tomb-temple; and in the East it became in some cases largely developed. A stage of the development in Ceylon is described as follows :—

"In the *Rajavali* Devenipiatissa is said to have 'caused caverns to be cut in the solid rock at the sacred place of Mihintala'; and these are the earliest residences for the higher orders of the priesthood in Ceylon, of which a record has been preserved."

"The temples of Buddha were at first as unpretending as the residences of the priesthood. No mention is made of them during the infancy of Buddhism in Ceylon, and at which period caves and natural grottoes were the only places of devotion."

Referring to later stages, during which there arose "stupendous ecclesiastical structures," Tennent adds :

"The historical annals of the island record with pious gratitude the series of dagobas, viharas, and temples erected by" Devenipiatissa "and his successors."

A dagoba "is a monument raised to preserve one of the relics of Gotama . . . and it is candidly admitted in the *Mahawanso* that the intention in erecting them was to provide 'objects to which offerings could be made.'"

Here though we do not get evidence that the architects were the priests, yet other passages show that Buddhist temples were the works of converted kings acting under direction of the priests. Moreover, the original development of architecture for religious purposes, and the consequent sacredness of it, are curiously implied by the fact that the priesthood "forbade the people to construct their dwellings of any other material than sun-baked earth."

This last extract recalls the general contrast which existed in ancient historic kingdoms between the dwellings of the people and the buildings devoted to gods and kings. The vast mounds from which Layard exhumed the remains of Babylonian and Assyrian temples are composed of the *debris* of sun-dried bricks, mingled, doubtless, with some decomposed wood otherwise used for constructing ordinary houses. Layers upon layers of this *debris* were accumulated until the temples were buried, as some temples are even now being buried in Egypt. Whether it was because of the costliness of stone, or because of the interdict on use of stone for other than sacred purposes, or whether these causes co-operated, the general implication is the same

—architecture began in subservience to religion (comprehending under this name ancestor-worship, simple and developed); and was, by implication, under the control of the priesthood. Such further evidence as Ancient Babylonia yields, though indirect, is tolerably strong. Saying of the temple (which was also a palace) that “solemn rites inaugurated its construction and recommended its welfare to the gods,” and implying that its plan was governed by established tradition (of which the priests were by implication the depositaries), Perrot and Chipiez write:—

“Whether they belonged to the sacerdotal cast, we do not know. We are inclined to the latter supposition in some degree by the profoundly religious character of the ceremonies that accompanied the inception of a building, and by the accounts left by the ancients of those priests whom they called the *Chaldeans*.”

And since “when it [architecture] is carried so far as it was in Chaldæa it demands a certain amount of science,” the priests, who alone possessed this science, must have been the architects.

Sufficient proofs of the alleged relation among the Egyptians are supplied by their ancient records. Rawlinson says:—

“Although their early architecture is almost entirely of a sepulchral character, yet we have a certain amount of evidence that, even from the first, the Temple had a place in the regards of the Egyptians, though a place very much inferior to that occupied by the Tomb.”

Summing up the general evidence Duncker writes:—

“In the achievement won by Egyptian art the priests took a leading part. The buildings of the temples and the tombs of the kings could only be erected after their designs; for in these essentially sacred things, measures and numbers were concerned.”

Some special illustrative facts may be added. Of Mentu-hotep it is recorded that—

“As chief architect of the king he promoted the worship of the gods, and instructed the inhabitants of the country according to the best of his knowledge, ‘as God orders to be done.’”

Here are passages relating to the 19th and 21st dynasties respectively. Bekenkhonsu, on his statue, is made to say:—

“‘I was a great architect in the town of Amon’ ‘I was a holy father of Amon for twelve years’ ‘The skilled in art, and the first prophet of Amon.’”

And Hirhor, first of a succession of priest-kings, calls himself, when represented by the side of the king:—“Chief architect of the king, chief general of the army.” And that the priest, if he did not always design, always directed, may be safely inferred; for as Rawlinson says, “it is . . . tolerably certain that there existed in ancient Egypt a religious censorship of Art.”

Of evidence furnished by Greek literature, the first comes to us from

the *Iliad*. The priest Chryses, crying for vengeance, and invoking Apollo's aid, says:—

"O Smintheus! If ever I built a temple gracious in thine eyes, or if ever I burnt to thee fat flesh of thighs of bulls or goats, fulfil thou this my desire; let the Danaans pay by thine arrows for my tears."

By which we see that the priestly function of sacrificer is joined with the function of architect, also, by implication, priestly. Later indications are suggestive if not conclusive. Here is a sentence from Curtius:—

"But the immediate connexion between the system of sacred architecture and the Apolline religion is clear from Apollo being himself designated as the divine architect in the legends concerning the foundation of his sanctuaries."

And further on he writes—

Thus "schools of poets came to form themselves, which were no less intimately connected with the sanctuary than were the arts of sacred architecture and hieratic sculpture."

But, as we have before seen, the lack of a priestly organization in Greece obscured the development of the professions in general, and that of architects among others.

That much of the Roman cult was not indigenous, and that importation of knowledge and skill from abroad confused the development of the professions, we have seen in other cases. The influence of the Etruscans was marked, and it appears that of the religious appliances derived from them, architecture was one. Duruy writes:—

"Etruria also furnished the architects who built the *Roma quadrata* of the palatine, and constructed the first temples; she provided even the flute-players necessary for the performance of certain rites."

But the identity eventually established between the chief priest and the chief architect, in the person of the *Pontifex maximus*, while it illustrates the alleged connexion, also reminds us of one of the original causes for the priestly origin of the professions—the possession of learning and ability by priests. Among primitive peoples, special skill is associated with the idea of supernatural power. Even the blacksmith is, in some African tribes, regarded as a magician. Naturally, therefore, the Roman who either first devised the arch, or who first conspicuously displayed skill in constructing an arch, was supposed to be inspired by the gods. For though the arch is now so familiar that it does not excite wonder, it must, when first used, have appeared an incomprehensible achievement. Hence a not unlikely cause, or at any rate an ancillary cause, for the union of priest and bridge-builder.

After the fall of the Roman Empire the social disorganization which arrested mental activities and their products, arrested

architecture among them. Its re-commencement, when it took place, was seen in the raising of ecclesiastical edifices of one or other kind under the superintendence of the priestly class. Referring to the state of things after the time of Charlemagne, Lacroix writes:—

“It was there [*viz.*, in certain Benedictine monasteries] that were formed the able architects and ecclesiastical engineers who erected so many magnificent edifices throughout Europe, and most of whom, dedicating their lives to a work of faith and pious devotion, have, through humility, condemned their names to oblivion.”

Speaking of France, and saying that up to the tenth century the names of but few architects are recorded, the same author says:—

“Among them, however, are Tutilon, a monk of St. Gall . . . Hugues, Abbot of Montier-en-Der; Anstée, Abbot of St. Arnulph . . . Morard, who, with the co-operation of King Robert, rebuilt, towards the end of the tenth century, the old church of St. Germain-des-Prés, at Paris; lastly, Guillaume, Abbot of St. Benignus, at Dijon, who . . . became chief of a school of art.”

And he further says:

“In the diocese of Metz Gontran and Adélard, celebrated Abbots of St. Trudon, covered Hasbaye with new buildings. ‘Adélard,’ says a chronicler, ‘superintended the construction of fourteen churches.’”

This association of functions continued long after. According to Viollet-le-Duc, the religious houses, and especially the abbey of Cluny, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, furnished most of the architects of Western Europe, who executed not only religious but also civil and perhaps military buildings.

The differentiation of the architect from the priest is implied in the following further quotation from Lacroix:—

“It was, moreover, at this period [of transition from Norman to Gothic] that architecture, like all the other arts, left the monasteries to pass into the hands of lay architects organised into confraternities.”

Similar is the statement of Viollet-le-Duc, who, observing that in the thirteenth century the architect appears as an individual, and as a layman, says that about the beginning of it “we see a bishop of Amiens . . . charging a lay architect, Robert de Luzarcelles, with the building of a great cathedral.” A curious evidence of the transition may be added.

“Raphael, in one of his letters, states that the Pope (Leo X.) had appointed an aged friar to assist him in conducting the building of St. Peter’s; and intimates that he expected to learn some ‘secrets’ in architecture from his experienced colleague (who was indeed an accomplished professor).”

Passing to our own country we find Kemble, in *The Saxons in England*, remarking of the monks that—

“painting, sculpture and architecture were made familiar through their efforts, and the best examples of these civilizing arts were furnished by their churches and monasteries.”

In harmony with this statement is that of Eccleston :—

"To Wilfred of York and Benedict Biscop, Abbot of Wearmouth in the seventh century, the introduction of an approved style of architecture is due; and under their direction several churches and monasteries were built with unusual splendour."

And afterwards, speaking of the buildings of the Normans and of their designers, he says of the latter :—

"Amongst the foremost appeared the bishops and other ecclesiastics, whose architectural skill was generally not less effective than their well-bestowed riches."

How the transition from the clerical to the lay architect took place is not shown; but it is probable that, eventually, the clerical architect limited himself to the general character of the edifice, leaving the constructive part to the master-builder, from whom has descended the professional architect.

Chiefly for form's sake reference must be made to the gathering together and consolidation which, in our times, has been set up in the architect's profession. There is little to remark further than that, the members of it having been but few during earlier periods, when the amount of architectural building was relatively small, segregation and association of them could scarcely occur. Recently, however, there has been formed an Institute of Architects, and the body of men devoted to the art is tending more and more to make itself definite by imposing tests of qualification.

At the same time cultivation of the art and maintenance of the interests of those pursuing it are achieved by sundry special periodicals.

HERBERT SPENCER.

TIBULLUS AT HIS FARM.

THE country is the workshop of the many, the playground of the few. To some it has been and it will ever be less a playground than a hospital; the refuge from all the forms of disillusion; deceived love, disappointed ambition, political discouragement, simple ennui. Men fly the tedium of crowds for solitude at once narcotic and intoxicant. Only the hermit in his mountain cell quite knows the meaning of the word excitement. Such things were always true, but they were not always rendered an account of. The poet of antiquity who most consciously "returned to Nature" to comfort his sad heart with her healing sights was the *Romano di Roma*, the Rome-born Tibullus.

Another poet had taken far from towns the burden of an infinite sorrow, but not for comfort; not even *venusta* Sirmio could assuage its master's all too real and too irremediable wound. The heart-ache of Tibullus was also real to him, but it was self-centred and to a certain degree self-sought, unless we are to accept the results of temperament as inevitable. He was haunted by a gentle but persistent melancholy, which pervades his poetry like a *leit-motif*. Death had less a particular than a universal meaning for him; he does not seem to have felt the sharp edge of any severe loss: his father probably died before he was grown up, and his mother and sister lived to close his eyes. But, as if in prevision of his own early end, he was forever aware of the presence of death, and he made no stoical boast of indifference to it—he was very human. In his happiest time of love his cry is "Let me behold thee when my last hour is come, let me hold thee with my dying hand"; he bids Delia to his funeral which, in his imagination, he distinctly sees. When that was written he was in excellent health, and was in possession of many of the best

gifts of fate—great talents, a handsome person, hosts of friends, among whom was Horace, who thought him particularly fortunate. Though a good deal of property which he ought to have inherited was confiscated, he was placed above the need of presents from patrons, so that he could preserve a perfect independence in his friendships with men of high position; an advantage of which those who had it not could, no doubt, keenly appreciate the value. Of external causes for his low spirits two have been discerned; the infidelities of the woman he loved and could not help loving, knowing well her unworthiness; and again, the soreness he felt as an aristocratic Roman patriot at the downfall of freedom, in which he drew no consolation from the larger vision of a great Italy that shone on Virgil's prophetic eyes. But if those things helped to give him a distaste for the world, the secret of his melancholy must be chiefly looked for in a mind without ambition, almost without aspirations; full of vague regrets, wide sympathies, æsthetic sensibilities; prone to self-analysis, impressed with a sense of surrounding mystery, but not with the desire to penetrate it. Tibullus was the child of a tired age, of a century sick with many of the intellectual maladies of our own.

The principal part of the property remaining to him lay at a place called Pedum, on the spurs of the Apennines (not far from Paestrum), where the poet had spent much of his childhood. The situation is still delightful, and then presented a pleasant mixture of cultivated land and woods. At this Pedum farm he gained the intimate knowledge of peasant-folk which enabled him to draw a series of country scenes that combine the pious beauty of Millet with something of the crude humour of Teniers. Take one of these: the forecast of a prosperous year. Laurel boughs crackle in the sacred fire, and farmers rejoice and thus interpret the omen: granaries will be full, and the vats not large enough to contain the wine when the rustic has trodden out the grapes and sated himself with the sweet inebriating must. New children will be born, and the little boy, the treasure of the house, will catch his father's ears and kiss him; nor will the old grandfather tire of watching his little grandson and prattling with the child in broken words. It is strange that before the coming of the master-teacher of *L'Art d'être Grandpère*, the two poets who best understood the charms of babyhood were two young bachelors: Catullus and Tibullus.

The rustics of Tibullus are not impossible innocents, but it was with a tolerant eye that he observed their excesses. He is more amused than shocked when they take more than is good for them. Once, indeed, he gives a little word of reproof. The incident is in this wise: a peasant owner goes with his wife and children to a picnic in the Holy Grove. They have a "real good time"; prayers to the gods are succeeded by a feast *al fresco*, and nothing occurs to mar

their enjoyment. But when the dusk comes and they drive back in the cart, thoroughly tired as workers so easily are with pleasure, the peasant, being not very sober, begins to disagree with his wife; after they get home the quarrel thickens; spiteful words are bandied to and fro, the wife has her ears boxed, and, alas! her locks *cut off*. Then she cries, and in the end he cries, too, to see the work of his mad hands:

"We fell out, my wife and I,
And kissed again with tears."

A satisfactory ending; but, says Tibullus, how much better it would have been to have only pulled her hair down and not to have cut it off!

The most touching rites of rural piety were those connected with the humble family worship of the paternal Lares—the souls of the righteous departed who were appointed or permitted to watch over the living. How the Italian people clung to a belief in a present and familiar guardian—one who had lived on earth and who could sympathise with their small necessities—may be still seen in the niche with an image over the cottage door, or the shrine with a picture in the corner of the cornfield. If the peasant is extremely prosperous, a white cloth edged with lace, which hangs down in front, is placed before the picture or image, and on the cloth stand two high-backed vases containing artificial flowers. If the worshipper is very poor, the flowers are real, and a disused meat-tin, picked up out of the road, serves for a vase. The florid visage of the Australian ox on the label looks down, not altogether incongruously, from many such a rustic altar.

The attitude of the peasant's mind to his Lares is transparently clear; but what was that of the mind of a highly cultivated man like Tibullus, who belonged to a society which was rapidly ceasing to believe at all, even in the august Immortals? It might be difficult to find an analogy in Italy, but it can be easily found in Russia. The educated Russian who has travelled feels the same for the family Icon as the Roman poet felt for the family Lares. He feels, in the first place, that this is an institution connected with the sacred ties of kinship and even with national life and sentiment; that such an institution is very touching and interesting, and is much more worthy of encouragement than of contempt; that, for the rest, if there be a Power that hears, all aspirations and the peasant's humblest sacrifice will find their way to It. "*Sa prière sait plus longue que lui.*" That lastly, there is such a thing as Luck, and the Icon brings luck, never mind how. This point of view is sincere within its limits—quite as sincere as some graver assumptions of belief. It is, moreover, a matter of common observation that *Aberglaube* flourishes at the time when serious religious convictions are increasingly shaken.

It was to the paternal Lares, at whose feet he ran about as a child, that Tibullus' thoughts travelled when he was starting to accompany his friend and captain Messala in the expedition between the Garonne and the "rapid Rhone." It was to them that he addressed the simple prayer to be preserved in the hour of battle. "Be it no shame," he said, "that you are fashioned out of an old trunk, for even so you inhabited the abode of my old grandfather. The men of those days kept better faith when a wooden idol stood in a small shrine and received poor offerings. The deity was propitiated if one gave it a libation from the new vintage or set a crown of corn-ears on its sacred head. Whoever had had his wishes fulfilled, carried offerings to the god with his own hand, followed by a little girl bearing fine honey-comb."* If he escape, he too will honour the Lares: a pig shall be offered up to them which he will follow clad in white and crowned with myrtle. And then he inveighs against the horrors and stupidity of war, with the open disgust of a man who could prove himself not only brave, but exceptionally valorous, on occasion. Let others make a boast of martial deeds: it is enough for him to listen, as he drinks, to the stories told by the garrulous old soldier, who traces his camp on the table with his finger dipped in red wine. What folly it is to seek death in war: is it not always near, approaching with noiseless feet? In the next lines we seem to hear not only the note of Tibullus' sadness but the sigh of all antiquity at the gate of death: "There are no fields of harvest below, no cultivated vineyards but fierce Cerberus and the Stygian ferry-boat. A pale crowd, with fleshless chaps and burnt hair, wander by the gloomy marsh."

How much to be preferred to military glory is the lot of the man who grows old in his cottage, with his children round him! He follows his sheep, his son looks after the lambs, and when he comes home tired, his wife prepares warm water to refresh him. "May such a lot be mine!" Tibullus had his prayers fulfilled so far that he escaped scatheless, and with no little glory, from the Aquitanian campaign, in which he served Messala as aide-de-camp, but the year after, when on his way to Asia with the same commander, he fell ill with a fever at Corfu, that undermined his once strong constitution. One of his most beautiful elegies was written when the fever was at its worst and he had almost abandoned hope. What had he done to merit death? He had hurt no one, nor had he spoken "mad blasphemies against the gods." His hair was black, and creeping age had not come upon him. Unlike many ancient poets, Tibullus did not hate old age; he had a tender wish to grow old and to relate the events of his youth to the young. He begs his friends to offer up sacrifices for his recovery, and whether he lives or dies, at least to remember him.

Tibullus minutely describes the Ambarvalia or Spring Festival, when

* Kelly.

the fields were purified, a ceremony resembling the blessing of the field and of the beasts, which is still in force under the religion whose Founder was born twenty-six years after this elegy was written. The rite, says Tibullus, had been handed down to them from the old time, and it was good and seemly to perform it. After the work of the year comes this solemn day of rest; it is a Sabbath for all, the furrows rest, the ploughman rests, the unharnessed oxen rest, with garlanded heads, before their full manger; the woman puts not her hand to the spindle. The holy lamb is led to the altar, followed by the folk wearing crowns of olive. The greater deities are then invoked: Bacchus with his grapes, Ceres with her corn-ears: "Gods of our native land, we purify our fields, we purify our hinds; repel, ye gods, all evils from our boundaries. Let not our crops cheat the labours of the harvest with deceitful blades, nor the slow-footed lamb fear the swift wolves. Then the sleek rustic, cheered by the pleutinousness of his fields, will heap large logs on the blazing hearth; and a crowd of born thralls, a good sign of a thriving farmer, will sport, and erect bowers of twigs before the altar."

Another interpretation of the words given here as "bowers of twigs" is that they mean "baby-houses" made in play by the slave children of the house. Dark as is the blot of slavery upon ancient civilisation, one is always being reminded that the slaves (especially those who, like these children, were born on the estate) were well cared for, and, as a rule, kindly treated.

Tibullus praises the rural gods for having instructed men in all the arts of peace: how first to cover the little log-hut with thatch, how to break oxen for the plough, how to put wheels to the cart. And he praises the husbandman for having been the first civiliser; the first to graft the apple, to irrigate the garden, to press out the juices of the golden grape, even to invent the elements of music and poetry. It is well to notice how usually the ploughman, not the shepherd, is the central figure in the Latin poetry of the country; it was more bucolic than pastoral. Thus Tibullus points to the labourer as he who first sang rustic words in determinate measure to relieve him from the weariness of his long toil at the plough. It was the labourer, too, who began to compose airs to the oaten pipe in rest-time after meals, which, on the proper days, he sang to the garlanded images of the gods. The Roman peasant is not here represented as piping to his divinities; but pipers were very early employed in the temples, perhaps soon after the introduction of the pipe from Asia. They seem to have been also engaged to attend funerals; Augustus cut down the number that might be so employed to ten, and forbade the pipers to eat in the temples. This led to a sort of strike; the pipers left Rome in a body, but were brought back by a stratagem, which is related by Livy and Ovid. When they reappeared they were masked, to which Ovid ascribes the origin of people "wearing

strange dresses and chanting merry sayings to old-fashioned airs on the Ides of June"—practices suggestive of the Carnival. With regard to piping in the temples, it would be interesting to know whether the custom of the Abruzzi peasants of playing on fife and bagpipe before the shrines of the Madonna (as they used to do during the Christmas week at Rome) does not date back to some pre-Christian practice. These rude musicians have handed their art down from father to son from time immemorial, till it has become an instinct with them to throw a devotional meaning into their wild notes, which even the human voice rarely succeeds in expressing.

Tibullus recalls how, of old, the villagers assembled once a year to sing the praise of Bacchus, when the leader of the best chorus or the best individual singer received a goat as a "not-to-be-despised reward." He does not add, because his readers did not need to be told, that this early Attic folk-tournament, which was held to celebrate the opening of the new wine, was the humble origin of Athenian tragedy, the word "tragedy" being derived from the present of a goat.

In spite of his criticism of war, the poet had more than once a thought of returning to the camp, the only active life open to one who preserved a haughty detachment from the politics of the day, giving no word either of eulogy or blame to that head of the State whom his brother poets were saluting as divine. Sometimes, without doubt, a secret voice whispered to him that he was meant for a nobler part than that of pouring out upon worthless objects the treasures of a love which could not help forgiving. But the personal ambition or impersonal enthusiasm that might have spurred him to sustained action was lacking; he knew his weakness perfectly; he turned himself inside out and examined the contents with a half contemptuous smile. In theory he always held to the same rule of life—to enjoy while you may, while there is time:

"Be merry! See, the steeds of night advance,
And yellow stars enweave their wanton dance;
After them, silent sleep with sombre wings
And dreams of dark, mysterious countenance."

But like the great Persian poet, of whom he often reminds us, he knew only too well that a light heart is not to be had for the asking. Those dark dreams of his, which were probably a real experience, as he more than once alludes to them, cast their shadow over his most sunlit waking hours.

So we leave this Roman knight, taking a last look at his handsome form as, in a simple dress, forestalling Tolstoi's Levine by two thousand years, he followed the ploughing oxen, or turned up the soil with a fork, or carried home a strayed lamb in his bosom.

THE CASE FOR THE CURATES.

THE present would seem to be a peculiarly fitting occasion for the initiation of certain much-needed reforms in the Established Church. Whatever may have been the chief cause which led to the defeat of the late Government, unquestionably, that defeat was due in large measure to the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. Believing that the Church should be a self-governing body, some Churchmen have regretted the result. But for the moment, at any rate, Disestablishment must be ruled out of court. Church reforms are in the air. Should the Conservatives allow the present opportunity to slip, many waverers will, we believe, be reconciled to the severing of the Church from State patronage and control. Amongst other points especially pressing for reform, I would venture to draw the attention of Churchmen to the question of the unbeneficed clergy; for here the condition of things threatens speedily to become something of a scandal to the Church at large. It is almost a wonder that the Bishops have not taken the matter in hand. What little time they could spare from the discussion of the latest Papal Encyclical and the formulation of impossible schemes of national education might well, one would think, be devoted to this subject, since it is they who are responsible for the ordination of curates. Numbers of the middle-aged and elderly remain unbeneficed and are unable to find employment. No doubt this is partly due to the insane craze of the present day for employing young men in every department of labour. It is not uncommon, for instance, for the manual labourer to dye his hair in order to disguise his years. But it is more largely the result of the great growth of curates in modern times, till they now number something like one-third of the clergy. The assistant curate is, comparatively speaking, a modern institution. Churchmen of an earlier date pro-

vided liberally for their ministers by a system of endowments; but their successors have not imitated this example, and the curate remains neither adequately nor permanently provided for. One could tolerate the good-humoured sarcasm of contemporary writers of drama and fiction at the expense of the curate, although straws like these will show which way the wind is blowing; but unfortunately it cannot be denied that there are real and substantial grievances.

Being concerned in a recent movement which had for its object the investigation of the facts of the case with regard to the unbeneficed, and, if possible, the amelioration of their lot, I have had favourable opportunities of arriving at a correct judgment in the matter. Were I at liberty to quote from the correspondence which I have received, I could a tale unfold; but it must suffice to glance more generally at the subject. These grievances may, in the main, be classed under three heads:

1. There is first of all the vexed question of tenure. Nominally the law does not permit the incumbent, except when entering upon a new benefice, to give the curate notice to quit his post, but no case has ever come to my notice, nor have I ever seen it stated that the bishop refused such permission. He invariably sides with the stronger party, and counsels resignation for the sake of peace. In practice, therefore, it comes to this, that the curate, though licensed by his diocesan, is in reality the private servant of the incumbent. Although in rare cases only, is the stipend provided from the pocket of his superior, yet the phrase, "So and so keeps a curate," is familiar enough in the country, if not in London. The rector can at any moment abrogate the licence of the bishop. The curate is in reality appointed by the incumbent and dismissed by him. Though both are equally priests in the Church, yet there is one law for the incumbent and another for the curate, and the law in this instance is not, as jurists are wont to assure us, on the side of the weaker party. The rector cannot be dislodged from his freehold, the curate's tenure is insecure. This often leads to great hardship. Dismissal for private and trivial reasons is not infrequent. But other cases also occur where an incumbent and his curate may have worked together on the happiest terms of loyalty and friendship for a period of years until death or promotion removes the former from his sphere. The curate, then possibly advancing in years, is cut adrift by the successor to the benefice, it may be to the regret of the whole congregation, and is unable to find fresh work. Arguing from the analogy of other professions, and one might add common sense, it might have been supposed that the curate was the most fitting person to succeed to the living; but no, the authorities appear to be agreed that it is not advisable for even a meritorious curate to succeed to a parish where he has formerly worked as assistant, familiar though he presumably is with

its needs. This is a state of things which calls for remedy, and it has been suggested that such cases should be submitted to a Court of Arbitration. But rather than this unseemly ventilation of grievances and washing of dirty linen in public, it would be better if the bishop were to nominate as well as license curates to a parish, thus reverting to the diocese as the unit of Church life. The bishop having made himself acquainted with the needs of a locality would appoint a suitable man to fill the vacancy, or he might nominate two or three from whom the incumbent might make his selection. There would seem to be no reason why the curate so nominated should not work harmoniously with his superior, even though their views might not be identical in every particular. There are High Church bishops and Low Church rectors; why not Low Church rectors and High Church curates? Differences of this kind would of course be borne in mind by the bishop in making his appointments. And even should those of dissimilar views be brought together, it is not improbable that the congregation would be the gainers, inasmuch as they would have a better opportunity of hearing the whole Gospel instead of a part of it. Both would still be teaching within the wide boundaries permitted by the Anglican Church. The fact is that so little are the laity as a rule instructed in the Catholic faith, that very few are capable of accurately diagnosing from a man's pulpit utterances what his views are, always supposing that he has any. They assign a man to the category High, Low, or Broad, according to the use of the church where he serves. Outward regalia, dress, rather than teaching, settles the point for the majority. It is only the narrower kind of clergy and laity, who we may hope are rapidly disappearing, that would really object to diversity of teaching from the pulpit. I submit, then, the plan of nomination by the bishop as upon the whole considerably preferable to the present one of nomination by the incumbent; though it is probable that none will be altogether satisfactory until the laity have at least some sort of share in the choice of their pastors.

Incidentally, too, this plan would obviate another difficulty—the growth of out-of-works amongst the ranks of the clergy. Bishops would refrain from giving indiscriminate titles when well-tried ministers remain unemployed. Nomination would be made from these to vacancies as they occurred. It will possibly be said that it is a grave thing for the bishop to refuse ordination to one duly qualified and professing himself to be called by the Spirit of God. Admitting this, yet such refusal would probably only be for a year or two, and it would appear that those once ordained have a prior claim, and should be regarded as a distinct charge upon the whole Church.

We recollect, as amusingly illustrating the point, that Mr. Samuel Pepys, in his Diary, relates how he was one day walking with Dean

Fuller, and, amongst other things, they "discoursed of the liberty which the bishop takes to admit into orders anybody that will. Among others, one Roundtree, a simple mechanic, that was a person formerly of the fleet. He told me he would complain of it." The cause of complaint would seem to be still with us.

2. The second grievance of the curate is the financial one. For this the laity must in large measure be held responsible, and it is to them that the unbeneficed must look for a solution of the problem. They are, as a rule, culpably negligent as to the manner and amount of remuneration which the clergy receive. In the earlier years of life there is no hardship, the stipends of curates having considerably increased. It is in middle age and afterwards that the pinch comes, should the curate remain unbeneficed. Let it, then, be frankly recognised that, owing to the great increase in the number of the assistant clergy, all cannot be beneficed. A man should no longer be regarded with suspicion if he remain without promotion. This need not be deplored, for spiritual influence does not depend upon position. There are many who make excellent parish priests, and yet lack that capacity for business and organisation essential for the management of a large parish. There would be little cause of complaint were there something of the nature of a progressive stipend for the unbeneficed. In all other professions a man naturally hopes to make more money with advancing years. He is content with small beginnings, if later life affords a prospect of increased ease and comfort. And this, we maintain, is a perfectly legitimate aspiration, neither worldly nor out of place in the parson, but according to the dictates of common-sense. Yet when this apparently self-evident proposition was mooted by myself at the recent meeting at Sion College, it was received with howls of execration on the part of a number of very juvenile curates. So virulently was the merest suggestion of any improvement in their temporal lot resented by them that, beginning with prayer, the meeting ended with Billingsgate, till one was led to wonder who those persons are who, when a clerical appointment worth anything is vacant, move heaven and earth in order to obtain it.

And it cannot fairly be laid at the door of curates that they have been over-ready to publish their grievances. They have, as a rule, been willing to sacrifice themselves to their work. But the thing threatens to become intolerable and injurious to the welfare of the Church at large. Far from increasing, stipends decrease with advancing years. The unbeneficed priest must be content to accept less remuneration at forty than when first admitted to orders. Just at an age when the rector of a parish is regarded as in his prime, that is probably between forty and fifty, the curate finds his services at a discount, and himself a drug in the clerical market. What is wanted is a curates' augmentation fund in each diocese, which should

guarantee a progressive increase in stipend for the unbeneficed, not rising of course indefinitely, or a curate of fifty would be too expensive a luxury, but to a maximum of say £250. This would afford a fair prospect to those taking orders, even though they remained unbeneficed. There is, we are aware, a Curates' Augmentation Fund already in existence, which endeavours to raise the stipends of all those who have been fifteen years in orders to £200 per annum. Unfortunately it is very inadequately supported. The bishops between them contributed last year less than £30 to its funds, whilst incumbents are singularly chary of permitting its claims to be urged in their churches. We are confident that were the facts of the case thoroughly understood by the laity they would contribute more largely to augment the incomes of their clergy, and this would be preferable to supporting schools for the maintenance of their children when the parents are dead. It can hardly be expected that if things are allowed to drift on as they are, men of the highest calibre will consent to take orders. Neither will parents and guardians who have spent large sums upon the education of their sons willingly allow them to sacrifice their prospects of worldly success. Already this is found to be increasingly the case. The proportion of those entering the ministry who have graduated at the Universities is steadily decreasing. We are far from asserting that men of humble origin will never make good pastors. But the laity as a rule are very susceptible upon this point, and it is probably the fact that a well educated and refined gentleman will be the most competent to deal even with the lower classes of the community. It doubtless grates upon the better feelings to think of men calculating the chances before entering upon the work of the Church. But putting aside the case of those who have taken a degree at Oxford or Cambridge, there remains a distinct temptation for others without such qualification to look upon the Church as a means of advancement in social position.

It has been found necessary, we are told, by some of the colleges established for the training of lay workers, to extract from their students a definite pledge that they will make no endeavour to proceed to Holy Orders. It would have been part of the work of the proposed Curates' Union to investigate these points and provide more reliable information upon them. As far as our experience has gone, it has tended to show that incumbents, at any rate in towns, who have advertised for curates have found no lack of replies, but that they are forced to reject a great number of these as "unsuitable"; and unsuitable in this connection will generally be found to mean absence of a university degree or the manner and bearing of a gentleman. If the laity really desire the Church to continue to be officered by men of the highest class, they will have to adopt some

such plan as we have suggested to guarantee for clergy, especially for those remaining unbeneficed, a more assured future. The Church has so far interested herself in the temporal condition of the newly ordained that she enjoins in the rubric that they be "decently habited"; but it is sometimes forgotten that clothes wear out; and where wife and children have to be supported upon the current stipend, they soon become threadbare. We are far from defending improvident marriages, or regarding a clergyman's widow and children left totally unprovided for as a manifestation of the mysterious workings of Providence. But the English people have shown that, as a rule, they prefer their clergy to be married. This may be prudent, though Roman Catholics think otherwise. Put into plain English, it means that priests are human, and that the priest, like the doctor, is, in the course of his professional duty, frequently brought into delicate relations with the opposite sex. Though here again the laity, as is their wont, seem to draw a somewhat incomprehensible distinction between incumbent and curate. The curate, though engaged in the same work as the rector, is usually preferred to be single, and incumbents do not hesitate to advertise for unmarried men. But to sum up this part of the subject; though there are great prizes in the Church and a greater equalisation might not be amiss, it is, upon the whole, to the laity that the appeal must be made, and by them that the solution to the financial difficulty must be found.

The suggested curates' union had no ulterior aims upon the pockets of incumbents, often already empty enough. It was open to all, clergy and laity alike. The idea of curates organising opposition to incumbents is absurd upon the face of it when it is considered that it is from the ranks of the unbeneficed that the latter are recruited. In one particular only have the assistant clergy a legitimate cause for grumbling against their superiors. This will be found in the novel and ever-growing demands made upon them by incumbents, as may be seen by their advertisements. For instance: the curate is frequently required to be young, to have no family, to be musical, to be a total abstainer, and the like. None of these things were any part of the ordination vow, and they are conditions which one priest has no right to impose upon another as a condition of being permitted to work in a parish.

3. The third point is one which may be more briefly dismissed. It is lack of representation in Convocation, in diocesan conferences, and upon the committees of various Church bodies. Property qualifications as essential to the possession of a vote for Convocation must be abolished, and the question recognised as one between fellow-priests, not one of money. Should the present Parliament grant to the Church a reasonable measure of self-government this point will become increasingly important. As it is, curates probably have not troubled

themselves about representation in Convocation, inasmuch as that body cannot introduce any reforms without the consent of Parliament, and so is little more than an interesting debating society. It should especially be contended for that the unbeneficed should have a voice in the management of all additional curates' societies. These societies, as at present constituted, sometimes impose very unfair conditions upon those whose stipends they pay, and tend to unjustifiably limit their freedom of thought and action.

In thus drawing attention to the unsatisfactory position of the unbeneficed clergy I have endeavoured to exaggerate nothing and to set down nought in malice. There will, of course, be cantankerous vicars and insubordinate curates. These, we are happy to think, are not numerous. I have had in my mind rather the case of two plain men, incumbent and curate, of average common-sense and gentlemanly bearing, engaged in the same work. We cannot legislate for exceptional cases or antiquated failures. Other schemes of reform more drastic and far-reaching are, of course, easily conceivable, but the suggestions which I have made have, at any rate, the merit of simplicity: they require no Acts of Parliament for their realisation; and as such I commend them to the attention of practical Churchmen of whatever shade of belief.

A. G. B. ATKINSON.

THE RELATION OF THE CHRISTIAN REVELATION TO EXPERIENCE.

“**T**HAT all our knowledge begins with experience,” says Kant, “there can be no doubt,” and our knowledge, being human knowledge, can only begin with human experience. The latter has been defined for us by a later philosopher than Kant, and one of the deepest thinkers of the present age, as “knowledge of matters of fact recognised as such.”* The term “matters of fact” is, however, very widely inclusive. I perceive† this room in which I am writing, it has a defined shape, its walls and floor are of a particular colour, it contains various articles of furniture, each distinct from the other, each having its own form, consistency, degree of hardness, *timbre* of sound when struck, transparency or opacity, &c. &c. These are all matters of fact, and I can verify them—*i.e.*, make myself sure that I recognise them as such, by the help of my senses, by sight, touch, or hearing. But a thought passes through my mind. That I have the thought is no less a matter of fact to me than that I see the paper on which I am writing, or feel the pen between my fingers, yet I cannot verify it by means of my senses. It is not because I see, or touch, or hear it, or by any inference from seeing, touching, or hearing, that having a thought is to me a matter of fact. If, however, I want this matter of fact to be recognised as such by others than myself, if I want to make them in this respect sharers of my experience, then the senses come into play again. I speak to my fellow-men, or I write to them, and by the help of their sight or their hearing, they also are able to recognise my having a thought as a matter of fact. Yet the most direct knowledge of the thought is mine, who needed no sensuous intermediary to become aware of it.

* T. H. Green, “Prolegomena to Ethics,” § 16, p. 20.

† Throughout this essay, *to perceive* is used in the sense of *to be aware of*, whether that which we are aware of be a physical or a psychological act.

It seems, therefore, as though we may divide matters of fact under two heads: (1) those which we "recognise as such" by the help of our senses; and (2) those in whose recognition the senses as ordinarily understood take no part; and in order to constitute human experience, recognition of both these classes of facts is necessary. We could not designate as a normal human being a man who fails either to know that he communicates with the outer world by means of his senses, or to know that he has thoughts. With regard to this double knowledge, two important remarks must be made.

I. In the first place, our manner of attaining it despite the wide difference which obtains at first sight, is fundamentally the same. It is through *perception*, or self-conscious presentation, that we become aware of anything whatever, whether it be an object in the external world, a sensation, or a thought. Consequently without perception we could have no experience, as we understand experience, at all. If experience is the beginning of knowledge, perception is the beginning of experience, and facts of which we are directly conscious through perception, impress us with a sense of reality unattainable in any other way. Whatever our philosophic predilections may be, we all in practice agree with Kant that one great test of reality is to "be given first in perception." It is of importance to remember, however, that the perception of which this is true is not only perception by means of the senses, but that also by which we become aware of our mental processes. We are not more sure of perceiving light than we are of perceiving that we have thoughts. The one certitude is on a par with the other.

II. It is the fact that our perception is self-conscious which welds together the two classes of matters of fact of which we have spoken in inseparable union, and renders human experience, however diversified, one experience still. The man does not confuse himself with his perceptions. He is present to himself in distinction from what is not himself; he maintains and recognises his own identity through manifold changes, and even though it be "out of his weakness" that he shapes "the shadow Time," yet he could not in truth so shape it if he were himself the child of Time, if, while conscious of succession in his feelings and his thoughts alike, he were not equally conscious that the self which feels and thinks is not a succession either of thoughts or of feelings or of both, but remains unchangeably present as they arise and pass.

To be a self-distinguishing, self-presenting subject, a person, is therefore the condition of human experience, and consequently it is to every man the ultimate fact of his own existence beneath and beyond which he cannot go. The "power to say 'I am I'" is the very groundwork of his life. Without it he could not live the life of a man at all; and although some philosophers have tried to explain

away the *ego*, and to regard it as a series of "states of consciousness," the assertion may safely be made that such a doctrine is foredoomed to destruction whenever men seriously reflect upon it, for no effort of the intelligence will enable us to evolve the consciousness of a one and ever-present self out of a *succession* of any "states" whatever, be they physical or psychological. It is therefore of paramount importance to remember that no theory of experience can possibly be correct or in accordance with facts which does not treat it from the point of view of a self, or rather of selves.* For a human being is not a solitary and isolated individual. He is one of a vast number of men, each of whom is a self-presenting and self-distinguishing subject like himself; and we have therefore to take into account another important and fundamental fact. It is, that *human experience agrees with itself*. In one sense, indeed, it is almost infinitely diverse, for no two men's lives are exactly the same, and not unfrequently the great dissimilarities of what we may call their minor conditions, differences of era, of character, of social surroundings, of degrees of knowledge, somewhat obscure our apprehension of the fact that in their great main outlines they are essentially the same.

To take the most obvious illustration: Different as are the conceptions of the external world formed by the savage and the

* In this connection it may be interesting to cite the following remarks regarding the psychological aspect of this question: "However much assailed or disowned, the conception of a mind or conscious subject is to be found implicitly or explicitly in all psychological writers whatever,—not more in Berkeley who accepts it as a fact than in Hume who accepts it as a fiction. . . . Wherever the word *Subject*, or its derivatives, occurs in psychology, we might substitute the word *Ego* and analogous derivatives, did such exist. . . . By pure *Ego* or *Subject*, it is proposed to denote the simple fact that everything mental is referred to a Self. This psychological conception of a self or subject, then, is . . . by no means identical with the metaphysical conception of a soul or mind-atom, or of mind-stuff not atomic; it may be kept as free from metaphysical implication as the conception of a biological individual, or organism with which it is so intimately connected. The attempt, indeed, has frequently been made to resolve the former into the latter, and so to find in mind only such an individuality as has an obvious counterpart in this individuality of the organism, what we may call an objective individuality. But such procedure owes all its plausibility to the fact that it leaves out of sight the difference between the biological and the psychological standpoints. All that the biologist means by a dog is 'the sum of the phenomena which make up its corporeal existence' (Professor Huxley, 'Hume,' *English Men of Letters Series*, p. 171). And inasmuch as its presentation to any one in particular is a point of no importance, the fact of presentation at all may be very well dropped out of account. Let us now turn to Mind: Why should we not take this word or the word 'soul' simply as a name for the series of mental phenomena which make up an individual mind?" Surely the moment we try distinctly to understand this question, we realise that the cases are different. "Series of mental phenomena' for whom? For any passer-by such as might take stock of our biological dog? No, obviously only for that individual mind itself: yet that is supposed to be made up of, to be nothing different from, the series of phenomena. Are we, then, quoting J. S. Mill's words, 'to accept the paradox that something which *ex hypothesi* is but a series of feelings, can be aware of itself as a series.' . . . Paradox is too mild a word: even contradiction will hardly suffice. It is as impossible to express "being aware of" by one term as it is to express an equation or any other relation by one term: what knows can no more be identical with what is known, than a weight with what it weighs. If a series of feelings is what is known or presented, then what knows, what it is presented to, cannot be that series of feelings, and this without regard to the point Mill mentions—viz., that the infinitely greater part of the series is either past or future."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. "Psychology," vol. xx., 9th edition.

man of science, yet savage and man of science alike are compelled to regard it as in time and space, so that a moment's reflection suffices to remind us of the common capacities and common limitations, one of whose results is, that though to every human being the world exists only as he thinks it, yet he cannot think it as he chooses, but is compelled to do so in accordance with certain laws, it may be vaguely and imperfectly, or even not at all apprehended, but operative and inexorable always. In other words, there is a "cosmos of human experience" into which every individual experience must fit—an admission which in some form or other must be made by all schools of thought, and is accepted as a matter of course by the practical man.

In order to see what this admission implies, however,—that is what human experience implies,—we must return upon our steps, and pass in brief consideration the assertion above made that to every human being the world exists only as he thinks it. The statement of course does not mean that each man creates the world for himself by thinking it. Such a conclusion, apart from the absurdity of its making "the facts of the world come into and go out of existence with their perception by this or that person," is already negatived by the necessity under which each man lies of thinking the world in a particular way (*i.e.*, in accordance with general human experience), and no other.* Because he is under this necessity, because no amount of thinking will alter facts, it is a common fallacy to suppose that the world exists quite apart from thought. "The mind is supposed to derive its materials from, and to act only in response to, the action of the world upon it; but the relations which it establishes between the materials so derived in its processes of distinction and comparison, of conception, judgment and discourse, are supposed to be quite different, and to have a different source from things or matters of fact in the world known."† But this view is altogether unsatisfactory. It leaves us entirely at a loss how to explain the correspondence between the work of the mind and the order of nature, how to account for the capacity of the former to reproduce the latter, which, nevertheless, we always practically take for granted and find ourselves justified in so doing by the result. The very expression "*Order of Nature*" should point to the true solution of the difficulty, for how can there be any order apart from some unifying principle which binds together the diverse elements entering into that order in one related system, and is thus the very condition of its possibility? Such a unifying principle we find, and find only in the self-conscious

* It is owing to the agreement of human experience with itself, that accumulation of experience, that indispensable condition of progress, is possible. Great events, great discoveries, great thoughts are not individual property, perishing with individuals, but part of the heritage of the race, which they could not be if the ground-plan of human experience were not one and invariable.

† T. H. Green, "*Prolegomena to Ethics*," § 34, p. 36.

intelligence of man; yet because the order of nature is independent of its recognition by any particular man, because it does not come into or go out of existence with individuals, or even with the whole human race, because general human experience agrees with itself, and is not a matter of choice but of necessity, we are led to the conclusion that "it must be a world which is already determined by thought, and existing only in relation to thought, that is thus prior to and conditions our individual acquaintance with it."* But on what thought is the universe thus dependent for its existence? Not the thought of man, as we have seen, because that is incomplete, limited, interrupted, owing to its individualisation; yet a thought to which the thought of man has some resemblance, because the world which it has determined is a world whose order the mind of man can grasp and reproduce. We must conceive of it then as the thought of an eternal, self-distinguishing, self-realising Being, in virtue of whose existence the universe as we know it can alone exist. Thus a due reflection on what is implied alike in the order of nature and the order of human experience, seems to enable us (at any rate in an age which has learned something of the deep significance of personality), to arrive, without the assistance of what is distinctively known as the Christian revelation, at the twofold conclusion of the divine existence and the presence of the divine principle in nature and in man; and moreover to perceive that limiting the meaning of the word personal to self-conscious, we have a right to say also that the Divine Being is personal.

We are, however, enabled to go further than this. Man is not only conscious of an order of nature, he is conscious,—in very varying degrees according to his individual capacity, conditioned as it must be by external surroundings—of a *moral* order. The world of his experience, the world which he knows, is widely different from the world as he desires and strives to realise it,† and which "depends on him in quite a different sense from that in which nature, or the world of experience, does so . . . for it does not depend on any exercise of our powers, whether the sensible objects of which we are conscious shall become real or no. They are already real."‡ It does, however, always depend in part and sometimes chiefly on such an exercise, whether particular actions or courses of conduct on our part shall become real, i.e., be carried out or not, and the first step necessary to their realisation is that we should present to ourselves ends to be attained by them as objects of desire. But objects of desire are not indifferent. "Distinctively human actions" may be

* "Prolegomena to Ethics," § 184, p. 151.

† "As regards nature," says Kant, "experience presents us with rules and is the source of truth, but in relation to ethical laws it is in the highest degree reprehensible to limit or to deduce the laws which dictate what *I ought to do* from what is done."

—"Critique of Pure Reason," p. 224, trs. Meiklejohn.

‡ "Prolegomena to Ethics," § 36.

bad or good. I may desire a virtuous or I may desire a vicious gratification. In either case self-satisfaction* in the realisation of my object is the end I have in view; yet there is a wide moral difference between the two cases. The self-satisfaction aimed at in the gratification of virtuous desires, we say, is morally good, and will be productive of good results; the self-satisfaction sought in the gratification of vicious desires, we say, is morally bad and will be productive of bad results. How, since self-satisfaction is always the object sought in "distinctively human actions," do we arrive at this distinction between good and bad, and what does it imply?

"We call that good," Mr. Spencer tells us, "which is fitted to the purpose for which it was intended."† That which is productive of good to man must therefore be that which conduces to the fullest realisation of his capacities, which makes him, to use a familiar, but very expressive phrase, "more of a man." Now there cannot be any doubt that virtuous desires and their results as embodied in the history of mankind, whether regarded under its physical, its intellectual, or its moral aspect, do conduce far more to human "progress," to the realisation, therefore, of human capacities, than vicious desires and their results. We are consequently enabled to say that the former are morally "good," and the latter are morally "bad." Reflection upon the direction in which science and history teach us that human activity must be developed in order to compass human progress, shows us to this extent what moral good and evil are. Yet it is important to remember that in all ages, in those whose conditions of knowledge and civilisation precluded the possibility of such reflection, equally with those in which it has been specially prominent, there has existed in men "a moral sense," leading them in the path of rightly directed activity, and that irrespective of any individual pleasure or advantage to be gained thereby. At all times and under all circumstances, there has been present in the mind of men some dim consciousness of the truth that "it is better to suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing," however crude and inadequate the notion of what constitutes well-doing may be, and whether or not "the will of God be so" have consciously formed the groundwork of their belief.

Thus having acknowledged the existence of a supreme self-conscious life to be implied in the order of nature and of human experience as that "in relation to which alone an intelligible world can exist, and

* Self-satisfaction is not here a synonym for pleasure. The radical difference between the Hedonistic philosophers and Green, as explained by himself, lies in the fact that the former define good generically as pleasure, whereas the latter defines it as that which satisfies desire. There is a far deeper difference between these two definitions than appears at first sight. According to the first, the Hedonistic, pleasure and pleasure alone is self-satisfaction. According to the second, pleasure may, and frequently does, result from self-satisfaction, but the latter may also be found in voluntary acceptance of such pain as entirely precludes the possibility of accompanying pleasure.

† "Data of Ethics," § 8, p. 21.

the presence of which in us is the condition of our knowing it," we find that it is the condition also of our moral activity. We are compelled to this further acknowledgment, because equally with "distinctively human" knowledge, "distinctively human" conduct depends for its possibility upon the presence in us of that self-presenting, self-distinguishing consciousness in virtue of which "distinctively human" life is alone possible. Moral activity is thus the activity of persons, and though we may readily allow that social good is the end towards which, consciously or unconsciously, that activity works, yet it can be attained only by means of individual efforts :

"There can be nothing in a nation, however exalted its mission, or in a society, however perfectly organised, which is not in the persons composing the nation or the society. Our ultimate standard of worth is an ideal of *personal* worth. All other values are relative for, in, or of a person. To speak of any progress, or improvement, or development of a nation, or society, or mankind, except as relative to some greater worth of persons, is to use words without meaning."*

This personal character of the moral ideal is due to the presence in each man of the "eternal consciousness"; or, as we might more accurately put*it, the eternal *self-consciousness*, in other words more familiar and more sacred, to his being a "partaker in the divine life." And since the only path along which human advance is possible is a path that "makes for righteousness"; since justice, mercy, regard for others, the "love which is the fulfilling of law," are continually and increasingly seen to be necessary conditions of the progress of mankind, we are justified in saying that the more they are realised in us, the more the divine life is realised in us. But this is equivalent to the statement that justice, mercy, and love, in a word, moral perfection, is itself divine, and therefore, even as "to have admitted that the world only exists as thought of, is to have taken the first step in the only possible proof of the being of God;"† so to have admitted that our moral activity is the result of the presence in us of the same self-objectifying principle, which renders the existence of an order of nature possible, is to have taken the first

* "Prolegomena to Ethics," § 184, p. 193.

† *Le. according to transcendentalist principles, with which the writer so far agrees -- to be fully persuaded that if we ever arrive at a satisfactory ratiocinative proof of the existence of God, it must be by some form or other of the transcendentalist argument, in other words, by showing the existence of God to be implied in experience. Yet, however justifiable and weighty such a mode of argument may be, it can never bring about the irresistible conviction which is characteristic of intuition or knowledge given directly in experience. No man can be more fully convinced of any fact than he is of his own existence, but his conviction is not the result of a process of reasoning. A weak point in transcendentalism seems to be its slight grasp on the importance of intuition, -- perhaps because of the Kantian notion that it must be sensuous. To realise certainly that God exists, -- and this is what the mind and heart of man crave for, -- we must have experience of God. It is not sufficient simply to see that this existence is implied in all other experience.*

step in the only possible proof of the "goodness," i.e., the moral perfection of God.

It is the first step only, however, for there immediately arises the question: How are we to regard the existence of evil? Moral activity is not invariably good. We have seen that "distinctively human" actions may be bad as well as good. How comes it that if, like our "distinctively human" knowledge, they are proof of the realisation of a divine life in us, they can ever be bad? The juxtaposition of knowledge and moral activity, moreover, suggests an extension to this question, for we perceive that we have as much need to inquire how it happens that knowledge can be defective and inaccurate, as how it happens that moral activity can be wrongly directed. A partial answer to both inquiries lies in the fact that the realisation of the divine life in man is a gradual process, that although human action and human knowledge are alike only explicable as the products of an "eternal consciousness" reproducing itself in us, yet that in thus reproducing itself, it works under conditions of strict limitation, the most important of which, that which may be said to involve all others, being what we know as *time*; for time implies succession, and development in time is necessarily development through successive stages; and development, seen piecemeal as self-conscious beings living in any one of its stages must see it, appears defective and inadequate to the capacities which it implies. Nay, it not only appears, but is, inadequate to those capacities, inasmuch as they are what they are, not by reason of their development in time, but of the eternal consciousness reproduced in them.

We seem, therefore, to have arrived at the conclusion that evil is a merely negative result, the consequence of an as yet imperfectly realised life, so that further development is the sole remedy needful or effectual. It is difficult, however, to accept this view of the matter as representing the whole truth. Development, though it must imply progressive stages, does not necessarily imply that until the highest stage is reached, the developing life is imperfect. Each stage may be a perfect expression of the capacities so far evolved. The bud may be perfect as a bud, though it has not the capacities of the fully developed flower. Man as he is might be a perfect expression of the Divine life so far realised in him, even though he were conscious of a "promise and potency" not yet fulfilled. But this provisional perfection, if we may so name it, is exactly what is not true of human life under actual conditions. It is not the perfect expression of capacities so far evolved, because moral activity, possible only through the presence of the divine life in us, has nevertheless partially resulted in conduct which impedes instead of furthering the fuller realisation of that life.

If this were indeed true, we should be landed in an apparently

hopeless paradox. That moral activity should be possible only by virtue of the divine life in us, and yet that the conditions of its realisation should be such that wrongly directed moral activity and all its terrible consequences should have resulted, seems to show a desperate contradiction at the very heart of things, and no more fearful statement of the problem of evil could be formulated. Of itself it is sufficient to indicate how inadequate any mere analysis of experience is to solve the deeper questions of existence. Were this our only hope of answering them, we might well resolve to let them alone, for this way madness lies. The Christian revelation proposes, however, another way. Before turning to consider it let us briefly recapitulate the position in which we are left apart from that revelation.

We are led indeed to the recognition of a personal God, but we have no concrete knowledge of Him. We are in possession of no facts which can justify us in drawing any conclusions with regard to Him save those directly implied in the existence of the order of nature and of human self-conscious life, and these are inadequate to the satisfaction of those desires and questionings, which are the immediate consequence of the presence of the "eternal consciousness" in us. We are further led to the recognition of this presence, to perceive that man is a partaker in the divine life, and since he is so by reason of his personality, we cannot but believe that death does not annihilate that which, in so far as it is indeed divine, is independent of time, and has neither beginning nor end. Yet to our individual consciousness there is a beginning of our personal life, and we are unable to say with certainty whether the change which takes place at death may not be such that though "the self-conscious being which comes from God must be for ever continued in God," yet its dissociation from earthly conditions may involve unconsciousness of the persistence of our own personality. For all practical purposes, and to ordinary human apprehension this is equivalent to annihilation. We cannot indeed be at all sure that such unconsciousness results from death. Many considerations would lead us to suppose that it does not,* but we have not the positive knowledge which our whole nature seems to

* These cannot be better stated than in the words of the same writer from whom frequent quotations have already been made. "There may be reason to hold that there are capacities of the human spirit not realisable in persons under the conditions of any society that we know, or can positively conceive, or that may be capable of existing on the earth. Such a belief may be warranted by the consideration on the one hand of the promises which the Spirit gives of itself, both in its actual occasional achievement and in the aspirations of which we are individually conscious, on the other hand of the limitations which the necessity of confinement to a particular social function seems to impose on individual attainment. We may in consequence justify the supposition that the personal life which historically or on earth is lived under conditions which thwart its development, is continued in a society, with which we have no means of communication through the senses, but which shares in and carries

demand in a matter so momentous; and in face of the terror of death, and the agony of bereavement, we are left to a balance of probabilities.

Lastly, we are led to a statement of the problem of evil which presents it in the most overwhelmingly terrible manner (*see* p. 9), and without the hope of solution. Thus, despite the important conclusions at which we have arrived, we are still without any answer to the most pressing and recurring questions raised by the actual conditions of our daily life. We do not know our future destiny; we have no glimmering of what meaning may underlie this fearful incubus of moral evil. In order to find any answer to such questions as these an extension of experience is necessary, at least if we agree with Kant that all knowledge begins with experience; because the experience which we acquire in our intercourse with nature, and in our mental history, does not of itself suffice as the groundwork of any such knowledge as we need here. It must be based upon some certain insight into the divine nature, for the key to the meaning underlying moral evil, to man's "ultimate good," and to his future destiny, lies in what God is. Moreover, the knowledge must be of such a concrete kind as to be available not only for a chosen few, deep thinkers and mighty reasoners, the elect of the race, but for "the man in the street" also, for the myriads of busy toilers whose labour is so necessary and important to the welfare and progress of mankind, while the conditions of its fulfilment effectually preclude them from the endeavour or the inclination to solve the problems of life by philosophical meditation, though the pressure of such problems is felt with even more practical insistence by the worker in his work than it is by the thinker in his seclusion. Birth and death, sorrow and joy, unrealised aspirations, disappointed hopes, these enter into the experience of all men, and since in all men the "eternal consciousness" is reproducing itself, the same great questions, differing in form but not in substance, will in all men,—however diverse their external conditions,—be the result of that experience. Nothing but

further every measure of perfection attained by men under the conditions of life that we know. Or we may connect ourselves with being in the personal self-conscious being, which comes from God, is for ever with God. Or we may pronounce the problem suggested by the constant spectacle of unfulfilled human promise to be simply insoluble. But meanwhile the negative assurance at any rate must remain, that a capacity which is nothing except as personal, cannot be realised by any impersonal modes of being."—T. H. Green, "Prolegomena to Ethics," § 185, p. 195. This last sentence seems to suggest an argument which Green does not use, but which to many minds carries great weight. The "personal mode of being" is the highest we know. On the theory of evolution it is unique in "nature" from the beginning, and appears to be a continuation of a lower existence. As such its practical annihilation (which its re-absorption into the Divine Being would be) seems a wildly improbable hypothesis. If the eternal consciousness is reproducing itself in us, how can that consciousness, having attained the sufficient stage, ever fall below it, or recede from it again? That it will rise above any stage now conceivable to us is what would seem the inevitable corollary to past experience, but that continued rise being still a process of evolution can but mean modification and development, not destruction.

further experience, experience extending into a region beyond that in which these questions take shape, so that they can be looked upon from the standpoint of a superior knowledge, will avail to set them at rest. Now the Christian revelation claims to give just such an extension of experience, and it is proposed to enter into an examination of the way in which this claim is made good.

Perhaps it will be as well to point out at starting that, in speaking of an extension of experience, we are not speaking of some unique process, but of that which in familiar matters is continually happening. It is a commonplace in the present day that a new experience is the *sine qua non* of new knowledge; the whole inductive method of which modern science is so proud, and which has borne such magnificent fruit, is simply a recognition of this principle, and, to take a familiar instance, the vast additions to human experience, and consequently to human knowledge, which have ensued from the discovery of unknown countries, or the further exploration of those partially known, form one of the most striking illustrations we can have of the results of extended experience. A case more closely connected with our present subject, and of which no human being is without direct knowledge, is that of "making a friend." In order to do this, we must in some manner be brought into immediate communication with a person previously a stranger, of whose existence possibly we were unaware, and through his actions and his thoughts, so far as they are communicated to us, we gain experience of his manner of life, his mental and moral characteristics, the conditions internal and external which have made him what he is, and so we come to know him, "to appreciate him," as the saying is, to give him our affection and our confidence. A new experience has brought us new knowledge, and may materially alter the complexion of our future life. But this new experience could not have been gained without the consent of the person whom we come to know. Nay, more than this, he must even take an active part in rendering it possible, for, if he refuses to enter into communication with us, if he veils his motives and conceals his thoughts, we can never have any real knowledge of him, none to which it would be safe to trust, or which could result in awaking our friendship.

Now we have seen that the Divine Being is personal, and that the reproduction of the "eternal consciousness" in us results in making us *persons*. Consequently any concrete knowledge of God must necessarily be a personal knowledge, the knowledge of a Person by persons. This is the knowledge rendered possible by the Christian revelation; it makes use of the power we possess of gaining experience, and through experience knowledge, of one another, in order to enable us to gain experience, and through experience knowledge, of God. "The Word became flesh," says St. John, "and dwelt among us, and we

beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father."* And again: "That which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, that which we beheld and our hands handled concerning the Word of life . . . that which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you also."† Thus the new experience begins in the old familiar way, by seeing, touching, hearing; and, just as in all other cases, this experience results in a distinct impression of the person producing it proper to Him and to Him alone. He is judged, as we judge our fellow-men, by what He is seen to do, and what He is heard to say, and the impression produced is "that never man spake like this Man," that in beholding Him, His followers beheld "the only begotten of the Father."

The facts of Christ's life on earth are well known; there is no need to recapitulate them here. Before turning to the consideration of what that life and that teaching manifested, however, it will not be out of place to draw attention to one most remarkable effect which He alone, of all religious leaders, has ever succeeded in producing. It is that when His visible presence ceased from among His disciples, when they could no longer speak with Him by word of mouth, when they knew that He had passed out of earthly conditions, they still remained certain that He had not left them, that they could communicate with Him as directly as before, that His power was working in them and among them, that the faith which they were giving up their lives to promulgate, must triumph because it was not faith in One who had been and was no more, but in One over whom death had no power, and whose living and all-enabling presence was with them still. However this effect may be explained,—and some very strange and forced explanations have been given of it,—there cannot be the smallest doubt that it was produced. The most casual reader of the Epistles cannot fail to notice this: "I live," says St. Paul, "yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me."‡ "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;"§ and these two expressions are typical of the whole spirit of the apostolic writings. All that is done, all that is taught, all that is suffered, is done and taught and suffered in the power of Christ, who is "alive for evermore." This effect, as we have already said, is not only exceedingly remarkable, it is unique. No other religious teacher has ever succeeded in so impressing the minds of his disciples as to make them feel that in his case death was annihilated, that after it, as before it, they were still living and working in his immediate presence and by his aid. Nor was this belief confined to those only who had "known Christ after the flesh." It was as strong in the numerous converts of the apostles as in the apostles themselves—nay, surviving all the vicissitudes of

* John i. 14. (The quotations throughout are made from the Revised Version.)

† 1 John i. 1, 8.

‡ Gal. ii. 20.

§ Phil. iv. 13.

the religion in which it is a distinguishing feature, it has descended unimpaired through nearly 2000 years to our own time. At the present day there are thousands of men and women who, equally with the Apostle Paul, declare that whether they "live, they live unto the Lord, or whether they die, they die unto the Lord,"* to whom the presence of Christ is not a hypothesis, nor an article of faith which they profess as a matter of form, but the deepest reality of their lives, that to which all other facts are relative and subordinate.

The explanation of this remarkable effect produced by Christ is strikingly expressed by St. John in words sometimes mistakenly supposed to savour of mysticism, because they are not understood in the simple and literal sense in which they were intended: "*The life was manifested, and we have seen and bear witness, and declare unto you the life, the eternal life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us.*"† The experience which was gained through contact with Christ was thus experience of a higher, fuller, more powerful life, a life transcending that lived in the flesh, whose far-reaching might and beneficence stamped it as more than human, as being the very life of God.

That the life should manifest itself in a *person* was the condition of its being manifested at all, if we accept the conclusion arrived at through previous considerations, that the Divine Being is personal, for it is evident that no impersonal mode of existence could express that which is personal. That it should be manifested in a *human* person was the condition of its solving to human understanding the problems of human existence, and that for two reasons—(1) because otherwise than "expressed in terms of humanity" man could not attain any such concrete knowledge of God as we have before demonstrated that he needs; (2) because equally with the certainty that he knows God, he needs the certainty that God knows him, understands his limitations, and the darkness and difficulty which, under actual conditions, those limitations imply. The question, Is there knowledge with the Most High? is not always asked in a scoffing and defiant spirit. Those who come much into contact with human sin and sorrow cannot but have had to face in themselves or others some form of the heartsick inquiry, Can there be a God who knows these things? Can He know what they are to us? The answer to this question lies in the Christian revelation. He knows, not only because the "eternal consciousness" must presumably be aware of all of which it renders the knowledge possible, but because He submitted to those very limitations which are the conditions of human experience, because "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death."‡

An *a priori* difficulty is not infrequently raised with regard to the

* Rom. xiv. 8.

† John i. 2.

‡ Phil. ii. 8.

Incarnation on account of the apparent humiliation involved to the divine nature. Is it not entirely at variance with any conception we can form of the eternal majesty of God? The reply may certainly be made: Not if we have given due weight to the considerations which lead to the conviction that the "eternal consciousness" reproduces itself in human self-conscious life; or, in simpler and more expressive words, that man is made in the image of God. If he is thus certainly, thus truly partaker in the divine life, and is so stamped by the personal mode of his own existence, then there is no *a priori* difficulty in the conception that that existence, even with all its actual limitations, may have been made the vehicle in one supreme instance of expressing, in so far as in it lay, the Personal Source of all personal life. The *a priori* difficulty, we say, is thus removed; but we could never, of course, have presumed to conclude in consequence that such an event would happen, for as Kant tells us:

"From the mere conception of a thing it is impossible to conclude its existence. For let the concept be ever so complete, and containing a statement of all the determinations of the thing, the existence of it has nothing to do with all this, but only with the question, Whether such a thing is given so that the perception of it can in every case precede the conception. For the fact that the conception precedes the perception merely indicates the possibility of its existence; it is the perception that presents matter to the conception that is the sole test of reality.'"

Thus we should have no right without the experience of the Incarnation to have assumed that it had been, or that it would be, but we have the right to say that the conception of the possibility of such an event contains no self-contradiction. A conception shown to be in contradiction to "the analogies of perception"—i.e., to the order of human experience, may, if it really is so shown, be declared to be impossible. It not only has no existence, it could have no existence. A conception, on the contrary, which is in manifest harmony with that order, at any rate, *could* be real, if it is able to stand the test of reality by having been given first "in perception." This is what is claimed for the Incarnation, it was given first in perception; but when the reality of what was thus given is called in question (as it sometimes is), because it is supposed not to be in accordance with the order of human experience, we may undoubtedly answer that such a difficulty only arises from an inadequate view of what that experience implies. What it does imply has formed the subject of the first part of this essay, and if the conclusions there arrived at are justified, then the claim that the Incarnation is in harmony both with the order of nature and the order of human experience is justified also.

But we have yet to see what reply the Christian revelation makes

* "Critique of Pure Reason," Meiklejohn's translation, p. 165.

to certain questions unanswerable without it. In entering upon this consideration it is necessary to bear in mind that since it is the revelation of a Person to persons, it cannot be solely contained in any historical records, however, sacred and venerable. The supreme importance of these records lies in the facts (1) that they present the impression made by Christ on those who were most in contact with Him during His life on earth; (2) that they reproduce Christ's teaching. They thus form a powerful incentive to test the truth of what is asserted with regard to Him, by an appeal to Himself on the part of each person to whom these records are accessible, and who is sensible of the unique significance of the history they contain. But in no instance can the perusal of a history take the place of direct communication with a person. To have knowledge of Christ, and of God through Christ, experience is as necessary as it is to every other form of knowledge. It will be objected however: This is not possible to us in the same sense in which it was possible to the first disciples. We cannot see and hear and handle as they did. Without doubt this is true; but it will be remembered that in commencing to treat of our subject, it was pointed out that experience, *i.e.*, knowledge of matters of fact, recognised as such, is of two kinds, because there are two classes of matters of fact,—those which we recognise as such by the help of our senses; those which we recognise as such without that help. The experience which the first disciples had of Christ was of both these kinds. First they knew Him "after the flesh," their intercourse with Him was by word of mouth, their knowledge of His presence was through sight and hearing and touch. Later they knew Him after this manner no longer, their knowledge of His presence was attained in that more direct, and apparently, but perhaps not really, more subtle manner in which we become aware that we have thoughts. His presence was to them, and is to those who are sensible of it now, recognised as a matter of fact in a no more and no less mysterious manner than this.* If it be said that we have no right to assume the possibility of such a manner of communication between person and person, the answer is, we do not assume it. That which is a matter of experience is not assumed because it is unexplained; if so, there would be very little basis left for knowledge of any sort; but if belief in such experience is refused by this or that person on the ground that he is a stranger to it, we have no argument by which to persuade him, any more than we have to persuade a man born blind of the existence of light. We cannot in either case give the

* It will be observed that what is said by no means negatives the possibility of the intervention of "material" agency, but, on the contrary, strongly indicates its probability. Since every human thought "has its correlative in the physics of the brain," that which we become aware of in the same manner as we become aware of having thoughts must presumably also have such a correlative.

experience necessary to knowledge, and without it that knowledge is impossible.

But it is time that we should turn to the direct consideration of (1) What that extension of experience attainable through the Christian revelation enables us to know of God; and (2) What answers are thus rendered possible to the fundamental problems of human existence.

(1) We have already to some extent replied to the first of these questions by pointing out that the experience gained by contact with Christ is the experience of a life recognised through its effects to be divine and embodied in a person. A little more stress, however, requires to be laid on the latter of these two statements, for there is an enormous difference between the abstract recognition of the personality of God and the recognition of Him as manifested in a human person. The one enables us to form a consistent theory of the universe, including self-conscious life; the other renders audible the voice that strikes through the bewilderment and perplexity of our individual lives:

"Saying, O heart I made, a heart beats here,
Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself;
Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee." *

A diffused and abstract personality, if such a difficult conception can be intellectually realised at all, certainly could not be expressed in the above terms; but these are exactly the terms in which Christ has enabled men to think of God, and by which He has won their undying loyalty and perfect trust. He who could be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," "who was in all points tempted like as we are yet without sin," "who, being originally God, counted it not a thing to be grasped to be on an equality with God, but took upon Him the form of a servant and became obedient unto death," could and can enable His followers to grasp the truth that God is love, and that from that love, as manifested in Himself, nothing can separate them.

And thus we proceed a step further, and perceive that, as Christ had the power, so He had the words of "eternal life." He could explain as well as demonstrate, and his entire teaching may be summed up in the name by which He designated God, the FATHER, and the claim which He made to be Himself the revelation of the Father. On the authenticity of this claim the whole of Christianity rests, for, though there have been frequent attempts to separate the teaching of Christ with regard to God from its true basis, Himself, such attempts must always prove futile. We might as well try to separate the theory of any special science from the experimental facts.

* R. Browning, "An Epistle."

on which it is founded. Such a procedure would be laughed to scorn by all who have learned to appreciate and follow the "inductive method," by all, that is, whose opinion on the subject is worth having. Why then should it be considered possible to adopt it, in the sole instance of Christianity? The enormous revolution produced by Christ in man's whole conception of God has been due to the fact that it was "given first in perception." Christ manifested God because He was God, not because He could reason about God; and this is why the words which He spoke were so weighty and so convincing. He testified of that which He knew, not of that which He assumed, or hoped, or desired, or arrived at by a process of deductive argument. "He spake," said those who heard Him, "as one having authority, and not as the scribes." By endeavouring to separate His teaching from Himself, we are doing our best to reduce Him to the level of the scribes, and so to rob that teaching of all authority whatever.

The Fatherhood of God, we have said, sums up the Christian revelation. It is also the truth which in all religions men have been groping after, but either it degenerated into the grotesque and often revolting fancies of the heathen mythologies, or it was lost in the lofty abstractions of philosophy in which a few select thinkers could find repose and satisfaction, but which was of no avail to meet the needs of the suffering, striving multitude. Even the keen spiritual insight of the Jews led them no further than the faith that God held a special relationship to them. Their idea was not so much that they belonged to God as that He belonged to them, and hence the narrow exclusiveness which characterised them. It was Christ who first gave to men the true conception of the Father, equally unexpressed by the sensualism of mythology, the abstractions of philosophy, and the limitations of Judaism. "He that hath seen me," said Christ, "hath seen the Father,"* and in Him absolute purity and truth were united to the tenderest human sympathy and the most wide-minded and impartial acknowledgment of the divine relationship to man as man.† Further, He claimed as His own of right that life of the Father which He manifested: "As the Father hath life in Himself, even so hath the Son life in Himself."‡ "I am the resurrection and the life."§ And this life He showed to be pre-eminently a life of sacrifice, equally in the "self-emptying," which the very possibility of the Incarnation involved, as the consummation of that self-emptying in the death on the cross. He gave the supreme illustration of His own saying: "He that loseth his life shall find it." By laying it down and taking it again, He proved that death has no power over the life of man, because it has no power over the life of God which He has imparted not only to the human race collectively, but to every separate member of the race; He proved that because He lives we shall live also, not as

* John xiv. † See Matt. v. 44, 45; vi. 9: xxviii. 19. ‡ Luke xi. 2. § John iv. 23.

part of the general sum of abstract self-conscious being, the "eternal consciousness" but in our own individual human personality.

2. Thus the way in which the Christian revelation answers the problems of human existence, is by showing us the life from which our life is derived as that not of a God of infinite power and intelligence merely, fashioning worlds and systems after some vast and incomprehensible ideal, in attaining to which individual existences are of no account; but of a God whose power and whose wisdom are conditioned by eternal love, satisfied with nothing less than the imparting to His creation of His own indissoluble and perfect life. To beings thus divine in origin, thus stamped with the divine likeness, the goal of development is the full realisation of that sonship potentially theirs from the beginning of their individual self-conscious existence, and to the attainment of which the possession of a life *within certain limits independent of its source*, and consequently capable of error, is a necessary condition.* Thus, while the meaning of the actual existence of evil is that the freedom of sonship has been abused, the meaning of its possible existence is that men are indeed sons, not to be coerced but developed into true understanding of and union with the Father, in whose sight their inestimable worth is such that no cost is too great, no conditions too terrible, to be imposed upon Himself, in order that they shall enter at last individually and collectively upon the full possession of their glorious birthright. A dim belief in such a birthright is, as we have seen, rendered possible by a philosophy which, while ignoring the fundamental facts of Christianity, is nevertheless impregnated with its spirit; but we have seen also that it is not adequate to the needs of man because it does not include within its scope that extension of experience which is necessary in order to enable us to do more than "faintly trust the larger hope." What the Christian revelation does is to change that "faint trust" into the certainty which comes of direct experimental knowledge. More than this we do not need. Less than this can never satisfy beings to whom in the actual conditions of their existence the real must be "given first in perception."

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

* For a fuller elucidation of the thought here indicated, I am allowed to refer to two chapters ("The Knowledge of God" and "Divine Sacrifice") in an already published work, "Progressive Revelation."

THE LIBERAL NEW YEAR.

WE cannot make things better than they are; but they may be better than they seem; and, anyhow we ought to face them. Mr. George Russell said well at the Eighty Club that "it was time we should go out of mourning for the General Election, and address ourselves vigorously to the duty of criticising and opposing a Government placed in office by forces of timidity and selfishness." This truly represented the note of Liberal feeling which prevailed throughout the country in December. In this spirit the New Year should be begun. Except in the curiously feeble passage about Constantinople affairs, the speech of Mr. John Morley at Newcastle, which preceded that of Mr. Russell at the Eighty Club, sounded the same note. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, at Blairgowrie, echoed it emphatically. But the leaders of the Liberal party must understand, if any good is to be done soon, that the members of the Liberal party are—as an American would say—just hungry to be led. They are longing for the full sense of life, which only stout leadership can give. In the mood in which they are entering on the New Year they are overjoyed with themselves, after the languor and depression of September, October, and November, to find the confidence of better days as truly surviving as the convictions upon which—whether right or wrong in tactics—they have alike in good days and in bad shaped their policy. But before donning their mourning it is necessary for them to see that they have "something to wear," and the garments which they don should be of a fashion that can be approved for 1896.

In enumerating, for purposes of ratification, the measures upon which the Liberal party are still resolved, Mr. Morley barely mentioned the better adjustment of the relations of the House of Lords

and the House of Commons. The circumstances of the time are quite enough to account for this; but, as all Liberal measures are for the next few years equally impossible, there is no really good reason for not saying that such an amendment of the Constitution as will, if necessary, override patrician opposition to the people's will must, until carried, hold its place in the Liberal programme.

The late General Election suggests that there are occasions when the people will rally to the support of the Upper House; and it may, so far, favour the theory that the House of Lords is entitled to withhold assent from any measure until a General Election has been taken upon it. But, failing a reform of the House of Lords which should make its composition fairly correspondent to the balance of parties in the House of Commons, the Liberal party are bound to insist on such a change as will render the ultimate will of the people clearly and immediately operative. The soundness of Lord Rosebery's democratic doctrine on this issue is not in the least degree impugned by the fact that the constituencies returned to office the party to which the House of Lords ridiculously appertains.

The verdict might have been the same if the question submitted had been the conduct and prerogatives of the Upper House, for, leaving on one side any supposed inclination of the English people with a Tory fit on to defend the Second Chamber, the House of Lords was the effective champion of the interests which Liberal legislation was supposed to menace. At all events the decision was such as the Peers desired, and such as could not but convince them that in any appeal to the people they would have fair play and a good chance.

But what did the election turn on? and what carried it? The moral of the figures of the poll is to be found in the conclusion that the Tory or reactionary impulse was widespread. It was the universality, rather than the depth of the preponderance of sentiment, that produced the majority out of proportion to the actual numbers of the votes.

The reason for this universality, this widespread preponderance of anti-Liberal feeling, was that the Liberal attack was also widespread. The vested interest of clerical supremacy may not have affected Liberals everywhere; the vested interest of the publican may not have been everywhere cherished; nor that of the landed proprietor. But when all these three interests were attacked at once—and attacked not merely by way of the assertion of principles, but by actual attempts at legislation—there was no constituency in which one or other did not naturally find determined supporters. In most places all three did; in all one or more did.

It would seem, therefore, to be bad party tactics to stir up all your

foes at once. Nor is this low ground to take. For there can be no obligation to attempt everything simultaneously. The "filling up of the cup" is now seen to have been conspicuously and fatally artificial in its idea, as it was irritating all round in its attempted execution. The greatest mistake was made in not dissolving on the rejection of the Home Rule Bill. That we can all see now. A General Election on that issue in 1892 would have taken place under the auspices of Mr. Gladstone; would have raised distinctly the question of Lords and Commons; would have been conducted by Mr. Gladstone on that line with intense and kindling vehemence; would have been much more likely to yield a Liberal victory than we can well imagine after all this period of desultory and despairing trouble; and whether success attended it or not, it would have brought us, at the present point of time, so much nearer the next "swing of the pendulum": whereas ever since 1892 the time, for party purposes, though fortunately not for the interests of the nation, has been absolutely wasted. It was clearly a gross miscalculation to prefer a course of policy which in reference to success or failure could only have the effect of irritating and combining the enemies of the Liberal party.

And here we come to a crucial feature of party fights. Every one who is associated with a vested interest fights resolutely and desperately for the preservation of it—for self-preservation. On the other hand, the attacking party has no personal interest—it is a fight of principle; and hence the only keen enthusiasm obtainable for the attack is that evinced by men of ideas—men who care for political principles as principles. These are a very small minority. The only chance of overthrowing a powerful vested interest is to have the whole community outside that interest enlisted on your side. But if at the same time you are threatening or attacking other interests, those who benefit by them will not join your army in the attack, but will make common cause with your enemy. The Church joined the publicans because she also was attacked; whereas probably, if the onslaught had been in a fair field against the liquor trade alone, the Liberals might have reckoned upon support from a certain proportion of the clergy. We may say the same as to the interest concerned in land.

The pith of the matter was that each of these interests was fighting positively and directly for the pocket. Every small squire, every clergyman, and every publican knew that a Tory success meant money in the pocket.

And unless there are to be great disappointments, the result will show that, from the low point of view of the pocket, these men were right. They are expecting to get something out of the next Budget. This obvious and certain pecuniary gain, or hope of gain, was a motive power in actual working immeasurably stronger than the patriotic principle which alone the Liberals had to offer for the encouragement

of their followers. Only a few are capable of altruistic fervour. A £5 note appeals to every member of every class.

It may be asked, "Can the Liberal party compete with such offers? Is it not debarred from doing so by its principles?" The reply is twofold—first, that there are Liberal measures which are legitimately productive of material advantages, though this might be a bad reason for giving them precedence; secondly, the Liberal party should make sure of not giving any handle or advantage to their opponents, whose temptations to mercenary electors are gross and mountainous. The lesson to be learnt is one of tactics. It is a lesson for the immediate and for the more distant future. It begins to be of importance this year. It will increase in importance as the fortunes of Ministry and Opposition shape themselves. It should be learnt at once and practised assiduously.

Tactics in our party warfare come under three heads: 1. The local organisation of the party. 2. The collecting of the mature and deliberate opinion of all sections of the party. 3. The conduct of the Front Bench.

On the first head, I will suggest two opposite lines of reflection. On the one hand, it may be said that local organisation does not matter. Local organisation is easy enough when you have forces to organise. All complaints of bad organisation come from places where the party is weak. Given Liberal enthusiasm, it can without difficulty be directed into the channel where its force can be made the most of.

On the other hand, local party organisation is kept up, will be kept up, will not be dispensed with. Our party managers cannot be expected either to derogate from the importance of their office or to carry elections in the absence of that machinery by which electoral strength is manipulated. And certainly this necessity has not been diminished by the great changes which have taken place in the Liberal body politic, for under the old circumstances there was a great deal of social influence and natural precedence wherewith to operate against the Tory foe. The Liberal party has now no such advantage. I cannot but think that this consideration must largely affect our judgment as to the utility of organisation and as to the general probabilities of the Liberal future.

Samuel Pepys records that on the second of September, 1660, he went to St. Margaret's and heard a good sermon upon the text, "Teach us the old way, or something like it," wherein the preacher "ran over all the new tenets in policy and religion which have brought us into all our late divisions." The time seems favourable now for a sermon to be delivered before Liberal audiences, and if an effective preacher were to "run over" our late failures we might be enabled to

judge whether those failures were owing to divisions, and what divisions, or to new tenets, and what new tenets, in policy.

In truth, however, not much analysis is necessary, although it were inaccurate and unphilosophical to attribute the recent great reverse to any one simple cause. "The old way"—to quote Pepsys' Restoration text—can hardly do for such very new times.

The loss of social leaders from the Liberal side has been for practical purposes very embarrassing. The upper crust, so to speak, has been peeled right off us. This has been mainly owing to what *prima facie* and really was a new tenet in policy—Home Rule for Ireland. The truest Liberals were those who most readily accepted that tenet; but it certainly was new, in a very material sense. Its newness was a great argument for it, because Mr. Gladstone meant it to meet new conditions, and it would have met those conditions if the House of Lords had concurred in the new policy of the House of Commons. In one sense it was not new, for it was a return to the doctrine of Fox and Grey and other leading Whigs at the time of the "Union." Every good Liberal was entitled to say in 1886 that he was entering upon a sound Whig heritage when he frankly accepted the new tenet of policy. Very much to the honour of the Liberal party this was what the majority of Liberals did, under circumstances of the extremest difficulty, especially considering that the National Liberal Federation had been absolutely under the influence of the bold and distinguished statesman whose hostility to Mr. Gladstone's new Irish policy was the most serious popular factor in the awkward new situation which had been created. From that point of time, however, the Liberals were practically a party with little money, with less social influence, and very much weakened in their hold of the Nonconformist middle classes.

In such circumstances organisation became of more importance as means became scantier. Organisation must be largely a question of money; especially on the Liberal side. But the Conservative organisation is far more perfect, far better worked, far better supported by funds than the Liberal organisation. On such a subject it is idle to put forward facts, for they may not be capable of being proved. I content myself with stating three things which I believe to exist on the Tory side—things to which there is nothing to correspond on the Liberal side. It is my belief that in one borough—which would mean that it was so also in others—the Tories keep every street, and therefore every supposed Tory voter, constantly under the observation, and, if need be, the manipulation of paid persons; persons paid throughout the year—*except when an election is on*. Fact the first, to which there is nothing similar in the Liberal management and machinery. The Central Tory Organisation in London is believed—I limit my

statement to one of belief—to have in its service about ten travelling agents of tried ability, who go round the country probing, testing, advising, strengthening and assisting; and these missionaries are received (except in places so strongly Tory that it is not worth while for them to go there) with that docility, that amenability to discipline, and that hail-fellow well-met cordiality by which Tories of the rank and file are always characterised. There is nothing like this among the Liberals, and if there were, such itinerants could not safely count on a very favourable reception, for Liberals seldom have much hope of entertaining in outside councillors angels unawares. Fact the second—if fact it be. Fact the third—if fact it be, is recorded in the belief of persons who suppose they know that the Liberal Organisation in London is carried on for £5000 a year, and that Mr. Middleton's Tory organisation costs £50,000. If any of these "facts" are exaggerations, it will not be very strongly denied by any one who understands the matter that there is beneath such statements a substantial substratum of truth. The Liberal managers, both local and central, know well enough that there is fact enough of this tenor and kind to make the carrying of elections by work a matter of extreme difficulty.

But this is only half the story. It is notorious that almost every public-house is practically a Conservative committee-room; that the Primrose League is very effective in cultivating pleasant social relations with voters, which undoubtedly have their effect; and that at every recent municipal election, as well as at the General Election, the churches have sent out large numbers of young lady canvassers whose energy is extremely great. All these again are things to which there is nothing to correspond on the Liberal side. Nor can we leave out of sight the supposition that the brewers made a very large contribution to the Tory Campaign Fund. Whether anything can be done to increase the money supplies of the Liberal party is a question of the greatest difficulty, and may not be worth discussing. But, at all events, we must face the fact that unless Liberal local organisation can be better supplied with means and workers, our dependence must be absolutely on the enthusiasm which of late it has been so difficult to arouse.

This raises the question of federated councils, the main purpose of which should be to fulfil the second object of party organisation—the collecting of the mature and deliberate opinion of all sections of the party. The leaders in each place should meet and report to each other what are the points in the party programme about which the people feel most keenly. By voting, by resolutions, by observation of the reception of proposals, the select body of councillors should be able without difficulty to judge of the legislative changes that are desired, and of the order of the general preference. It is vital that the tone

of opinion, both as to measures, and as to the order of their introduction, should be accurately gauged.

There is no force whatever in the complaint that too much is put into a programme. You cannot put too much into it if everything you include is something that a large body of people clamour for, and that is obviously on the lines of the natural justice of which Liberalism is the embodiment.

When the programme comes to be carried out in office, or to be clearly placed before the country at a General Election, the weight of the programme becomes important. A clear and decided selection and order of proceeding is then imperative. Thus you arrive at the great question of the conduct that is advisable on the Front Bench.

But it should here be recognised that a question is likely to arise as to the relations between the National Liberal Federation and the Government of the day or the Front Opposition Bench, as the case may be.

When the Federation was established it had two main ideas. One was to make local management and selection of candidates popular, instead of "hole and corner," or aristocratic. The other was to force the central leaders of the party to be Radical rather than Whiggish. Both these aims were more or less accomplished. The avidity with which the rank and file of the party throughout the country seized hold of the idea which Mr. Chamberlain had developed at a time when it seemed unlikely that he would be brought within the official circle, had a great effect, and the Federation soon secured at its annual meetings the presence and oratory of the leading Liberals of the Front Bench. The result was a great popularisation of the official policy. Mr. Schnadhorst's success confirmed this consequence of the new system, and when he remained with the main body of the party, and the Federation, which had been centred at Birmingham, refused to pass over with Mr. Chamberlain to the Opposition on the subject of Home Rule, a removal took place to London, which established the National Liberal Federation as the popular and democratic machine of the Liberal party in direct co-operation with the official chiefs. It is difficult to understand how any persons deeply concerned for the democratic element can regard with dissatisfaction the course of these changes. There appears to be in some a hankering after the days in which extreme measures, supposed to be popular with the million, were promoted in Parliament only by a minority of about fifty of the Liberal party in the House. Surely it should be evident to everybody that the quasi-official connection of the National Liberal Federation with the Front Bench has led to an enormous acceleration of the adoption by the Liberal Front Bench of strong Liberal programmes. In this there can scarcely be any improvement by any changes, espe-

cially as the Liberal party is out of office, and must remain, until the Tory power is shaken, without power of initiative.

The most democratic members of the Liberal party—by which phrase I mean those members of the party who most value the infusion into the policy of the party of the ideas and preferences of the majority of its members—could hardly have a better instrument than the National Liberal Federation to carry out what they desire. And they may depend upon it that they will do far more to expedite Radical change by keeping hand in glove with the Liberal whips, and the Liberal leaders than they can do by any attempt to substitute an irresponsible Radical propaganda.

Looking back to the first successful preparation of Liberal initiative by the National Liberal Federation we may say with confidence that it has never yet failed to stamp the most advanced ideas of the party upon the declared and formulated policy of the leaders. This has been advantageous alike to the party, to the country, and to the leaders of the Liberal party. Anything that has gone wrong has not been in consequence of the principles introduced into official Liberal law-making by the National Liberal Federation. The result of the working of that much-abused body has undoubtedly been to introduce Radical principles more quickly into official programmes and Queen's Speeches, and in the future the result of a continuance of good understanding and even solidarity between the Federation and the official Liberal leaders will be to place the full strength of Liberal opinion at the service of those who have to lead in Parliament. Whether their action under the natural pressure of events takes the form of criticism of policy, or preparation for measures, there is no better security to be had for the well-working of official Liberalism on Radical lines than can be had by a continuance of the present relations between 41 Parliament Street and the Opposition Whip office in the lobby of the House of Commons.

And now, supposing that we have, working well with each other, such local organisation as can be had, and the National Liberal Federation and the Whips, what is to be the conduct of the Front Bench?

In the late Government there was too little consideration given to the position of the party. Home Rule had been proposed and carried in the House of Commons under the great inspiration of the Chief; the Newcastle Programme formulated the other measures held to be required by Liberal opinion, and by the wants of the nation; and the programme was pursued with too little regard to what might be the result to the fortunes and strength of the party which was endeavouring to carry it. No one seemed from time to time to regard the situation from this point of view. The retirement of Mr. Gladstone had worse effects than is generally supposed. The leader of a

party must be able to command implicit confidence. It may even be necessary that he should command blind support. To gain this power and influence he must have grown into the place; he must have made himself inevitable.

The sudden selection of Lord Rosebery could not be avoided, and ought to have evoked perfect loyalty. It was, undoubtedly, the best thing to be done at the moment. Nobody can too seriously and deeply apprehend how entirely absent from that event was any moving of personal ambition on Lord Rosebery's part. He may be said to have accepted the Premiership as George IV. gave his consent to Catholic Emancipation—with a pistol at his head. There is a story that he yielded finally to the urging of one of his colleagues, not of Cabinet rank, but who had with him great and valued personal intimacy. This gentleman is alleged to have dared to say to Lord Rosebery that he would be a coward if he did not take the place; and the story goes that Lord Rosebery felt this as if a riding whip had slashed him in the face. So free was the situation from anything like self-seeking on his part! His personality has fully justified the choice of the majority of his colleagues. But he would be the first to acknowledge that it has been impossible for him, so far, to make himself to the great mass of Liberals as obvious and indispensable a leader as he was in the judgment of those who forced him into the position. In consequence of that; in consequence of the working of certain factors which were much to be regretted; and in consequence of the Premier not being in the House of Commons, there was a good deal of divided authority. Lord Rosebery's colleagues had their own measures to advance, and it was impossible for him to interfere very peremptorily to fix the order of procedure. The absence of such a power is fatal to crisp and successful generalship. A responsible and universally trusted leader is essential to the success of a party. He must grow into the place. A long period in Opposition is bound to disclose him. There should be no impatience for the choice or ratification of such a leader. You cannot choose a leader of a party, or even positively continue him. He makes himself indispensable, or he is not really there at all. I most entirely believe Lord Rosebery will do this, but events must show.

When there is such a leader his party must leave to him, in concert with his colleagues and inspired by the Whips, to fix the line the party is to take. If he is strong and capable the party will fall into line. Sectional differences can only be felt seriously when a party is without capable leadership. No power of persuasion can prevent sectional opinions from being urged. But the inspiration of a great leader will avail to check their growth before they can endanger the corporate welfare of his following.

Let the rank and file be urged and educated to select loyal candi-

dates. Let minor points be left open as far as possible. Let the main duty of loyalty to the leader be encouraged. There will soon be an end of the small rivalries and detachments which were so disastrous last session.

The duty of the Whips has been indicated as being to incense and inform the Front Bench. I have acknowledged that it is most desirable that they should, as it were, sit at the receipt of custom by working in as uniform harmony as possible with the officers of the Federation. It is not possible, however, for them without disadvantage to take a pronounced part in the forming and registering of opinion. If their association with the popular Federal body is in this way too close and of the wrong kind, they will inevitably mould the opinions which it is their function only to collect and report. Of course they will mix freely with all important people in the party as much as possible, for this will help them to judge of the correctness of the estimates made by those who report to them.

The right division of work between local organisers, Federation, Whips, and Chiefs, is this: The local organisation should do its best to be ready for an election, should neglect no means of promoting enthusiasm, should be careful that the information as to local party opinion conveyed to headquarters is honest, accurate and well-balanced. The Federation should ascertain, formulate and represent to the Whips the preponderant sentiment of their constituents throughout the country; should act as a sort of clearing-house for the transaction of Liberal business and when necessary for the accommodation of Liberal opinion; should assist the local organisations in obtaining candidates and in working elections. The Whips should co-operate systematically with the Federation in this last-named function; they should derive from the Federation clear ideas of the requirements of the party as to legislation and policy; of the impression which the conduct of public affairs from moment to moment is making on the minds of the party, whichever side may be in office; and of the preponderant choice as to the order in which measures should be pressed forward when the party is in power. They should convey all this to the leaders in Parliament with the utmost possible care to distinguish between the feelings which they find prevailing and their own counsels upon the situations which so arise. With the chiefs must rest the duty of deciding what shall be the policy of the party in Legislation, in Administration and in Foreign Affairs. The ultimate choice of measures either to be put into the Queen's Speech or to be demanded at a General Election, and the order in which such measures shall be taken must be left absolutely to them (and it would be much safer to say, if it were possible, must be left absolutely to *him*—meaning one superior and predominant leader). There is never any fear of a great leader being insufficiently operated

upon by the competing claims of the different sections of his followers. There is very great danger of a weak leader, or a duality or knot of insufficiently harmonious leaders, being too much operated upon by such competing claims.

This is the most important lesson to be learnt from recent experience; and unless it is learnt the Liberal party will find that it has done something worse than undergo misfortunes and commit mistakes. If we are to permit either advocates of special measures or partisans of particular nationalities to press their claims for legislation irrespective of the general welfare of the side, the Liberal party will be found to have contracted a chronic disease which will fatally weaken it for many years to come, and deprive it of every chance of achieving success in office, except such chances as may be afforded by the blank fatuity of its opponents.

And it is impossible to touch on this subject without paying the highest possible tribute to the Nationalist Irish members. Their loyalty and practical helpfulness have been beyond all praise, and have proved what good politicians they are, as well as that even in circumstances of peculiar difficulty they observe to the letter any compact into which they enter. These are not bad qualities wherewith to bid for the management of their country's domestic affairs. If all had been like them!

Liberals are now in Opposition. According to the old epigram, the authorship of which is periodically contested, it is now the business of Liberals to oppose. There is no fear of their lacking material for criticism. Before this, if adequate vigour had been shown, the Liberal chiefs would have placed themselves at the head of a great national protest against the ineptitude of the Foreign Office in dealing with the Sultan. If one may judge by the conversation even of Tories, it would not have been difficult for Lord Rosebery to have made December a very uncomfortable month for Lord Salisbury, if he had acted as it is difficult to believe Mr. Gladstone would not have acted in this matter. Even now there are six weeks to elapse before the meeting of Parliament, during which rape, rapine, and slaughter may continue to afflict a country which Great Britain is bound by Lord Salisbury's own official pledges, not merely to protect, but to see well governed.

The education policy of the Government, even if restricted to the limits suggested by the Duke of Devonshire's guarded speech to the episcopal deputation, may well excite considerable hostility in the two camps of Nonconformity and education proper; but notoriously more is expected of the Government by the Denominationalists; and the Opposition are entitled to hold the Ministry responsible for absolutely anti-educational designs in consideration of the reactionary declarations of the Premier, who has avowed it as a cardinal principle that the cost of primary instruction ought to be reduced, if possible, to a

stricter enforcement of police regulations, would not have served the cause of temperance more. But when the party resolved that the line for the democracy was not to allow Free Trade in drink, but to take charge directly of the licensing of public-houses, this became the line upon which the Liberal party had to conduct, both its legislative and its instructing functions.

I believe it is by no means a fanciful distinction to say that the Liberal party has advantages in the selection and enforcement of its doctrines which the Conservative party cannot possibly possess, and in too many instances when the Conservative party does make undoubted reforms, they are spoilt more or less by the qualifications which are introduced into them, or by the feeble and artificial character of the arguments by which they have to be supported.

The Liberal party cannot escape the duty of systematically instructing the people in the path of progress, just as it is equally true that the Conservative party, except in particular instances and without ascertained principle, cannot lead the people along that path.

A still more thorny office for the Liberal party to have to undertake is the imparting to the people of such political intelligence as will enable them to rise superior to many electioneering influences the power of which is as extraordinary as it is inexplicable. At a meeting lately held in my own city a distinguished Nonconformist expostulated vigorously with his fellow Dissenters for their weakness in more or less deserting the Liberal cause. He said, and quite truly, that in the days of his youth such a thing as a Tory Dissenter was almost unknown, while nowadays many Dissenting congregations are pretty equally divided. One does not know precisely to what influences to attribute this change, and one would not say positively that it is inconsistent for a Dissenter to be a Conservative. But it certainly is remarkable that Dissenters should be divided or lukewarm in a general election and that immediately afterwards they should be found energetically clamouring against educational measures which a Conservative Government would have had no opportunity of proposing if the whole natural strength of the Liberal party had been arrayed everywhere against Conservative candidates.

Still more striking instances of strange and stupid inconsistency are afforded by farmers and operatives. Farmers are full of complaints, and certainly their landlords are frequently complained of by them. They must be aware that the relations which exist between many landlords and their tenants are so devoid of sound commercial basis, and the whole principle of cultivation and tenancy in this country is so imperfectly amenable to commercial considerations, that the principles of Liberalism would be likely to afford them in the

shape of land legislation more chance than they now possess of getting their rights as against any undue claims which their landlords may make upon them. But in spite of this, there seem to be few rural districts in which the landlords cannot carry all the farmers with them, although any ameliorative proposals which they offer, either at election time or in the House of Commons, are entirely chimerical. The case of the operatives is similar. In the late Government, the Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, devoted himself most assiduously to the interests of the working men. He imposed many restrictions on employers, and required much to be done by them for the good of those whom they employed. But it is alleged, and probably with too much truth, that where employers who had previously been Liberal were turned against the late Government by their vexation at the expense which Mr. Asquith enforced upon them by this humane legislation, they had no difficulty in carrying with them against Liberal candidates a considerable proportion of their men, for whose benefit these Liberal measures had been conceived.

Then there are to be dissipated by good Liberal instruction the common capricious prejudices and the liabilities to unworthy personal preference which are seen in all elections, but against which a true instructor of the democracy will always protest. In this last-named matter both parties are at fault. But there is far more shame attaching to a Liberal who uses low arguments in favour of a candidate, or makes wild promises as a candidate, than can fairly attach to a Conservative, who makes no particular professions in such matters and is less concerned for the purity and credit of democratic election.

Liberals have been in office before, and will be in office again, without completing the education of the democracy in political high-mindedness. One may admit that in certain instances they have, in a low sense, profited by the constituencies being amenable to low-minded considerations. But there is no Pharisaism in saying that only the Liberal party can effectively teach the electorate high principles. And it is plain truth, obvious to Liberals and more than suspected by Tories, that in most cases the higher the principles on which the electorate act the better success the Liberal party will have. That the embodiment of high principles in legislation and policy must be good for the nation can need no demonstrating, though selfish interests and unscrupulous notions of tactics frequently push high principles on one side.

The Liberal New Year should open as brightly as it can be made by unshaken confidence in the principles which have been declared and the measures which have been proposed; by the visible success of Sir William Harcourt's finance; by the probability of much

embarrassment on the Ministerial side ; by the hope of asserting sound principles in economics and education ; by a yearning desire to rescue Armenia ; by a reasonable expectancy of building up again the Liberal strength ; by a determination never again to resort to "filling up the cup," or any other merely theatrical expedient ; by an iron resolution at all costs and hazards, to discourage and override any Parliamentary sections which will not "play the game" as marked out by the leaders ; and by a well-assured conviction that under an inspiring leader, to be assured in his position by himself and by events, the party will ere long regain its full popular strength.

EDWARD R. RUSSELL.

THE QUESTION OF ALLIANCES.

AT last most Englishmen understand that their country is entirely isolated, being at the same time without sufficient defence against the coalitions which her determination to have no allies naturally invites. At last, too, the illusions of a self-flattering sentimentalism break down before a plain exhibition of the hatred in which England is held half the world over, and that the fighting half. Ringed about with menacing animosities—all of them well rooted—she sees on a sudden the mistake of fancying isolation independence, and cries aloud for “alliances or redoubled armament” several years too late.

By several years too late, however, I mean no more than this. The imperative character of those alternatives was understood and pressed upon Government and country in the eighties, the argument being repeated many times since. In this REVIEW and others I myself have often urged the absolute necessity of adopting one of the two. But if the choice was for alliances, it should have been acted on before Russia and France came together, establishing a new centre of gravitation. If armament was the choice, the Admiralty should have gone to work with a full purse while yet no foreign navy could compare with our own, thereby outstripping and confounding all hope of competition with the country of Nelson and Blake. Neither alternative being taken, the neglect is punished by its natural consequences. It is doubtful whether England could obtain an alliance now by begging for it—possibly not by paying for it. (Of which more is to be said by and by.) So as to the one choice. As to the other, since we have allowed foreign navies to come so much nearer to the strength of our own, it is not certain that we shall be allowed time to confront a combination of them with a force strong enough to

forbid attack. That great advantage may be permitted to England by her angry and jealous rivals, but it may not. All depends upon their views of policy. And this is why I say that the demand for "alliances or vaster naval armaments" has become general too late. Only a few years ago we could have done pretty much what we pleased as to either means of defence. Now we must do what we can with one of them, which, however, England's enemies may find enough.

It was the fury of the Germans which (together with the rediscovery that blood may be thicker than water to very little purpose) accomplished the awakening of England. It is a fury that should be understood, and all that is natural in it acknowledged; for in seeking to understand the intensity of German wrath against England we may learn one or two important lessons which have still some bearing on the conduct of our affairs abroad. Convinced by the tremendous competition for commerce and colonies that England could never stand long without alliances or an immense protecting fleet, agreement with the German Powers and Italy has always seemed to me judicious, for these reasons to start with. In the first place, it was an alliance that we *could* go into; that is to say, it was an alliance open to us. In the next place, declining the peace-partnership for which the Germans were so profoundly anxious did not end the matter. The refusal had consequences. England's preference for isolation did not condemn the German Government to look no farther for a bargain. Declining bonds of friendship with Germany might turn out to be bad English for converting that powerful Empire into a leagued enemy. In listening to the Bismarckian overtures, therefore, England had to consider two questions; not only, "What if we consent to join the Triple Alliance?" but also, "What if we refuse to join it?" and the second question was no less important than the first. But was it ever allowed the same weight by public opinion in England, or even by England's public men? Evidently not. As often as the question was raised, it came up to be decided by the hazards and inconveniences of joining the Triple Alliance; the risk of refusal being unconsidered, or set aside after a little contemplation as too remote and insignificant to be placed in the balance.

Fully to comprehend the effect of this (apparently) contemptuous neglect on the German people we should reflect a moment on its origin. When we do so we see that it is largely accounted for by an ingrain but of course never-formulated British notion that though invasion, conquest, crushings to the dust, are quite in the natural order of things where other nations are concerned, no such calamities were ever meant for us. They were never intended for Britons; and though continental Powers in a pique may sometimes talk of coalitions and combinations against England, something august about us whispers them all the time that it would not do. Now a people under dis-

appointment of an alliance which while it would do England no harm would make peace safe for themselves, may be pardoned if they see in this notion an arrogant, selfish, stupid complacency, very disgusting and inviting to a fall. But that is only one feeling in a perfect octave of hostile sentiments. Immediately beside it is a sense of insult. English indifference to whatever consequences may ensue upon a definite rejection of the German alliance must be explained (it is thought) by an assumption that Germany is powerless to make them disagreeable. She may fret, she may fume, but her case is such that she cannot help herself. Her Kaisers and Chancellors threaten other arrangements, of unpleasant meaning for Britain's peace, and we wave the hand of contempt: let them make these arrangements if they can! Naturally galling? We may make the admission, I think, however much the waving hand of contempt may be—or rather, for a long time was—justified by the actual state of affairs in continental Europe.

But the main cause of the bitter hatred of England in Germany has a more substantial character; and the fair-minded man will say that it really touches us. The Triple Alliance was really a League of Peace. It was maintained at the cost and risk of Germany, Austria, and Italy. For many years it served its purpose well. Though over a long period the condition of things in Europe was extremely ticklish, peace was assured. Now peace, as the late Lord Derby said and we are in no danger of forgetting, is the greatest of British interests. It may be that the allies profited more than England by their compact, yet England profited enormously. Nor were we backward in acknowledging its benefits, neither ashamed to fall into attitudes of alarm whenever the great protecting Triple Alliance seemed to be endangered. It gave confidence to our traders and security to our trade. It planted tranquillity in our bosoms, and shed serenity upon our Stock Exchange investments. It even gave us reasons for saving large sums of money which otherwise would have been demanded for defensive purposes. The Triple Alliance covered us, and we were glad to be so well sheltered. Is that a true statement or not? If so, can we be surprised that the Germans simmer in wrathful disgust at what they call the unhandsomeness—but no, they do not call it that—of our standing out of the Alliance through thick and thin? No doubt we can say with truth that England *did* strengthen the Alliance. There is little likelihood that Italy would have entered into it without a certain promise from Downing Street, and obviously there is a great deal in that. But it never satisfied the German sense of what was due from England. The engagement to Italy? What is it? Something unavowed. Something entirely unauthorised by Parliament. The promise of a Minister, subject to notice of withdrawal by the same Minister or

another ; which is a very different thing from joining the Alliance, as Italy did, and so putting its stability and the peace of Europe completely out of doubt. So ran the complaint of what in sum was called (this time we will not withhold the genuine *Berlinesse*) cowardly selfishness.

This was the feeling even when the Triple League was still strong and while the Germans were comparatively comfortable. But time brought changes which made England's rejection of alliance a yet more serious thing for them. Year by year Russia was consolidating her strength, and meantime extending the shadow of her protection over France ; while that country recreated an army, established her fortresses, filled her arsenals, and built up her formidable fleets. On the other hand ? On the other hand, no corresponding increase of strength, moral or material. From time to time indeed, great additions were made to the German army, amidst bitter German reflections that a quadruple alliance would have reduced the need of them. But Austria soon approached the end of her means of war preparation ; while as for the Italian kingdom, there was never any popular enthusiasm for the Alliance in that country, and after a few years the financial strain of the engagement was grudged very deeply. Still, however, the triple combination held the field stontly enough, and the more confidently because there was as yet no belief in a positive alliance between those other Powers. There was, indeed, total disbelief in any such outcome. But it happened. Then the Germans, who had long been pining for an understanding with Russia, gave way to alarm. Looking across the waters westward, they still saw England in an attitude forbidding all hope of succour for the gasping League of Peace, and comprehended their situation. They must needs get into the good graces of France and Russia somehow—if by no other way, then hat in hand and through the gate of humiliation. And this necessary business they pushed on without loss of time, Government and people burning with an animosity against England which may be unjust but is certainly not unaccountable.

Not to wrong our neighbours, and not to wrong ourselves by shutting out a means of coming to sound conclusions, so much must

* A rough but strong and clear expression of this feeling may be found in the letter of "A Hollander," in a recent number of the *Times*: "Our chief grievance against England is that she is disloyal to Europe. Your statesmen call England, in the first place, an Asiatic Power, but you cannot break away from your moorings and drift with your two islands to the Indian Sea. You are a European Power, but all sense of European solidarity is wanting in you. The exaggerated fashion in which the President of the United States showed his sense of responsibility as regards the maintenance of peace and justice in America is more respectable than England's very selfish policy of isolation. You like to enjoy the fruits of peace, but refuse all responsibility, and do not guarantee it by any alliance. You play head or tails in this way—Head, and peace, I win! Tails, and war, I win! England has played a great and, in the main, a most useful part in the world. But her persistent land-grabbing and too frequent bullying of smaller nations, as well as her aforesaid policy of isolation, have well nigh destroyed the sympathy and respect with which she was formerly regarded on the Continent."

be said as to the anti-English feeling which lately flamed out in the Kaiser's country. Flamed out, but not by any means to burn out. It is a long-standing hatred, and, still existing, has evidently much to do with the question of alliances in its later aspects. Far together with the alarm which set in with the revelation of the Russo-French *entente*, it may have put the German Empire already into the train of that partnership; in which case, of course, there is an end of the matter. Useless to talk of alliances when isolation has ceased to be a matter of choice. Or supposing choice still available, the declaration of this hostile feeling must harden the doubt in many English minds as to whether the German alliance is or ever was an eligible one. Assuming the question still open, that is the first point for debate; and for my own part I remain firm in the opinion that the German-Austrian-Italian alliance is for England the only safeguard, except one that may be better: independence sufficiently armed to be maintainable against the world.

Such an opinion as mine, on a subject like this, is of course worth nothing without the support of sound reasons. These can be supplied, I believe; but the very best are likely to fall flat before the conviction that the right policy for England is a policy of *no* alliances. This conviction was all but universal with us till the other day—it obtains very largely still; and yet how much of obvious fallacy is mixed up with it! There is the assumption (sprung from the fascination of a phrase, like many other mischievous semblances of truth) that alliances must needs be “entangling.” If so, the whole course of English foreign policy, from the time of the Norman Conquest down to the present century, must be a history of entanglements, especially when it is also a story of advancement and pride. The truth is that alliances may be good or bad, according to the way in which they are made and what they are made of: by nature, they are no more entangling than trade contracts. But abstention from alliances, it is said, is “the traditional policy of England”; and that would be a good though not a complete argument were it veracious. But in veracity it is wanting; and its correction supplies an argument the other way. That England should abstain from alliances passed into a principle at a time in this century when she was the most commanding Power in the world—not before. Compare the European nations with England in the years just after Waterloo. Her military reputation was then at its highest. A mighty Sea-Power—and Trafalgar preceded Captain Mahan in showing what that means—her fleets could ride over all the navies of Europe in combined array. For such an England alliances of provision are unnecessary; they come at call; and in these affairs all that is unnecessary is best done without. But the privilege passes with the power. The England

of to-day must be judged not by its actual but by its relative strength—in isolation as against combination; and when that is done, it appears that what was for a time a sound principle of policy is now no better than a dangerous superstition. A little more, and it will take another shape, and become a fatality.

In maintenance of this superstition another assumption is constantly advanced; which is, that the best way to have no enemies is to make no friends. So stated, it is a passable epigram of a certain kind, perhaps, but not one that holds good in international affairs. There it is entirely fallacious. Said Sir William Harcourt when he spoke for the late Administration in the House of Commons, "To ally themselves with any group of Powers in Europe or elsewhere is not the policy of the Government, nor was it the policy of the preceding Government. The policy of this country is to act on friendly terms with all Powers in Europe and America alike." It can be no mistake, I suppose, that the main motive of this policy is a calculation that if we act on friendly terms with all Powers in Europe and America alike, all Powers in Europe and America will give their friendship to us. So it should be, certainly; but long experience that it is not so is now confirmed by demonstration to excess.

We should mark another obviously fallacious assumption (it peeps out from the few words quoted above) which props the policy of no alliances. It seems to be fancied that "alliance" is a synonym of "hostility"; that hostility is always implied in such compacts, or may always be inferred from them. As a matter of course, however, alliances may be entirely without hostile intention or effect. They are so which are purely defensive—truly designed to stave off war, which is believed to be one of the best means of preventing it altogether. Of such a character was the Triple Alliance; and on that account—no other—it was heartily approved by Englishmen of all parties. When an Englishman talks of alliances for his own country he always means alliance of this kind—alliance for peace and its blessings; and after what has been seen of the working of such a partnership over a long period, it cannot be maintained that peace leagues are useless for their purpose. It is clear that they may be thoroughly effective for an object more precious to England, perhaps, than to any other nation on the face of the earth.

And this consideration also I would suggest as much to the point. An alliance defensive of the peace of two or three nations is no more a declaration or even a means of hostility than the defensive dominant fleets of one nation would be. And yet, after what has happened lately, we are all pretty well agreed, I take it, that isolation cannot be enjoyed without a navy strong enough, and manifestly strong enough, to sink the fleets and destroy the commerce of the three

greatest nations in continental Europe. But, plainly, in a navy of that magnitude there will be quite as much of "latent hostility" as could be argued from membership of a defensive alliance. And of that magnitude at least it must be; for it is hard to see how, in certain circumstances freely discussed of late, the Italian kingdom could maintain a position of friendly neutrality favourable to ourselves. For another and most important thing, I remain firmly persuaded that a combination of Russia, France and Germany for operations in the Far East could press the ships and harbours of Japan into their service; her artificers also, of course.* In a coalition of that weight there is a vast fund of quiet coercive force—enhanced in this case by the use to which Russia could put the enmity of China to Japan. That the rising naval Power in the Far East can never be an ally of ours is settled when we say that we will have no alliances at all.

But supposing the country convinced by these and similar reflections that the policy of no alliances should be reconsidered, dispute would immediately arise—indeed, has already arisen—over the right choice of allies. So far, the discussion has gone upon an unquestioning assumption that we can choose where we will; we think the matter over, announce our decision, and the arrangement is complete. The matter is not so simple. For the fact that other European Powers habitually form alliances of provision puts the country which prefers to do without them to this disadvantage. Trusting to pick up a friend or two in any great and sudden emergency, such as we saw the black shadow of a few weeks ago, the outsider may find when need presses hardest that all the more potent friendships are already engaged. The possibility of this mischance is never mentioned when the no-alliance policy is defended; and yet, is it so very unlikely to happen? Certainly, it is no fault of the German Government, nor to the joy of France and Russia, if England is not in that position to-day; and no one who happens to be unacquainted with the inmost secrets of all the Cabinets can be sure that she isn't. Assuming, however, that there is still no difficulty about reviving and joining the Triple Alliance, I see many good reasons in favour of that course, if isolation is to be done with.

For inasmuch as that partnership survives, its one grand object is the maintenance of peace—peace on the existing basis of affairs; and in those seven words is expressed every need, aim, hope, desire, of British policy. That object secured, all that we can ask of fortune is guaranteed. If I exaggerate in saying so, a little reflection will expose the error; but if not, here is a purpose which we can hardly

* See article, "The Wilful Isolation of England," in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for June 1895.

go too far out of our way to make good. Some inconvenience might be borne for it. The unusual might be faced for it. Even more might be ventured to secure an advantage so consummate. But could it be secured? Could it be secured by accepting the same responsibilities which little Italy undertook, and, except financially (where we should not be touched), is none the worse for? It would be hard to allow a possibility of doubting it. Remember, first, that this is a peace league; absolutely non-aggressive (as the other combination is not) by plain statement of the terms of the contract. Therefore the alliance is without adventure, which might be wearing and weakening; and its strength for the purpose of all concerned—maintenance of peace on the basis of the *status quo*—would be this: the strength of England's navy, plus the Italian, German, and Austrian ships, plus the use for all these fleets of the ports and harbours of the four nations; and therewith the might of three great armies, including the strongest in the world, according to informed belief. And that is not all; for a peace league of this magnitude would surely draw to it the smaller European States (than which none are more enamoured of the *status quo*) by gravitation and sympathy alike. Who can doubt that such an alliance could command peace absolutely, without the firing of a shot or even the explosion of a threatening word? And looking to the actual experience of a far weaker peace league over many years, what reason is there for fearing that England would suffer more inconvenience through going frankly into such a combination than by hanging half in and half out, to the disgust of some nations, the suspicion of others, the derision of all, and danger to the one great object of her desires: peace on the existing basis of affairs?

For example: should we have been harassed by so many difficulties with Germany in colonial matters had England joined the Triple Alliance when it was formed? Germany with us instead of against us, would not our defeat in the Far East have been avoided, and would there have been any likelihood then that Japan would be forced into a combination hostile to England? The history of our recent action at the Porte: would it not have been somewhat different in the outcome? And the Boer troubles, and that blazing Imperial telegram, and the rest of it? Possibly, however, it may be said, to the contrary, that with England a full partner in the German-Italian alliance, the rivalry of France and Russia would be more bitter and more keen. But, as for that, there is no reason whatever to suppose that it would make the slightest difference. The rivalry of both with England is never below its opportunities, and is always exerted to the last limit of prudence. (For which I do not blame them in the least.)

One objection to the course we are considering—without forgetting,

however, that it is not the only nor perhaps the better one—has great weight. It is the general fear of “entanglement,” condensed into a particular dread of being dragged at the heels of a *rust* Bismarckian kind of Government or plunged into remediless trouble by an ever-youthful Emperor. And there is no denying that this is a grave consideration. Neither the great Chancellors nor the reputed demigods of the German Empire have succeeded in convincing the world that it is safe to have much to do with them. From the time when he was Crown Prince till to-day, only one opinion of the German Emperor was ever tenable, and that is the opinion which at last, and after delays that have no reasonable or creditable explanation, all England has been converted to. His faults are foibles, no doubt; but in him they are foibles of such magnitude and effect that they suggest the monstrous and stamp him as quite incalculable. But—incalculable! In very exalted persons that may be a serious thing; and even those who admired the Emperor most would confess that no one could be sure of what he would say or do next. Therefore, that it should be thought prudent to keep clear of his ropes is, of course, entirely comprehensible. Not even the most venturesome of English politicians would counsel any other course with him, were the German Emperor as much master of Germany as the Czar is master of all things Russian.

But though there is a very common notion to the contrary, that is not the case; and that it is not so has a strong bearing on the question in hand. Germany is not all Prussia. William the Second is German Emperor, not Emperor of Germany. There are other States and other sovereign princes in the Empire—kings even. Thoroughly loyal to the Empire, resolute to maintain it as a matter of safety as well as of pride, and naturally most unwilling to recognise any point of weakness in it or any cause of discontent, these various peoples and princes have a judgment of their own and a right to make it felt. For manifest reasons, the disposition to take up this right is gaining strength. If it was ever imagined that the young Emperor was a veritable Frederick the Great, to whose will and word the fortunes of the Empire could be safely abandoned, the fancy has been destroyed; and, to put the matter shortly, the reigning Hohenzollern is under restraints, visible and invisible, strong enough to prevent any wanton wrecking of an arrangement so enormously beneficial to the German Empire as the Quadruple Alliance would be. Nobody in this island dreams of an understanding that would not leave Great Britain at full liberty to retire from it at the first clear sign of adventurous flightiness, or any trifling with the sole object of the alliance: peace on the foot of affairs as they stand. That condition would be known to, and for their own sakes would be backed by, all the smaller German States, and even by all the common sense in the Prussian

kingdom. With equal certainty, and for the same reason, it would be backed by the other two members of the partnership—Austria and Italy; and when that is said a very important consequence swims into full view.

In the Triple Alliance, when taken at its best, Germany is the head, Austria nearly helpless, Italy troubled by a preponderance that cannot be counted on for steadiness. And the common idea amongst Englishmen who are shy of the alliance evidently is that these conditions would remain after we entered into it—England being on much the same footing that Italy is condemned to. But that is a mistake. The addition of England to the alliance would change a good deal in it; not arbitrarily, but by the mere operation of something like dynamic force. A loyal and reasonable Austria would be no longer helpless. Italy would cast off all her uncertainties—in a moment, as in the twinkling of an eye. What Italy was relieved from could have no existence for England. Political equanimity, of which the smaller German States also know the need, would be added to the complete invincibility conferred by England's fleets. In every respect, without and within, the alliance would be more truly and perfectly a League of Peace. For, incidentally, the overlordship which has been a little too preponderant, erratic, incalculable, would shed its faults. In short, England would stand on equal terms with Germany at the head of this commanding alliance—perhaps a step in advance. In that foremost position, and on behalf of self and partners, she would see to the proper limitation of overlordship in an agreement for mutual peace and comfort; and, further, that its simple purposes were never overstepped.

But now we come to a check. Whether an arrangement with such consequences would be quite agreeable to the German Emperor, were any other in view, is very doubtful indeed. By natural preference as well as calculation, he has always hankered for a Russian alliance, and he would even have made it practically exclusive. He came to the throne with full-blown ideas of ruling the world by a simple association of two—himself and the Czar. Though rejected and chastened, those ideas have never been quite abandoned; and at the beginning of this article we touched upon the reasons which now add a sort of desperation to the hope of being admitted to a working agreement with Russia and France. We know that he makes bids for it, and can name them. We know, too, that the German people, wrathfully disappointed of that alliance with England which would have made all snug against any other combination, have long been nervously anxious for a Russian arrangement. And there is no visible certainty, at the present time of writing, that the arrangement cannot be managed. The probability of things suggested years ago that it would be managed in due course; that is to say, when experi-

ence of the Russian "waiting game" had obliged Germany to take a humbler tone in alliance proposals. That time seems to have come. It is said, I know, that the French grudge against Germany is still so deep that the new Triple Alliance is impossible; but this is an affair in which not France but another has the master-word. If the Russian Government looked favourably upon the admission of Germany to partnership—and at least it must desire the disruption of the Triple Alliance—France would have to rearrange her ideas. Besides, much depends upon the scope of any proposed understanding. It might be of immense importance without involving French sensibilities or touching anything in these latitudes. Recent events have vastly enlarged the area of European interests and ambitions *out of Europe*, which is exactly what concerns English statesmanship most deeply; and it is a matter of fact that Germany, Russia, and France have already worked together to great effect in the Farther East; in the nearer too, perhaps. Apart, then, from the outbreak of popular passion, German and English, which ensued upon the publication of the Emperor's telegram to President Kruger, there are good reasons for doubting whether the German alliance is not closed to us at last. However much we desired to re-establish the Triple Alliance, and make a fourth in it, there is no certainty that it could be done.

Yet on a supposition that it is still possible to do so, or may be presently, I think I have shown in the preceding paragraphs that a great deal may be said for taking that way out of a hazardous position of isolation. Every undertaking, from schemes of national defence to the prosecution of an omnibus journey, has its own risks, and of course they must be compared with the importance of the end in view. There is usually some risk in engagements with foreign Powers; but considering the Quadruple Alliance as a might-have-been, or possibly a may-be, I do not understand how it can be doubted that for ease of construction, benignity of purpose, fulness of strength, freedom in working, comparative absence of cross-chances of dispute, this alliance is the best that could be chosen if all choice were open to us. The United States must be left out of account, because it is not to be expected that that nation will make fighting alliances without need of them.

But another and a very different opinion on the choice of alliances has been pressed with great vigour since the German Emperor's telegram and various other signs and tokens demonstrated England's friendlessness and worse. Upon these unexpected revelations a cry for an understanding with France and Russia arose. Some were for an agreement with France alone, apparently; some for a Russian *entente*; others for an alliance of England, France, and Russia. Of the many remarkable assumptions included in these demands, one has

been already noticed. It was taken for granted, seemingly, that if the British Government determined on selecting France as an ally, that country would drop whatever engagements she had made elsewhere and negotiate with us at once. If, on the other hand, the handkerchief were thrown to Russia, the Czar would give orders for whatever reconstruction of policy the new union might require. In particular—there was no dream that there could be any difficulty about this—he would immediately reverse his course of action at the Porte, and begin to destroy where he had planned to protect; intending long consequences, no doubt. Even at a moment when the whole world was ringing with complaints of British egotism and British arrogance, these assumptions were paraded, with no suspicion of their true character.

Unfortunate in that way, they were wrong-headed altogether. The terms upon which France could be detached from the Russian understanding are almost inconceivable. We are not talking now, be it remembered, of the "cultivation of friendly feeling," for, to the best of our knowledge and ability, that is a constant British endeavour though entirely unsuccessful: we are talking of agreement and alliance like that which is known to bind three European Powers, and is believed to bind two others. In this sense of the word, then, the conditions of an Anglo-French alliance would barely endure formulation. In saying that, I do not confine my thought to Egypt. Egypt would have to be given up as a preliminary, a bribe to negotiation. It would be gone before we began to consider the real price of the alliance, which would of course include an undertaking to make good whatever France might hope from other arrangements, and protection from whatever penalties might threaten as a consequence of breaking them. Afterwards, and probably before long, we should have to face the incompatibilities which make an enduring Anglo-French alliance hopeless. It is hardly to be thought of, and the less because there is no likelihood that the French would listen candidly to such a project.

The proposal of an Anglo-Russian alliance is extinguished by similar difficulties. There should be give and take in all such arrangements. In this one we are to give at once a great deal that Russia is preparing to take, plus some other things that we cannot prevent her taking, on condition of receiving a written promise that she will abstain from taking more. That is no burlesque, but an accurate statement of the only conditions of alliance with Russia that have yet been heard of and the best that we could obtain. It would, in fact, be no alliance, but purchase of a promise of peace. Of substantial advantage in return for what we surrendered no mention is ever made; and neither is it explained why Russia, with real and sufficient alliances at command, should promise to take no more than a part of what she is incessantly working to obtain. Russia

is bent upon fulfilling a grand scheme of predominance in the world which has already gone far toward success. She has her own methods of working to her ends, and engagements like those that are contemplated in an Anglo-Russian alliance, if made to be kept, would only embarrass them.

This is best seen when the aforesaid methods are understood. They exactly resemble the operations of an engineer who has a vast mass of rock to blast away. Here he makes a boring, fills it with a cartridge, and leaves it to make other borings which are treated in the same manner. There may be occasional small explosions as a means of carrying on the process, but no others are intended till all's ready for the grand electric shock. So with the Russian scheme of domination. The larger borings here and there which her engineers employ themselves upon so skilfully are to wait; as those in the Turkish Empire, the perfectly complete system in Persia, and elsewhere some others less forward that need not be named. For this business it would be strange to choose an English alliance (unless for fun and dupery), while others fully efficient and more to the purpose may be taken or left.

Nearly all that is said above applies to the suggestion for an English-Russian-French alliance; the conclusion being that were it desirable for England it would not be granted, and that if it were granted it would work to her disadvantage. We are not wanted in the new enterprises out of Europe, but only wanted out of the way. I wonder whether the eager spirits who press for this alliance reflect that, as to the whole round of foreign affairs, it would place England in exactly the position which her representative held in the late diplomacies at Constantinople!—France on one side of him, Russia on the other, but imperfectly agreeing to give him support: agreement rather the other way, it appears. I wonder, too, whether it is considered that an alliance of so uneasy a description would not absolve us from the need of greatly increased armaments? Or that this is a distinctly aggressive alliance, *not* directed to the maintenance of peace on the footing of the *status quo*? Or (but this may be thought a light matter) that it would be rather base to turn upon the members of the Triple League after sheltering ourselves for years under its protection? But these are questions that may be asked and answered at ease. About the most unlikely thing in all political speculation is an English-French-Russian alliance.

It appears, then, that an alternative means of safety which was still at our disposal a little while ago is no longer available: unavailable for a time at any rate. Being lost, its advantages may be denied by those who neglected them when they might have been fully possessed; and yet no one can worthily belittle the value of

alliances who, like the rest of the British population, rejoiced in the security which the Triple League of Peace afforded so long. However, there is still the other alternative—armament; and it will do, and do well; but only on condition of being employed promptly, unsparingly, magnificently, and with no falling back into “cold fits” should the menace of interference be withdrawn for a month or two. The true truth as to England’s position amongst “surrounding nations” has been plainly revealed, within a few weeks of time, from all the four quarters of the earth: from Constantinople, from Washington, from Berlin, from the Transvaal, with minor exhibitions in a dozen places. The veil may fall again, but behind it nothing will be altered that is not changed from England by a right display of wisdom, watchfulness, courage, might. Caution, of course; but the soldier’s caution more than any other variety. For, call it what we may, the only alternative which a policy of isolation leaves to us is the fighting alternative; and the one way of keeping out of actual warfare, or of warning off combinations to squeeze, is armament on the vast forbidding scale.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

POSTSCRIPT.—At the moment when this sheet goes to press it is reported that the Russian Government has concluded an alliance with the Sultan. What truth there may be in this report will be known before the February number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW is published; but that it is true seems to me probable in the highest degree. Indeed, writing several weeks ago on “The Russian Patronage of Turkey,” I spoke of such an alliance as entirely to be expected. Its importance, of course, could hardly be exaggerated; and the bearing it has upon England’s isolation and the question of alliances is very distinctly obvious.

GERMANY UNDER THE EMPIRE.

TWENTY-FIVE years is but a span in the life of a nation, but it has wrought a great change in German thought and character. I was in Germany at the time of the great war, and I am now in Germany again twenty-five years after it, so that I am in a position to draw comparisons. I well remember the phases of emotion through which the nation passed as it received the news of victory after victory, each more colossal than the last. There was, first, sheer, helpless incredulity—the details were too gigantic for belief. Then followed a sort of dumb stupefaction when the news was confirmed. To this succeeded a feeling strangely compounded of awe and exultation. The joy and pride of victory were great, but mingled with them was the sense of awe that such things were possible—that *la Grande Nation* could be so utterly overthrown. For, up to the time of the great war, the Germans in general still regarded the French as their superiors. It was curious to notice how the French officers were treated on their arrival in Germany by their captors. Nothing could be more deferential, or even obsequious. And this was due, not so much to the chivalrous feeling of consideration for a vanquished foe—though, no doubt, there was also something of this feeling—as to the inherited consciousness that the French were actually their superiors in everything except the art of war. I happened to be in Leipzig at the time when a large proportion of the Imperial Guard arrived there as prisoners from Metz. The common soldiers fared badly enough—the hospitality of Germany was really strained to the uttermost by the colossal number of the captives. Huts surrounded by a high wooden palisade were hastily extemporised at the outskirts of the town, and here the French soldiers spent the bitterly cold

winter in a state of the greatest misery and privation. The food allowed them was altogether insufficient, and the charitable citizens used to feed them, like monkeys, with scraps of bread and sausage poked between the bars of their cage. It was a pitiful spectacle, which merely to contemplate was a degradation.

But it was very different with the French officers. They were released on parole, and it is not too much to say that they took possession of Leipzig. The wealthier inhabitants vied with one another in showering attentions upon them, and these attentions were accepted by the French officers as simply their due, or even a little less. From first to last they assumed and maintained an air of easy and patronising superiority over the nation that had conquered them. They hired one of the theatres, and gave entertainments, which were largely attended by the fashionable world. They even rented a portion of a lake for their exclusive use in skating, marked it off with a rope, and put up a notice, "No Germans admitted." This was a little too much even for their admirers; one Sunday afternoon there was an unseemly scuffle; the rope was torn down, and, in a bloodless battle, the Germans possessed themselves of the enclosure.

I mention these details because they enable one the better to judge of the completeness of the change that has taken place since then. Twenty-five years have passed; a new generation has grown up, trained in the tradition of national greatness, and every middle-aged or youthful German now honestly believes that Germany has not only no superior, but no equal. In itself this exalted patriotism is, at the worst, but an amiable weakness, but unfortunately it is liable to manifest itself in ways sometimes grotesque, sometimes disagreeable. Thus it is surely a perversion of patriotism to seek, as Germans nowadays do, to exclude all foreign words from their language. No doubt, there are two sides to this question. The one is the practical, the other the purely literary side. No one with the instinct of literature would wish to see his native language flooded with unnecessary words from foreign tongues. The written language should be kept reasonably, though not pedantically, pure. Even in cosmopolitan England a novel copiously interlarded with scraps of French is a recognised abomination. But the case is different when we come to the language of commerce and of conversation. For facility of human intercourse it is a distinct gain to have as many of what may be called world-words as possible—that is, words the meaning of which is universally understood. True, Volapük is already dead, and we are still a long way from a universal language. But every true humanitarian and philanthropist looks forward to a time when, for purposes of international intercourse, there shall be one language and one currency. Meanwhile, any approach, however slight, to this desired consummation is a distinct convenience. It would be an advantage to have all over the world the same word for ticket, for railway,

for post office, and so forth. And something of this sort, however rudimentary, did actually exist on the Continent before the German Empire arose, and, in its newly awakened self-consciousness, did its best to blot it out. In those days, for example, the word always used in Germany for ticket was "Billet," and every educated man in Europe understood it. Now the word is "Fahrkarte," a word understood only by Germans and German scholars. It is a sorry perversion of patriotism thus to complicate the intercourse between nations. Nor has the effort even the merit of success. "Billet" is rejected as being French, but what of the second syllable of the word that has been substituted for it? No doubt, "charta" is Latin, but it is equally certain that it has reached Germany through the French "carte." This is but one instance out of many. Germany, however anxious to be free from obligation to other countries, must still borrow many words from her hereditary foe.

Again, before the war, it seemed possible that the Germans would give up their crabbed letters, and take to those in use amongst most other civilised nations. A great step in the right direction had already been taken, inasmuch as scientific books were printed in Roman characters. Now there is but little chance of further progress in this direction. The old letters have become the symbol of patriotism, and no one now talks of discarding them. Thus another barrier between nations is sedulously preserved.

A more natural and justifiable phase of patriotism was that displayed during the recent Sedan commemorations. None the less, they brought into unpleasant prominence the least amiable features of the modern German character. The North-German is, as a rule, sturdy, honest, and conscientious in a high degree. But, even when not excited, he does not greatly cultivate the *suaviter in modo*. His "yea" and his "nay" have a sheerness and sharpness that are a little startling to the smooth-tongued foreigner. But when to this natural aggressiveness of speech there is added the lofty and undisguised contempt for aliens which is engendered by the memory of astounding victories, the German is, for the nonce, the reverse of amiable. During the Sedan-Fest the one dominant thought, which found expression in every word and tone and gesture, was:

"Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles,
Über Alles in der Welt."

that is: Germany first—the other nations nowhere.

No doubt something of this feeling is to be found amongst other peoples. The Frenchman has certainly a complacent belief in his own pre-eminence. And as certainly it lies latent at the back of British thought. But nowhere is it so aggressively displayed as in Germany. It is there a positive cult. It is encouraged by the authorities; it is fostered in the schools; perhaps some day it will form a subject for examination.

Yet it might be wiser to study the gentle art of forgetfulness—to cease to reopen so widely the old wounds—above all, to take greatness a little more quietly. At present the sense of national superiority is still somewhat of a novelty to the German race, so long divided amongst themselves. The dawning realisation that they, too, were at last a great and united nation—that the dream of their poets and the aspiration of their patriots had come to be an actual fact—this sent them wild with exultation at the time of the great war. They have thoroughly realised it now—almost too thoroughly. But they have not yet grown quite accustomed to it, or they would not be so touchy and irritable as they are. Their greatness is still something of a new garment which, on account of its newness, they are a little over-anxious not to see sullied even by a speck. There has been a notable example of this quite recently. Nothing could be at once more amazing and amusing to an Englishman than the ferment into which the whole German press was thrown by an article in the *Standard* on the German Emperor, followed by one in the *Daily News*. Had similar articles concerning the Queen appeared in a German newspaper not a solitary Englishman would have turned a hair. But all Germany was in a fever of excitement because it had been suggested that the Kaiser might have chosen a more suitable locality than British waters for a speech calculated to wound the susceptibilities of one of Great Britain's allies. It was actually said in more than one German paper that the whole German nation had been insulted in the person of the Emperor. The Emperor himself knew better, and preserved a judicious silence respecting the incident.

Such ebullitions of feeling are no doubt due to the virgin sensitiveness appropriate to youth. In another twenty-five or fifty years the German nation, with a deeper and more settled consciousness of her own dignity, will cease to fall, on such slight provocation, into political hysterics.

In this particular case something, too, must be attributed to the unpopularity of England in Germany. England is just now, with respect to Germany, in the position of the man who dare not even look over the hedge whilst another may with impunity steal the horse. There is only one other nation—Russia—so cordially detested. As to France, the feeling of the Germans towards her is by no means bitter. She does not cross their path; the interests of the two nations, though vitally opposed, do not clash in the ordinary course of politics. Besides, France is a source of pride to the Germans since they have beaten her so thoroughly. The greater France proves herself to be, the greater the triumph of the nation that has conquered her. It is like the pride of the cook of the school as he points to his vanquished adversary: "See what a big fellow he is, yet I licked him!"

It is very different with respect to England. Every German

believes the English to be at once a grasping and a hypocritical people. The newspapers still grumble from time to time over the cession of Heligoland and declare that England had much the best of that bargain. According to them, she manages to get the best of every bargain made with Germany, and does all in her power to thwart German enterprise everywhere, especially in Africa. Hence the delight with which the Kaiser's memorable telegram to President Kruger was hailed at first in the Fatherland.

Then, too, Germany has never conquered England, so that she cannot assume quite the same air of superiority to her which she can towards France. Of course, the Prussians won the battle of Waterloo and in that way proved their superiority to the English, but that is not quite the same thing as gaining a victory over them. It is a pity that one of two nations which are in a way brothers, and ought to be friendly rivals, should have such a feeling towards the other; but the fact cannot be disputed. Individual Englishmen may be liked and even loved, but the English as a nation are hated. So far as I can judge, there is not much of this feeling in England towards the Germans. There may be a little grumbling sometimes that Germans should supplant our clerks and undersell our merchants, but in the main the Germans are liked and admired, and their literature is eagerly studied by Englishmen.

In Germany I have frequently heard it mentioned as a grievance that the Kaiser should be so fond of England as he is. He is even supposed to allow himself to be swayed to some extent in politics by the advice of his English relations. But it must be allowed that the signs of English influence are not too obvious in the actions of the Sovereign who assumes in the nineteenth century the attitude as regards kingly rights of Louis XIV. And assuredly of late he has done his best to convince the world that no ties of blood or friendship would count for much when notoriety was to be achieved or popularity augmented by a hostile intervention in the affairs of a friendly nation.

I pass on to a subject which has been strongly forced upon my notice in the Germany of to-day. It seems to me that there is even less personal liberty now than formerly. Certainly the prosecutions for the so-called crime of *Majestäts-beleidigung* (*lese-majesté*) are more numerous and the sentences more severe. Moreover peccant editors are now treated in many respects like ordinary felons.* As a well-known German newspaper has said, it has now come to this—that any adverse criticism of the Kaiser's utterances is a penal offence. Praise or silence—these are the alternatives. And

* Instead of being allowed out on bail, as was formerly the custom, they are now kept in confinement until the trial. At the trial they are brought up in prison dress, with slippers open at the heel (as a precaution against escape), and with a metal number on the breast. That is, they are forced to figure as criminals before any crime (even in the German sense of the word) has been proved against them.

yet never perhaps was there a monarch whose speeches more loudly challenged criticism. But they are sacred. To comment on them in words that raise even a suspicion of disapproval is sufficient to consign the writer or speaker to gaol for at least three months, more probably six, possibly twelve. Nay, astounding as it may appear, it is none the less a fact that *lèse-majesté* may be committed by saying nothing! In October last, the *Cologne Gazette* had an account of a man—a German who had been in America—who was unfortunate enough to offend in this way. He was at a café with some companions and they fell to discussing the comparative merits of the German and American constitutions. Of course, the man who had been in America was in favour of the American constitution. He waxed eloquent on the subject, and went on to say: "As for the Kaiser"—then, suddenly realising the dangers that beset that word, he stopped short. But he had already said too much. He had been overheard by some one who denounced him to the police. They arrested him and he was ultimately sentenced to three months' imprisonment. It was not asserted by the prosecution that he had said anything against the Kaiser; he was condemned on the facts as I have stated them. It was assumed that, if he had finished the sentence, it would have contained an insult to his Majesty, and this was enough.

A later example is, if possible, more astounding still. An upholsterer in Danzig was asked at a restaurant to estimate the value of a plaster bust of the Empress, and said it was worth only a shilling. For this he was tried. At the trial the bust was produced, and being found to be of very inferior quality, the man was acquitted. But that he could have been tried at all on such a charge is significant enough.

Such cases are ludicrous except for the victims. But occasionally the over-sensitive loyalty of the Germans leads to results still more absurd. Thus at Bonn last summer a party of friends were chatting at a restaurant, when one of them said: "What a fool that Kaiser is!" The audacious words were not allowed to pass unavenged. A policeman was at once called in by an eavesdropper and the culprit given into custody. Then it came out that he had merely been referring to an acquaintance of the name of Kaiser (a not uncommon name in Germany). Even then he was taken to the police-station, and had some difficulty in obtaining his release.

To an Englishman, trained in robust traditions, there is something petty in this extreme sensitiveness to criticism. It cannot be doubted that the Kaiser, with his developed faculty of omniscience, knows very well that these prosecutions take place, and sanctions them. They do much to diminish his personal popularity, which, nevertheless, is still very great. The explanation is probably to be found rather in his position than in his personal qualities. The Kaiser

means much more to the Germans than any ordinary sovereign does to his people. For the Kaiser is not only Kaiser, he is the centre and symbol of racial unity. If there were no Kaiser, Germany would lose her proud position among the nations and become once more a mere congeries of separate states. Therefore, the Emperor represents the national greatness in a way and degree quite unusual among monarchs. His subjects laugh at him a little, especially at his speeches to recruits, but, on the whole, their feeling towards him is one of admiration. They consider that he represents them worthily before the world. No doubt his restlessness and impulsiveness sometimes make them a little nervous. There is a caricature of him (not, of course, publicly exhibited—that would be too dangerous) which pokes a little harmless fun at his eagerness to be always on the move and to change his destination as often and rapidly as possible. He is represented as putting his head out of the window of a railway carriage and asking in breathless haste: "*Wie weit sind wir!*" (How far have we got?) To get as far as possible in a given time seems sometimes to be the chief object of his ambition. Last year he spent considerably more than six months in travel of some kind.

But this is a digression. I have mentioned the increased frequency of prosecutions for *Majestäts-beleidigung* as one proof of the small measure of personal freedom enjoyed by the Germans under the Empire. Another true story may serve to show how rudimentary is as yet the very conception of liberty amongst our cousins. Every year, after the military manœuvres, it is the custom for officers appointed for the purpose to go round and pay the farmers whose ground has been injured certain sums by way of compensation. Two such officers, in the course of their round, proceeded to a farm and found the farmer ploughing in a field. They called to him to come to them. He declined, saying that he could not leave his horses. For this he was criminally charged. It was allowed that he had said nothing offensive; but the officers maintained that his tone and manner were insulting, and demanded his exemplary punishment. It is only right to add that the Court of First Instance decided against them. But they were so certain of the justice of their cause that they at once carried the case into a higher court. How it ended I do not know. The fact that such a charge could be brought at all is a sufficient illustration of what is understood by the freedom of the subject in modern Germany.

It is the same in everything. There is little possibility of independence in speech or action. The police are always at your elbow; and woe to you if you do not carry out their injunctions to the letter. There has lately been a striking illustration of the power of the police in Vienna, and certainly their power is not less in the German Empire. In both cases they are protected almost beyond the possibility of conviction by the so-called *Dienst-Eid*, or Service-Oath. If I remember

rightly, this oath is held to be equivalent as evidence to the oaths of five independent witnesses. That is to say, to disprove a policeman's story, you must find six independent witnesses to testify to your version of the facts. As this is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred impossible, the policeman is master of the situation. He is in his way an autocrat, and can be as arbitrary as he pleases. I am bound to add that, from what I have seen of the Prussian police, I should say they are, as a body, anxious to do their duty properly; but they have very little of the forbearance which is so marked a characteristic of the English constable. They do not understand argument, much less contradiction. Each bears a sword and has no idea of bearing it in vain. In all this he is supported and encouraged by the higher authorities. The police, consisting of old soldiers, are to all intents and purposes a military force, and are meant to terrorise the masses. To refuse to obey their orders, even if unjustifiable, is a very grave offence; actually to resist them is a crime punished with far greater severity in Germany than in England.

And their control over your actions is almost universal. It is not confined to the street; it extends over your house and garden. The *Schutzmann* strolls into either when he likes, much as a master enters a class-room to see that all is going on properly. He will count the caterpillars in your garden, and summon you if he finds too many of them. If you go for a bathe, he will forbid you to get out of your depth, swim you never so strongly. In fine, half schoolmaster, half nurse, he will supervise your every action, from the cradle to the grave, with a military sternness and inflexibility which robs you of all independence and reduces you to the level of a mere plastic item. To live in Germany always seems to me like a return to the nursery. I have had some experience of life in most European countries, excluding Russia and Turkey, and in none have I found the *régime* so severely paternal as in Germany. Not that by "severe" I mean in the least harsh or barbarous. But you have to walk very straightly in the appointed way. Provided you do this with sufficient meekness, and allow the higher authorities to supervise your life in its minutest details, all is well. But if you wish to stay in Germany, you must give up your individuality, as you do your passport, into the keeping of the police authorities.

Of course, mere tourists see and feel but little of this. As recognised birds of passage, they are allowed a volition of their own. It is only when you settle for a while that you become aware of the network of police precaution which is thrown around you. Nor do the Germans themselves feel it at all acutely. Long use has made it second nature to them; they can hardly imagine any other *régime*. It is the pneumatic pressure of their social and political atmosphere, very real and very heavy, but so universal and so evenly distributed that it gives them little sense of discomfort.

The unceasing desire to regulate every detail of the citizen's life leads to some curious instances of interference with freedom of choice in Prussia. Thus only a certain limited number of chemists is allowed in every town. One to five thousand inhabitants is the ratio. No doubt there are cynics who will be disposed to applaud such a regulation; but its practical effect is to create a monopoly and to occasion much inconvenience. More curious still is the arrangement by which a master-sweep is appointed to each district in a town. Him you must employ, whether you like it or not—or at least you must pay him if you employ another. He, and he alone, has a legal right to the fee for sweeping your chimney. This makes him a very important and often wealthy individual. Of course he has numerous assistants, and sometimes does no work at all himself. I have heard of one such divisional sweep who was reputed to enjoy an income of £1500 a year from his business. In justice to the State, it should be added that such persons have to pass an examination before they are allowed to attain to these exalted positions.

But if there is little personal liberty under the new Empire, so is there, as it seems to me, less comfort and less enjoyment of life than formerly. No doubt there are various good reasons for this. Germany is no longer the cheap country that it was before the war. The people have lost much of their old simplicity of character; the style of living is altered; the change of coinage has marked a change of prices. Except in very out-of-the-way places, I do not see that Germany is now a cheaper country to live in than England. Of course, for the squire who goes abroad to retrench, any foreign country is cheaper than his own, because he escapes the various collateral demands upon his purse which belong to his position in England. But otherwise he might as well remain at home. A German penny (ten pfennigs) is rather more than an English penny, but it will not purchase more in Germany than a penny will in England. No doubt there are still a few places where living is comparatively cheap; but you must hunt for them. One such is Münster, where two furnished rooms and breakfast can be got for 12s. a month! But this is quite the exception. On the whole, Germany is now a dear country—in fact, you pay quite as much as in England, and get less value for your money in the way of comfort.

This has, doubtless, something to do with the diminished cheerfulness of the German people. It may seem an over-rash generalisation to assert that there is any such diminution. Is it not more probably another example of "the pathetic fallacy"—the writer transferring his own altered mood to those with whom he comes into contact? If there is one thing the German values more than another, it is his *Gemüthlichkeit*. The word is untranslatable, and "cheerfulness" is only the more superficial aspect of it. In another aspect it is the precise opposite to the English stiffness and reserve in society. But

the German *table-d'hôte* nowadays is as formal and freezing an affair as it is possible to imagine. It is no longer the custom for neighbours, if strangers, to converse with one another. I have been present at many where all was gloom and silence. You might have fancied that you were amongst a party of Englishmen who had not been introduced to one another.

Formerly it was not so. The humour might be a little heavy, but the joy of life was evident; tongues wagged, talk flowed; laughter was near the lips, waiting to break forth on provocation however slight.

Whether it is that the consciousness of new-born dignity sits heavily upon the modern German, or that life is really harder for him, or that a sense of increased responsibility casts a shadow upon his path, I do not know; but the change seems to me to be both real and marked. No doubt he unbends sometimes; you may still hear carols on the Rhine, and the students have not forgotten how to lead a *flottes Leben*; but, none the less, there is now a shadow over the land which was not over it before the great war. The German race has undergone a unique experience, fruitful of glory, but fruitful of suffering also. The glory remains as a nimbus, but those who look closely can still see the traces of the storm behind the nimbus.

Then, too, there is the future to be reckoned with, and this may well cast its own shadow upon German thought and life. For every German believes that there must be at least one other great war. The whole nation is not only armed, but in an attitude of militant expectation. Never was there such a perfect manslaughtering machine as the Prussian army of to-day. All is ready, even to the six millions in hard cash locked up in the fortress of Spandau for the first expenses of mobilisation. It is a clever arrangement. No other nation is thus prepared at a moment's notice to let slip the dogs of war. But the Germans are content to allow this huge sum to lie infructuous, in order that they may be beforehand with their adversaries when the occasion comes. This marks more plainly than anything else the nature of the situation in which the German Empire still finds itself. Great as have been the achievements of the past, there is no sense of finality. On the contrary, all is tension, all is uncertainty. Instead of the peaceful rest from labour, and the enjoyment of the hard-won harvest, there is the gloom of presentiment and the gleam of bayonets.

In fine, speaking generally, the aspect of affairs in modern Germany is by no means exhilarating. It seems to me that it may be summed up in a few words: An enormous increase of power and influence abroad, but, at home, less comfort, less liberty, less happiness.

A. EUBULE EVANS.

ANTITOXIN, FROM A PATIENT'S POINT OF VIEW.

WHILE many doctors, to whom I will apply no harsher designation than that they are theoretical rather than practical, are devoting their energy and reputation to extolling the merit and spreading the use of the antitoxin treatment of diphtheria, I propose to give, from my own bitter personal experience, an account of its effect, not merely in my own case, but in many other cases which came under my immediate observation. The patient is generally a silent and unresisting subject in the hands of his Æsculapius, but when he is made the victim of a dangerous and unsound experiment he has very just cause to protest against the abuse of medical privilege, and I hope that the outcome of what I write will be that every sufferer from diphtheria, and parents on behalf of their suffering children, will exercise their indisputable right to protect themselves, and at the same time help to explode a pernicious fallacy, by vetoing the use of the antitoxin serum. Timidity and ignorance being such powerful auxiliaries of the daring medical experimenter, it may be as well to point out that the inmates of the London fever hospitals do not surrender their rights as free subjects because they are ill and isolated for the safety of the community, and that they retain the power to reject the new treatment in preference for the old mode of treating diphtheria, which for want of a better word has been called classical. Notwithstanding the intensity of my feeling that the hypodermic injection of the antitoxin serum is the introduction of a deleterious matter into the system, injuring the soundest constitution and sowing the seeds of internal maladies that baffle correct diagnosis and defy remedy, I should hesitate to place my views before the public if I were not privileged to support them and to fortify my contentions by the experience and convictions of a medical authority

who has had an exceptionally long and extensive acquaintance with the disease. The mass of facts which I picked out from his granary of knowledge, based on the treatment of 15,000 diphtheria cases during a quarter of a century, constitute a sure foundation for the personal opinions to which, on my own single responsibility, I give expression. They would carry more weight if they were given to the public under his signature; but modesty or pressure of work has kept him silent, when those far less qualified to claim a hearing have forced their views by push and clamour on the public and the press. Yet there may be one advantage in my writing, for no medical man in authority could escape the trammels of his office or express in the plain language I shall use his sense of the failure and the danger of antitoxin.

In order to bring out the salient facts upon which stress should be laid I must begin with some brief particulars of my illness. I never felt in better health or spirits than on the day when, without a moment's warning, I was seized and struck down by this disease. How or where I took it, it is impossible to say; but this is not surprising, if the great French authority, Touzeau, is correct in saying that the germ may take any time from six months to six hours to mature in one's system. I was at the time residing alone in strange London lodgings, and, making light of my illness, it was not until the second day that I sent for a doctor to whom I was known. By this time I was very bad, and my throat had swelled to a large size. When the doctor arrived one glance told him what was the matter, and I noticed that he at once kept as far off as possible. I asked him, "What is the matter? is it typhoid?" He replied, "Oh! no. Nothing half as bad as that; it is diphtheria. Now I advise you to go into the hospital. You will have far better treatment there than you could here, and the nursing is splendid, really superior to private nursing. If I were ill with it that is what I should do myself. You will be well in a fortnight, and let me tell you that diphtheria is not fatal to men of our age." Under the circumstances, there was no choice save to follow this advice, which experience proved to be excellent, and the statements where not literally accurate were, no doubt, intended to be consolatory.

An ambulance soon arrived to convey me to a distant part of London, as the nearest fever hospital was full. Having been wrapped up, and securely pinned in a couple of blankets with part forming a sort of monk's cowl over my head, I was thrown over the shoulder of the ambulance driver exactly as one sees a butcher carry a sheep's carcase, and carried down stairs with a combination of skill and strength that I could not but admire. It was my fate to be carried, in the subsequent stages of my illness, by many men of stronger physique, but never with the same dexterity and comfort. On arrival at

the hospital I was taken into what seemed to me a shed, but which I subsequently learnt was the reception-room, where I found a nurse and a doctor. My temperature was taken, and then a washing of the throat to be sent to the Bacteriological Society on the Embankment, for the discovery of that dreadful, if minute, monster known as the diphtheria bacillus. The pursuit proved, in my case, remarkably successful, as the ticket returned by the Society showed the capture of a large and varied collection. I was then placed in a chair and carried by two men to the ward to which the doctor had assigned me. Here I found several boys walking about the room with apparently nothing the matter, and as I soon discovered from their noise in boisterous spirits, more in consonance with a playground than a sick ward. This, I may mention, is the most serious and disagreeable drawback to these hospitals, and I do not see how it is to be quite overcome, for it is practically impossible to move the patients into different wards as they recover, and the strictest nurses cannot always ensure silence and good order among boys who, with a merely slight attack of diphtheria, feel as if there was nothing the matter with them.

When my bed was chosen, I was stripped of such garments as I had come in, and in their place two flannel shirts, very much patched and with the most nondescript collection of buttons, were put on by a nurse. In a short time the head doctor came and, after careful examination of my throat, made a long entry on the card, placed at the head of every patient's bed, of the particulars of my attack, which showed that it was an exceedingly severe case of laryngeal and faucial diphtheria. By this time I was quite indifferent to what was going to be done, and when I saw the doctor pouring something out of a small bottle and the nurse preparing a lint patch, I had no apprehensions. The nurse then washed with glycerine, I think, a small square on the right side of the abdomen, and the doctor coming over, knelt down by the bedside and said, in a very kind tone of voice, "I am going to hurt you a little." There was the prick of a needle, and then I felt something flowing underneath my skin. It was all over in a few seconds, and then the nurse fastened the patch over the place. I had no idea what had been done, but I thought it a very extraordinary proceeding to inject something into one's abdomen to cure a bad throat. At the same time the doctor ordered a gargle—chlorine—hot linseed poultices round the neck to be changed every two hours and equally frequent doses of iron and brandy. I was now in high fever, and suffered intense pains in the throat, to which the hot bandages gave only slight relief. When the doctor arrived the next morning the fever had increased, not diminished, and the nurse's report was considered so bad that another injection was deemed necessary, and about midday the operation described was repeated,

only this time on the left side of the abdomen. I subsequently ascertained that the maximum dose—twenty cubic centimetres of antitoxin serum—had been given on each occasion. The second had no more effect than the first injection in cleaning the throat, and it indubitably increased the fever and produced delirium. I was quite delirious during the next four days, having no sleep whatever and making frequent attempts at night to escape from the ward. I was completely off my head during this period, and became, as I subsequently learnt, an object of anxious inquiry and possibly of amusement also as being what the nurses call “chummy”—presumably from “off one’s chump.” The antitoxin was in my case absolutely barren of good result, and it was not until I had been treated for fourteen days with the gargle, poultices, and physic that my throat was at last pronounced clean and cured. The usual time for this result, before antitoxin was brought in, was considered to be four days. There is no doubt whatever that in my case the antitoxin proved a complete failure. It increased the fever and did not even reduce the albumen, which was present throughout the more trying phases of my illness, sometimes showing as much as 50 per cent. My cure was effected by the powerful chlorine gargle, which while the throat was bad was tasteless, but when it was clear was so indescribably horrible that it produced nausea; the frequent poultices, changed every two hours, night as well as day; the iron tonic, and the judicious and sustaining doses of brandy. These were the agents employed by the skilful doctor who, assisted by the excellent and attentive nurses, succeeded in defeating the disease and in saving my life after a fatal result was more than once apprehended.

If the antitoxin had failed to do good, it had apparently, in my case, done no harm up to this point, as was perceptible in many other cases in the ward. I suffered from no rash—one of the most common sequelæ of the operation, often keeping an otherwise cured patient in the hospital for weeks; nor was there any swelling at the place of injection, such as occurred in many other cases when either large quantities of pus had to be removed or the swelling reduced by frequent fomentations with boracic lint. Those individuals may have been the truly fortunate ones, as the poison was thus, in all probability, promptly expelled and never entered their system.

After the cure of the throat my recovery seemed so assured, as no bad symptoms presented themselves, and beyond a little natural weakness I felt so well in mind and body that I importuned the doctor to let me leave the hospital as it was most important for me to resume my literary work without delay. He warned me of the risk of paralysis, but at last, yielding his better judgment to my entreaties, he consented to send a washing of my throat to the Bacteriological Society, as the disappearance of the diphtheria bacillus is the essential

condition of leave to depart from the hospital. The report came back in two days that there were no bacilli, and that I was fit to leave. My chart, with its numerous entries as to temperature, &c., &c., with the doctor's orders thereupon, was taken down from the head of the bed, and the next day, twenty-six days after I entered the hospital, I took my departure.

Within a very few hours I was warned that the cure of the diphtheria was only the precursor of a still more serious and protracted illness, and one which I feel certain, for the reasons I give, was largely due to, and distinctly aggravated by, the employment of the antitoxin. The very day I left the hospital my voice became strange and articulation painful; but for several days nothing more happened, except an attack of staggers from a momentary sensation of powerlessness in the left leg, which should have told me what was coming on. Then followed loss of sight—the eyes first showing weakness at a near distance, then at a long, and finally one eye after the other doubling the objects looked at. Six weeks elapsed before my exceptionally excellent sight returned, and, although I was told by the doctor I should probably have to use glasses, I am happy to say that no permanent weakness has followed. Difficulty in swallowing, culminating in the rejection of all solids or liquids, came on with the loss of sight, and was accompanied by an extraordinarily abundant eructation of white froth, quite distinct from phlegm, and resembling nothing so much as the foam of a horse. I said at once that this must arise from the serum with which I had been inoculated having been taken from a horse suffering from glanders. This seemed absurd to every one, including the doctor who had been called in to attend me, but I was subsequently informed that several similar cases had occurred, and that the authorities, after ridiculing the notion, had been constrained to admit that serum had been used from horses suffering with that disease. The objection may be raised that glanders in the human being always proves fatal, but the evils resulting from the use of blood contaminated by that disease in the horse might in the man stop short of the actual disease although it could not but greatly injure and impoverish the blood of the patient. Something of this sort has already been traced by scientific investigation of the blood-vessels of diphtheria patients. Dr. Ewing of New York states, as the result of his experiments, that “an injection of antitoxin may be followed immediately by rapid hyperleucocytosis and death,” and his conclusion is that “the reduction of leucocytes (white corpuscles) immediately succeeding the injection of antitoxin, especially in severe cases of diphtheria, is an undesirable feature of the action of this agent.” When I learnt that all the horses are old cab or ‘bus horses condemned to the knackers, there seemed no longer room to doubt that it was my horrible misfortune to be such a

victim of the criminal and, if calmly considered, really ridiculous fad of antitoxin.

But to resume my narrative. Exactly one month after I left the hospital I lost the power of walking or standing up, and then, in another week, that of writing or using my hands in any way. During the next ten weeks I remained in an absolutely helpless state—a sort of living death, with the brain clear and active, and the body useless—and I owed my recovery entirely to the skilful treatment and kind intervention of the doctor who had cured me of diphtheria in the hospital. The employment of electricity at an early stage aggravated and completed the loss of nerve power, and, only absolute cessation of effort, change of air to the seaside, and far larger doses of strychnine than an ordinary practitioner would sanction, restored me to something like my original state of health. But even now I feel that the eradication of the mischief may be only partial, and that the after effects of the poison, not of the diphtheria but of the empirical remedy used in accordance with the commands of those fanatical inoculators who have gained a momentary ascendancy in their profession, lurk in the system. Fortunate was I in only one particular. The brain was never in the least affected after the four or five days' delirium in the hospital. This added certainly to the intense mental suffering on account of physical helplessness, but it provided some confidence in ultimate recovery.

Having now recorded my own experience, I will deal generally with the subject of diphtheria and antitoxin. It seems to me that the advocates of the antitoxin treatment have argued backwards from a desirable, but unattained and therefore imaginary, result to the beneficial cause alleged to be represented by their own idea and practice. The thesis they wish to have expressed is as follows: Diphtheria being a fell and mysterious disease with the highest death-rate—if the serum is effectual in treating it, then most splendid discovery and benefit to the whole human race. Therefore let it be decreed by order of Medical Association, Metropolitan Asylums Board, and every doctor who will sign a favourable report, or prepare a flattering statistical table, that antitoxin is an efficacious and wonderful remedy. This method of arguing will suit the advocates of patent medicines and quack remedies for any number of distinct maladies; but Mr. Holloway, more careful than the circulators of serum, was at least resolved that his pills should contain nothing injurious.

After the loud blowing of trumpets to introduce the new infallible treatment of diphtheria, the outside public would doubtless imagine that it entirely superseded the old. The popular idea would no doubt be that the patient was subjected to the new treatment—viz., the hypodermic injection of serum—and that then and there, without any other agency, he began to recover. If this were the case, and if

antitoxin were the wonderful remedy it is said to be it ought to be tested in this way, we should at least obtain some accurate statistics. But the facts are not in accordance with these opinions. The antitoxin injection is merely an addition to the old treatment, which goes on all the same. At the start, therefore, it will be seen that this arrangement imports an extraordinary difficulty into the preparation of trustworthy statistics, as results might easily be attributed to the new treatment to which it had no real claim, and there is no doubt whatever that this has frequently been done. Moreover diphtheria, although such a terrible malady and so exceptionally fatal, is in its milder forms a very simple and far from formidable visitant. There are many cases which would cure themselves. A large proportion of the patients in the fever hospitals never cause the doctor a moment's anxiety—after examination, he will say, "a spot," and the next day the nurse reports that it has gone. Many children have the disease without its being so much as known, until the after consequences announce the fact in the rejection of food and the return of liquids down the nose. From such cases as these, or with a certain proportion of such cases, it would be easy to compile the most flattering statistical tables in support of antitoxin, and undoubtedly those of the Berlin Professor Baginski, given at the last meeting of the Medical Association, must be largely based on such an element. Nor can the least trust be placed in the somewhat similar returns of Drs. Behring and Huebner. Their figures have never been subjected to any real test, and we are left to surmise whether they are arbitrarily constructed by including cases that are not truly diphtheritic, or whether they do not reveal the whole history, the final fate, of the patients often dismissed from a hospital before the worst symptoms of the disease are apparent. Against all this German assertion I am content to place the simple fact that in the inner ring of London alone, during the last three months of 1895, over 800 persons died of diphtheria. Most of these would have received antitoxin, and the death-rate is an appalling one of not less than 85 per cent.

When it is borne in mind that a considerable proportion of the cases would be such slight attacks as I have described, and therefore free from all risk of death, it will be seen how terribly fatal diphtheria in its severe forms is. Within my own observation eight infants under two—consecutive cases and all antitoxined—died, and I believe the death-rate for that age might be put at 75 per cent. To adjust the balance, I take my own ward with eleven patients, all of whom, with the exception of my own and one other case, were slight attacks, and never in any real danger. For statistics relating to diphtheria to have the smallest value, they must be taken *en bloc*. Otherwise only the sense of overproving their case would prevent doctors and medical statisticians from showing by a limited number

of specially selected cases that diphtheria was an absolutely innocuous disease. I would suggest that in the future preparation of statistics those cases that are free from danger should be eliminated. The medical superintendents of the hospitals would have no difficulty in dividing them into the two great cases of merely faucial and both faucial and laryngeal diphtheria. In another division would come the nasal cases, which are the worst of all. All the trivial cases under the former head should be eliminated from the returns on which the advocates of antitoxin prepare their statistics. Antitoxin can claim no credit in those cases which would be cured by a day or so in bed.

But, as I have said, the alleged cure by antitoxin can only be attributed to that cause by personal favouritism, or in accordance with a preconceived opinion, because the old classical treatment has been in progress all the time, and may just as well be entitled to the whole of the credit. The chlorine gargle is used incessantly all the time, the presence of albumen is removed or reduced by a strong preparation of iron and the use of barley-water, the failure of the heart is arrested by frequent doses of brandy, the swelling and pain in the throat are relieved by poulticing—just precisely as if the wonderful antitoxin had not been used. But it may be said that the antitoxin reduces the fever and removes the false membrane more quickly. High temperature, however, is not a feature of diphtheria; in the worst cases, where pneumonia does not supervene, it rarely goes above 101° , and in the large majority the average would be under 100° . In this respect there has not been much room for improvement, but antitoxin has rather increased than diminished the temperature. With regard to the false membrane, I twice took the largest dose allowed of the serum, and the membrane was not removed for a fortnight. The average period of bad cases with the old treatment was four days. No improvement in either of these respects can be noted. Antitoxin was to do wonders; I assert positively that in no single instance has it effected a rescue from death—that is to say, cured a case which a competent and experienced diphtheria doctor has declared to be hopeless. I have seen many such cases. Let me cite one. A child of five or six was brought in at one o'clock, and the doctor at once pronounced the case hopeless and that nothing could be done. He refused to cause the child useless pain; but one of his assistants, a pupil of Pasteur and Roux, who was then a zealous believer in antitoxin, decided to inject the serum. The child was dead at five o'clock. Under any treatment such cases are hopeless until science is able to restore the dead to life. With regard to the second degree of severe cases—those, that is to say, which the experienced doctor pronounces grave and critical but not moribund—there are quite as many triumphs recorded for the classical treatment as there have been since

the new practice came into force. I can give, from the experience of my friend, a very striking but by no means unfair case. Four children suffering from diphtheria were brought in together the same afternoon. He took two into his own ward, and his chief assistant took the others. Both agreed that the two latter were the worst cases, and that one of them seemed nearly hopeless. Antitoxin had then been in use some months; but although he had been unable to discern any benefit, he felt bound to inject the serum. One of the children became delirious and died. These were considered mild cases, it should be remembered. The assistant, more sceptical than his superior, would not antitoxin his, and they both recovered, although they were bad cases. This statement could easily be verified; but when this and other facts were mentioned at the last British Medical Association adverse to antitoxin, no report, by some strange lapse, appeared in the papers. One superintendent, giving his experience of 176 cases in which he had employed antitoxin, stated that in no single instance was he satisfied that any benefit had ensued. Dr. Joseph Winters, sent from the United States on a special mission to Europe to report on the results of antitoxin, fully corroborated this view. His main conclusion is that "in not a single case did the antitoxin make the least impression on the symptoms, or check the pseudo membrane, while some very bad effects follow antitoxin." Even from its inability alone to do what its originators claimed for it—viz., the rescue from death—antitoxin ought to be pronounced a failure. There has also been no appreciable difference in the death-rate from diphtheria, and I have reason to think that when the Special Report of the London Medical Superintendents on the results of the use of antitoxin for the year 1895 is issued in a few weeks, it will show a higher rate of mortality for the antitoxined patients than for those who escaped the experience. To an ordinary intelligence this would be conclusive proof.

If the antitoxin treatment were merely a failure its employment need not excite active opposition or indignation, and its exposure and abandonment might be left to the slow but sure demonstration of experience. But it is positively injurious, and those who recover from diphtheria will still suffer, like myself, from the consequences of its malign influence. One of the immediate results of the injection of the serum is in all cases an increase of temperature, and in some a state of delirium that was formerly never present. A secondary consequence is the appearance of a rash which, while it puzzles the doctor, leads to the detention of an otherwise cured patient in the hospital for weeks under observation. In some cases, fortunately, as I believe, the system rejects the serum and an abscess forms which is relieved in the usual way. It is also alleged by competent authorities that nephritis or inflammation of the kidneys has

The same superiority is manifest in the case of the doctor. In the hospital the experienced superintendent knows every phase of the disease; when, for instance, the paralysis seizes the patient he will not be afraid to order from twenty to thirty drops of strychnine in the twenty-four hours, and the patient will be cured within the shortest possible time. The outside doctor, who may never before have seen such a case as diphtheritic paralysis, will prescribe strychnine fitfully, and in homœopathic and useless doses. Not merely is recovery thus rendered doubtful and protracted, but it will be very largely dependent on the brain power and temperament of the patient himself. My own recovery was entirely due to the courage and skill of the experienced diphtheria doctor who, in less than a month, rescued me from the state of absolute helplessness to which I had been reduced for three months. Here, again, I have shown that the classes for whom hospitals are supposed to be built are the gainers. Having seen the immense difference in the treatment, I would enter my strongest protest against private practitioners treating cases that are outside the range of their experience. It should be their practice, as it is their obvious duty, to say at once, "I am not competent to deal with this case." In dealing with this peculiar form of paralysis their favourite panacea is the electric battery, and electricity completes the exhaustion of nerve force left in the rigid and semi-lifeless frame of the sufferer. The invocation of electricity is the appeal of helplessness. It is the same instinct that made our ancestors have recourse to magic when their limited resources had failed. Nor is the case improved in the majority of cases by a consultation. Your private attendant will say, "I should like another opinion," and mentions several names, all more or less well known, but as a rule they have no more practical acquaintance with diphtheritic paralysis than he has. But they will one and all recommend massage and electricity, and the remnant of nerve life expires under that muscular treatment. To show that these statements are not made at random, I will merely say that all happened to me exactly as I have alleged. The following incident, within my own knowledge, is striking evidence to the same effect. The operation of tracheotomy is well known; it is necessary in those cases of diphtheria distinguished as membranous croup. A fair average of successful operations is 60 per cent. I am told, on good authority, that if it were always performed at a sufficiently early stage there is no reason, *per se*, why it should ever fail. Now for my story. One of the best known members of the medical profession asked a hospital doctor, who was in the habit of performing such operations frequently, this question. "With regard to tracheotomy what is your average of successful operations?" "About 60 per cent." "What! you astonish me! I thought you would say 3 per cent. I have had ten or eleven cases in my own experience, and

they all proved fatal." After this confession, the hospital doctor, in his turn, felt a little inquisitive. "Now," he said, "supposing one of your patients sent for you to perform tracheotomy, would you go?" "Yes, certainly, provided only that my fee of fifty guineas were paid." This is the type of expert that your private practitioner would send for to corroborate his ignorance and to testify to the merit of his treatment over your corpse.

Medical science has conferred many benefits on humanity, and it would be unwise to restrict in any way the area of its research and discovery; but it exposes itself to a grave danger when, on very partial experiments and what is nothing better than the personal assurance of an individual, it enforces the conclusions of Dr. Behring, who is, after all, only a theoretical investigator when he ceases to be an inoculating zealot. By all means let Dr. Behring pursue his work in his laboratory and convince his school of students, who often—I know myself of two instances—have had to abandon before the hard and convincing proof in the hospital of no beneficial result and complete failure to rescue from death the ardent faith and conviction in the merits of antitoxin which they acquired in his lecture hall. But let the Metropolitan Asylums Board stop, in view of the facts I have stated, and in deference to the opinions of their most experienced superintendents, the enforcement of the antitoxin operation. It has had too long a trial already, and sufficient injury has been caused to those unfortunate sufferers whom its originator pretended that he would benefit. At the least, let the Board suspend its employment for a time, until a calmer and less interested view can be taken of its work and worth. If the authorities will not adopt this prudent and necessary measure, the public must protect itself in the way I have suggested, by asserting its liberty to reject the use of antitoxin; but medical science and the reputation of our doctors will have suffered a serious injury if there is no other way of resenting and preventing a spurious and perilous practice, which, whatever other charges may or may not be brought against it, has certainly failed to accomplish what its originators at first proclaimed to be its chief merit, the rescue from death in extreme cases of diphtheria.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

[The question discussed in this paper must, of course, be decided mainly by medical statistics; but statistics are better understood in the light of individual experience.]

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

IN the turmoil of conflicting political interests which at this moment tasks the strongest brains of Europe, it is worth while to look back at the beginnings of the dissensions which have apparently paralysed for the present the pacific forces of the two Powers in Europe which have the most to gain by peace, and at the same time have the greatest forces if they could be combined for maintaining it—England with her navy, and Germany with her army. As the Powers are now grouped, the agreement of these two to strike hands and declare that they will unite their utmost forces against any Power or Powers which shall break the peace of Europe; that whoever, between the Black Sea and the North Sea, the Mediterranean and the Baltic, fires the first shot, shall have against him all those forces, would make a European war impossible, or, at all events, so brief as not to disturb the economic forces of Europe. In an article in this REVIEW a year ago, I called the attention of its readers to certain indications of the drift of affairs which showed an explosion to be always within the probabilities—an explosion which would be such a disaster as the world has never seen. Since then the complications have increased, and the chances of peace diminished. Then the interests of England were those least menaced, and there seemed at least a chance that the fray, when it came, might leave England out of its range. The seat of the fever is changed, but the malady is the same, and so are the inevitable consequences, for the contagion will leave no region of the Old World uninfected. In the present tension, the collision of forces on the Pacific will probably find a response on the Baltic and the Mediterranean; and there does not seem any opening by which England can clear her hands of the consequences, as she cannot of the responsibility of the situation. It depended on England,

a year, or years ago, to cement the interests of peace by an accord with the great German Empire, and to compel to a more or less rational, and certainly to a peaceful, conclusion, the adjustment of outstanding international questions. It appears to me doubtful whether to-day it is possible to do more than abbreviate the bellicose solution. And like the Sybil's books, the same price must be paid that was then demanded—viz., the sacrifice of trivial interests, which stood in the way of a cordial understanding with Germany.

For the miserable origin of these years of discord and deepening discontent was a paltry cavil over a little colony on the coast of Africa, known as Angra Pequena. A company of German merchants, like their English cousins a century ago, determined to find a footing in the struggle for the great African markets, on which the desires of all Europe seemed set, and one Herr Luderitz purchased land on the coast for that purpose. As no clear jurisdiction over the country appeared to exist, it became a question whether a colony on the land purchased would be protected by the English Government or not. The question was therefore asked by the German representative in London, whether the colonists could depend on England's protection or not. Lord Granville replied [December 30, 1880, Blue Book, Angra Pequena] that he must insist on not making England responsible for anything outside of her territory, and that her Majesty's Government could not consider territory beyond the Orange River as under its authority and consequent responsibility. This conclusion is also expressed by Lord Kimberley to the Governor of the Cape Colony [December 30, 1880], with a declaration that the Government would not sanction the extension of authority and responsibility over Namaqua and Damaraland. Over Angra Pequena no claim to jurisdiction or colonisation had been, up to this date, made on the part of England or the Cape Colony, and the inference is fair that there was no obstacle to the establishment of a German colony with as much right as that of any other nation.

On November 16, 1882, Herr Luderitz informs the Imperial German Government that he intends to establish his colony on the south-west coast of Africa, and asks what protection can be given him. In February 1883 the Rhine Mission Society ask the protection of England for their stations in Damara and Namaqua, and the English Government replies that it can only in a measure afford it, on account of not having the supremacy over the coast beyond Walvisch Bay. The applicants are informed that the German Government can only afford them protection if the colonies are on land not claimed by England or any other friendly Power.; [Count Hatzfeldt to Count Bismarck, August 18, 1883.] A despatch from the German Chancellor [August 18, 1883] informs Consul Lippert that Luderitz is on his way to Cape Town, having purchased 150 miles of coast from a

Hottentot chief, and asks for an introduction, &c. He is told that Luderitz can count on German protection so long as his undertakings are based on well acquired rights, not interfering with the previous claims of the English or the natives. In reply to the inquiries of the German Ambassador as to whether the English Government would afford protection to the German settler, Lord Granville had replied [February 23, 1883] that it is necessary to know exactly the position of the German colony—as if the discussions and often repeated demands had not been sufficient to clear up so simple a question. On November 12, 1883, Hatzfeldt writes to Count Bismarck at London that he is requested officially to ask if the English Government has claims to Angra Pequena, and on what those claims are founded. Lord Granville replies :

“ Foreign Office, November 21, 1883.

“ M. L'AMBASSADEUR,—I have been in communication with her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies upon the subject of the inquiry which you addressed to me by order of your Government on the 16th instant, as to whether her Majesty's Government claim any right of sovereignty over the Bay of Angra Pequena and adjacent territory ; and I have now the honour to state to your Excellency that although her Majesty's Government have not proclaimed the Queen's sovereignty along the whole country, but only at certain points, such as Wallisch Bay and the Angra Pequena Islands, they consider that any claim to sovereignty or jurisdiction by a foreign Power between the southern point of Portuguese jurisdiction at latitude 18 and the frontier of the Cape Colony would infringe their legitimate rights. Her Majesty's Government are awaiting a report, which may possibly arrive during the course of the present month, from the naval officer who has lately visited Angra Pequena with a view to prevent any collision between the German traders who have established themselves there, and the British subjects who have for a long time held a grant and concession on the mainland at Angra Pequena from the Chief of Great Namaqualand. They trust that it may be found practicable to make such arrangements as may enable the German traders to share in the occupation of the land at Angra Pequena, and, as soon as the report to which I have alluded above is received, I shall have the honour of addressing to your Excellency a further communication upon this subject.

“ I have, &c.,

“ His Excellency Count Münster, &c. &c. (Signed) “ GRANVILLE.”

Nothing could be more moderate than the course of the German Government, first asking protection from England for the colony, if it could be afforded, then asking what was the English claim to this *res nullius*, if a claim existed, since the English Government declined to assure its protection. Lord Granville had declined assuming authority or responsibility beyond the Orange River, but no one else could come in without “infringing their legitimate rights,” and though the inquiry began in December 1880, in November 1883 her Majesty's Government had not ascertained whether they had any claim on Angra Pequena which could be maintained, and during this time the

German Empire had been kept waiting for a reply to a question of which any measure of good-will would have cleared the ground in three days. After three years the English Government says that it does not own responsibility on the land, but it does not permit any one else to interfere with its "legitimate rights." One recalls the fable of the lion hunting, when the king of beasts takes one quarter for his royalty, one for his part in the hunting, the third for his pleasure, and dares any one else to take the fourth; only in this case there is a suspicion that the fable of the dog in the manger would be more applicable. The reports of the naval officers who had visited the coast do not appear to found any precise claim, and only one of ninety years before is found to have asserted her Majesty's sovereignty, though the claim had never been made effective. The report of Captain Church [October 31, 1883] says that his examination of the matter leads him to the conclusion that "the presumption that the excellent harbour of Angra Pequena is, by right of previous possession, the property of the Queen, is supported by the evidence of Gove." But his superior, Admiral Salmon, writes [November 5, 1883]: "I cannot approve the action of Captain Church in discussing with Mr. Luderitz the question of the possession of the harbour of Angra Pequena, and I have no record in this office which confirms the statement of John Gove." There is, therefore, no evidence of prior claim. February 5, 1884, Lord Derby inquires whether the Cape Colony was ready to undertake the control of Angra Pequena in case it should be declared British, but the Colony replies evasively that it would be well to annex the entire coast up to the Portuguese frontier, and settle the question of who should administer it afterwards [Colonial Secretary's Office, Cape Town, January 30, 1884]. Four years have passed, and Germany is still waiting the reply to a simple question—"Do you own Angra Pequena or not?" The Cape Colony is agitated and begs the Empire to pull out of the fire indefinite chestnuts for it, but declines to take any responsibility, though it would seem that the anxiety to keep any rival trading interest away from its coasts is very keen. What between the incapacity to perceive that they were comporting themselves in a manner most gravely indecorous towards a great and proud Power, and the anxiety to avoid offending the Cape Colony, the English Ministry seems to have forgotten that it had been asked a question and had an obligation of politeness to answer it, even if it had been asked by Argentina. Under the circumstances, and in consideration of the known fact that the susceptibilities of the German Government were seriously touched by the manner of the negotiations, the reply of the German Ambassador must be regarded as offering a strong contrast to the triviality of the communication of the English Minister. He writes:

"German Embassy, December 31, 1883.

"My Lord,—I have communicated to my Government the reply which your Lordship gave on the 21st ultimo to my inquiry 'whether England maintains claims to the territory of Angra Pequena, and, if so, upon what foundation.'

"The tenor of your Lordship's answer was that her Majesty's Government had not indeed proclaimed the sovereignty of her Majesty the Queen throughout the country, but only at certain points, as, for instance, at Walfisch Bay and on the Angra Pequena islands, but still holds that the pretension of any other Power to sovereignty or jurisdiction over the territory lying between the 18th degree of latitude, which forms the boundary of the Portuguese jurisdiction and the frontier of Cape Colony, would be an infringement of its legitimate rights.

"This answer permits of doubts as to the legal ground of the claims of the British Government, as well as to the practical application of the same, and I am accordingly instructed by my Government to revert to the subject of my inquiry.

"The fact, confirmed by your Lordship, that the British sovereignty beyond the frontier of Cape Colony was limited to Walfisch Bay and the islands off Angra Pequena, is one of the hypotheses under which the Imperial Government is entitled and bound to grant the house of Luderitz the protection of the Empire for a settlement which this firm contemplates establishing on territory outside the sovereignty of any other Power, on the south-west coast of Africa. Former events had already justified this assumption as to the extent of British sovereignty.

"In consequence of an application from the Rhine Missionary Society for protection for their missionary and trade settlements in Great Namaqua and Herero (Damar) lands, your Lordship had informed me in your note of 25th May 1880, that the district under British sovereignty was restricted to Walfisch Bay and a small extent of surrounding territory.

"An instruction to the Governor of Cape Colony, dated 30th December 1880, from the then Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Kimberley, communicated to the British Parliament under the heading of South Africa, 1881, stated in its 28th paragraph that the Orange River was to be regarded as the north-west frontier of Cape Colony, and that the Government of Great Britain would not carry out any plan for the extension of British jurisdiction over Great Namaqua and Herero Land.

"In a further despatch of Lord Kimberley to Sir H. Robinson, of 13th January 1881, which had reference to the application of the Rhine Missionary Society for protection, the passage of the above-mentioned despatch of 30th December 1880, just referred to, was pointed out as applicable to the question.

"Upon occasion of the settlement of the German firm in Angra Pequena, the Imperial Government was advertised by the German Consulate in Cape Town of a Cape Colony Act of Parliament of 26th June 1873, by which two of the three islands lying off Angra Pequena, as well as several other islands situate to the south of Walfisch Bay, but not Angra Pequena Bay, or any territory on the mainland outside the boundary formed by the Orange River, were specified as dependencies of Cape Colony.

"The instruction above referred to, of the Colonial Secretary to the Governor of Cape Colony, of 30th December 1880, warranted the inference that her Britannic Majesty's Government had not given its sanction to the annexation of the above-mentioned islands by Cape Colony.

"For the sake of completeness, I permit myself to add that the English subject, Mr. Spence, who claims as his private property, in virtue of an earlier contract of sale, a portion of the coastland acquired by the firm of

Luderitz, expressly acknowledged, in a communication addressed to the Imperial Consulate in Cape Town of September 25th last past, that his claim does not extend to Angra Pequena, and also that Mr. Spence, at the conclusion of his mission, states that he would have no objection to the occupation of this territory by the German Government, for he is convinced that in such an event his rights would meet full recognition.

"It follows from this that up to the most recent date it has not been considered even in Cape Colony that Great Britain possessed or claimed sovereignty in that territory.

"The Imperial Government regards itself bound to afford protection and encouragement to German subjects trafficking in districts where sufficient protection is not guaranteed by a recognised civil organisation. This standpoint is in harmony with the attitude adopted in common by England and Germany on various occasions towards other Powers. This attitude, for instance, was observed in the case of the pretensions raised by Spain in 1874 to the sovereignty of the Caroline and Pelew Islands. On the proposal of the British Government, we jointly lodged a protest in Madrid against those claims. The British Ambassador's note of protestation of March 3, 1875, comprised the declaration that her Majesty's Government does not recognise the rights claimed by Spain over the Caroline and Pelew Islands, over which she has never held and does not now hold *de facto* sway.

"The negotiations with Spain respecting the conditions of sovereignty in the Sooloo Archipelago, which resulted in the Madrid Protocol of March 11, 1877, turned upon the same point.

"If, therefore, the Government of Great Britain should claim sovereignty over the wide territory, hitherto considered independent, between Orange River and the 18th degree of south latitude, the Imperial Government would, on account of the protection it owes to German trade, esteem it of importance to learn upon what title this claim is based, and what institutions England there possesses which would secure such legal protection for German subjects in their commercial enterprises and justly won acquisitions, as would relieve the Empire from the duty of providing itself directly for its subjects in that territory the protection of which they may stand in need.

"Requesting the favour of a communication from your Lordship on this subject,

"I avail, &c.

"The Earl Granville, &c. &c.

(Signed)

"MÜNSTER."

[Blue Book as above.]

A note of humour is given in a despatch from the Foreign Office to the Colonial Office, dated several months after this able summary of the whole question, and the humour receives a finer point from the fact that in April of the same year—*i.e.*, a month earlier—the official declaration of the assumption of the sovereignty over the country in question had been made, as will be seen by the following note:

"Foreign Office, May 23, 1884.

"SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 17th instant, I am directed by Earl Granville to request that you will state to the Earl of Derby that no information has reached this office respecting the alleged assumption by the German Government of sovereignty over Angra Pequena.

"I am at the same time to express his Lordship's hope that no unnecessary delay will be allowed to occur in giving an answer to the inquiries made by Count Münster in the month of December last.

"I am, &c.,

"The Under Secretary of State,
"Colonial Office."

(Signed)

"T. V. LISTER.

"Kaiserlich Deutsches Consulat, Kapstadt.
"April 25, 1884.

"SIR,—With reference to the interview you were good enough to grant me this morning, and the communication I then made, I have now the honour to confirm to you that, the German Foreign Office being informed that the Colonial authorities' doubt as to the acquisition of Mr. Luderitz north of the Orange River being entitled to German protection, I am instructed by Prince Bismarck to declare officially that Mr. Luderitz and his establishments are under the protection of the German Empire.

"I have, &c.,

(Signed)

"The Imperial German Consul,

"W. A. LIPPERT

"The Hon. the Colonial Secretary."

And on the heel of this we find the Colonial Office writing to the Foreign Office, on June 2, 1884, to the following effect:

"I am to add that it would seem to be desirable to send a British ship-of-war without delay to Angra Pequena, in order that there may be no ground for alleging that the continued absence of British protection has rendered German intervention necessary." And the next day the German Consul at Cape Town is informed confidentially that the Cape Colony intends to take possession of Angra Pequena, to which the German Government replies that it cannot recognise this sort of proceeding, and that it is dealing with the English Government, not with a colony [Hatzfeldt to the German Ambassador in London, June 4, 1884], and Granville says that he will try to soothe the susceptibilities of the colony [June 7]. The despatch of Bismarck to the Ambassador in response to this communication is a masterly and courteous review of the whole transaction from the beginning. It is, perhaps intentionally but unfortunately, omitted from the Blue Book on Angra Pequena, for it was clearly intended to put public opinion in England, as in Germany, right on the merits of the question. I therefore give it entire from the German White Book:

"Berlin, June 10, 1884.

"I have had the honour to receive your Excellency's telegram of the 7th.

"After many inquiries on the part of German subjects, especially of Hanseatic origin, whether they could depend on the protection of the Empire in their African enterprises, had been addressed to me in the beginning of last year, I have endeavoured to avoid coming into collision with the existing or pretended rights of other nations by the proper concession of this protection. It was necessary for me to secure this without exciting

needless alarm as to our intentions, or showing prematurely our intentions in the matter. To this end I made the first inquiry addressed by the Imperial Embassy to the English Government in this form: Whether England was prepared to afford protection to German colonists in South Africa? I was perfectly aware that England, without other arrangements than those then existing, was not in a position to do so. It was, however, desirable that I should have the declaration of England based on the Acts of Parliament. The reply came, as your Excellency knows, refusing the same. [Despatch of February 26, 1883, not given in the Blue Book.] Prevented by illness from keeping this business in mind, we only took it up again in the autumn of last year on the renewed urgency of the Germans interested, and on the ground of the English reply to our question whether we, in meeting the wishes of the Bremen merchants, would encounter opposition from England. We took the conciliatory form of inquiry, by asking the English Government if it considered that it had any claim to any part of the strip of coast between the Orange River and the Portuguese territory, apart from Walfisch Bay, and on what these claims, if any, were grounded, and what means had been taken to afford protection to German settlers. It was perfectly well known to us that England was in no wise prepared to provide such protection on that strip of coast, nor even at Walfisch Bay, where to my knowledge there were only three Englishmen representing the Government.

"My intention was to obtain by these inquiries a formal acknowledgment from England that this strip of land was in European opinion *res nullius*, with no shadow of mistrust or offence on either side. My intention was to receive on this point a positive declaration from England that she had up to that time no pretension to, or rightful claim over, that strip of land. Our question could have been answered by England in a week, without referring it to the Cape; it was only a question of a declaration of the recognised possessions of England at that moment.

"This simple question became so complicated by England that Lord Granville, and even more Lord Derby, understood it as a question whether it would suit England to annex still more than Walfisch Bay on that coast. A reference of the question to the Cape Colony, and the awaiting the solution of the Ministerial crisis there, would only have been necessary if they required to be assured whether England or its province, the Cape Colony, desired to annex fresh strips of coast in that vicinity. In order to answer our question, a simple inspection of the register of the former English possessions would have sufficed; but this register excluded the entire coast north of the Orange River, excepting Walfisch Bay.

"This is the point on which, according to my conviction, we have not been treated fairly by England. This feeling has been strengthened by the explanations which several English statesmen have given, with the purport that England has a legitimate right to prevent settlements by other nations in the vicinity of English possessions, and that England establishes a sort of Monroe doctrine in Africa against the vicinage of other nations, and, further, that it, always premising that that strip of land is *res nullius*, and the Cape Colony, depending on England, allow themselves the right to seize this unclaimed land, disputes the right of any other nation, and especially ours, to claim it.

"I spoke yesterday with Lord Ampthill on this subject, and told him that the German Empire cannot refuse its subjects in Africa protection in their enterprises and possessions; and that I cannot advise the colonists demanding the protection of the Empire in lands beyond the sea to appeal to English protection in a place not under English rule, and where they were satisfied that they did not interfere in the dominions of any other

European Power, and had in that conviction settled there; nor could I advise them, in the interests of their property, to become English subjects instead of German.

"I concede, as before, that a colonial system compared to that of England, with garrisons, governors, and employes of the Mother Country, would not suit us, for reasons grounded in our less extensive arrangements and relations; but the Imperial Government can give its protection, as far as its powers go, even to the colonies. The interests of German subjects as are connected with the purchase of land. I have based my conclusions on the analogy of the beginnings of the East India Company. To the question Lord Amthill put as to whether we should go so far as to concede an Imperial charter to those concerned, I answered affirmatively.

"Your Excellency will, from the above, understand the attitude to be maintained in your conversations with Lord Granville. Our attitude must be such as to avoid creating in Germany the impression that we would sacrifice the vital interests of Germany to a good understanding with England.

"VON BISMARCK.

"His Excellency the Imperial Ambassador, &c.,
"London."

Following the above despatch in the German White Book is the reply of the Ambassador, which also is worth giving in full, as no doubt these two documents contain the essential German case put in an extremely friendly manner, and in fact the despatch of Lord Granville [Blue Book, *Angra Pequena*, p. 56] reporting the conversation, is only in minute and unimportant details different from it:

"I have just had a long interview with Lord Granville about the *Angra Pequena* incident. I insisted on what had been said in the last despatch of your Excellency, and emphasised the direction of our policy, explaining that we must abide by the several declarations of the English Government—viz., that according to the documents, to the north of Orange River, excepting *Walfisch Bay*, no English sovereignty or jurisdiction existed. Our note of December 31, 1883, which only asked what means England would provide to afford protection in *Angra Pequena* remained without answer. In the meanwhile the matter pressed; our compatriots whose capital had been expended in *Angra Pequena* had to be informed under what protection they stood. In April of the same year they had again importuned us, as on the part of the Cape Colony their claim to German protection was disputed. Under these circumstances, your Highness had found yourself called on at the end of April to make known to the Government of Great Britain, as also to that of the Cape Colony, that the German settlements in *Angra Pequena* stood under the protection of Germany. Lord Granville received this communication without objection, remarking that he would inform the Colonial Office of the same. Several weeks later Lord Derby communicated the above declaration to the South African merchants. Through this we necessarily received the impression that they accepted us at *Angra Pequena* as a *fait accompli*, which made any further action on our part useless.

"Lord Granville answered: he regretted that the answer to the note of December 31 had been delayed. 'You are quite right,' he continued, '[in assuming] that your Government had no occasion to accept our referring the matter to the Colonial Office and to the Cape Colony Government, and that you had only to treat with the Foreign Office and expect an answer

from me. But our administrative and colonial regulations are difficult and complicated. We have let much time go by before answering your note of December 31, with its inquiries as to the English provisions for eventual protection. Lord Derby understood by that question that Germany desired that England should take that strip of land under her protection, and made his declaration on that understanding.

"Lord Granville denied that Lord Derby's attitude was inimical to Germany. He insisted on the conviction that misunderstandings on the one side and the other had obtained.

"To Lord Granville's question, Will you proclaim your sovereignty? I answered that we should act prudently, just as England had in Borneo. In any case, we should defend our right to extend our protection to our own people on territory where rights were not accorded by any recognised political organisation.

"Lord Granville replied: We have no reason to object to that, and shall only occupy ourselves with the protection of the rights of English subjects occupied in commerce in that territory.

"I answered: It was naturally understood by my Government that any English claims with any rightful foundation should be respected.

"Lord Granville finally remarked that he desired to conclude this business as promptly as possible; he would consult with Lord Derby and let us have an answer as soon as possible. .

"GRAF VON BISMARCK SCHOENHAUSEN.

"His Highness Prince Bismarck."

On June 22, 1884, Münster telegraphs that the English Cabinet recognises the German rights over *Angra Pequena*. One would think that this would have laid to rest the bickering incident, and that the Government of her Majesty, not having gained in dignity or advantage by it, and having provoked a widespread feeling of indignation in Germany by their cavalier manner of treating the question in the beginning, and having been to a certain extent driven to a conclusion which a fine sense of the consideration due to a great and always friendly Power would have brought them to spontaneously long before, would now brush away all reminders of an unfortunate controversy. The German Government having, after all these explanations and declarations, decided to assert its authority over the unclaimed land from the Orange River to the Portuguese frontier, excluding all that part of the coast to which England laid claim, the Cape Colony suddenly determines to assume government over the same, so as to cut off, avowedly, the German settlement from the entire hinterland and stifle it for want of proper communications. The reply of the German Government was, as might have been expected, peremptory, and on August 19 Hatzfeldt makes a communication to Lord Granville, recalling to his attention the decisions arrived at, and the formal granting of protection to Germans on the unclaimed land, and says: "The English extension of territory clashes with the protection of German subjects by Germany. After the Orange River had been named as the limits of English possessions, with the exception of Walvisch Bay and a small neighbouring property, we could not have

expected England to change her tactics regardless of the interests of German subjects." The Blue Book is silent as to what transactions took place after July 1884, but from the White Book it appears that there were very important negotiations continuing until October, by which it is evident that the British Ministry did not entirely escape complicity with the determinations of the Cape Colony Government. On August 22 Count Hatzfeldt made a communication to the *Chargé d'affaires* in London, in which occur the following passages, which prove at least that there was some colour for the German feeling that the English Government was working with motives of latent hostility to German colonising projects. Having again reviewed the whole controversy, he says :

"The undersigned must express the confidence of the Imperial Government that the Royal Government of Great Britain will bear in mind that the friendly relations of both countries depend on their denying assent to the proposals of the Cape Colony. Being persuaded of these friendly dispositions, the German Government inquired of the British last year, in an open and loyal manner, and lately confidentially, and finally by the official note of December 31, with the desire of ascertaining the official position of the claims of England to the territory north of Orange River, except Wal-fisch Bay, the facts as to which they had learned from former events. It would have been practicable to give the answer to this in a few days, as a correspondence with the Cape Colony was not necessary for this. The German Government did not reckon that in order to give a definite answer to its inquiries it would take six months, and that in the meanwhile the time would be employed in preparing for further English annexations. The theory which the Cape Colony misapplies about theoretic annexations of unexplored coasts and strips of land, based on the declaration of the keeping of other colonies at a proper distance, is not workable; it is a contradiction of the rights of nations and of tradition. If the Government of the Cape Colony should attempt to put into effect its decisions, the Government of Great Britain cannot shirk the responsibility, and beside this, the English Colonial Minister, while we in good faith were awaiting the reply to our question of the 21st December, employed the time, through his telegrams of February 3, May 8, June 17, and July 14, in encouraging the Cape Government to come to determinations which are ruinous to the development of German enterprise."

The *aide-memoire* which accompanied this despatch goes on to say :

"The Blue Books of the Cape Government contain a number of despatches showing that the disposition of the Cape Government to extend its territory was incited by the telegram of Lord Derby, and had its first encouragement thence. The Imperial Government first received information of these circumstances through a telegram of the German Consul in Cape Town in the early part of June, showing that in consequence of the telegram of Lord Derby of May 8, the Cape Government had declared itself ready to undertake the expense of the annexation of the coast up to Wal-fisch Bay, including Angra Pequena. The consequent interchange of opinions between the German and English Governments led to the telegraphic communication of Lord Derby of June 17 to the Cape Government

preliminary to the decision on this question. The German Ambassador was officially advised of this by Lord Granville. The Imperial Government had supposed, from the assurances of Lord Granville at the time, that German enterprise would receive no opposition from English sources. In this supposition it was further confirmed by the indication of the published boundaries of the colony, contained in the despatch from the German Ambassador communicated to Lord Ampthill. Since then Lord Derby did certainly declare that the Government of Great Britain was ready to put the entire strip of coast, with the exception of the property of Herr Luderitz at Angra Pequena, under British protection, if the Cape Parliament would undertake the cost of the annexation. The Cape Parliament, on July 15, concluded favourably, and asked that the land on the coast between Orange River and the Portuguese borders should be declared British territory. The Under-Secretary of State in the British Colonial Service proposed in the sitting of the Lower House on the 29th in the following form:—It is proposed that the coast between the Orange River and the Southern Portuguese frontier, including the British settlement of Walfisch Bay, should be taken under the charge of the Cape Government, and that this protection should only exclude Angra Pequena, which is under German protection. From the tone of the journalistic criticisms of this transaction, preceding these debates of the Cape Parliament, it is evident that the intentions of the latter were hostile to German enterprise. These debates and the opinions expressed in them seemed to the Imperial Government the more surprising as, from the evidence of the Blue Books the Cape Colony had published, several Ministers had, on account of financial considerations, entertained objections to the extension of territory and had expressed these opinions to the English Government."

It seems a dreary muddle; and so far as the published evidence goes the English Government cannot be exculpated from the accusations which the German public and Government brought, and still adhere to, that England in this affair of Angra Pequena treated Germany with little of the courtesy due to a great and friendly nation; and that its Government cannot be acquitted on the evidence of duplicity towards the German, leading to the endangering of its rightful interests. The question of policy is one which may be considered apart, whether it was better to growl dog-in-the-manger-like at the friendly ambition of Germany to assume neighbourly relations with the British Empire, or to accept a community of interests which can have no other ground of repugnance than the merest commercial exclusiveness. The treatment was not what Germany had, under the circumstances, a right to expect, nor was it such as to strengthen the position of England in Europe, as she is now finding out.

It would seem that the importance of the African questions, of which that of Angra Pequena unfortunately seemed only to set the fashion, was hardly to be measured beside that of the larger relations between England and Germany, which in their possibilities hold the peace of Europe in their scope, and which have unfortunately been, for the time at least, sacrificed. In what regards the colonial questions, what Germany asks of England is substantially that the latter should not hinder the natural development of her colonial

interests. This desire is so much the more unobjectionable on the part of England, in that the Colonial policy of Germany in comparison with that of England is held within very modest limits. Nevertheless the German Empire has had continually to combat obstacles which have been raised against her precisely by England. Already, before the first acquisitions of Germany in Africa and in the Pacific, energetic diplomatic action was necessary to overcome the resistance which England, utilising the anti-German feeling in the British Colonies, and especially in the Cape Colony and Australia, offered to the German acquisitions. The same tendencies showed themselves in Samoa, where, as in Angra Pequena, the scope of the agitation seems to have been to drive out of the field all German competition, and it meets with the favour of the British Government. Again it appeared in the convention concluded with the Congo State by England, in which in good faith the latter should have recognised that the cutting off from communication with the outer world of the German possessions which resulted was contrary to the treaties in force and to formal assurances. The conclusion of that treaty was another proof of England's slight consideration for Germany, and it has produced in Germany a growing ill-will, which has found new aliment in the antagonism to the interests of Germany in the question relative to the hinterland of Togo. To Germans it seems that the determination of the English Government is to exclude the Empire from the navigation of the Niger, though one would have thought that the territories involved were large enough for all the interests concerned; and the conviction in the German mind, that that spirit of mercantile competition which had begun to show itself in the affair of Angra Pequena is in fact the ruling passion of the English nature, is increased by every encounter between the two nations abroad. From this it happens that matters which, when considered apart from all other interests, have trivial importance, become of serious gravity when, as is now the case, they carry a profound conviction to the great German people that England is *au fond* hostile to the vital development of German prosperity, and that it is English policy to stifle German commerce at the expense of a friendship which otherwise might have endured and helped England to the political supremacy of Europe, as England in her turn might have assured to Germany the military supremacy without the crushing burthens of the present system. But it is impossible that in Germany they should not give a sinister significance to the persistent attitude of England, and this conviction more or less reflects imperatively on the entire policy of the German Empire. And here, again, the object supposed to be in view in England is out of all relation with its results in the larger, and at this day vital, problem of the distribution of political forces in Europe, owing to the development of a German public opinion hostile.

to England, which the Imperial Government is always obliged to take into account in its general political conduct, and which is showing itself most disastrously in the estrangement of the two great Powers who are especially interested in the maintenance of peace, and in the dissensions between which lie the hopes of the enemies of that peace.

I attempted in a former article to show the advantages to Europe at large, and England in particular, resulting from a possible adherence of her Government to the general policy of the Triple Alliance. Since then the sky has still darkened, but the possible source of the redeeming light is always the same. If the worst is to come, and a conflict should arise which ends disastrously for civilisation, owing to the division and paralysis of the forces which might have worked for salvation, the word which must be written at the head of the chapter which records it will be

ANGRA PEQUENA.

AN EX-DIPLOMAT.

SOCIALISM FOR MILLIONAIRES.

THE millionaire class, a small but highly interesting one, into which any of us may be flung to-morrow by the accidents of commerce, is perhaps the most pitiaibly neglected in the community. As far as I know, this is the first magazine article that has ever been written for them. In reviewing the advertisements of the manufactures of the country, I find that everything is produced for the million and nothing for the millionaire. Children, boys, youths, "gents," ladies, artisans, professional men, even peers and kings are catered for; but the millionaire's custom is evidently not worth having: there are too few of him. Whilst the poorest have their Rag Fair, a duly organised and busy market in Houndsditch, where you can buy a boot for a penny, you may search the world in vain for the market where the £50 boot, the special cheap line of hats at forty guineas, the cloth of gold bicycling suit, and the Cleopatra claret, four pearls to the bottle, can be purchased wholesale. Thus the unfortunate millionaire has the responsibility of prodigious wealth without the possibility of enjoying himself more than any ordinary rich man. Indeed, in many things he cannot enjoy himself more than many poor men do, nor even so much; for a drum-major is better dressed; a trainer's stable-lad often rides a better horse; the first class carriage is shared by office-boys taking their young ladies out for the evening; everybody who goes down to Brighton for Sunday rides in the Pullman car; and of what use is it to be able to pay for a peacock's-brain sandwich when there is nothing to be had but ham or beef? The injustice of this state of things has not been sufficiently considered. A man with an income of £25 a year can multiply his comfort beyond all calculation by doubling his income. A man with £50 a year can at least quadruple his comfort by doubling his income. Probably up to even £250 a year

doubled income means doubled comfort. After that the increment of comfort grows less in proportion to the increment of income until a point is reached at which the victim is satiated and even surfeited with everything that money can procure. To give him another hundred thousand pounds, under the impression that you are benefiting him, on the general ground that men like money, is exactly as if you were to add two hours to the working day of a confectioner's shopboy on the general ground that boys are fond of sweets. What can the wretched millionaire do that needs a million? Does he want a fleet of yachts, a Rotten Row full of carriages, an army of servants, a whole city of town houses, or a continent for a game preserve? Can he attend more than one theatre in one evening, or wear more than one suit at a time, or digest more meals than his butler? Is it a luxury to have more money to take care of, more begging-letters to read, and to be cut off from those delicious Alnaschar dreams in which the poor man, sitting down to consider what he will do in the always possible event of some unknown relative leaving him a fortune, forgets his privation? And yet there is no sympathy for this hidden sorrow of plutocracy. The poor alone are pitied. Societies spring up in all directions to relieve all sorts of comparatively happy people, from discharged prisoners in the first rapture of their regained liberty to children revelling in the luxury of an unlimited appetite; but no hand is stretched out to the millionaire, except to beg. In all our dealings with him lies implicit the delusion that *he* has nothing to complain of, and that he ought to be ashamed of rolling in wealth whilst others are starving.

And it is to be observed that this plight of his is getting constantly worse and worse with the advance of civilisation. The capital, the energy, the artistic genius that used to specialise itself for the supply of beautiful things to rich men, now turns to supply the needs of the gigantic proletariats of modern times. It is more profitable to be a nineteenth-century ironmonger in Tottenham Court Road than it was to be a Florentine armourer in the fifteenth century. The very millionaire himself, when he becomes a railway director, is forced to turn his back on his own class, and admit that it is the third-class passenger who pays. If he takes shares in a hotel, he learns that it is safer, as a matter of commercial policy, to turn a lord and his retinue out of doors than to disoblige a commercial traveller or a bicyclist in the smallest reasonable particular. He cannot get his coat made to fit him without troublesome tryings-on and alterations, unless he goes to the cheap ready-money tailors, who monopolise all the really expert cutters, because their suits must fit infallibly at the first attempt if the low prices are to be made pay. The old-fashioned tradesman, servile to the great man and insolent to the earner of weekly wages, is now beaten in the race by the universal provider,

who attends more carefully to the fourpenny and tenpenny customers than to the mammoth shipbuilder's wife sailing in to order three grand pianos and four French governesses. In short, the shops where Dives is expected and counted on are only to be found now in a few special trades, which touch a man's life but seldom. For everyday purposes the customer who wants more than other people is as unwelcome and as little worth attending to as the customer who wants less than other people. The millionaire can have the best of everything in the market; but this leaves him no better off than the modest possessor of £5000 a year. There is only one thing that he can still order on a scale of special and recklessly expensive pomp, and that is his funeral. Even this melancholy outlet will probably soon be closed. Huge joint-stock interment and cremation companies will refuse to depart to any great extent from their routine of Class I., Class II., and so on, just as a tramway company would refuse to undertake a Lord Mayor's Show. The custom of the great masses will rule the market so completely that the millionaire, already forced to live nine-tenths of his life as other men do, will be forced into line as to the other tenth also.

To be a millionaire, then, is to have more money than you can possibly spend on yourself, and to appreciate at the same time the inconsiderateness of those persons to whom such a condition appears to realise perfect contentedness. What, then, is the millionaire to do with his surplus funds? The usual reply is, provide for his children and give alms. Now these two resources, as usually understood, are exactly the same thing, and a very mischievous thing too. From the point of view of society, it does not matter a straw whether the person relieved of the necessity of working for his living by a millionaire's bounty is his own son or merely a casual beggar of no kin to him. The millionaire's private feelings may be more highly gratified in the former case; but the mischief to society and to the recipient is the same. Even the private feeling in this matter is changing, and changing rapidly. If you want to spoil a young man's career, to annihilate his efficiency and enfeeble his character, clearly there is no method surer than that of presenting him with what is called "an independence," meaning an abject and total dependence on the labour of others. Anybody who has watched the world intelligently enough to compare the average man of independent means when he has just finished his work at the university with the same man twenty years later, following a routine of fashion compared to which the round of a postman is a whirl of excitement, and the beat of a policeman a chapter of romance, must have sometimes said to himself that it would have been better for the man if his father had spent every penny of his money, or thrown it into the Thames. The real victims of "property" are not the evicted tenants or the unemployed, but the

proprietors. This is obvious enough in England, in spite of the traditional responsibility attaching to landed property, and in America, where the alleged general sense of obligation to work is evidently vanishing with the necessity for it; but to realise it fully, it is necessary to go to a country like Ireland. To the Irishman a property is a source of income and nothing else: the indispensable minimum of his duty to the estate is done in spite of his teeth for five per cent. by his agent, whose resistance to his purely predatory activity is fortified by the fact that the estate usually belongs mostly to the mortgagees, and that the nominal landlord is so ignorant of his own affairs that he can do nothing but send begging letters to the agent. On these estates generations of peasants (and agents) live hard but bearable lives, and off them generations of ladies and gentlemen of good breeding and natural capacity are corrupted into drifters, wasters, drinkers, waiters-for-dead-men's-shoes, poor relations, and social wrecks of all sorts, living aimless lives, and often dying squalid and tragic deaths. Every millionaire who leaves his millions to his family in the ordinary course exposes his innocent descendants to this risk without securing them any advantage that they could not secure far more effectually and happily by their own activity, backed by a fair start in life. Formerly this consideration had no weight with parents, because working for money was considered disgraceful to a gentleman, as it is still, in our more belated circles, to a lady. In all the professions we have survivals of old pretences—the rudimentary pocket on the back of a barrister's gown is an example—by which the practitioner used to fob his fee without admitting that his services were for sale. Most people alive to-day, of middle age and upward, are more or less touched with superstitions that need no longer be reckoned with by or on behalf of young men. Such, for instance, as that the line which divides wholesale from retail trade is also a line marking a step in social position; or that there is something incongruous in a lord charging a shilling a head for admission to his castle and gardens, or opening a shop for milk, game, and farm produce; or that a merchant's son who obtains a commission in a smart regiment is guilty of an act of ridiculous presumption. Even the prejudice against "manual labour" is vanishing, and being replaced in the most advanced quarters by something like a worship of it. It is now a good many years since Dickens, in visiting a prison, encountered Wainwright the poisoner, and heard that gentleman vindicate his gentility by demanding of his fellow prisoner (a bricklayer, if I remember aright) whether he had ever condescended to clean out the cell, or handle the broom, or, in short, do any work whatever for himself that he could put on his companion. The bricklayer, vain of having so distinguished a cell mate, willingly and proudly gave the required testimony; and Dickens so appreciated the

incident that he afterwards introduced it in "Little Dorrit," where, it will be remembered, the murderer Rigaud makes the same boast in the prison at Marseilles. It is not yet ten years since, in the great Irish agitation against coercion in Ireland during Mr. Balfour's secretaryship, an attempt was made to add to the sensation by pointing to the spectacle of Irish political prisoners, presumably gentlemen, suffering the indignity of having to do housemaid's work in cleaning their cells. Whatever feeling this may have aroused in Ireland, and might have aroused here if the clock could have been put back to Wainwright's time, in England it was a false note to strike, and did more harm than good. It would be easy to multiply instances of the change of public opinion for the better in this direction. But there is no need to pile up evidence. It will be quite willingly admitted—and the willingness is part of the case—that the father who throws his son on his own exertions, after equipping him fully with education and a reasonable capital, no longer degrades him, spoils his chance of a well-bred wife, and forfeits the caste of the family, but, on the contrary, solidifies his standing and widens his prospects, professional, mercantile, political, and matrimonial. The man who has made twenty thousand pounds for himself is socially a more important person nowadays than the one who has inherited a million and never done a stroke of work. Public opinion, growing continually stronger against drones in the hive, begins to threaten, and even to execute, a differentiation of taxation against "unearned incomes"; so that the man who, in spite of the protests of parental wisdom and good citizenship, devotes great resources to the enrichment and probable demoralisation of descendants for whose desert the community has no guarantee, does so at the risk of having his aim finally defeated by the income-tax collector. We therefore have the intelligent and public-spirited millionaire cut off from his old resource of "founding a family." All that his children can now require of him, all that society expects him to give them, all that is good for themselves, is a first-rate equipment, not an "independence." And there are some millionaires who have no children.

The extremities to which the millionaire is reduced by this closing up of old channels of bequest are such that he sometimes leaves huge sums to bodies of trustees "to do good with," a plan as mischievous as it is resourceless; for what can the trustees do but timidly dribble the fund away on charities of one kind or another? Now I am loth to revive the harsh strains of the Gradgrind political economy: indeed, I would, if I could, place in every Board school a copy of Mr. Watts' picture of a sheet proflied by the outline of a man lying dead underneath it, with the inscription above, "What I saved, I lost: what I spent, I had: what I gave, I have." But woe to the man who takes from another what he can provide for himself; and woe also to the

giver! There is no getting over the fact that the moment an attempt is made to organise almsgiving by entrusting the funds to a permanent body of experts, it is invariably discovered that beggars are perfectly genuine persons; that is to say, not "deserving poor," but people who have discovered that it is possible to live by simply impudently asking for what they want until they get it, which is the essence of beggary. The permanent body of experts, illogically instructed to apply their funds to the cases of the deserving poor only, soon become a mere police body for the frustration of true begging, and consequently of true almsgiving. Finally, their experience in a pursuit to which they were originally led by natural benevolence turns them to an almost maniacal individualism and an abhorrence of ordinary "charity" as one of the worst of social crimes. This may not be an amiable attitude; but no reasonable person can fail to be impressed by the certainty with which it seems to be produced by a practical acquaintance with the social reactions of mendicity and benevolence.

Of course, this difficulty is partly created by the "deserving poor" theory. I remember once, at a time when I made daily use of the reading-room of the British Museum—a magnificent communistic institution of the best type—I was offered two pounds to copy a certain book or manuscript, I forget which. Being too lazy to think of doing the work myself, I handed over the commission to a man whose respectable poverty would have moved a heart of stone—an ex-schoolmaster whose qualifications were out of date, and who, through no particular fault of his own, had drifted at last into the reading-room as less literate men drift into Salvation Army shelters. He was a sober, well-spoken, well-conducted, altogether unobjectionable man, really fond of reading, and eminently eligible for a good turn of the kind I did him. His first step in the matter was to obtain from me an advance of five shillings; his next, to sub-let the commission to another person in similar circumstances for one pound fifteen, and so get it entirely off his mind and return to his favourite books. This second, or rather, third party, however, required an advance from my acquaintance of one-and-sixpence to buy paper, having obtained which, he handed over the contract to a fourth party, who was willing to do it for one pound thirteen and sixpence. Speculation raged for a day or two as the job was passed on; and it reached bottom at last in the hands of the least competent and least sober female copyist in the room, who actually did the work for five shillings, and then turned it into a handsome investment by making it an excuse for borrowing endless sixpences from me from that time to the day of her death, which each sixpence probably accelerated to the extent of fourpence, and staved off to the extent of twopence. She was not a deserving person: if she had been she would have come to

no such extremity. Her claims to compassion were that she could not be depended on, could not resist the temptation to drink, could not bring herself to do her work carefully, and was therefore at a miserable disadvantage in the world—a disadvantage exactly similar to that suffered by the blind, the deaf, the maimed, the mad, or any other victims of imperfect or injured faculty. I learnt from her that she had once been recommended to the officials of the Charity Organisation Society; but they, on inquiring into her case, had refused to help her because she was “undeserving,” by which they meant that she was incapable of helping herself. Here was surely some confusion of ideas. She was very angry with the Society, and not unreasonably so; for she knew that their funds were largely subscribed by people who regarded them as ministers of pity to the poor and downcast. On the other hand, these people themselves had absurdly limited the application of their bounty to sober, honest, respectable persons: that is to say, to the persons least likely to want it, and most apt to be demoralised by it. An intelligent millionaire, if tempted to indulge himself by playing the almsgiving philanthropist (to the great danger of his own character) would ear-mark his gift for the use of the utterly worthless, the hopelessly, incorrigibly lazy, idle, easy-going good-for-nothing. Only, such a policy would soon exhaust the resources of even a billionaire. It would convince the most sentimental of almsgivers that it is economically impossible to be kind to beggars. It is possible to treat them humanely, as children can be treated humanely in truant schools, which means that they can be enslaved, brought under discipline, and forced to perform a minimum of work as gently as the nature of the process and their own intense objection to it permit; but there is no satisfaction for the compassionate instincts to be got out of that. It is a public duty, like the enforcement of sanitation, and should be undertaken by the public. Privately supported beggar-colonies, like that of the Salvation Army at Hadleigh, are the beginnings, not of a Utopia of the reclaimed developed from a religious enterprise for the relief of the unemployed, but of the experiments on which an inevitable future extension of the Poor-Law will have to be based. What is urgently needed at present is the extension and humanisation of the Poor Law, an end which is retarded by all attempts to supplant it by private benevolence. Take, for example, the hard case of the aged poor, who are not beggars at all, but veterans of industry, who have in most cases earned an honourable pension (which we are dishonest enough to grudge them) by a lifetime of appalling drudgery. We have to deal with at least 350,000 of them every year. Very little can be done by private efforts to rescue these unfortunate people from the barbarity of the ratepayers by building a few almshouses here and there. But a great deal can be done by arousing the public conscience and voting for

reasonably humane and enlightened persons at elections of guardians. The guardians of the West Derby (Liverpool) Union, instead of imprisoning aged couples separately and miserably in their workhouse, put them into furnished cottages, where, provided they keep them neat and clean, they are no more interfered with than if they were in a private almshouse. The difference to them in happiness, comfort, and self-respect, between the cottage and the workhouse, is enormous: the difference in cost is less than two shillings a week per pair. To build, fit, and furnish a cottage costs about £65. If a millionaire must build almshouses, he had better do it by offering to defray the cost of a set of cottages on condition that the guardians adopt the West Derby system. This, of course, is pauperising the ratepayer; but the average ratepayer is a quite shameless creature, loud in his outcry against the immorality of pauperising any one at his expense, but abject in his adulation of the rich man who will pauperise him by those subscriptions to necessary public institutions which act as subsidies in relief of the rates.

Hospitals are a favourite resource of the rich whose money is burning holes in their pockets. Here, however, the verdict of sound social economy is emphatic. Never give a farthing to an ordinary hospital. An experimental hospital is a different thing: a millionaire who is interested in proving that the use of drugs, of alcohol, of the knife in cancer, or the like, can be and should be dispensed with, may endow a private hospital for that purpose; but in the purely charitable hospital, private endowment and private management mean not only the pauperisation of the ratepayer, but irresponsibility, chronic waste and extravagance checked by spasmodic stinginess, favouritism, almost unbridled licence for experiments on patients by scientifically enthusiastic young doctors, and a system of begging for letters of admission which would be denounced as intolerable, now that the press is avid of public scandals, if it were part of the red tape routine of a public body. A safe rule for the millionaire is never to do anything for the public, any more than for an individual, that the public will do (because it must) for itself without his intervention. The provision of proper hospital accommodation is pre-eminently one of these things. Already more than a third of London's hospital accommodation is provided by the ratepayers. In Warrington the hospital rate, which was 2d. in the pound in 1887-8, rose in five years to 1s. 2d. If a billionaire had interposed to take this increase on his own shoulders, he would have been simply wasting money for which better uses were waiting, and demoralising his neighbours into the bargain. Our present cagging hospital system will soon go the way of the old Poor Law; and no invalid will be a penny the worse.

The objection to supplanting public machinery by private does not apply to private action to set public machinery in motion. Take, for

example, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. If that society were to undertake the punishment of cruel parents by building private prisons and establishing private tribunals, and so on, even the most thoughtless subscriber to private charities and hospitals would shake his head and button up his pocket, knowing that there are public laws and public prisons and tribunals to do the work, and that they alone should be trusted with such functions. However, public machinery requires the initiative of an aggrieved person to set it in motion; and when the aggrieved person is a child, and its "next friend" the aggressor, the machinery does not get started. Under such circumstances, Mr. Waugh's society, by stepping in and taking the child's part, does a great deal of good; and this, observe, not by supplanting the State, or competing with it, but by co-operating with it and compelling it to do its duty. Generally speaking, all societies which are of the nature of vigilance committees are likely to be useful. The odium which attaches to the name came from the old-fashioned American Vigilance Committee, which, in the true spirit of private enterprise, not only detected offenders, but lynched them on its own responsibility. We have certain State vigilance officers—sanitary inspectors, School Board visitors, a Public Prosecutor (of a sort), the Queen's Proctor, and others. The only one of these who is an unmitigated public nuisance is the Censor of the theatre, who, instead of merely having power to hale the author of an obnoxious play before a public tribunal, has power to sentence him to suppression and execute him with his own hands and on his own responsibility, with the result that the drama is more corrupt, silly, and indecent than any other department of fine art, and the unfortunate censor more timid and helpless than any other official. His case shows the distinction which it is essential to preserve in vigilance work. The popular objection to prying and spying is very strong in England, where it has become almost a public instinct to profess an austere standard of morality whilst clandestinely practising a loosely easy one. We are all familiar with the characteristic impatience of "good society" with those who by carelessness, or want of tact, or, above all, in idealistic defiance of public opinion, force people to see the things they are sedulously winking at, and get "found out" in a world where the first article in the social contract is that nobody shall be found out as long as he or she leaves the neighbours a rag of excuse for being imposed on. We are proud, and to some extent rightly proud, of this system of ours, as affording evidence of our strong common-sense. To able men and women of the world who understand the game it recommends itself so strongly as a thoroughly workable one, that they become extremely conservative of the existing institutions they have learnt to evade, and suspicious of new ones which would send them to school again. They

know that impracticably despotic institutions may allow more licence than practicably democratic ones. Thus, our political organisation is a monarchy; but we enjoy as much republicanism and democracy as any American or Frenchman. The articles of our established religion, though originally a string of evasions of the principles of that religion for worldly convenience, are by this time to a great extent quite beyond belief. But we no more object to them on that account than we object to a court sword because it would be of no use in a modern battle. And so on with our marriage laws and almost all our fundamental institutions: by the time we are old enough to take up any of these subjects with authority and experience, we have half accommodated ourselves to them and half accommodated them to us, in which condition we oppose any attempt to base reform on principle just as we oppose spelling reform—not that it is not needed, but that we, the articulate, clever ones, have learned to get on without it. Unfortunately, the world is not made up of accomplished men and women of the world, any more than of university men and public school men. If it were, we might no doubt safely take a considerable stride in the direction of the characteristic revolutionary doctrine of the educated middle and upper classes—Anarchism, and reconcile it with what is valid in Socialism, the characteristic revolutionary doctrine of the working classes. The mass of the population consists of people who take our institutions seriously and scrupulously, and who are too poor and too insignificant individually to evade the prescribed social and legal consequences of escapades, even if they were adroit or well-advised enough to know how to do it. There is not a bad institution in the country which does not make people suffer to the full extent of its badness outside the privileged circles. Most of the sufferers, adults, voters, and Britons though they may be, are almost as helpless as the children who are rescued by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. They are individually quite incapable of appreciating the social importance of their cases—no slave ever believed that his case was worth a war, though freemen have held that opinion and acted on it. Therefore we have our vigilance societies under all sorts of titles, striving for all sorts of reform—moral law reform, land law reform, innuendo law reform, dress (unwritten) law reform, and the like, their members being denounced, avoided, and disparaged as cranks, faddists, and unclimbable persons by the best company in the kingdom, for we must concede that distinction to those who have conquered an authoritative position in society in spite of all our unreformed institutions, and to whom the very word “vigilance” means, not “the price of liberty,” but a vague threat of interference with those clandestine arrangements by which our impossible institutions are tempered by clever people with cheque books to the practical exigencies of their real morality. The notion that it is

any part of their duty to stand up for their real opinions in the interests of those who are not clever and have no cheque books is very distasteful to them—naturally enough; for they know that the one sin that will not be forgiven in their own delightful circle is a breach of the conspiracy of silence.

All these considerations point in the same direction. The intelligent millionaire need not hesitate to subsidise any vigilance society or reform society that is ably conducted, and that recognises the fact that it is not going to reform the world, but only, at best, to persuade the world to take its ideas into consideration in reforming itself. Subject to these conditions, it matters little whether the millionaire agrees with the society or not. No individual or society can possibly be absolutely and completely right, although I regret to have to add that the common assumption is that this is the very least that can be expected from an honest man or a deserving association. Similarly, no view or theory can comprise the whole truth and nothing but the truth. A millionaire who will not subsidise forces that are capable of a mischievous application will subsidise nothing at all. Such justice as we attain in our criminal courts is the outcome of a vehemently partial prosecution and defence; and all political sanity is the outcome of a conflict of views. For instance, if we try to figure to ourselves a forcible reconstruction of society on lines rigidly deduced either from the Manchester School or from State Socialism, we are at a loss to decide which of the two would be the more intolerable and disastrous. Yet who hesitates on that account, if such matters interest him, to back up the Fabian Society on the one hand, or the Liberty and Property Defence League or Personal Rights Association on the other, according to his bias? Our whole theory of freedom of speech and opinion for all citizens, rests, not on the assumption that everybody is right, but on the certainty that everybody is wrong on some point on which somebody else is right, so that there is a public danger in allowing anybody to go unheard. Therefore any propagandist society which knows how to handle money intelligently and which is making a contribution to current thought, whether Christian or Pagan, Liberal or Conservative, Socialist or Individualist, scientific or humanitarian, physical or metaphysical, seems to me an excellent mark for a millionaire's spare money.

Yet after all, mere societies are good marks for anybody's spare money; and though millionaires are such inveterate subscribers and donors that I dare not leave the societies out of account, I confess I despise a millionaire who dribbles his money away in fifties and hundreds, thereby reducing himself to the level of a mere crowd of ordinary men, instead of planking down sums that only a millionaire can. My idea of a millionaire is a man who never gives less than ten thousand pounds, ear-marked for the purchase of something of the best quality

costing not a penny less than that amount. Let me illustrate the sort of thing I mean. At the present moment, I, like every one who is interested in the extraordinary development of public activity and public spirit through our great provincial municipalities and through the London County Council, am very full of the need for a library of political science in London. The London School of Political Science, lately founded through a bequest from the late clerk to the Derby justices, cannot spare the funds to found one. The British Museum Library will not do: you can get the most recondite comic song there; but of the host of reports and accounts which are poured forth by the provincial town corporations, and are of quite incalculable value as statistical data for experiments in municipal collectivism, you cannot find one. Thus the county councillor who desires to form a safe conclusion as to the municipalisation of the London water supply, and who would naturally like to see the balance sheets of the municipal supplies of Glasgow and Birmingham; or the travelling student who is sent to London by a foreign Government to find out what can be learnt from our municipal experience, is driven back at the British Museum on Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," or Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Coming Slavery," as perhaps bearing more or less on modern democratic politics. I give this as an actual present emergency (perhaps some millionaire will oblige with ten thousand pounds) because it is a typical one. The millionaire should ask himself what is his favourite subject? Has it a school, with scholarships for the endowment of research and the attraction of rising talent at the universities? Has it a library, or a museum? If not, then he has an opening at once for his ten thousand or hundred thousand.

There is always something fascinating to the imagination of a very poor man in the notion of leaving a million or so to accumulate at compound interest for a few centuries, and then descend in fabulous riches on some remote descendant and make a Monte Cristo of him. Now, even if there were likely to be any particular point in being Monte Cristo after a couple of hundred years' further social and industrial development, a modern millionaire, for the reasons already stated, would be the last person in the world to be much impressed by it. Still, the underlying idea of keeping a great money force together, multiplying it, and finally working a miracle with it, is a tempting one. Here is a recent example, quoted from a local paper:

"The gift of a farm to the Parish Council of St. Bees by the Rev. Mr. Pagan, of Shadforth, Durham, is accompanied by some peculiar conditions. The farm is 83a. 2r. 2p. in extent, and is valued at £1098. The rent of the farm is to be allowed to accumulate, with two reservations. Should the grantor ever require it, the council may be called upon during his lifetime to pay him from time to time out of the accumulated investments any amounts not exceeding £1698. Not more than £16 may be spent in charity, but not in relief of the rates. The balance is to be invested in land

and houses until all the land and houses in the parish have been secured by the parish council. When that is accomplished, the sum of £1098 may be handed over to some adjacent parish, which shall deal with the gift similarly to St. Bees."

Here we have a remarkable combination of practical sagacity and colossal revolutionary visionariness. Mr. Pagan sets a thousand pound snowball rolling in such a way as to nationalise the land parish by parish until the revolution is complete. Observe—and copy—his clause, "not in relief of the rates." Let the millionaire never forget that the ratepayer is always lying in wait to malversation public money to the saving of his own pocket. Possibly the millionaire may sympathise with him, and say that he wishes to relieve him. But in the first place a millionaire should never sympathise with anybody—his destiny is too high for such petty self indulgence; and in the second, you cannot relieve the ratepayer by reducing, or even abolishing, his rates, since freeing a house of rates simply raises the rent. The millionaire might as well leave his money direct to the landlords at once. In fact, the ratepayer is only a foolish catpaw for the landlord, who is the great eater-up of public bequests. At Tonbridge, Bedford, and certain other places, pious founders have endowed the schools so splendidly that education is nobly cheap there. But rents are equivalently high; so that the landlords reap the whole pecuniary value of the endowment. The remedy, however, is to follow the example of the Tonbridge and Bedford founders instead of avoiding it. If every centre of population were educationally endowed with equal liberality, the advantage of Bedford would cease to be a differential one; and it is only advantages which are both differential and pecuniarily realisable by the individual citizens that produce rent. Still, the case points to another form of the general rule above deduced for the guidance of millionaires: namely, that bequests to the public should be for the provision of luxuries, never of necessaries. We needs must provide necessaries for ourselves; and their gratuitous provision in any town at present constitutes a pecuniarily realisable differential advantage in favour of living in that town. Now, a luxury is something that we need not have, and consequently will not pay for, except with spare or waste money—properly speaking, therefore, something that we will not pay for at all. And yet nothing is more vitally right than the attitude of the French gentleman who said: "Give me the luxuries of life, and I will do without the necessaries." For example, the library of political science which I desiderate is prodigiously more important to our well-being than a thousand new charitable soup-kitchens; but as nobody will pay a farthing for it, it would not raise the rent of even students' lodgings in London by a farthing: it would be an addition to the common-

wealth absolutely without drawback. But suppose a misguided billionaire, instead of founding this library, or something cognate, were to take on himself the cost of paving and lighting some London parish, and set on foot a free supply of bread and milk! All that would happen would be that the competition for houses and shops in that parish would rage until it had brought rents up to a point at which there would be no advantage in living in it more than in any other parish. Even parks and open spaces raise rents in London, though, strange to say, London statues do not diminish them. Here, then, is the simple formula for the public benefactor. Never give the people anything they want: give them something they ought to want and don't.

Thus we find at the end of it all, appositely enough, that the great work of the millionaire, whose tragedy is that he has not needs enough for his means, is to create needs. The man who makes the luxury of yesterday the need of to-morrow is as great a benefactor as the man who makes two ears of wheat grow where one grew before. Mr. Ruskin has already set a handsome example to our rich men. He has published his accounts with the public, and shown that he has taken no more for himself than fair pay for his work of giving Sheffield a valuable museum, which it does not want and would cheerfully sell for a fortnight's holiday with free beer if it could. Was not that better than wasting it heartlessly and stupidly on beggars, on able-bodied relatives, on hospitals, on ratepayers, on landlords, and all the rest of our social absorbents? He has created energy instead of dissipating it, and created it in the only fundamentally possible way, by creating fresh needs. His example shows what can be done by a rich expert in fine art; and if millions could bring such expertness to their possession, I should have discoursed above of the beautification of cities, the endowment of a standard orchestra and theatre in every centre of our population, and the building of a wholesome, sincere, decent house for Parliament to meet in (noble legislation is impossible in the present monstrosity) as an example for parish halls and town halls all through the country, with many other things of the same order. But these matters appeal only to a religious and artistic faculty which cannot be depended on in millionaires—which, indeed, have a very distinct tendency to prevent their possessor from ever becoming even a thousandaire, if I may be permitted that equally justifiable word. Therefore, I have endeavoured to temper the furnace to the over-fleeced lamb by dealing rather with such matters as may be judged as well by a millionaire as any one else. And I hope he will be duly grateful to me.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

PEREDA, THE SPANISH NOVELIST.

JOSE MARIA DE PEREDA is at once the most provincial, and for that reason perhaps, because of sheer intensity of vision and a fixed compression of interest, the broadest of modern Spanish writers. That, in the matter of style, he is the greatest may be accepted from the judicial pronouncement of the eminent critic Señor Menéndez Pelayo, a critic no less equipped than Brunetière himself for the exercise of his profession. He accords Pereda direct descent from Cervantes by his style, which never loses its purity and finish however eloquent and impassioned the prompting mood; by a dialogue dense and palpitating as the flow of speech from living lips; by a vigour of clear conception of character, and the pervasion of sanity sweetened by wit. As the complete and classical expression of a race, he places this living writer between the immortal biographer of the ingenious Hidalgo and Velasquez. His realism is theirs, with the touch of melancholy that gives tenderness to irony, the witty sensibility that guards from mere sentimentality, the kindliness that blunts the edge of harsh truth.

Pereda is a realist in the highest meaning of the term, not of the document school, with its wearisome and inadequate system of classification, and its monstrous error of scientific analysis of the insignificant. Like George Eliot, he is content to ennoble the vulgar, and penetrate to the heart of commonplace existence with the fine and delicate understanding of sympathetic genius. He writes of what he knows and intimately apprehends, and because knowledge has taught him to love his subject. Bret Harte has no surer understanding of the Californian miner than he has of the fisher-folk of Santander, and no deeper sense of his unconscious heroism. But he is no novelist in the dramatic signification, still less in the Tolstojan. He creates

no brilliant social scenes; eschews all poignant situations except those that may be suggested by a glimpse, through a rifted cloud, of the inarticulate soul; turning instinctively from the great moments of life, from the complexities of sex, and the deep movements of passion. Where woman is concerned his pen is as cold and reticent as Stevenson's. While she is young, she is useful as an implied ornament, and perfumes the romantic atmosphere. But he deftly rounds the mystery, having no understanding of it, and by temperament being averse from study of it. He accepts the soft, nebulous condition of young and innocent love as a pretty enchantment which it behoves a middle-aged gentleman to indicate with a smile and pass on without recording its warm nonsense, its eloquent silences, without revealing the palpitating heart of youth. Love of any other sort he simply declines to recognise. Sex plays as small a part in this Spaniard's realistic studies of life as it does in Stevenson's captivating records of romance. Yet there is no lack of scoundrels and sinners in his books; but he founds their villainy on social and political humbug, on dishonour, greed, on all the vices that sin against *hidalgia*. As a keen humorist, he finds matter here enough for effective exposure; and the women, upon whom he is somewhat hard, generally sin by vulgarity, by silly pretension, pride and extravagance. His claim upon the century is, however, no mean one. As a faithful painter of customs and manners of one little corner of Spain of which he is the artistic voice, he may be said to be without a rival at home, with no master abroad.

The books of this careful and finished artist, with his rare reticence and his whole power of analysis and observation directed upon a chosen society of blurred and inarticulate humanity, are cut off from the highways of civilisation as the Cantabrian coast is cut off from the rest of the Peninsula by a rigid mountain range. If it is a mountain sketch like his quaint "*Sabor de la Tierruca*," you breathe the clear air of the Sierras through every page. If it is a fisher novel, like "*Sotileza*," his masterpiece, the pages taste salt like the air of the coast. You may not see the ocean, for Pereda is generally scant of mere description, but you feel it round and about you. Sordid walls and a squalid street may withhold sight of the blue, but ocean's roar is ever about your ears, insistent, imperious, incessant. So blow the mountain breeze, though the persons of the tale may be saturated with alcohol. For he is no landscape painter, nor yet a describer of life upon the deep. He rarely follows his fisher-folk and sailors beyond the harbour-bar, though "*Sotileza*" contains one fine passage relating a threatened shipwreck in a few thrilling pages. It is the brutal blunders of shore existence, the waiting of the women, the momentous hour of farewell and the brightness of greeting after each voyage, the strifes, the drunkenness, the wooings, the many

sorrows and the few joys, the comfortless homes, the sullen resignation and the heavy sense of fatality that weighs ever on that varied form of child and heroic animal, the sailor—this is what he paints in strokes that have the breadth, the vitality, the colour and meaning of life itself. So thoroughly has he mastered his subject that every fibre, every variety of the sailor's common thread of experience he follows, and touches with scientific certainty. He knows him in all his phases, from drunken loafer to sober, prosperous captain of merchant vessel; knows every change in his vivid and picturesque dialect; gives you the man with his savage outbursts, his simple magnanimity, and crude regulations of temperament. Not a particle of vice, not a twist of mind, not the remotest prompting of virtue, of generosity or meanness is hidden from this merciless scrutator, not a throb of existence nor a beat of heart. He is no land sentimentalist in ecstasy over the perils of nautical life. If he knows its terrors, and uncovers to the splendid courage it develops, he can gauge its turpitudes, and is quick to note the absurdities, the superstitions and quavers of the marine animal on shore. But his conclusion is that an indestructible innocence forms the basis of the nautical character, even where its development is solely swayed by bestial impulses. In "Sotileza" he pauses in report of the trivial chatter of a band of sailors to cry:

"And these big children were men who could guide a ship to any port of the world; who, with a fervent prayer and a promise to the Virgin, had a hundred times fronted death in the fury of tempests with a serene countenance and an impaired heart! Was ever poetry greater, more epic, than their very *littlenesses*?"

He is saturated with the influences of the hills and the waves, is steeped with their colour and atmosphere; understanding, feeling, seeing with the eye and heart and brain of the fisherman and the mountaineer. He is the artistic soul of his province, and has given an imperishable form to its sentiments; its rough virtues; its obscure inexplicable instincts; its brutality blent with nobility, superstition sewn upon an independence of character that has something of the tidal movements of the waves and the impenetrable steadfastness of the Sierras.

It is this deep, unsentimental sympathy with the poor, with harbour rascals and hillside clods, the side-lights cast upon the man's character by his wholesome interpretation of nature, and the imperturbable geniality of his temper that give Pereda's writings their intrinsic value. He wisely declines to idealize life, too profoundly convinced of its need of improvement; but it is not at the bidding of pessimism that he sometimes drops his humorous pen into gall to lash the moral squalor of politics and social deceptions. He distrusts cities, and is

apt to credit them with an excess of duplicity. When he enters them he exchanges the broad Cervantesque smile for an embittered sneer, except in his first novel, "*Los Hombres de Pro*" (*Men of Worth*), a record of his one political campaign. Here he remains the humorist, witty, suggestive, brief. The experiences and feelings of Simon C. de los Peñascales as candidate and deputy, and his wife's social pretensions constitute the highest and most delicate comedy, a bit of Daudet in "*Tartarin*," toned and pruned by more austere and reticent taste. Though some of his books are much too long, he cannot be charged with labouring over his characters, and he combines brevity with depth in his analysis. In "*Los Hombres de Pro*," a scathing reflection on the compromising *bourgeois* and the political *parvenu*, he contents himself with a single sentence which discovers his personality and is his only direct criticism of characters he reveals in strokes and sharp relevant dialogue. After a telling description of the *bourgeoisie* of a certain town, he sums up the general character of the genus:

"He is an impartial man, a man of order and rational progress, the implacable enemy of all absolute statement, or, in his own language, of all exaggeration. . . . With the Liberals he passes for a Reactionist, and with the Reactionists for a Liberal. When his ideas prevail, the political situation could not be better, nor worse when his ideas are vetoed. His style is ample, sonorous, outwardly clear, turgid underneath, always by effort honeyed and seductive, and the instant it is printed, such words as 'order,' 'progress,' 'peace,' 'religion,' and 'country' float uppermost. In substance it is the written presentment of the spirit of the epoch which saw its rise, that is, if we may decide whether the epoch formed the spirit, or the spirit the epoch. Upon such is nourished and sustained this new race, the plague of the century, a race without faith, without conviction or enthusiasm. It calls *order* all that preserves its digestion undisturbed, and *progress* all that adds to its income. It means the domestic hearth when it prates of the *country*; and understands by society a gathering of merchants tranquilly engaged in the buying and selling of bales of cotton, flour of Castile, and paper of the State—a race that compromises with everything except a rise in the price of bread."

The world at large regards those two powerful novels "*Sotileza*" and "*La Puchera*" as Pereda's masterpieces, he himself agreeing that they are those which best present him. I conceived that it must be my foreign judgment that was amiss in my preference for the two lighter works "*Escenas Montañesas*" and "*Sabor de la Tierruca*"; but I have, recently been set at ease by learning that Menéndez Pelayo gives his vote of preference to these same books. He admits, as I do, the superlative claims of the great and original novels, but winds up an erudite definition with a natural reversion to personal taste:

"It is all quite true, but every one to his special mania, and I return to the *Mountain Scenes* and the *Savour of Natal Soil*." He adds: "For me it is the Pereda of my youth I must ever love—Pereda, without transcenden-

talism, philosophy, or politics; the unapproachable painter of the woven mists of our coast, of storm bursting over the mountain side, of the exhilarating freshness of the meadows after rain,"

and then traces him through all the phases of common suffering and everyday joys of the delightful "*Escenas Montañesas*." It is the preference that we give "*Scenes of a Clerical Life*," "*Silas Marner*," and "*The Mill on the Floss*" over George Eliot's greater novels; the preference we give "*La Mare au Diable*" and "*La Petite Fadette*" over "*Lélia*" and George Sand's more splendid books. It is the love most of us have for the simple, the fresh, the unaffectedly pathetic, the unconsciously joyous, that such sketches as these stir profoundly.

These "mountain-scenes" contain two sketches of supreme beauty—one distinctively tragic, the other excellently witty, with that dry quaint humour which is Pereda's charm. It is not to be confounded with American humour. It is too influenced by classical tradition, for Pereda is a man of letters in the severest academical form. He has the innate worship of style that belongs by right of heritage to every gifted writer of Latin race. He writes clearly, has the art of finding the appropriate word without apparent effort, never seeks his humorous effects in anything outside the ordinary, and presents them with the smiling simplicity of Goldsmith—Goldsmith himself would have relished "*Suum cuique*," the wittiest story Pereda has written. It is contained in a hundred pages, and is droll from first to last. The central figures are two, Don Silvestre Seturus, a middle-aged serious hidalgo, contesting a legal dispute of three generations, a country chimney-lover, with no knowledge of life beyond the mountains; and his schoolfellow, a potent Minister down at Madrid, a man of the world, who has his hours of fatigue of the dust of society, and dreams of pastoral joys and all the simpler virtues. The fun, brilliantly sustained without a halt in an even flow of genial spirits, runs through a polished gamut of experience. Don Silvestre goes down to Madrid, and is shocked from the waking to the sleeping hour. He unveils the pangs of disillusion to the Minister, who, in a moment of dejection, agrees with him. "One breathes dust and chews ashes in the capital," he cries, yearning for the simplicity of shepherd existence. But the Minister's chapter of disasters and disillusion in the country is infinitely funnier, and told with all the relish and art of an expert. First the enjoyment of physical discomfort and privation, then impatience, then bitter lamentations. Breathing the poetry of the fields, he catches sunstroke, and examining the peasant, he discovers the hollowness of pastoral literature. A couple of lying rascals drag him into a process upon a false charge, and the court scene deserves a place beside that of "*Pickwick*," and "*Port Tarascon*." The witnesses, pledged to swear away the life of the "foreigner,"

as the visitor from Madrid is termed, the pompous idiot of a mayor, the bewildered Minister, are all figures of first-rate comedy.

Writing of "*La Leva*" (Weighing Anchor), Menéndez Pelayo does not scruple to assert that there is nothing in all ancient and modern Castilian literature so deep, so moving, nothing that leaves an impression so ineffaceable as the last pages of this tragic sketch. And yet it is the sordid misery of a sailor leaving his children to the care of a drunken, thriftless wife ashore. But what a figure of grim magnanimity, of taciturn sacrifice, of squalid heroism is Uncle Tremontorio, a fine fellow, who has sailed in warships and visited many strange lands, and remains ashore to comfort the womenfolk and look after his friend's drunken wife and neglected children. Here is realism, abject, miserable realism, but interpreted with tenderness and melancholy. The realism of fisher-life painted with a strong and reticent pen, not with Pierre Loti's instrument of melody and vague charm. Here and elsewhere, Pereda recalls two familiar names—though neither can have inspired him, supposing him to be acquainted with our latter-day literature, since "*La Leva*" was written in 1884—Bret Harte and Stevenson. The pages of "*La Leva*" are steeped in brine, and all the naked perils and sufferings and shamelessness of the little harbour colony are bare to an indulgent eye. It is the silent heroism and humility that he insists on rather than on the odious degradation. Beneath the filthy rags even of the drunken Sardinera he detects the human heart beating, detects the vague ineffectual manifestations of the spirit even in the mire. The difficulty of translating such a tale as "*La Leva*" lies not only in the insuperable barrier of style and colour, which can never be properly transposed from one tongue to another, but in the rough and picturesque dialect of the coast. You may find an equivalent for polished prose, but where are you to seek for an equivalent of the powerful and vivid speech of Uncle Tremontorio, with its salt flavour and unconscious poetry? I will endeavour to reproduce a mere skeleton of his death scene, in the powerful sketch "*El Fin de una Raza*." He has been cast ashore from a wreck in time to die in his bed—evidently the sailor's legitimate ambition, his chances being opposed to it. In reply to the author's question, if sailors have any forewarning in tempests, he exclaims, with a smile bitterer than the salt of the waves:

"Forewarning! Think of it, sir! You are in your boat, like a leaf on a tree, neither quiet nor moving. Land within sight, the sea like a cup of seething steam; something or nothing like a waterspout against the horizon. So you might remain for a month. Then suddenly a little breeze strikes you full in the face. It is a nor'easter, and there you go like a shot, swallowing knots, on the top of a grey blotch stretched across the sea; and there's a roar that might be the waves precipitating themselves to the nethermost depths. To see and to hear it congeals the blood in your body, and sends the hair of your head straight up. You clutch your ears

with just an edge of sail, to see if you dare race ahead. *Tiña!* You haven't made a yard before *that* is down upon you."

"And what is *that*?"

"Sir, I don't know, unless it may be the anger of God passing over us. That is *the last*. You have just to unfold your packet of sins, and commend yourself to the Virgin. It is time to quit earth for the *without god*, and cry out upon those who bear aloft the wings of the heart."

"And what happens at that terrible moment?"

"Can any living being tell you, sir? *Tiña!* Where are the eyes, where the time to see? You are in a furnace of foam, which tosses the boat as if it were a nutshell. The boiling waters rise, rise, then subside, and as they fall, you are buried under them, and you can't tell whether it is a rock or a mountain that has fallen upon you. You are wounded and stunned at once, and when you open your eyes, *Tiña!* neither man nor boat, nor oar, nor shore, nor heavens, nor aught else. Nothing but clamours and buffets and seething foam and abandonment. No voice is left you to pray to God, for in the roar you have no ear for your own words. One furious swell sinks you, another floats you to the top. Your head is heavy, and he who can swim best would fain forget it, so that he may sooner have done with the struggle."

But there is no English for the broken and spirited speech of Tremontorio, for any of Pereda's dialogues in dialect. In the ordinary hours it has a rough humour and colour that must be *felt* in the original. In the great moments of life it has its incommunicable beauty and pathos. Leland has said you must understand Irish if you would understand all the humour and pathos of the Irish peasant's speech. What strikes us in these masterly tales of North Spanish folk is their contrast with the wordy, gallant, guitar-strumming south. Both guitar and *toros*, the atmosphere of castañet and carnation, are as foreign up among these wild sierras of the north as they would be in Scotland. When you meet a fellow in a short jacket with a turn for eloquence, you understand that he is a knave from Andalusia; and every courtly, high-phrased Don must be a native of insincere Castile. This, at least, is the mountain point of view. The race is singularly austere, scant of speech, of kindlier deed than manner; more given to drink than to gallantry; with a fine bearing in peril and suffering that may be classed as actual heroism. Truthful and simple, without southern braggadocio, their defects are part of their qualities. Hard unemotional natures, conducting their quarrels with a ferocious calm, passive in affection, inarticulate even under the eloquent passion of love, their home life cannot be described as attractive. The amorous season of youth, elsewhere soft, here develops with the scornful tenacity of the mountain deer. He strives for what he desires, but he makes no effort to please.

I have indicated Pereda's qualities of wit and pathos, and his profound knowledge of one characteristic corner of the world. I will now endeavour to give the English reader some glimpse of the features of his charming book, "*Sabor de la Tierra*." This is not a

story, but a series of connected pictures, one more enchanting than another. It is the book of an idler, a woodsman, who can write a unique and exquisite chapter about an oak-tree, who is at home upon the hillside, and finds his paradise among the pine-woods of Cumbrales. I know nothing more quaint, more odd, nothing that reaches perfection and charm by such apparent indolence of method as this slight sketch-book; and though it is pre-eminently the book of the woods and the mountains, it is never for one moment "dehumanised" by excess of description. Life is too vivid here, the characters you greet are too real, and the dialogue too piquant and delightful for the reader to be permitted to sink the personages in the scenery. It is the writer's fancy to keep you always in the open; but the characters come and go with life's own medley of profile and suggestion. It is the perfection of an unanalysable wit. The author indicates so little, and the reader understands so much, recognises so vividly a face merely glanced at, not described. In our cheerful stroll with our guide through wood and village street, recognition is as instantaneous as in actual experiences; speculation as lazy and as unexciting. We are rid of passion, with its fret and fever, of tragedy, with its bitter taste of regret, and are delighted with the every-day unfolding of existence. The delicate chatter of wind among the leaves, the play of light upon varied greens, the race of clouds across the blue, and their shadowy chase over the mountain-shoulders, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the vivid eyes of flowers—here is life enough; and for excitement you have the changes of the high coloured heavens, the roar of the torrents, the patter of rain in the street, and the glorious voice of the storm lending captivation to the midnight rest. Each picture is flashed like light from a haze of mingled hues, and the shadows lie dense against a blaze of sunshine. For incident you have half-words full of meaning, dropped lids, unexpected eye-shot, and luminous smiles, sudden revelations of character in gesture and attitude—in a word, plastic drama. You detect the conquering assumption of a fellow by his ostentatious twist of sash, the cock of his hat over alert eyes, his strut under a girl's balcony, and the flourish of his cane. You read the maiden's heart by the conscious fold of her mantilla and the side flash of dark eyes on her way to church or market. Art is so concealed, so masterly is the reserve of this apparently discursive writer, that the pages might have been pencilled on the forest leaves as they dropped about him, without a thought of publication. And yet what breadth, what sturdiness, what vital freshness, what suggestion of the impeccable craftsman beneath this air of nonchalance! He makes us feel the fierce sun rays that whiten the air in the intervals of storm and rushing showers, and cast pools of throbbing gold among the thick shadows of the woods, and we are content that the story should be an unobtrusive melody,

recurrent, interrupted, cooing out through pleasant philosophy and gossip at all sorts of odd corners: now in a church porch, again under a dripping umbrella, or a glorious oak, along the hilly road, or down the sunny street. Confidences reach us from the chatter of girls on their balconies at sunset, and we hope the grey-haired *hidalgos* will not make up their quarrel for the amusement it affords us. Pablo and his love-affair give the touch of romance, but we prefer the knave from Andalusia, the local battle, when the rival village we abhor is defeated, and we see Pereda, the Academician, throwing his foe with Pablo's hand, and, of course, as a North countryman, making straight for the head of the Andalusian knave. Above all, we prefer a chapter that deserves immortality—the love-scene of a village lass and her lover, a gem in modern ecologic literature. This is nature in the broadest and fairest sense of the word: not the nature of the French novel, still less that of our own cheaper neurotic literature, but the nature of the Sicilian Idyllists, the rude, sweet, clean naturalism of the fields.

The two novels, by reason of which Pereda takes rank by general vote as the "Master" in modern Spanish literature, are "*Sotileza*" and "*La Puchera*." It would be difficult to find a just comparison with either of these great books in our own literature. Like Balzac's studies of provincial life, like George Eliot's, they are universal by the very quality of concentrated local interest. They also have something of the vastness of nature, and ocean's thunder is their appropriate Titan-chorus. But while their realism has all the ennobling flavour, the sincerity of George Eliot's—and "*La Puchera*," at least, contains one character who has a natural place beside the creations of Balzac—the pages have a colour, a melody of their own.

Hitherto Pereda was known as the writer of lovely short tales, full of exquisite art and deep significance, a writer of pathos and power, with every precious quality of style. Outside his provincial mission of singer of the wave and mountain-side, he had an incontestable reputation as a novelist, having written a few striking but imperfect novels, with here and there scenes and characters of the first order. At his worst, eminently the superior of Valera and Pérez Galdós, regarded as balanced somewhere between Balzac and Dickens, not so mighty and searching as the one, more subdued and classical than the other, with a narrower vision and canvas. At his best, he made a leap back over the top of the century to stand prominently below Cervantes, to whom he bears so striking a physical resemblance, with his pointed beard, his brilliant, kindly glance, and the delicate irony of his soft smile. He had hymned the fields and the mountains in faultless prose, and his country thanked him for a few imperishable figures, broadly Spanish if local, for pages of vibrant dialogue, ringing with the sound of human voices; but it awaited—*l'œuvre*. It wanted the

"Don Quixote" of this modern Cervantes. "Don Quixote" has come literally in two separate books, and these have already their accepted place on the bookshelves of Castilian classics as the greatest novels of the century. Far enough away both from "Don Quixote," of course, but sufficiently characteristic in the mass of more or less notable work—for literature beyond the Pyrenees has never reached so high a level since its revival in the first quarter of the century—to justify in part the excessive homage of such conjunction. I refer to it here chiefly to explain the relative importance of these powerful books—their accepted value in the eyes of Pereda's contemporaries, and their recognised position as the crown of a brilliant career.

There was still the song of ocean and its tempests after that of flowers and springtide, Menéndez Pelayo had reminded him, "Remember that you have written 'El Raquero,' 'La Leva,' and 'El Fin de una Raza,' and we are still waiting for the monument to your name and your people—the maritime epopee of your native town. Only you can bring into Castilian literature all its intense melancholy and rude affections."

Pereda responded to this call with "Sotileza." It is, indeed, the bible of sea-folk. The sufferings, the perils, the every-day heroism of sailor and fisherman, the vices and virtues of their women-folk, the play of children, and the opening heart of boyhood so diversely revealed in his three fisher lads, the lovers of Sotileza, all these forms of varied life make breathing pictures upon a vast canvas, drawn in the large free strokes of a master, filled in with such minute details as are absolutely necessary. Nothing here of the "document" school, no indication of the note-book; yet a naturalism more intense, more vivid than any Zola has evoked from his superabundance of detail and wealth of description. You have drunkenness, naked poverty, foul-mouthed women, and ferocious men, but nothing to shock. The clear salt air breathes its purifying influence over all. Humanity here is simply savage, never disgusting, and pity is the essential note of the book. Who could ever bargain over the price of fish after reading the fisherwoman's lament at her sick husband's bedside?

"Poor fellow! Fifty long years struggling with the sea, with chills that give fever and suns that scorch, with wind and rain and snow; little rest, a moment's sleep, and off to the smack before the break of day. And then, shut your eyes so as not to see the image of death that goes aboard before any living creature, and always, always accompanies the poor wretches, to end their business, when least they expect it and when they have no other help but God's mercy. Look here, Don Andrés, I don't know what comes over me when I see folks haggle over a penny for a pound of cod in the market-place—folks who throw away a dollar on a rag they don't want. If they only thought what it costs to get that fish out of the sea. What peril! what work! And why, good sir? Because the first day the unfortunate

fisherman remains in bed his family has nothing to eat, however laborious and honest he may have been, like this poor fellow, who hasn't a single vice."

It may be contended that I am claiming for Pereda's "*Sotileza*" the place which has already been accorded to Loti's "*Pêcheur d'Islande*." But however similar the subject, the two books in no way clash; and while "*Sotileza*" has the claim of priority, Pierre Loti has never needed to look outside of himself for inspiration. If "*Sotileza*" lacks the poetic fascination that captures the reader from the opening to the end of Loti's unique book—lacks too the eagle sweep into the heart of passion or tragedy—lacks the enchantment, the melodious charm which Loti, with such dexterous art, uses as a narcotic of the judgment—lacks his exquisite prose, pervaded, like the music of Chopin, with a *maladive* personality—Pereda's epic of marine life is not the less great as a whole. On the contrary, though my own preference is given to "*Pêcheur d'Islande*," one of the books one would like to have written, I must admit that Pereda's more prosaic, saner treatment of the subject carries with it more convincing depth of reality, a manlier grasp, an intelligence of view as lucid as it is broad and interpretative; a sympathy infinitely more human, more intense, more commonplace for that very humanity, and, above all, a comprehension of "values" more sanative, more objective than Loti's. Besides, he deals with a race less passionate, less dreamy, less vague than the Breton Celt. It is a mistake to conceive the Spaniard as a creature of fire and passion, of uncontrollable impulses and flaming moods. I know no race more sane, of greater self-control. The Spaniard may be eloquent, he gesticulates, his features are expressive, but he is not excitable and he is ever master of his emotions. It is not phlegm, but an instinctive dignity that orders this self-control at every turn of life, as well as indolence and a southern clarity of sense. There is not an echo of passion, as the French, as we, understand it, in all Pereda's books. To write of the Santanderino fishermen as Loti writes of the Breton would be to distort nature and plunge into the unreal and grotesquely fantastic.

One of the finest characters in "*Sotileza*" is Padre Apolinar, the real sailor's priest. He is one of themselves, with the sailor's rough dialect and his uncouth tenderness of heart. There is no conscious nobility about him. He grumbles freely at all the demands made upon his time and purse, and though he takes off his only pair of trousers to cover the nakedness of a small harbour blackguard, into whose head he is vainly endeavouring to hammer the catechism, he does so without the sleek sweet superiority of Hugo's bishop; does so in a rough abusive way, almost swearing at the rascal and his drunken mother, and then faces the street with untrousered leg beneath his soutane. So, though hungry, he gives away his dinner,

roaring at the little girl who comes to beg for her sick mother. Consistently human, he carries his heroic virtues with an admirable ferocity, and the author, himself of faith as simple and unquestioning as the sailor, draws him with humorous sympathy, without any desire to idealise honest nature, or make a stained-glass picture of the man because he happens to wear the priestly garb.

The heroine, who gives the book its title, is the most notable of Pereda's girls—a creature of impenetrable character from her first appearance on the twentieth page, a little girl, fair-haired, pale, with a hard frown and a valiant gaze, and, reared in the midst of hideous squalor, with a cat's passion for cleanliness. Scant of speech, hard, stainlessly pure in person and mind, such she traverses life, an enigma to the end. Three lads of her age—Pereda has done no subtler, more striking work than his presentment of these lads, with their varied manner of growing, living, and loving—love her in different ways. One is her social superior and benefactor, the captain's son, a young gentleman in the full sense of the word. Another is the son of her mortal enemies, a shy, inarticulate fisher-lad, in whom love of a creature so superlatively clean and superior could only take the form of indirect homage, of blundering, self-torturing worship. The third, the lowest form of harbour loafer, a gross and filthy animal, with bestial instincts beyond even an understanding so primitive as his. It is given to few of us to fathom the mystery of the human heart, and even Pereda himself offers no explanation of Sotileza's inexplicable sympathy for the lout, Muergo. It is an inclination so undefined, so vague, so subtly suggested as to be preserved from the monstrous or the revolting by the exquisite reserve of the author. He is able to indicate in a girl, famed over the town for her superlative physical cleanliness, attraction to physical squalor in a merely animal lover; savagely, coldly pure, yet drawn to sympathy with brutal instinct by physiological aberration, and never once offend, never shock or surprise. You scent a mystery, but the author does not dwell upon it; on the contrary, clears the surcharged atmosphere by showing you Sotileza, the moment the brute presumes upon her icy tenderness, furious and disdainful. This is the enigma he makes no pretence of solving: when the awakened brute attempts to embrace her, Sotileza's incipient preference is turned to hate. But what is hidden in the heart of Sotileza we never know. We greet her, a child, incommunicative, long-suffering, incomprehensible, and so we part with her, not having fathomed her, not having understood her. Neither knowing why she gave her shoulder to André, the brilliant "young gentleman" of the novel, with his fortune, his fine clothes, his handsome face and his grand manner, and he having rescued her from death when children and secured her the protection of Padre Apolinar as an ill-treated harbour-orphan; nor her rare cold smile to

Maergo, the indescribable monster with an early affection for drink. Still less can we make of her unemotional, reserved acceptance of Cleto, the fisher-lad, who worships her in awed silence. We imagine the sufferings of childhood may have furnished her with armour against sentimental expansion, but after all, if this were so at first, surely such kindness and love as her adopted parents—next to Padre Apolinar the most attractive and homely figures of this great book—showered upon her, would have worn away this reserve. We leave her as we meet her, with surprised, interested, questioning glance, in doubt if we ought to admire or abhor her—only clear on one point; while the study of her has been an intellectual enjoyment, we are very sure that we do not love her.

"La Puchera," as a whole, takes rank below "Sotileza," but it contains one character as great as any created by Balzac. The "Père Grandet" is not a more wonderful study than *el Berrugo*, but the figures are not to be confounded. The salient features of race make a sharp division, and Pereda's study of a miser and domestic tyrant, if less profound, is more humorous. It touches us less, of course, for there is only one Balzac, and he knew how to give the necessary relief to his subject by enframing it in domestic suffering of the highest quality. The Berrugo's wife we only hear of as having sunk into death a silent martyr, and his daughter is a vague ineffective creature, who inspires us with no interest either before or after her conversion to civilisation. I have already said, it is with inarticulate humanity and odd village gossips that Pereda reaches his supreme note of genius. Juan Pedro, the loquacious fisherman, and Pedro Juan, his timid silent son, with his abortive efforts to propose to the girl he loves in a dismayed, wondering fashion, are the central figures, along with the hungry doctor, who keeps himself and his poor family alive on good-humoured gossip and extravagant concern for his neighbours. These characters and the unfolding of their daily lives are excellently conceived and executed.

The dialogue is vigorous, vivid, and breezy. It is life seized on the wing, and presented to you palpitating, without being ostensibly submitted to any refining process. I say "ostensibly," because Pereda is too polished an artist not to exercise choice and discretion, and too admirable a craftsman not to be able to conceal both. "Il faut être profond dans l'art ou dans la science pour en bien posséder les éléments," said that amazing scamp, Rameau's nephew. There can be no doubt of Pereda's complete possession of the elements of his art; he has penetrated to its very depth. He, too, has grown white in harness, and recognition coming over late, he had plenty of leisure to study his trade. "C'est le milieu et la fin qui éclaircissent les ténèbres du commencement." The blaze of light shed upon Polanco (Pereda's residence outside Santander) within the last ten years reveals to us the old

familiar story of early neglect expiated in a frenzy of late enthusiasm. This "modern Cervantes" was writing for thirty years before his right to the master's mantle was recognised. Now he has his arm-chair in the Academy, and his last book, "*Peñas Arriba*," ran through an enormous edition in a fortnight, the first event of the sort in Spain. No man, not even a successful general, could be surer than he of his public statue after death, and already the town of Santander has commissioned a popular artist to paint the most admired scene from "*Sotileza*" for a handsome sum to present to the author.

"*Peñas Arriba*" (Rocky Altitudes), with its slight human interest, and its excessive length, is the book of Pereda's that has been saluted with the heartiest welcome. Here it is the characters who form the accessory and landscape which fills the scene. Not with the sentimentalism of Bernardin de St. Pierre, nor with the gorgeous declamation of Rousseau and his disciple, Madame de Staël; still less partaking of the mild twaddle of landscape writers at home, who paint clouds and hills and sunsets as a background for flirtation and tea. It rather resembles "*The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*." The "life" of the landscape melts into the life of the mountaineers, and they become inextricably one. It is the book of the upper mountains, the epic of rocks and escarped altitudes, filled in with a rough incommunicative society, reticent and hard in emotion, suppressing all indication of passion with a savage modesty, and quaintly in terror of anything outside the daily routine of labour, food, and rest—in a word, of the divagations of temperament, which is characteristic of Pereda himself. He cannot write a love-scene, nor do his characters seem able to face one. They beat about nature in semi-consciousness of their state, troubled, afraid, in desperate revolt against frank speech, or any of the outward signs of "love." The writer deftly skirts the phase, with a hasty acknowledgment of its power, with a cold suggestion of its charm. This is how he discharges his duty to lovers in the 636th page of "*Peñas Arriba*," having brought his youth and maid face to face in throbbing emotion for the first time. The mountain lass looks in pallid fear at the haughty *madrileño*, who has gone through a severe and lengthy apprenticeship to the rough existence of the "upper rocks," and he feels as foolish as any village lout. The girl is afraid to recognise her feeling for this brilliant young man, before whom she stands in humility as King Cophetua's beggar-maid. With burning cheek and moist glance and throbbing bosom she murmurs a broken phrase to this effect, which lights up the fire in the lover's breast, and, the book being written in the first person, he says: "We acted the ever-eternal scene, so silly in the eyes of the cold and dispassionate spectator. But I, who until then had been one of these, found it even sublime, and until that moment I had no knowledge of the depths hidden in my own heart."

This is all he says of the scene, and in the next paragraph has asked and obtained the hand of his beloved, and he informs us that the days follow to a celestial music:

"What more could I aspire to, insipid and disillusioned worldling, than to live by the heat of this divine fire which enflamed my heart and brain, and transformed me from an unfeeling, careless, and luxurious townsman into an active, diligent, and useful mountaineer? For such a love, with such a companion as she who has worked this stupendous miracle, what better nest than this sheltered, hidden valley in the midst of Nature's wonders, in the immensity, the omnipotence of her merciful Creator!"

And this single cold page touching on love ends a volume of six hundred and thirty-eight pages! But this long book, too, has its quaint touches of humour, its flashes of wit, and Pereda's strokes of inimitable character-drawing.

HANNAH LYNCH.

PHYSICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

VII.

BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE ARGUMENT OF THE TWO PRECEDING ARTICLES.

GREAT MEN ANALOGOUS TO ATOMS OF SUPERIOR SIZE, ON WHOSE PRESENCE THE AGGREGATION OF ALL THE OTHER ATOMS DEPENDS.

GREAT MEN THE FIRST STUDY OF THE SOCIOLOGIST.

LET us sum up the points, with regard to the study of sociology, which I have endeavoured to make clear to the reader in the two preceding papers. It will be necessary to take them in a different order to that in which they were originally stated.

The first point is one which all sociologists admit, and indeed insist upon, but which, having insisted on it, they thenceforward neglect, never in the least perceiving, or, at all events, never following out, its consequences. This point is, that all social phenomena, all conditions of society, and all changes from one condition to another, depend on the character of the units of which society is composed; and that each unit acts on its social environment, and is in turn reacted on by it, equally in virtue of its character being what it is. All sociologists, I say, admit this; but having admitted it they fail to recognise the following all-important and fundamental truths.

The first of these is that the character of the human unit is a thing which requires a most careful and systematic study, and cannot be assumed as something with which we are all sufficiently familiar, or which can be described sufficiently in a few fragmentary generalisations, such as are met with in writers like Mill, Mr. Spencer, and Professor Marshall.

The second truth, which has been insisted on in the previous papers, is one that flows from this. Without going at present into any

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disputable details with regard to the human character, it is obvious that the units with which we have to deal are at once united by a mass of similar characteristics, with regard to which one man will serve as a type of all the rest; and are also divided into groups by a variety of dissimilar characteristics—such as the energetic, the sluggish, the weak, the strong, the angry, the pacific, the imaginative, the unimaginative, and so forth; and a further fact is obvious, yet more important still. Men are divided into dissimilar groups, not only by a variety of characteristics, but by the varying degrees in which these various characteristics are possessed by them. Thus whilst some men are abnormally defective in will-power and resolution, and many men possess them in what may be called an average degree, there are a certain number of men who possess them in a degree that is quite exceptional. And the same holds good of all other faculties—the poetic faculty, the vocal faculty, the intellectual and speculative faculties, the faculty of command, and so forth. Thus whatever may be the faculties or characteristics in the human units, to which social civilisation is due (and this is a question which we need not discuss at present), these faculties are found existing in a minority of the units to a degree which is quite exceptional; and the minority, possessing them to this degree, is marked off from the majority as a practically separate class. All sociologists will admit, indeed they do admit, this much; but what they do not admit, or what, at all events, they do not scientifically recognise, is as follows. All social civilisation, and all progress, is due primarily to the action of this minority.

This is the second of these truths, resulting from the admitted fact that all social phenomena depend on the character of the social units, on which I have been insisting in the previous papers, and which on another occasion I shall discuss further; but I must first recall to the reader more particularly what I have said about it already.

I have pointed out that the recognition of the minority of mankind as being the primary source of all progress, does not in any way conflict with the theory of social evolution when rightly understood; and that to admit the enormous influence of the deliberate action of gifted individuals, and knots of gifted individuals, is not to deny the enormous influence of the unconscious action of aggregates, or of one generation on another: and, taking material civilisation and material progress as a type, I have pointed out, in a more or less general way, what the influence of exceptional individuals is; how the entire industrial life of each generation is controlled by it; and how it constitutes not merely the dynamical, or progressive force in civilisation, but the statical or maintaining force also. I have, however, insisted at the same time that the social result is the product, not of one

class, but of two—not of this superior minority only, but also of the average mass of mankind on which this minority acts; and that the qualities in virtue of which men in general respond to, or submit themselves to, the influence of their superiors require just as much systematic study as the qualities on the possession of which the superiority of the superiors depends.

And now let me return, before I proceed further, to the observation with which I at first started. I started with comparing social science with physical; I pointed out that physical science had been the pioneer of all science that is progressive; and that the one ambition of sociologists, so far as method is concerned, is to follow the example which physical science offers to us: and I showed that sociologists, in following the methods of physical science too literally, had, in an all important particular, been false to the principle of which these methods were the result. I observed that physical science analysed the matter of the universe with the utmost minuteness that was possible; and failed to deal with the ultimate particles of matter only because they were too small to be amenable to our observation, and because, also, there were no means of getting inside them, so as to examine and explain to ourselves the properties of these indivisible units. Were it possible to get at these units, and to observe their inner properties and their outward behaviour, physical science, I said, would obviously observe both. But this very thing, I went on to say, which cannot be done in physical science, can be done in social science. Here the atoms are individual human beings, which we can observe separately as well as collectively, and into whose interior properties we have abundant means of penetrating. If, therefore, in the study of social science, we would be true to the method and model of physical science, we must begin by doing something which in physical science we cannot do. We must begin with a study of the atoms—their interior properties from which their motion springs, and the outward effects which their motions have upon one another.

This is the argument with which I set out; and before going further, I will try to explain to the reader how we are now brought back to it. The statement that all social progress primarily originates in, and is maintained by, the superior minority, is equivalent to saying that the atoms, of which all social aggregates are composed, are of different sizes; and aggregation is only possible because the size of these atoms is different. In other words, if some atoms were not larger than others, there would be no social aggregation at all, and certainly no social progress. Could we prove anything similar with regard to the atoms of the physical world—could we prove that some were larger than others, and that all aggregation, evolution, and change, depended on the proportion in which these

larger atoms were present—this would be an ultimate fact for us. We should never know why the larger of the indivisible units had such and such an effect upon the smaller. But in the social world, we can both observe this fact and explain it. We can explain in terms of our own experience and consciousness what the motive force and the properties of the various sorts of atoms are; we can trace the intricate ways in which these atoms act and react on one another; and above all we can see, in virtue of what properties the large atoms influence and impart a reasonable movement to the smaller ones, and in virtue of what properties the smaller ones are thus influenced. We shall, in a similar way, be able to explain, and be obliged to study also, the reaction of aggregates of smaller atoms on isolated large atoms, and again of aggregates on aggregates. But this latter study is useless, unless it is preceded by a study of the classes of atoms taken separately; and especially by a study of the properties by which the larger atoms are distinguished from the smaller, and the smaller from the larger, and the precise means by which, and the extent to which, the one sort affects the other, and is affected by it.

It is unnecessary to dwell on this comparison between sociological and physical science longer. It has been introduced solely with a view to showing the reader more clearly than might have been otherwise possible, the fact that the comparatively confused and unprogressive character of sociological science hitherto has been due to a definite omission of an entire order of social phenomena—an order of phenomena the supreme importance of which is at once apparent when we reflect on the avidity with which students of physical science would seize on the physical phenomena analogous to them, were there any such accessible; and how our whole knowledge of the inorganic and possibly of the organic universe, would be in consequence transfigured.

To resume, then, the thread of what was being said just now, the first step to be taken in the study of social phenomena is to study the social units not as aggregates but as individuals. These units divide themselves broadly into two classes—the exceptional and the ordinary—into great men and average men. Progress and civilisation result primarily from the action of units of the former on those of the latter class; and secondarily from the reaction of those of the latter class on those of the former class. The characters of both, therefore, require an equally careful study; but though the action of the two in actual life is simultaneous, it is necessary, for purposes of study, to consider each separately; and it is for every reason desirable to consider the exceptional or great men first.

VIII.

GREAT MEN ARE OF VARIOUS DEGREES AND KINDS. ACCIDENTAL GREATNESS AND CONGENITAL GREATNESS. THE MEN CONGENITALLY GREAT TO BE STUDIED FIRST.

In nearly every attempt to explain any complicated process, which results from the action of many various causes, it is necessary to begin with rough and provisional classifications, and make these more minute and accurate as the argument proceeds. This observation applies to the division above insisted on between great men and average men. It is as true as it is useful, when regarded as a rough division only; but as it has now served us by enabling us to see generally the nature of the subjects to be inquired into, and the order in which it is proposed to take them, it is desirable and indeed necessary to reduce this rough division to more literally accurate if to less simple terms.

In the first place, then, it must be observed that when men are said to be divided broadly into exceptional or great men, and average or ordinary men, it is not meant that the division can be drawn sharply. It is not meant that out of every million individuals fifty of them will (to express the matter in terms of stature) be a hundred feet high, and all the rest between five and six feet. It is indeed meant that the stature of some will be colossal—let us say a hundred feet, as compared with six; but between the average stature and the extreme stature there will be an indefinite number of gradations. There will, perhaps, out of a million men, be a hundred thousand—or one man out of every ten—between six and seven feet high, instead of between five and six. There will be fifty thousand between eight feet and nine; twenty thousand between nine and twelve feet; a thousand between twelve and twenty feet; and fifty between twenty feet and a hundred, the extreme stature, perhaps, being reached only by two or three.

It must be observed, secondly, that greatness is of various kinds, and that, when we are examining the part played by great men in the production of different social phenomena, the men whom we must regard as great will be different in each case. Thus Burns will be a great man for us when we are studying poetry; but Burns, in his capacity of ploughman, will be an ordinary man for us when we are studying agriculture. Conversely, Frederick the Great, when we are studying poetry, will be an ordinary man for us; and when we are studying the political history of Europe, he will be a great man. It will appear also that civilizations depend mainly for their progress or their maintenance, at different periods, on great men of different kinds. At one period what will be most important will be great

military leaders; at another great religious teachers; at another great politicians and administrators; at another, men great in commercial and industrial enterprise.

There is, thirdly, with regard to great men, another class of facts to be taken note of, and this, for the sociologist, is practically the most important of all. The greatness of great men, whatever its quality or its degree—that is to say, the power that certain men possess of performing certain social functions which ordinary men cannot perform, or of performing them with an efficiency which ordinary men cannot reach, may be either due primarily to some exceptional capacity which is congenital, or merely to ordinary capacity which has been developed by exceptional position or experience. A great poet may be taken as the most obvious type of congenital superiority; and a man who could write both his own language and that of a neighbouring kingdom, at a time when writing was a very rare accomplishment, and when the ability to negotiate and draw up treaties with a foreign Power was still rarer, would be an example of a kind of superiority not congenital, but developed by circumstances, and yet setting its possessor as much above the mass of his contemporaries as he would have been set by the possession of some superiority that was congenital. We have here one of the principal of these preliminary questions—as yet neglected by sociologists altogether—which require to be dealt with, if we are ever to extract from sociology any definite and any practical teaching. To what extent are superior abilities and powers and accomplishments, of any given kind and any given degree, due to exceptional qualities that are congenital, and therefore cannot be multiplied? And to what extent can they be produced by placing average individuals in an exceptional environment? And to this last question a third will also add itself: How far can circumstances which are at present exceptional, and produce exceptional abilities, be rendered universal; and abilities which are at present exceptional, and which place their possessors at an advantage with regard to the mass of their fellow-citizens, be rendered, by this means, universal also—as has, for instance, been the case with the art of writing? And how far are these circumstances in their very nature exceptional and incapable of being multiplied, thus rendering the abilities produced by them necessarily exceptional also? An example of such abilities and such circumstances as these last would be a knowledge of foreign languages and foreign countries, which could be acquired only by ten years of travel, with ample leisure for observation and for study. It is plain that travel and leisure of this kind could never fall to the lot of more than a few in any community; and the persons, therefore, who, at any given moment, were in possession of the superiorities which this travel and leisure would give them would, even though congenitally of mere average capacity, be as much the monopolists of

these acquired superiorities, as they would have been had they owed them to some rare kind of genius that had been born with them.

In dealing with this question the sociologist will have to notice further, that though some superiorities may be acquired by an ordinary man through the enjoyment of exceptional circumstances, the fact that exceptional circumstances have been necessary to develop other superiorities, by no means proves that the development of these last does not require a congenitally superior man to start with. In fact, though there can be exceptional accomplishments produced by exceptional circumstances alone, there are very few practical accomplishments—even amongst those for which genius is most necessary—which can be acquired by genius alone. Genius will generally require exceptional circumstances, though exceptional circumstances will not always require genius. It will be found, however, that it is one of the peculiar characteristics of practical genius that, as it actualises itself in action, it creates circumstances for itself which develop it still further, and that it derives increasing power from each successful exertion of its own power in the past. Let us, for instance, imagine a tribe living in an absolutely flat country, and unable to see their enemies until these are close upon them. In such a tribe few men could be more important than a man who should be born with a power of seeing further than his fellows, and who should possess a knowledge of the enemies' movements, and be able to show his fellows how the enemies might be circumvented, which they could not themselves by any possibility acquire. Now this power might conceivably belong to such a man in two ways. It might belong to him because whereas his fellows were only from five to six feet high, his height was fifty feet; or it might belong to him because he alone of all his tribe had devised and mastered the art of splicing twigs together into a pole and climbing to the top of it. This latter method of acquiring exceptional practical power is the type of what most frequently takes place in actual life. The congenitally great man, as a rule, is not great in any actual or practical sense, but in potentiality only, till he has developed his greatness by gradual and laborious use of it, and constructed some external pole or ladder on which to rise. It will be found therefore to be a completely fallacious criticism to say that most men could have done what such a great man did, had they only had the advantages of the great man's circumstances and appliances. The answer will be that these circumstances and appliances were of the great man's own making; and that if ordinary men want to emulate him, they have only to make them for themselves. If the tribe says to the man at the top of the pole, "Were we only at the top of a pole as you are we could see as far as you do," the answer will be, "But you are not at the top of a pole; and the

reason you are not in, that you can neither make a pole as I can, nor could you climb up it, as I can, if it were made. My superior powers of vision, therefore, are as much my own, although they are truly due to my having a better post for observation, as they would be were they due to my having naturally longer sight."

All the above points which have been thus briefly noticed, will require, in the proper place, to be discussed at greater length; and indeed they constitute a considerable portion of the subject-matter with which the sociologist must deal: but at the present moment there is only one of them which concerns us particularly, and the others have been mentioned not only in order to obviate the natural objections which the reader might be tempted to urge against our provisional classification of mankind into ordinary men and great men, but also in order to lead up to one fact with regard to the latter, which forms, as will be seen presently, the starting point for sociology as a science capable of affording us any practical guidance.

IX.

CONGENITAL GREATNESS REQUIRES TO BE EDUCED AND DEVELOPED. THE DEVELOPMENT OF GREATNESS DEPENDENT ON THE MOTIVES SUPPLIED BY SOCIETY.

It has been admitted that of the men who, in any given community, are at any given moment superior in practical capability to the majority, a part are superior owing to circumstances only, and not to any congenital superiority; but the accidental superiority of these men rests ultimately on the congenital superiority of others, to whose influence and activity the formation of those circumstances is due, from which the superiority of the former class is derived; and this former class has been mentioned at this stage of our argument mainly for the purpose of setting it definitely aside for the time, in order that our attention may be confined to those men who, not only in virtue of circumstances, but also of congenital constitution, are superior to the majority of their fellows either in intellect, in shrewdness, in determination, in will-power, in enterprise, or in some other serviceable faculty. It is on these men that the existence, the maintenance, and the progress of all civilisation primarily depend; and it may be laid down as one of the fundamental truths of sociology that, *other things being equal, communities progress and become civilised not in proportion to the talents of the mass of the individuals who compose them, but in proportion to the percentage which occurs in each of the individuals whose talents are superior to those of the mass.*

Our present business being, then, with such congenitally superior individuals, the point with regard to them on which we are concerned

first to dwell, is the point which was led up to by our observations in the preceding chapter—namely, that, no matter how superior may be a man's congenital abilities, they are, with few exceptions, if any, potential superiorities only, until they are developed, and actualised, and adapted to his social circumstances, by a deliberate cultivation and an active use of them. Thus the greatest painter that the world has ever seen was not born with a complete knowledge of painting; the greatest general was not born with a knowledge of military tactics; the greatest inventors or discoverers did not come into the world bringing with them any new knowledge, or any new machinery or implements. On the contrary, great men, in order to play a great part, require to exert themselves, and enter the school of experience, just as the average man does in order to play an average part. Indeed the exertion required of the great man is often far greater than that required of the average man; and certain classes of great men are great simply for this reason, that they are capable of making efforts, abnormal in their intensity and their prolongation, by means of which ordinary faculties are developed to a degree that is extraordinary. At all events, without exertion, which is caused by the will to exert themselves, the congenital superiority of superior men would be potential superiority only. It would never exist as an actuality. The world in general would never suspect its existence. It would, in all likelihood, be unsuspected by its possessors.

This is, indeed, true of the most ordinary faculties of the most ordinary men. The most ordinary of all faculties are those by which men get for themselves enough food to nourish their bodies, and such clothing, warmth, and shelter as shall prevent them from perishing from cold, or exposure to the weather. But were food, shelter, and warmth not necessary for life, men would never have exerted the faculties by which these things were procured. Men do exert them because the cravings of their physical nature, from which they cannot escape, compel them to procure for themselves the prime necessities of life, and thus supply them with a constant motive for the kinds of exertion in question. But were food, clothing, houses, and fire unnecessary, men would not only never plough, weave, build, and collect fuel, but they would never even know that they were capable of doing such things. And what is true of the ordinary faculties of ordinary men is equally true of the superior faculties of superior men. These latter faculties will never be developed and utilised unless some motive is brought to bear on their possessors, sufficiently strong to induce them to make the effort by which alone their faculties can be developed and applied to the production of definite and objective results; and the only possible motive that can be sufficient for this purpose is a desire in the minds of these men to produce results for the production of which the development of their superior faculties is indispensable.

Now the production of any desire capable of producing exertion, or, in other words, of constituting a motive, does not depend merely on the character of the agent, but depends also on the fact that the circumstances by which he is surrounded are such as to yield to his exertions the kind of result desired by him. Thus, however much man may desire bread, he would never have developed his latent faculty of ploughing, had the surface of the earth consisted altogether of rock. The possibility of getting food by exertion must be added to the desire for food, in order to produce the effort by which food is obtained. Similarly, in order to cause the exertion of the superior faculties of superior men, it is necessary that the circumstances in which these men are placed shall be such as to render the achievement of these results possible for which the exertion of superior faculties is required.

But with regard to these superior faculties, something more is necessary than this. The results to the production of which these superior faculties are directed, differ from the results which the great mass of mankind are always obtaining by the exercise of their ordinary faculties, in the fact that, whilst these last are the inevitable necessities of existence, and whilst the desire for them, and the motive to procure them is thus inevitable and universal, the results which require the exertion of superior faculties for their attainment are not inevitable necessities; and the desire for them is not inevitable either. It has, on the contrary, to be roused by some external stimulus. The desire for bread would exist in a community, even should that community find itself set down in a country of which the soil was uncultivable rock; and although in such a country, as was said just now, the desire for bread would not result in cultivation, it would force the community, unless its members submitted to being starved, to emigrate into some country that was cultivable; and cultivation would result from it there.

But the desire for works of art, for magnificent houses, for painted and gilded rooms, and so forth, are desires which are unconscious and merely potential, and productive of no effect, except in societies where these luxuries and refinements exist. The most luxurious and cultivated inhabitant of London or Paris to-day would not be conscious of wanting any of them, had he been taken from his parents in infancy and brought up amongst savages. It is quite true that at the beginning of civilisation the desire for some superior product—some product beyond the mere necessities of life—must have preceded its production; but to develop such a desire further, to raise it beyond the most rudimentary stage, the actual production of the product in question was requisite; for this product having been once seen and enjoyed, increased and multiplied the desire for it, and stimulated the imagination to devise improved

forms of it, and the intelligence to devise means by which such improved forms might be made. Results and products such as these, the desire for which is necessary for the development of the superior qualities, have been spoken of thus far as though they were merely material luxuries; but in many cases they are mental advantages, to which material products are merely the means; in other cases they are some form of power, influence, or distinction, of which material things are merely the sign. We need not discuss these points here. It is enough here to point out that those superior powers of the superior minority of mankind, to the development and exercise of which all civilisation and progress is due, would be practically non-existent, unless some strong desire was roused in each one of their possessors, which desire supplied him with a motive for developing them; that all desire is a desire for some end or object; and that the ends and objects requisite for the present purpose must necessarily possess the three following characteristics. First, they must already exist, in some degree of completeness, as already possessed or enjoyed by certain members of the community; secondly, they must be eminently desirable and attractive in the eyes of the men whose faculties are to be stimulated by the desire for them; thirdly, the civilisation of society must be such that, for men who do exercise such faculties, the attainment of these results is possible, and that the secure possession of them will be guaranteed.

It will be seen from these considerations that the formula which was just now stated requires to be amplified in a very important way. It was said that, other things being equal, communities progress and become civilised, not in proportion to the talents of the mass of the individuals who compose them, but in proportion to the percentage which occurs in each, of individuals whose talents are superior to those of the mass. It has now been shown, however, that superior talents do not exist in any practical sense, unless their possessors are instigated to develop and employ them. The above formula must therefore be amplified thus. *Other things being equal, communities progress and become civilised in proportion to the desirability of the rewards which are practically attainable in each by the exercise of superior talents, and which thus stimulate the possessors of these talents to develop them, and make them actual instead of merely potential.*

When we are engaged in comparing two or more communities with each other we shall, of course, have two factors to deal with—namely, with the different percentage in each of the persons whose talents are superior, and the different efficiency in each of the rewards offered for the development of those talents. But when we have to deal with only one community by itself, and inquire how its present civilisation has been achieved, and how its further progress is to be accelerated or retarded, the percentage of superior talent will be practically a given quantity; and our sole concern will be with the means by which this

talent may be forced to exert itself—that is to say, with the rewards which it is possible in that community for superior talent to obtain. The community, in other words, will progress in proportion to the intensity of desire, or, strength of the motive, which these rewards generate in congenitally superior persons, and to the number of those persons to whom the rewards in question appeal. Let us, for instance, take thirty superior persons, who are, according to the degree of superiority possessed by them, divided into three classes of ten persons each. It is possible that the rewards offered by the community might be so desirable, and at the same time so difficult of attainment, that they might stimulate the members of the first class to the very utmost exertion of which they were capable; but, being practicably inaccessible to members of the second and third classes, might fail to stimulate these latter classes at all. Or, again, the rewards might be so easy of attainment that they would, to a certain extent, stimulate all three classes, being just attainable by even the members of the third; but the lesser talents of the third class, when fully used, being thus sufficient to attain them, their attainment would require, and would consequently develop, only a portion of the greater talents that belonged to the first class and to the second. And there are many ways, all similarly defective, in which the rewards might work, some waste of potential power being caused by each. We need not trouble ourselves with considering or enumerating these; but the most efficacious way is obvious, and very easily defined. The rewards work most efficaciously when they are so various in their degrees of desirability and accessibility that they will stimulate the exertion of each class to the utmost.

Many readers here will doubtless interpose the observation that another thing is necessary to this result besides this graduation and nice adjustment of rewards; and that is equality of opportunity. This much abused phrase will be discussed in another place, and the larger part of the ideas popularly attached to it will be shown to be inconsistent alike with each other and with the possibilities of life; but it is not necessary to enter on such a discussion here. So far as the point which I am now insisting on is concerned, the reader may assume any equality of opportunity which he pleases. It will interfere in no way with the fact that since progress in any community depends on the development of the superiority of its superior members, and since the development of this superiority depends on the rewards by which this development is stimulated, the progress of any community—so far as those matters are concerned over which we can exercise any social or political control—depends on the desirability and the nicely graduated character of the rewards which it renders accessible to various degrees of talent.

Rewards and motives—and these are merely the objective and

subjective side of the same thing—are to human action what an electro-magnet is to an electro-magnetic engine. Society accordingly regarded from the present point of view, resembles nothing so much as a highly complicated electro-magnet, or rather arrangement of magnets which sets in motion a number of various engines, unequal in size, and placed in various positions; and which fulfils the function desired of it completely or incompletely, in proportion as with the least expenditure, or least waste of the magnetic force, it extracts from each of these engines the maximum work of which it is capable.

This is the first point at which the science of sociology directly touches, and becomes sometimes hardly distinguishable from, practical and experimental politics. That all progress is due primarily to the talents of the superior minority is a fact which, however true, and however important the recognition of it may be to us, we can merely accept and reason from. We can ourselves do nothing to modify it. The same too is the case with the fact that amongst such and such races, and in such and such communities, for every million ordinary men that are born, there are born on the average such and such a number of superior men. This is a fact also which we can merely accept and reason from; we can do nothing to alter it. We are not able even to settle the number of males and females which shall be produced in each family. Still less have we the power to settle or increase the number of individuals who shall be produced with talents more than ordinary. But though we can do nothing to settle or alter the percentage of congenital or potential talent in a community, we can settle or alter—not indeed suddenly, but gradually by social and political action—the character of the rewards or motives by means of which potential talent shall be stimulated to develop and to employ itself. That this is true, and that it is a truth of great potential importance, is constantly acknowledged by politicians and by reformers of all kinds. It is embodied in all demands or measures, such as those for the abolition of what is called “privilege,” and in the phrase already alluded to, “equality of opportunity,” which, whatever else it may mean or not mean, at all events means this—some rearrangement or other of social circumstances, which shall bring within the magnetic influence of such and such rewards, an indefinite amount of talent, which is presumed at present to be dormant, because the influence of these rewards at present fails to reach it.

But though the importance of the part played in any community by the nature, and the adjustment of the rewards which it offers to superior talent, is recognised, as has just been said, by all classes of politicians and reformers, it is recognised by them only in a loose and inaccurate way; and it has never been definitely recognised by social science at all. This question of rewards is one, indeed, at which sociologists constantly glance, and with regard to which, in all their

works, scattered observations may be found—many of them shrewd and true. But these have never been collected, collated, or deliberately supported by evidence; they are incomplete and fragmentary; the truths contained in them have never been systematised, nor their mutual relation shown; nor has the question of rewards, as agents in civilisation and progress, ever been assigned any definite place in the study of social science. It has certainly never been recognised for what it really is—namely, the question of the primary—though not the sole—motive force which has produced civilisation, which maintains it, and which makes its further progress possible. The consequence is that whereas with regard to a multitude of minor points, sociologists, scientists, and politicians of the most opposite sympathies, are gradually coming to an agreement, with regard to this question of the rewards and motives, by which superior talent is to be stimulated, the same writers are constantly in disagreement, or in very uncertain agreement, even with themselves.

A good example of this is afforded us by the most distinguished of our living economists, for whose work, in many respects, no praise would be too high. I refer to Professor Marshall, and in especial to his "*Principles of Economics*." In the earlier portion of this volume the author speaks of economics as being, in its essence, a science of motives; and yet, in a volume of nearly eight hundred pages, the scattered paragraphs in which the economic motive is discussed would hardly, if put together, occupy more than thirty. But the meagreness of the way in which he treats the question is not so remarkable as its incompleteness, within the narrow limits which he assigns to it; as the inconsistency of some of the doctrines with regard to it, which he enunciates with an equal and equally careless confidence; and his failure to see the far-reaching character of the consequences which follow from even the few facts which he notices. In the fifth chapter of his First Book, for instance, and again in the sixth chapter of his Third Book, he hints that "motives connected with the collective ownership of property" are gradually increasing in importance, and may in the future be expected to develop still further, to such an extent that public magnificence and public luxuries shall gradually take the place of those distinctions and luxuries which men have hitherto struggled to obtain for the benefit and the honour of their families. And having said all this, with considerable though somewhat vague emphasis, we find him insisting, in the seventh chapter of his Eighth Book, that the chief motive to which the growth of wealth is due is neither more nor less than men's affection for their families. The paragraphs in which he enunciates and supports this statement are amongst the most lucidly and powerfully written in his entire treatise; but he never attempts to inquire how far this estimate of the part played by family affection, as a motive, is reconcilable with, or

essentially antagonistic to, his doctrine as to the growth of the motives postulated by Collectivism—motives which, if developed in accordance with the theories of Collectivists, will not only neutralise all motives which are generated by the affection of men for their families, but will also abolish the family altogether. Professor Marshall does not seem to realise that, in dealing with this question of the family as the chief source of the most powerful economic motives, he is dealing with the question on which, in the last resort, the entire question between socialism and every other system turns. What he says on the subject is true; but he betrays no consciousness of the importance of its truth; though he states it incisively he makes no attempt to defend it against the attacks to which, implicitly or explicitly, it is subjected at the hands of socialistic critics. Still less does he give any indication that he realises the truth which is really the objective side of what he himself states subjectively—namely, that if family affection is (as he most truly says) the chief motive which causes the growth of wealth, then a community, in order to become wealthy, must carefully maintain and protect the institution of the family, and secure to it whatever benefits and distinctions its most capable members are able, and are most desirous, to bestow upon it: and farther, that every attempt to attack the family, and render the efforts made for its prosperity or for its aggrandisement nugatory, is practically an attack on the source from which the whole prosperity of the community springs.

A similar criticism is to be made on Professor Marshall's treatment of another economic motive, closely allied with the above, and indeed often included in it, but nevertheless distinguishable. This motive, to which he alludes as one of recognised importance, is "the desire to rise in life," or "the desire to rise into a superior station": but Professor Marshall never alludes to the fact that, if the desire to rise into a superior station is really one of the strongest motives to economic exertion, inequality of social station must necessarily be one of the features in any community which possesses, or desires to maintain, material wealth and civilisation; and that the equalising of social station, beyond a certain point, is necessarily equivalent to the destruction of economic motive. It is, of course, possible that socialists may propose substitutes for such motives: indeed they have often done so. But their treatment of the question is even more fragmentary and less systematic than that of the sociologists who differ from them. For instance, one of their favourite proposals is to replace inequalities of wealth by inequalities in honour; and they maintain that the desire of the latter will constitute an economic motive as efficacious as the former. But they never attempt to analyse what *honour* means—or to explain how it is to be shown, and what advantage it is to bring to its possessor: nor do they attempt

to show by any systematic appeal to experience what the efficacy of honour, as deliberately dissociated from wealth, actually has been in the sphere of economic action. But in spite of this vagueness in their arguments, it might have been expected that in a work like Professor Marshall's the importance of this controversy with regard to motives would have been recognised; and that a question which is really at the bottom of the structure of all societies, and on which the range of possible social changes depends, would not have been relegated to a few scattered observations, the general validity of which he makes no attempt to explain, the relation of which to economic theory generally he does not even indicate, and which, as has been already said, are not even consistent with one another.

This curious deficiency in economic reasoning is entirely due to that deeper deficiency which, as I observed in the first of these articles, vitiates contemporary sociologic science as a whole. It is due, that is to say, to the fact that sociologists have neglected the fundamental difference between the units of social science and the units of physical science; and have consequently, in following the literal example of physical science, been misled into disregarding its spirit. They have treated the social atoms as things accessible to observation only when grouped together in aggregates; and their individual characteristics, and the differences between the various classes of them, have been ignored. Sociologists have not, indeed, neglected the characteristics of these units or atoms altogether; but they have treated them as things of which ordinary unsystematic observation gives us sufficient knowledge; and they have said—as Professor Marshall himself says pointedly in one place—that individual differences in character may be ignored: whereas the real truth is that progress and civilisation are inexplicable unless the differences between various classes of units are examined systematically and with care; the range of difference between the congenital power of each noted, and also the action on each class of various social motives; the varying intensity of desire which different social rewards generate, and the varying amounts of what we may call *social horse-power* which in units of various classes the desire of various rewards generates.

Having explained the foregoing points in general terms, I shall now proceed to verify what has been said by reference to one of the acutest thinkers of the century, who has dealt with the very subject now under discussion—namely, the methods of social science; whose influence has been dominant over all succeeding sociologists, and whose doctrines may be taken as practically representing theirs. By the sharpness and precision with which he states the truths which he recognises, he will enable us to see with added precision the character and the importance of the truths—namely, those just dwelt upon—which he, and his followers in common with him, altogether neglect.

X.

THE TRUTH OF THE FOREGOING CONTENTIONS IMPLICITLY ACKNOWLEDGED, THOUGH PRACTICALLY DISREGARDED, BY J. S. MILL, IN HIS "LOGIC OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES."

The writer in question is John Stuart Mill, and the portion of his writings to which I allude is the Sixth and last Book of his "System of Logic," to which he gives the title of "The Logic of the Moral Sciences."

In the fifth chapter of that book Mill writes thus :

"Human beings do not all feel and act alike under the same circumstances ; but it is possible to determine what makes one person, in a given position, feel and act in one way, another in another ; how any given mode of feeling and conduct compatible with the general laws (physical and mental) of human nature has been, or may be, formed. In other words, mankind has not one universal character, but there exist universal laws of the Formation of Character. And since it is by these laws, combined with the facts of each particular case, that the whole of the phenomena of human action and feeling are produced, it is on these that every rational attempt to construct the science of human nature in the concrete, and for practical purposes, must proceed."

It may seem perhaps to the reader that in the above sentences Mill is laying down the very doctrines that have been insisted on in the present article. And it is perfectly true that he does come near them, he almost touches or grazes them ; but in doing this he misses them as completely as if he had never approached them. Following the practice of recent sociological writers, and that which has also been followed in the present articles, Mill turns to the science of economics as the branch of sociology which is most easily handled, and in which most progress has been made ; and partly in order to show how different branches of sociology must be treated separately before it is possible to understand the way in which they are connected with one another, and partly in order to illustrate the methods of social science generally, he describes the method of economics as he himself conceives it :

"There is," he says, in the ninth chapter of his Sixth Book, "one class of social phenomena in which the immediately determining causes are principally those which act through the desire of wealth ; and in which the psychological law mainly concerned is the familiar one that a greater gain is preferred to a smaller. . . . By reasoning from that one law of human nature, and from the principal outward circumstances (whether universal or confined to particular states of society) which operate on the human mind through that law, we may be enabled to explain and predict this portion of the phenomena of society, so far as they depend on that class of circumstances only ; overlooking the influence of any other of the circumstances of society, and therefore neither tracing back the circumstances which we do take into account, to their possible origin in some other facts in the social state, nor

making allowance for the manner in which any of those other circumstances may interfere with, and counteract or modify, the effect of the former. A science may thus be constructed which has received the name of Political Economy. The motive which suggests the separation of this portion of the social phenomena from the rest, is—that they do *mainly* depend, at least in the first result, on one class of circumstances only. . . . Political economy," he proceeds, "as I had said on another occasion, concerns itself only with 'such of the phenomena of the social state as take place in consequence of the pursuit of wealth. It makes entire abstraction of any other passion or motive, except those which may be regarded as perpetually antagonistic principles to the desire of wealth—namely, aversion to labour, and desire of the present enjoyment of costly indulgences.' . . . Political economy considers mankind as occupied solely in acquiring and amassing wealth, and aims at showing what is the course of action to which mankind, living in a state of society, would be impelled, if that motive, except in the degree to which it is checked by the two perpetual counter-motives above adverted to, were absolute ruler of all their actions."

Now let the reader take these two passages and compare them with one another—the passage in which Mill contends that human character must be studied scientifically, in order to form a basis for social science, and the passage in which he illustrates this general principle, by bringing forward one special law of human nature, as that on which one branch of social science—namely, Political Economy—is based. The second passage shows what is really his meaning in the first, and brings to light the defect in thought by which his whole meaning is vitiated. It will be seen that in both passages he treats and speaks of men as though they were atoms whose properties are practically identical. In the first passage he admits that men's characters are virtually various: but he attributes their variety to post-genital circumstances, by which their characters have been formed; and in the second passage, conformably to this assumption, he groups men, when he speaks of them, into one common aggregate, *mankind*. He is guilty, in fact, of that great initial error which, as I showed in the first of these articles, has rendered nugatory the entire reasonings of Mr. Kidd. In a word, he omits altogether one factor in the problem—namely, the congenital diversity of the character of the human units—a diversity which renders it impossible to deal with these units collectively, and which demands that before human character can be dealt with scientifically at all, the units must be separated into a number of types and classes. He declares that "there exist universal laws of the formation of character"; and this in a certain general sense is true; but he fails to see that it is true only in the same sense in which we may say there exist universal laws of the development of fruits by sunshine. There are certain similarities in the effects of sunshine on all fruit trees; but a knowledge of these alone will give us no information whatever why the same sunshine will bring forth for us fruit of different kinds and qualities—a bad pear and a good

pear, a peach, a nectarine, and a crab-apple. Similarly, with regard to human character there are universal laws by which it is modified by circumstances and education; but the same circumstances and the same education will have different effects on different human units. A hundred children may be developed by similar treatment into a hundred citizens with approximately similar characters; but the hundred and first may be developed by it into a genius who differs from the others as much as a pine differs from a blackberry. Mill confuses himself by treating character as though it were a mere affair of morals—of the kind of principles on which men acted, and the kind of ends and objects they think desirable, or the reverse. Now, even in moral potentialities men are congenitally very different; and even could they all be brought by similar training under the influence of the same motives, these motives would influence them differently in proportion to the difference that existed in the activity of their imaginations. But let us waive this point. What it is here necessary to insist on is, that so far as character influences men's social actions, an even more important part of character than the ethical part is the intellectual and the volitional—the strength and tenacity of the will, as distinct from its rectitude and its purity. This is the point which Mill, in his "Logic of the Social Sciences," altogether omits, and together with Mill all our contemporary sociologists. Mill says that Political Economy is based on three laws of character only—the natural desire of wealth, the natural aversion to trouble, and the natural tendency to sacrifice future gain to present enjoyment. He ought to have added that it is based on the various results produced by the action of these laws on character of various kinds; and that it is only because the characters of a minority of men differ profoundly from the characters of the majority, that the economic phenomena of civilisation as we know them exist as a subject for the scientific inquirer at all.

The truth of this criticism must be almost self-evident the moment it is intelligibly made; but it is not necessary to leave it resting on its own support. It so happens that it can be proved in the clearest possible manner by Mill's own admissions and doctrines in another chapter of that same last Book of his "Treatise on Logic," from which I have just been quoting. In the tenth chapter of this Book he writes as follows:

"In the difficult process of observation and comparison which is here required (i.e., for the purpose of obtaining a better understanding of the 'empirical laws of general sociology' and especially of social progress) it would evidently be a great assistance if it should happen to be the fact that some one element in the complex existence of social man is pre-eminent over all the others as the prime agent of the social movement. For we could then take the progress of that one element as the central chain, to each successive link of which the corresponding links of all the other progressions

being appended, the succession of facts would by this alone be presented in a kind of spontaneous order, far more nearly approaching to the real order of their filiation than could be obtained by any other merely empirical process. Now the evidence of history and that of human nature combine, by a striking instance of consilience, to show that there really is one adual element which is thus predominant, and almost paramount, amongst the agents of social progression. This is the state of the speculative faculties of mankind, including the nature of the beliefs which, by any means they have arrived at, concerning themselves and the world by which they are surrounded."

Now, allowing for the inaccuracies or omissions, which will be dealt with presently, in his statement of the above proposition, we may admit that the proposition is itself true. And if the growth of the speculative faculties is the main agent in social progression, it is emphatically the main agent in material or economic progression. Mill insists, indeed, on this fact in his treatise on Political Economy; and he does so here also in a passage following that just quoted:

"Thus (to take the most obvious case first)," he writes, "the impelling force to most of the improvements effected in the arts of life, is the desire of increased material comfort; but as we can only act upon external objects in proportion to our knowledge of them, the state of knowledge at any given time is the limit of the industrial improvements possible at that time; and the progress of industry must follow and depend upon the progress of knowledge."

Such being the case, then, let us consider what the progress of knowledge as affecting the progress of industry actually has been throughout the period of history during which that progress has been most rapid—that is to say, during the last two hundred, and especially the last hundred years. It will be seen that its history has been something fundamentally different from that which Mill's language implies. He speaks of this progress, and he reasons about this progress, as though it were the progress of mankind at large; whereas the truth is that the stock of knowledge has been enlarged for a small minority of the human race alone; and not that only, but, as the mass of knowledge accumulated, a small minority of the human race has alone succeeded in mastering and assimilating the larger proportion of it. This fact has already been dwelt on in a previous article; and I allude to it here not for the purpose of restating what I have urged already, but for the purpose of showing that what I have urged already is admitted by Mill himself in the very chapter from which I have been quoting, although, having perceived the fact, he is altogether blind to its significance. Here is the passage to which I now refer:

"It would be a great error, and one very little likely to be committed, to assert that speculation, intellectual activity, the pursuit of truth, is among the more powerful propensities of human nature, or holds a predominating place in the lives of any save decidedly exceptional individuals. But, not-

withstanding the relative weakness of this principle among other sociological agents, its influence is the main determining cause of the social progress, all the other dispositions of our nature which contribute to that progress being dependent on it for accomplishing their share of the work."

Here is that fundamental truth for which I have been contending fully and clearly acknowledged; but so far as Mill is concerned the acknowledgment is absolutely barren, and the above passage is well worth attention as exhibiting in a very luminous way the nature of the singular and seemingly perverse process by which his mind eludes the consequences of what he has just admitted. It is all accomplished by means of that fatal juggling with thoughts and words, on which I have again and again commented in these articles—that obstinate practice of treating social units, whose characters, powers, and social influences are various, as though they were all alike, and as though their influence on society were the same. Let the reader note that in the first sentence of the above passage Mill says, as clearly as words can say, that with regard to the pursuit of truth and the power of realising it, mankind are divided broadly into two classes—the majority and the minority, or, as he calls them, "decidedly exceptional individuals"; and the distinguishing characteristics of the two classes are the weakness of the desire for truth and of intellectual activity in the former class, and the intensity of the desire for truth and the intensity of intellectual activity in the latter class. But as soon as, having noticed this distinction, he goes on to reason from it, he turns this distinction into an absolutely meaningless blurr. He converts his statement that only a minority desires truth with any great intensity, into the statement that, if we take "the decidedly exceptional individuals" and the majority together, and mass them together into a body which he calls "mankind generally," we shall find that the average intensity of the desire for truth is low. He might just as well group Shakespeare with a hundred ordinary men; tell us emphatically that Shakespeare could write the greatest poetry the world has ever known, and that the hundred other men could write no poetry at all, and then proceed to convert this last proposition into the following: that the hundred-and-one men (Shakespeare included) could only write poetry of a very moderate quality. The real truth of the case with regard to the pursuit and the discovery of truth is this—not that the speculative powers are, as Mill puts it, "weak in mankind generally," but that they are almost non-existent, or, at all events, practically inefficient, in the larger part of mankind, but that in a "decidedly exceptional minority" they are intense, predominant, and conquering.

And now, bearing this in mind, let us turn to Mill once again, and consider another passage of his, taken also from the same chapter.

"The weakness of the speculative propensity in mankind generally has not prevented the progress of speculation from governing that of society at large; it has only, and too often, prevented progress altogether, when the intellectual progression has come to an early stand for want of sufficiently favourable circumstances."

Translated into accurate language—language which shall give effect to the distinction so pointedly recognised by Mill himself between the majority of "mankind generally," and "the decidedly exceptional individuals," what does this passage amount to? How will it read? It will read as follows: "The fact that the speculative propensity is weak amongst the majority, and potentially strong and capable of effective development in decidedly exceptional individuals only, has not prevented the progress of speculation from governing that of society at large; it has only thwarted progress altogether when social circumstances have been such as to offer to the decidedly exceptional individuals no means or motives for developing their exceptional faculties." In other words, the above passage of Mill is an admission and an unconscious statement of the very fact which it has been the main purpose of this and the preceding article to emphasise, and which Mill himself, in his reasoning, altogether neglects—the fact that progress, so far as social and political action is able to influence it, depends precisely on the rewards or motives by means of which society so acts on "decidedly exceptional individuals" as to induce them to develop and exercise the powers in virtue of which they are exceptional.

It is impossible, within the limits of the present article, to pursue this subject more than one step further; but one further criticism is called for of Mill's original statement that the progress of the intellectual faculties, and the discovery of truth, "is almost paramount amongst the agents of social progression." It was said just now that this statement contained two inaccuracies. One of these has been already noticed, namely, the absence in it of any recognition of the fact that the intellectual faculties in question were possessed by a minority of mankind only. The other is as follows: The statement is incomplete in yet another way; for though the intellectual faculties and the speculative propensity may be, and in a certain sense is, at the bottom of all social progress, there are a further set of faculties and a further set of propensities the social action of which is coextensive with that of the former, and equally—perhaps, even more—essential to the results in question. These latter faculties and propensities are the counterparts of the former. What the former are in the world of thought, the latter are in the world of action. They are the practical faculties and propensities, which make use of the triumphs of the speculative faculties—the practical faculties and propensities which put truth into harness, and which convert her into a hewer of wood, a drawer of water, a transmitter of messages, a pro-

geller of trains, a manufacturer of aniline dyes. Without these latter faculties, the former would be industrially useless, and would do nothing to produce what Mill calls the "social movement." These latter faculties, however, are not only distinct from the former, although closely connected with them, but, as a rule, in their more remarkable developments, are found in an altogether different set of persons. Some searchers for abstract and speculative truth have been also men of practical genius and enterprise, and have been able to turn their discoveries to account industrially and commercially. But, as a rule, this is not the case: and, as a rule, the two types of capacity—the speculative and the practical—reach their highest development in different sets of persons; and—what is specially important to notice here—these two sets of persons require, for the stimulation of their faculties, rewards and motives of an altogether different character. The speculative propensity—the appetite for scientific truth—is to a remarkable extent motivated by an appetite for truth for its own sake: and a society which should enable men in whom this propensity is strong to command the ordinary necessities of life, and should, at the same time, secure for them what we may call quasi-cloistral opportunities for study, would perhaps find that they would continue to prosecute their researches, without requiring as an inducement the prospect of any extraneous reward. But the practical men, the men of enterprise, who alone connect abstract truth with the daily wants of men, and make it practically minister to material progress—the men who regard abstract truth as valuable, not because in herself she seems attractive or glorious or divine to them, but because she will help them to produce sugar more cheaply, or endow their generation with a superior kind of blacking or guano—these men, in order to induce them to extend their special faculties, require that society shall secure for them rewards of a very different order. Each of these two types of "decidedly exceptional individuals" requires, in fact, to be paid in kind. The great searcher for truth as truth is apt to consider himself well paid by the discovery of the truth for which he searches. The man of great practical power, who only searches for truth with a view to increase the production of material wealth, requires to be paid with the rewards that wealth can buy. It is impossible to dwell longer on this point here. I have mentioned it only because it affords an instance of the important practical consequences that flow from an order of facts which sociology, as Mill conceived of it, and as his successors conceive of it still, altogether neglects. Had Mill realised the fact that the "practical propensity" was as necessary and universal an agent in the social movement as the "speculative propensity," and that the possession of the former, unlike the possession of the latter, requires some reward of a tangible and material nature, he would never have contented himself

with saying that material progress "has often been prevented altogether for want of sufficiently favourable circumstances." He would have seen his way to formulating some such general law as this—that material progress has often been prevented altogether, when the conditions of society failed to allow to "the decidedly exceptional individuals," whose practical talents might have increased the production of wealth, a sufficiently secure and a sufficiently enviable enjoyment of a sufficient portion of it. The same law, put conversely, would be as follows—other things being equal, the society makes greatest material progress which stimulates most efficiently, by means of material motives, the exceptional individuals who can direct production to the best advantage. That this generalisation as it stands is exactly true, I am not contending here; but whether it requires corrections or modifications, or whether it does not, it is a type of a kind of general truth with which sociology must concern itself before it can become an accurate science. Mankind must no longer be treated in the aggregate. The "decidedly exceptional individuals" must be separated from the mass, and ranged in their proper places according to the degree and kind of their endowments. The fact that these men are the primary, though not the sole agents in all social progress must be carefully examined and understood; and there must then follow an inquiry into the various social motives necessary to call the faculties of the exceptional individuals into action, and also into the sort of social structure which these motives imply.

As I propose to show elsewhere, this holds good not of material progress only, but of progress in politics, in art, and above all in religion. In each we shall find the exceptional individual playing a primary and essential part; though the part will be different in each, and the kind of motive different also. Different also in each case will be the part played by the majority—in one case larger, in another less. This, however, is a question which cannot be touched on now. It is enough to say that the majority as acted on by the minority, and reacting on it, forms a subject demanding an inquiry no less careful than does the minority as acting on the majority, although the action of the minority is the one which must necessarily be studied first.

W. H. MALLOCK.

"SCEPTICS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT." *

THREE theories underlie the present attempt to elucidate, for the benefit of English readers, the "Sceptics" of the Old Testament—a theory of metre, a theory of text, and a theory of philosophy. Dr. Dillon is his own philosopher; but for metre and text he is dependent upon the guidance of Dr. Gustav Bickell, an able and learned Roman Catholic divine, who has done much to promote Biblical and Oriental studies, and who is now Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Vienna. In order that the reader may be in a position to estimate the volume properly, we must, even at the risk of tedium, explain these theories, particularly the two first, somewhat fully, and consider the grounds upon which they depend. In doing this we shall endeavour as far as possible to make ourselves intelligible to those who may be unacquainted with the technicalities of the subject.

1. *The Metre*.—Poetry is so commonly associated with metre of one kind or another, that the apparent absence of metrical form in ancient Hebrew poetry has constantly given occasion for surprise; and many ingenious attempts have been made to discover metre in it. Hitherto these attempts have been generally recognised as failures, the more successful among them being those which resulted in the establishment, not of a metrical system, strictly so called, but of a system of measurement by accents or rhythmical beats, the "foot," or interval between the successive beats, not necessarily consisting of the same (or an equivalent) number of syllables. Professor Bickell,

* "The Sceptics of the Old Testament: Job, Koheleth, Agur. With English text, translated for the first time from the primitive Hebrew as restored on the basis of recent philological discoveries." By E. J. Dillon, late Professor of Comparative Philology and Ancient Armenian at the Imperial University of Kharkoff, Doctor of Oriental Languages of the University of Louvain, &c. Leister & Co. 1895.

by the application of a principle derived from ancient Syriac poetry, claims to have succeeded where others had failed. Ancient Syriac poetry possessed a metrical system. Syriac poems are divided into stanzas of an equal number of lines, the lines in every stanza of a given poem, just as in English poetry, corresponding in length, and being measured by the number of syllables which they contain. Certain prosodical licences are permitted: a consonant immediately followed by another consonant, and ordinarily treated as vowelless, is sometimes reckoned as if it were provided with a vowel, while at other times a syllable—chiefly such as begin with the weak letter *olaph*—is glided over in pronunciation, and not counted. Verses of five or six syllables, arranged in stanzas of five, six, or ten lines, are amongst the commonest in Syriac poetry; but numerous other schemes also occur. Professor Bickell is an erudite Syriac scholar; and, as long ago as 1866, he published a collection of unedited hymns of the Syriac Father, Ephrem, with a useful glossary and explanations.* The preparation of this volume drew his attention to the subject of Syriac prosody, and led him to investigate its laws more carefully than had been done before. Encouraged by the results which he obtained, he was led to inquire whether the poetry of the Old Testament was not constructed upon a similar system. The first specimens of the conclusions which he reached were published by him in 1879.† Since that date he has pursued his researches further. In 1882 he transliterated, and exhibited, in what he conceived to be their genuine metrical form, the whole of the Psalms, the books of Job, Proverbs, Song of Solomon, as well as various other poetical pieces occurring in the Old Testament.‡ More recently he has republished the metrically corrected text of Job, Proverbs, and the Lamentations, with improvements and additional explanations.§ He has also translated the same books into German, in corresponding metres.||

Professor Bickell's theory is unquestionably a clever one; and there can be but one opinion as to the skill and ability with which he applies it. Has he, however, really discovered the secret of Hebrew prosody? We doubt it. In the first place, the metrical licences which Professor Bickell allows himself appear to us to be excessive, and to be decidedly less in harmony with the character of Hebrew than are those permitted by the Syriac hymn-writers with the character of Syriac. The elision, in certain cases, of the termination *i* has, for instance, analogies in Syriac; but we doubt the legitimacy of postulating it, in cases where it is destitute of support in tradition,

* "S. Ephraemi Syri Carmina Nisibena." Lipsiae, 1866.

† "Metricae Biblicae Regulae Exemplis Illustratae." Innsbruck, 1879.

‡ "Carmina Veteris Testamenti Metrica." Olmütze, 1882.

§ In a series of papers in the Vienna *Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, vols. v.-viii. 1891-1894.

|| "Dichtungen der Hebräer: zum erstenmale nach dem Vermaesse des Urtextes übersetzt." Innsbruck, 1882-1883.

for Hebrew. Other elisions again, necessitated by the theory, are often violent; and harsh lines seem to us to occur with greater frequency than can be attributed—at least, if they were masters of their art—to the original poets themselves. In the second place, the poetry of the Old Testament, as it stands, cannot be accommodated to Professor Bickell's system; the text has in various ways to be manipulated to suit it. Not only have the orthography and vocalisation to be constantly modified, in obedience to metrical necessities, but words have to be frequently omitted, or added, as the case may be. Changes in vocalisation we should not demur to: there are independent reasons for doubting whether the pronunciation, as fixed by the Masoretic teachers, who attached the vowel points in the seventh or eighth century A.D., agrees in all particulars with that which was current 1000 to 1500 years previously, when Hebrew was spoken as a living language. Changes in orthography, within reasonable limits, might also be accepted: for orthographical modifications are a common phenomenon in the life of a language; and the restoration of older forms, if properly supported by analogy, would not be inconsistent with the principles of sound philology. But the modifications which Professor Bickell's theory postulates seem to us to be of a questionable nature, and in conflict with the evidence which we possess respecting the history of the Hebrew language. It can scarcely be accidental, for instance, that the few cases in which our existing texts exhibit the *h* of the article after the prepositions *bē*, *lē*, or the *h* of the causative conjugation after the pre-formative in the future tense, are found almost exclusively in the later books of the Old Testament: Professor Bickell restores either, whenever an extra syllable is needed for the metre. The paragogic *i* in the construct state is similarly, in our existing texts, found very sparingly (chiefly in participles followed by a preposition): Professor Bickell restores it, for the same reason, whenever occasion requires. Had the autographs of the Old Testament exhibited the orthography which his theory postulates, we find it difficult to think that it would have been so modified in process of time as to display just that conformation which it now presents. And our doubts are increased when we come to consider the material changes which Professor Bickell's system requires. The number of words which, if the lines are to be adjusted to the proper length, must be sometimes omitted, sometimes inserted, in the Hebrew text, appears to us to be improbably large, especially when it is remembered that the textual changes thus presupposed must nearly all have been completed before the Septuagint Version was made. It is true that the double texts which we possess of Psalm xiv. (see Psalm liii.) and Psalm xviii. (see 2 Sam. xxii.) differ in several substantial details; but the changes assumed by Professor Bickell are not unfrequently greater than those occurring in these cases. And had the metrical

system of the ancient Hebrews been such as Professor Bickell supposes, it is difficult to think that the knowledge of it would have been lost by the Jews; while, if such knowledge had been retained, it would surely have preserved their poetry from the extensive and frequent corruption, by the assumption of which alone the theory itself can be maintained.

If, however, Professor Bickell's theory is thus insufficiently established, how comes it, it will be asked, that it can often be successfully applied, and that long passages may be found in which its adoption involves no serious violence to the text, and no unreasonable metrical licence? The answer, we believe, is to be found in the structural character of Hebrew poetry. Poetry is in all languages distinguished from prose by its *form*. Whereas in prose the sentences may be of any length, the pauses in the discourse being determined solely by the sense, the essence of poetical composition is that the movement of the discourse is periodically checked, or interrupted; and the flow of thought has to accommodate itself in a certain degree to these recurring interruptions: in other words, it is divided into lines. In Western poetry, these lines have commonly a definite *metre* or measure: in Hebrew poetry, though (so far as appears) there is no metre strictly so called, there is, nevertheless, a tendency, especially in gnomic or didactic poetry, to adopt lines of *approximately* the same length; and hence, by the assumption of elision, and similar metrical artifices, it is not difficult to produce in them, as explained above, the semblance of real metrical structure. But the principle, we are persuaded, cannot be carried through consistently without much greater violence to the text, and a much greater amount of metrical licence, than is reasonable or legitimate. The Hebrew ear, it seems, was in fact indifferent to *precise* rhythmical symmetry; it found the satisfaction which the Western ear experiences from the recurrence of lines of equable length, in the symmetrical articulation of the thought, or, in other words, in its distribution between *parallel clauses, of approximately* the same length,* the second usually either repeating or supplementing the thought of the first, or else forming a contrast to it. The articulation of the thought into lines is the most salient characteristic in the form of Hebrew poetry; and it is, we believe, the principle which rendered a strict metre a matter of indifference to the Hebrew ear.

2. *The Text*.—That the text of the Old Testament has in numerous places not been transmitted to us in its original purity, is a fact which soon presses itself upon the attention of students. Among the most valuable aids for correcting it are the ancient versions, especially

* The principal exception being the elegiac rhythm, in which the second clause, as was first clearly shown in 1882 by Professor Budde, is regularly shorter than the first, producing a halting, plaintive cadence. See the present writer's "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," p. 429 seq.

the Septuagint; for these are based upon manuscripts which in many cases were still free from the errors which disfigure all copies of the Hebrew text that have come down to us. The variations between the existing Hebrew text and the text presupposed by the Septuagint, are sometimes limited to single words (or groups of words), each of which must be considered upon its own merits; but sometimes the variations are of a wider and more systematic kind. In the books of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, for instance, the text of the Septuagint is considerably shorter than the Hebrew—in the former, some 2700 words, or one-eighth of the entire book, being unrepresented in it. In such cases the question arises, Which of the two texts is the original? Have the translators of the Septuagint arbitrarily curtailed the text which lay before them? Or is the original text preserved in the Septuagint, and has it been glossed, or otherwise expanded, in the extant MSS. of the Hebrew? The problem is a difficult one; and these questions have been differently answered by different scholars, some contending for the exclusive superiority of the existing Hebrew text, others maintaining the superiority of the Septuagint. The claims of each text to represent the author's autograph have been greatly exaggerated by their respective advocates, especially in the case of Jeremiah;* but there are certainly many cases in which the purer reading has been preserved by the Septuagint; and it is at least probable that in some of the passages in which the two texts differ in the books named, the Hebrew has been glossed or expanded by a later hand. A similar problem is presented by the Book of Job, though it has not until recently attracted equal attention. The ordinary Septuagintal text of Job does not indeed differ materially in length from the Hebrew; but it has been known for some time past that the true Septuagint version of this book was considerably shorter, and that the present form of it is due to Origen, who, comparing it with the Hebrew text as it was current in his day, and observing what appeared to him to be its deficiencies, supplied these (in his "Hexapla") from the Greek version of Theodotion and other sources. As Origen's text was multiplied by transcription, the asterisks by which he himself marked these additions were neglected; and thus the majority of MSS. (including the Vatican and the Sinaitic) contain nothing to show that they are not genuine elements of the original version. Five manuscripts, however, preserved more or less completely Origen's marks;† and quite recently Father Agostino Ciasca has published, from two MSS. in the Borgia Library at Rome, a

* Two Greek (Cod. Colbert. 1252, in the National Library at Paris, and Cod. Vatic. 846); two Latin, containing Jerome's revision of the Old-Latin Version of Job based upon the LXX. (one in the monastery of Marmoutier, the other, Cod. Bodl. 2426, printed by Lagarde in his "Mittelaltungen," vol. ii. (1887), pp. 189 seqq.); and one Syriac, in the Ambrosian Library at Milan—viz., the Syriac translation of the "Hexaplar" text of the LXX., published in photo-lithographic facsimile by Ceriani in 1874.

Coptic translation of the LXX. version of Job, made before Origen's additions were introduced into the text, and representing consequently the genuine text of the LXX.* Father Ciasca has prefixed to his work a table showing exactly the passages of the Greek not expressed in the Coptic; and they agree, all but uniformly, with the passages marked as insertions in one or more of the five MSS. previously known. The pre-Origenian text of the LXX. version of Job is thus in the hands of scholars; and it differs from that contained in ordinary editions of the LXX. by the omission of nearly 400 lines† occurring in the Hebrew.

This original text of the LXX. has now to be considered under two points of view. Firstly, what is the explanation of its differences from the Hebrew? Were the lines not represented in it omitted by the translators arbitrarily? Or does it exhibit the more primitive form of the book, and were these lines inserted afterwards arbitrarily in the Hebrew? Dillmann, the author of the most recent, as well as the most masterly, commentary on Job, in an elaborate essay on the subject published in 1890,‡ argues for the former explanation; Professor Bickell adopts the latter. The LXX. version of Job, even where there is no reason for supposing that the Hebrew MSS., upon which it was based, read differently from ours, is often free and paraphrastic: there are numerous passages which the translators altogether failed to understand; others they seem to have abridged or condensed; in others, again, they evidently sought to soften or modify expressions which seemed derogatory to the dignity or justice of God;§ and the absence from the version of the four hundred lines in question is attributed by Dillmann (except in the case of a few passages in which he allows that the shorter text of the LXX. may be the more original) to one or other of the causes just indicated. In fact, Professor Bickell himself accepted the same explanation in 1886.¶ It is true, it is not entirely free from objection; for though the loose method of translation may account reasonably for several of the omissions in question, in other cases it is at least not apparent why the motives suggested should have operated with the translators. On the other hand, Professor Bickell's present hypothesis cannot be said to have greater probability in its favour: again and again, the supposed insertions in the Hebrew seem to us to be so related to the context in which they stand that we cannot comprehend how it would occur

* "Sacrorum Bibliorum Fragmenta Copto-Sahidica Musei Borgiani, jussu et sumptibus S. Congregationis de propaganda fide, studio P. Augustini Ciasca, edita," vol. II. 1889).

† Not 400 verses, as is more than once said by Dr. Dillon (pp. 49, 50, 55).

‡ "Transactions of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences at Berlin," 1890, pp. 1345-73 (a criticism of the study on the LXX. text of Job, in the late Dr. Hatch's "Essays in Biblical Greek").

§ See Dr. Bickell's own excellent dissertation, "De indole ac ratione versionis Alexandrinæ in interpretando libro Jobi" (1868), pp. 41 seqq.

¶ See the Innsbruck "Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie," 1896, pp. 560-564.

to an interpolator to introduce them : they read to us like integral parts of the text; in the Elihu speeches (chaps. xxxii.-xxxvii.) they even partake of the peculiar literary character belonging to these speeches generally. Nor does the LXX. text relieve any of the real difficulties of the book. The two passages which it is most difficult to accommodate to the argument of the poem are xxiv. 18-21, and (especially), xxvii. 18-23; but the omission by the LXX. of the first clause of xxiv. 18, of the second clause of xxvii. 19, and of xxvii. 21-23 does not mitigate the difficulty in the least. It may be granted that in isolated cases the Hebrew text may possibly have been expanded by the addition of a clause or clauses not in the LXX.; but on the whole it cannot be said, on material grounds, that the briefer LXX. text of Job possesses any claims to superiority over the longer Hebrew text.* We are willing to allow that a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the LXX. text of Job is not apparent; but the causes suggested above, and the possibility that the translators were dependent upon a MS. which had in parts been defectively transcribed, seem to us to be suppositions decidedly preferable to Professor Bickell's hypothesis.

Although, however, on material grounds, the shorter LXX. text possesses no advantages over the longer Hebrew, is it possible, secondly, that it possesses any of a *formal* character? Does it, in other words, lend any support to Professor Bickell's theory of the form of Hebrew poetry? As was remarked above, in Syriac poetry, not only are the individual lines of determinate length, but they are grouped in *strophes*, or stanzas, each, in one and the same poem, comprising the same number of lines. Sometimes, certainly, Hebrew poems fall naturally into such strophes: Ps. cxiv., for instance, consists evidently of four strophes, of two verses (or four lines) each. It is but rarely, however, that the strophes are as regular as in this example; even where they are pretty clearly marked, as in Ps. ii., iii., xiii., xxxvii. (where, accepting a most probable emendation in verse 28, the strophes are marked by the alphabetic arrangement), xlv. (where the refrain of vv. 7, 11, appears to have dropped out accidentally after v. 3), they are not of absolutely uniform length; and frequently they are much less clearly marked and much less regular than in the examples quoted. In fact, the subdivisions of a Hebrew poem, to judge by the extant examples which we possess, are, as a rule, *logical* rather than *poetical*; hence, no necessity appears to have been felt that they should be uniformly of equable length. Professor Bickell, however, holds that strophes, not less than metre, were of the essence of Hebrew poetry; and the entire poem of Job

* Of course it is not disputed that the Elihu speeches (ch. xxxii.-xxxvii.) are no part of the original poem of Job; but these (though with several omissions or abridgements) are contained in the LXX.

is articulated by him into strophes of four lines each.* The symmetry thus produced is undeniably attractive: a page of Dr. Dillon's Job has almost the appearance of a page of "In Memoriam." Now, if the Hebrew text, as it stood, adapted itself at once, or with only inconsiderable modifications, to such a system, it would be natural to attribute it to the original author; or, again, if it were to appear that the shorter text of the LXX. lent itself readily to it, it would be an argument of some weight in favour of the superiority of this text; but unfortunately neither of these suppositions is consistent with the facts. So little does either the Hebrew or the LXX. text lend itself to Professor Bickell's theory, that he is only able to carry it through by the continual omission, without any support from either MSS. or ancient versions, of redundant lines; in cc. iii.-x., for instance, where the LXX. omits five lines only (vii. 8, ix. 24^{b,c}, x. 4^b), Professor Bickell is obliged to reject in this way not less than *fifty* lines; and in other parts of the poem there are omissions of lines on the same if not a larger scale, to say nothing of frequent inversions and transpositions. This seems to us to exceed altogether what is legitimate: a theory which can only be maintained by such wholesale manipulation of the text of an ancient author cannot be a sound one. Given Professor Bickell's text (which is also that of Dr. Dillon) as the original form of the poem of Job, we cannot understand how the existing Hebrew text can have been developed out of it: the alterations of various kinds—some, as we saw above, affecting single words, others involving the insertion or transposition of entire lines—which again and again have to be postulated, appear to us to be altogether incredible.† We do not doubt that there are errors in the existing Hebrew text of the book; we do not doubt also that these may in some cases be corrected with the help of the ancient versions, or even occasionally by conjecture; we readily allow, moreover, that Dr. Bickell's treatment of the text is often extremely clever and suggestive: but, when all has been said, we cannot consider that he has established his theory; the metrical licences which he is obliged to allow himself, and the violent liberties which he continually takes with the text, are in our judgment fatal to its truth. Nevertheless, the text of the Book of Job, thus violently reconstructed, is what Dr. Dillon presents to English readers as "the primitive Hebrew, restored on the basis of recent philological discoveries." The term "discoveries," it must be clearly understood, is here a misnomer. The definite ascertainment of the original Septuagint text of Job may, indeed, be justly styled a discovery; but that text, whether it represents the primitive form of the poem or not, is, as we have seen, not identical with Professor

* See the papers cited p. 256, note §; also, more recently, "Das Buch Job nach Anleitung der Strophik und der Septuaginta auf seine ursprüngliche Form zurückgeführt und im Verhältnisse des Urtextes übersetzt" (Wien, 1894).

† The Psalms have to be adjusted to Professor Bickell's system by similar means.

Bickell's, and it lends no support to his metrical hypothesis. Dr. Dillon's volume really contains the translation, not of a text based upon "recent philological discoveries," but of a text rewritten on the basis of a recent uncertain metrical hypothesis.

Ecclesiastes is written as a whole in prose, the poetical form being confined to passages in which the thought becomes elevated or sententious, and so falls naturally into a rhythmical cadence. There is thus little scope in this book for the application of a metrical theory. But the book presents difficulties of another kind, which Professor Bickell seeks to remove by another hypothesis. After the first two chapters the sequence of thought is often imperfect; the argument is incompletely developed; and abrupt transitions are frequent. Professor Bickell, in a small volume published in 1884,* and containing amongst other things (pp. 28-45) an excellent summary of the scope of the book, propounded a most ingenious hypothesis with the view of accounting for these imperfections. He conjectured that the present condition of the book was the result of a dislocation of the sheets of the original Hebrew MS., and of the addition of a number of deliberate interpolations—the latter being intended partly to join together the unconnected verses which in consequence of the dislocation were unexpectedly placed side by side, partly to tone down or neutralise the very unorthodox teaching of the original writer. The MS. which thus became dislocated is supposed to have consisted of fasciculi of four double leaves each; through an accidental loosening of some of the leaves forming the two middle fasciculi, a disarrangement took place, and when the MS. was fastened together again, an almost entirely new order arose.† As the form of the book in the Septuagint agrees with that of the Hebrew, the disarrangement must have been effected before that version was completed. It may be doubted whether at such a date Hebrew writers had begun to use the book-form in preference to the roll-form; but waiving this point, there is in principle no objection to the hypothesis of an accidental dislocation of leaves, provided it supplies a natural and reasonable explanation of the facts. It is, however, a little singular that in a MS. embracing only twenty-one or twenty-two leaves, the context at the end of the leaves should have been such that, when they had become disarranged, it afforded no clue to their proper order. And it is still more unfortunate that the matter contained on the several leaves is not uniformly of equal length; hence omissions in the existing text have to be frequently postulated, and various other additions and transpositions have to be assumed, in order to account for the present form of the text. *The hypothesis of original

* "Der Prediger über das Wort des Daseins. Wiederherstellung des bisher zerstückelten Textes, Uebersetzung und Erklärung" (Innsbruck, 1884).

† The hypothesis is explained in greater detail by Dr. Dillon, p. 93 seq.

dislocation, if it worked out simply, would be a plausible one; it has, in our opinion, to be supplemented by far too many ancillary hypotheses of transposition, and other alterations, to be reasonably probable. We are glad to have our judgment on this point confirmed by that of a most competent and impartial critic, Professor Cheyne, who, while agreeing that the hypothesis of dislocation, taken in itself, is a perfectly admissible one, proceeds:

"Still, from the possibility to the actuality of the 'accident' is a long step. Apart from other difficulties in the theory, the number and arbitrariness of the transpositions, additions, and alterations, are reason enough to make one hesitate to accept it; and when we pass from the very plausible arrangement of the contents (Bickell, pp. 53, 54) to the translation of the text, it is often only possible to make them tally by a violent and imaginative exegesis."

We must, of course, not be misunderstood as denying the logical imperfections of Ecclesiastes: but instead of having recourse to a theory such as this for their explanation, we prefer to suppose that the author himself is responsible for them, having perhaps written down his meditations at different times, and through some accidental cause having been prevented from arranging them in perfectly logical or consistent order.

In the text upon which his translation of Job and Ecclesiastes is based, Dr. Dillon, as we have already said, follows Professor Bickell implicitly: our verdict upon the one is consequently our verdict upon the other. Individual emendations adopted by Professor Bickell in both books are, we allow, highly probable; but, taken in the whole, both texts, as thus "restored," are too full of corrections, introduced upon the basis of hypotheses which, however cleverly elaborated by their author, are so far from being proven, that they postulate for their truth an amount of textual corruption and textual alteration far in excess of what can be granted as probable.

3. We may now pass to the philosophy of Dr. Dillon's book. Dr. Dillon is a clever writer: his style is smart and vigorous; and naturally there are in the course of his pages many just remarks on the scope and drift of the writings which he has undertaken to expound. But there is also a good deal of exaggeration, and much which does not appear to us to be established at all. We can sympathise with the feelings which prompt Dr. Dillon to satirise (pp. 16, 82) the persons who affect to discover in the Book of Job "the most striking proofs of the Christian dispensation"; but we should imagine that at the present day the number of such persons, at least in educated circles,

* Cheyne, "Job and Solomon" (1867), p. 274, *seq.* Dr. Dillon (p. 82) speaks of Professor Bickell's rearrangement as having "received the adhesion of some of the most authoritative Biblical scholars on the Continent." It is our ill fortune not to know who these scholars are. Kuenen, in the second edition of his "Onderzoek" (vol. iii. part i. p. 178), while admitting the author's acuteness, points out the difficulties and improbabilities which attach to his hypothesis; Cornill, König, and Wildeboer, in their respective "Introductions," also agree in rejecting it.

must be limited; certainly they find no support from the best and most authoritative of modern commentators on the book—for instance, Professor A. B. Davidson in this country,* or Dillmann in Germany. And the principal clue which Dr. Dillon applies for elucidating the "Sceptics of the Old Testament" is, we are persuaded, a mistaken one. Dr. Dillon is an admirer of Schopenhauer's: the creed of pessimism, the belief that the ultimate reality of all things is a blind, unconscious will, the aimless but irresistible strivings of which generate the world of intellect not less than the world of material nature, at the same time dooming the former to perennial disappointment and despair—such is the philosophy which seems to him to explain best the phenomena of life; and he reads its arguments or conclusions in the words of Job, Koheleth, and Agur. The problems with which these writers deal, the relation of happiness to virtue, the questionings suggested by the moral anomalies of the world, the mysteries attendant upon birth and decay, are indeed those which, when brooded over by men embittered or depressed by the adverse circumstances of life, tend to evoke pessimistic thoughts; but we are entirely unable to perceive that any of these Israelitish sceptics are pessimists, in the sense for which Dr. Dillon contends.† Job, accepting the traditional view of the explanation of acute suffering, is sorely tried by the antagonism which it creates with his own consciousness of innocence, and is tempted for a while to believe that God is his unjust persecutor and foe; but in his lowest depths of despair he never wholly loses his trust in a loving and gracious God,‡ and in the end his faith is reassured and restored by the glorious presentation of the infinite capacities of the divine nature, contained in chapters xxxviii.—xxxix. We cannot discover in this speech, or in Job's confession elicited by it (xl. 4, 5; xlii. 2-6), the pessimistic teachings which Dr. Dillon (pp. 32, 81 *seq.*) finds expressed in it; and we believe that Dillmann and Professor Davidson have far more truly understood its real import. Dr. Dillon's judgment on Koheleth is less wide of the mark; but even here he reads into his words (pp. 110-113) the definite conclusions of philosophic pessimism,§ which we are convinced were not in the author's thoughts. Koheleth is no advocate of a philosophic system: his pessimistic musings are simply the spontaneous reflections of a spirit disappointed in life, and impelled to unnatural despair by the depressed and artificial circumstances of the time. His moods of

* In the "Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges."

† Pp. 27, 81 *seq.*, 110-114, 154, &c.

‡ See x. 8-12; xvi. 19; xix. 25-27 (where, though we agree that the first clause of v. 26 is probably corrupt, we are anything but satisfied with Professor Bickell's "restoration"—pp. 18, 204 of Dr. Dillon's volume.)

§ E.g. (p. 113) "There is nothing positive but pain, nothing real but the eternal will, which is certainly unknowable, and probably unconscious." The rendering of Job xii. 16 (pp. 10, 12, 197), "The erring one and his error are his [God's]," results solely from a correction introduced on account of metrical exigencies.

thought are of the kind which Mr. Sully* and Mr. W. L. Courtney† have termed "unreasoned pessimism," such as manifests itself in many different ages and climes, and is due to the accident of individual circumstance or character. The source of Koheleth's pessimistic doctrines, Dr. Dillon believes to have been the teachings of Buddha, which he argues may well have penetrated to Palestine—or Alexandria—at the date when the book was probably composed (about B.C. 200). It cannot be denied that echoes of this teaching may have reached Koheleth's ear, as echoes of the speculations of Epicurus or the Stoa may have reached it likewise, and determined in some cases the line of his thought. Greek influences were nearer at hand; and Dr. Dillon does not adduce any specially distinctive points of contact between the teachings of Koheleth and those of Buddha. But, as Cornill remarks,‡ impressed as Koheleth is with the anomalies and unsolved riddles which the moral order of the world presents, he just does *not* draw from them the logical pessimistic conclusion, that there is no God, and that the world is a play-ball of blind chance: in spite of the appearances which seem so often to belie it, he never abandons his theistic faith, § or loses his belief in a providential guidance of human affairs. || Koheleth is no true pessimist: and his book is thus not a confession of the weakness, but an evidence of the strength, of the religion of the Old Testament.

We have written so fully upon Job and Koheleth, that on the proverbs of "Agur" (Prov. xxx.) our remarks must be brief. No doubt there is much to be said in favour of the view of Ewald and others, that in this chapter, verses 1-4 are the words of a sceptic, declaring his inability to find out God, or to realise the mystery of His existence, to which verses 5-6 are intended as the reply of orthodox theology. It is, however, by no means clear that the sceptic is Agur himself. Agur may with equal reason be held to be the author of the chapter as a whole, who first quotes the sceptical argument, and then attaches to it the reply. The groups of aphorisms which follow are certainly not connected with one another: but (as in the case of most of the proverbs in chapters x. *seq.*) no connection may have been intended by their original author. It seems to us that Dr. Dillon reads into these aphorisms a great deal which is not in them; ¶ and the manner in which he supposes some of them to be due to a later interpolator, who misunderstood the genuine sayings of Agur (vv.

* "Pessimism: a History and a Criticism" (1887), chap. II.

† "Constructive Ethics" (1886), p. 288 *seq.*

‡ "Einleitung in das alte Testament" (1891), § 42, 3.

§ So Obeyne, *l.c.* pp. 201, 202, in spite of the passage quoted from him by Dr. Dillon on p. 120.

|| Cf. Eccl. II. 26; v. 7; vii. 18, 26; viii. 12, 18. On xi. 9^b, xii. 1^a—the former of which is omitted by Bickell, the latter, after Grätz, very infelicitously amended—the writer must be permitted to refer to his "Introduction," p. 448 *seq.*

¶ Pp. 189-145, 154-6.

1-4; 15, 16; 18, 19; 21-23; 29-31; 32, 33), and sought to supply the reader with a suitable antidote, appears to us, we must own, to be particularly improbable and far-fetched.

Dr. Dillon's exegesis seems thus to us to be as questionable as his text, and the theories which underlie it. We do not indeed demur to Job and Koheleth being termed the "Sceptics" of the Old Testament: they represent in the literature of ancient Israel that questioning attitude which the human mind ever and anon assumes in face of the problems presented by life and society. But for neither one nor the other is the sceptical solution a final one: neither thinker abandons his theistic faith. Whether the philosophical system of Schopenhauer is a just explanation of nature and life, we are not here called upon to consider: but even though it be assumed, for the sake of argument, that it is, it finds no support from the "Sceptics" of the Old Testament, nor can any of its characteristic principles be applied without arbitrariness to the interpretation of their writings. The world contains enigmas; and there are mysteries connected with both God and human nature, which the human mind cannot solve. But, in face of those enigmas and mysteries, there is a scepticism, as there is also an agnosticism, which does not end in negation, which is relative and not absolute, and which is consistent not only with Judaism, but even with Christian Theism; and it is that, and not the principles of Schopenhauer's philosophy, which is represented in the writings of the "Sceptics of the Old Testament."*

S. R. DRIVER.

* Although, for the reasons stated above, we do not feel able to accept Professor Bickell's metrical system, we nevertheless desire to place on record our sense of the interest and value of his studies on the poetry of the Old Testament; no future commentator can afford, for instance, to disregard his "*Kritische Bearbeitung*" of the books referred to on p. 258 (note §). In the "Transactions of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna" (Phil.-Hist. Class), vol. 131 (1894), art. 5, he has recovered from Nah. i. 2-II. 2 (Heb. 3) an alphabetical poem, consisting of eleven metrical strophes of four lines each: his reconstruction involves naturally some corrections and transpositions; but it is surprising that he should have succeeded at all. And, though details of his restoration may be open to criticism, he has shown convincingly in the "*Zeitschrift für Katholische Theologie*," 1882, p. 326 *seqq.*, that the original Hebrew of the closing verses of Ecclesiasticus (II. 18-30) was likewise an alphabetical acrostich.

THE ARMENIAN QUESTION: EUROPE OR RUSSIA?

AFRICA, a Syracuse for Europe, may postpone or prevent the peaceful solution of the Armenian question; but it is at least probable that when Parliament assembles Armenian affairs will receive the anxious attention which they deserve. A statement of that question, with all its essential facts and features, has already appeared in the pages of this REVIEW; I would refer the reader to the series of articles by the present writer in the June, July, and September numbers of 1894. Those articles embody the results on the political side of my long journey both in Russian and in Turkish Armenia during the years 1893 and 1894, which included a protracted stay in Erzeroum. They record the conclusions of a simple traveller and student, whose judgment was not affected by any preconceived sympathy with the Armenians or prejudice against their rulers, Russian or Turkish. It was my endeavour to approach the subject, not only from the standpoint of the governed, but also from that of the dominant peoples and of the authorities whose protection and hospitality I enjoyed. In what concerned the solution of the Armenian question in Turkey—and that is the question with which Europe is now called upon to deal—I indicated a policy and drew the outlines of an administrative scheme which, if the one had been adopted and the other placed into execution by the Turkish Government, would, I venture to think, have composed the growing fermentation in their Armenian provinces, while maintaining their power intact, and would have saved their empire from the series of catastrophes and political crises which during the past year have shaken it to the foundations, deprived the State of the services of its most capable advisers, and alienated the goodwill of many among its truest friends abroad.

Writing under a strong sense of the present sufferings of the

Armenians, and realising to the full all the horrors and human misery of which Armenia has during the past year been the scene, I should find it difficult to withhold sympathy with the Christian population should they elect to cast in their lot with the Russian Empire and to petition Europe, which has failed to carry out her solemn obligations towards them, to invite Russia to come to their aid. It does not, however, appear that any such step has been taken by the Armenians themselves, although some among the most ardent of their supporters in England have paved the way for the adoption of this course. The Armenians may prefer to drink their cup to the dregs, rather than jeopardize still further their national individuality, already menaced by Russian rule. On this, as on so many other critical occasions in the painful annals of their national history, they may prefer to submit to all the consequences of a destiny which has placed them as an advance guard to Western civilisation on the bridge which leads through Asia to the West. "We are like a wheat-field reaped by bad husbandmen," writes an Armenian historian of the tenth century when bringing his work to a close; "it is surrounded on all sides by clouds and thick mist. I cannot foresee what will happen to us in the future. We shall bow to the decrees of Providence."

But Europe will be very foolish if she wraps herself up in the illusion that this question can be indefinitely postponed. Let us suppose that the Armenians, to whom she is bound by treaty, are extirpated: would the difficulties of the situation be lessened or disappear? What would happen under such a conceivable hypothesis? The Kurds, who inhabit the border ranges of Armenia, would swarm into the settled and cultivated area of the tableland itself. The Armenians gone, their depredations would be directed against that second line of resistance which has as yet been scarcely touched: the brunt of their incursions would fall upon the Mohammedan settled population; it would be the peaceful Mohammedans who would be required during the long Armenian winter to provide this pastoral people with fodder for their cattle and with grain. With the disappearance of the Armenians all the useful arts of life would vanish or fall into disuse. The country would lapse into complete barbarism, and we should be face to face with the situation of a province bordering upon the Russian frontier, over which the Kurdish tribes swarmed unchecked, and which formed the receptacle for all the worst elements in the population of the territory under Russian rule. Such a situation could not for a moment be tolerated by Russia, and even the bare requirements of frontier protection would compel her to intervene. Russian occupation, which is now a political alternative, would then be likely to become a political necessity.

No doubt there are many persons who would not view with dis-
favour the occupation by Russia of Turkish Armenia, and the

deliverance of the Armenians at any price. The sentiments which inspire the advocates of such a policy are among the noblest that adorn human nature. It is not necessary in this place to dwell unduly upon the weak side of the modern humanitarian movement, or do more than allude to that element, I might almost say of oriental fatalism, which renders the humanitarian spirit infirm in action when confronted with a diplomatic check. Public opinion in England has spoken loudly and decisively in the Armenian question; two ministries have taken energetic action, yet, from some reason which has not yet been sufficiently explained, their intervention remains without result. Many minds are inclined, through a feeling of sheer weariness, to abandon the irksome task, and, although the proposal does not appear to have emanated from the Armenians, to adopt the solution which the attitude of the Russian Government tends to render imperative and to open the door to the forces of the Tsar.

Yet the humanitarian spirit is but the product of Western civilisation, and it is Western civilisation pressing eastwards into Asia that has brought the Armenian question to an acute phase. Will it contribute to the true interests of our civilisation that Russia should occupy Armenia? In the first place, we shall be throwing into the arms of a people who are less capable of cultivation than they a race which not only belongs by long history and tradition to the family of cultivated nations, but has displayed the most surprising aptitude within the last few decades to assimilate Western ideas. The Armenian who turns his eyes towards Russia sees the more cultivated races either driven from the Russian Empire or made the object of a constant jealousy and antipathy rather than of increasing respect. If he turns for counsel in this crisis of his national history to the spiritual head of his religion and the former leader of his nation, the Catholicos at Etchmiadzin, he is confronted by the Russian power enthroned within his sanctuary, and inspiring or paralysing, through the machinery of the Synod, the action of the supreme ruler of his Church. He feels that, once in possession of the Turkish half of Armenia, the mask, which has hitherto scarcely veiled the policy of Russia, will be completely cast aside, that there will be an end to his national individuality and to the language and religion which through so many long centuries of subservience he has upheld and preserved intact.

But, in the second place, the question raises wider and more momentous issues than the fate of the Armenian race. Once Russia has moved across her well-defined natural frontier, has occupied the provinces of Turkish Armenia and the passes which open west and south, she is in command of an imposing strategical position which is a menace alike to the Mediterranean Powers and to ourselves upon the Indian seas. More distance from the Mediterranean and from

India is not an adequate—nay, it is a most fallacious—measure of the value of Armenia from a strategical point of view. We might avoid many grave political errors if our maps were constructed in relief. Never better than in Armenia was exemplified the saying that he who is master of the sources of a river is master of the river itself. Vast alluvial plains, which were at one period an arm of the sea, extend uninterrupted from the mountain girdle of Armenia to the head of the Persian Gulf, and they are traversed by the mighty streams of the Euphrates and Tigris, which rise upon the Armenian tableland. From Balis which is only one hundred miles from the Mediterranean, from Mosul which is closer to Lake Van than is Tiflis, you have the navigable waterway of two magnificent rivers, which are so well adapted for transport on a large scale, and water countries so thinly populated that, in a military sense, they may almost be said to annihilate space. As a natural corollary Persia falls to Russia, and a Russian fleet rides in the Persian Gulf. Nor is the position less commanding if we turn our eyes towards the west. Erzeroum, the gate of Asia Minor, is situated at the head of that great natural passage which, branching off into numerous smaller bifurcations, leads westward to the Mediterranean Sea. *

Would Western civilisation be the gainer or the loser by such extension, amounting to predominance, of the Russian power? The many amiable qualities of the Russian character, which perhaps no person is better qualified to appreciate than the traveller who has enjoyed Russian hospitality, disarm those feelings of unreasoning antipathy which, when once they have arisen between nations, are the most difficult to allay. But the Russian Government has unhappily precluded itself from appealing to the higher instincts of the cultivated European peoples. Their ruthless treatment of the Jews, their crude panslavic policy, nay, the recent persecution of that handful of Russian colonists in Armenia who are religious exiles rather than colonists, debar them from such an appeal. Their commercial policy is not calculated to enlist the goodwill of the commercial classes in Europe: they have sealed up that natural avenue of western commerce with Asia by the Black Sea and the valley of the Ker. In this manner they have themselves afforded the strongest and most realistic arguments to those who still see in the Russian Empire a menace to all that Europe holds dear, and who quote the prophecy of the first Napoleon, that Europe would again be overrun, and her institutions overturned by the barbarians of the North.

Such are some of the larger issues raised by the Armenian question. I can do no more in this place than remind the reader of the true nature of that question itself, to the end that he may not be diverted by interested parties to the consideration of large schemes for the immediate regeneration of the Turkish Empire which they

know cannot be carried out. As I have shown in the third of my previous articles, the Armenian question is by no means primarily a question of the better government of all the Asiatic provinces of the Sultan which contain an Armenian element in their population. Primarily it is a question of the better administration of the country inhabited by peaceable Armenians and Mohammedans, and overrun by the lawless Kurdish tribes. The same conditions, historical and social, which obtain in the country east of the Euphrates, I mean in Armenia proper, are not found, or are found only to a limited extent, in the provinces which lie upon the west. In those provinces there is no acute Kurdish-Armenian question, and it is that question which is the kernel of the Armenian question, and which is, in some respects, the most difficult to treat. To our failure to grapple with that administrative problem no less than to the squandering of the motive power at our disposal in the attempt to reform all Turkish abuses over the greater part of Asia Minor at once, may be attributed in a great measure the lamentable want of success which attended the efforts of our ambassador and his military consuls after the last Russo-Turkish war. If you journey over the whole extent of Armenia proper subject to the Sultan's rule, what are the grievances on the part of the Christian population which fill the eye and besiege the ear? Measures to redress the inequality of Christians and Mohammedans, reforms of the judicial system, an improved scheme of communal government—not a word will you hear of all these. Still less, in that dull atmosphere of poverty and misery, is the imagination roused by visions of an Armenian governor-general, and of an independent Armenian State. It is the absence of all security for life and property, it is the spectacle of an unarmed Christian population exposed to an organised system of outrage and exaction on the part of armed Kurdish tribes that arrest the traveller's interest, and divert it from those much less elementary questions which have been raised in connection with the Armenian cause.

The valuable "Memorandum" attached to the stillborn scheme of reforms which was the work of the Government of Lord Rosebery, and which is known as the "May scheme," lays particular emphasis upon the necessity of carefully selecting and strengthening the hands of the provincial governors, and contemplates an eventual reduction in the number of vilayets. Both this memorandum and these provisions appear to have been eliminated from the scheme accepted by the Government of Lord Salisbury, and sanctioned by the Sultan in October last. Had they been adopted it would at least have been possible, under the scheme, to lay the foundations of a strong and centralised provincial administration in the country east of the Euphrates, and to deal in a drastic manner with the Kurdish difficulty which lies at the root of the Armenian question itself. When once

there has been established a sound system of social order in Armenia proper, in the provinces east of the Euphrates, the Turkish Empire will be relieved of the constant pressure upon its resources of military measures against the Kurds, and Europe will be freed from the standing menace to her highest interests which is offered by the condition of desolation and anarchy to which these provinces have gradually been reduced.

But there is a certain unreality in discussing at this hour the actual practical requirements of the case. Diplomacy has taken action, and our diplomacy has suffered a humiliating defeat. Who is the author and cause of that defeat and humiliation? I trust this question will be immediately cleared up. It is not the Sultan: he is unable to resist the will of the European Powers when once it has been decisively expressed. It is not the pressure of racial and anti-Christian feeling in Turkey, overriding the good intentions of the Porte: the Mohammedans themselves have joined in petitions for the redress of grievances which they share with their fellow-subjects of Christian faith. The leading Turkish statesmen, far from maintaining obstacles to the policy of reform, have themselves been overthrown from behind in their efforts to remove them and to effect an agreement with the Ambassadors. All that is best within the ranks of Turkish officialdom, all that is sturdiest in the national life, has been drawn, as might be expected, into the same vortex down which the sinking Armenians have disappeared. The Kurdish party, always strong at Constantinople, the party of destruction and disintegration, have seized upon the reins of State, and are involving Turks and Christians alike in the common ruin which no hand appears able to stay. That such a party should have been able, without assistance from outside, at once to defy the European Powers and to overrule the better elements in Turkey itself, it exceeds the bounds of possibility to suppose. It is a question, very plainly, of an undisclosed principal, and it is the question, inevitable in all such cases, *Cui bono?* Which of the Powers does it profit to see the Turkish Empire in tatters and its subjects beating at Europe's door?

That Europe is able to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the Armenian question without the extreme measure of a Russian occupation there can surely be little doubt. If it is indeed Russia who is thwarting all attempts at such a solution, Europe may well pause before she commits herself to the dangerous expedient of entreusting her with a mandate to occupy Armenia, and restore peace. Let Europe at least know the measure of her own pusillanimity and the Armenians know their true enemies. We are surely not so foolish as to be blinded by the diplomatic sophism that Russia is justified in resisting the forcible intervention of Europe in the affairs of the Turkish Empire on the ground that she has on so many occasions

been prevented by Europe from intervening in this manner herself. In the first place, the use of force becomes a most remote contingency if the voice of Russia and the voices of other European powers sound in concert upon this question. Secondly, the plain object of European intervention is not territorial aggrandisement, but the maintenance of the territorial *status quo*. Nor again, would it be necessary for any one Power to intervene singly, and by so doing perhaps to raise the suspicions of the rest. In Armenia itself, if the Turkish authorities are by themselves incompetent to deal with the present aggravated situation, the difficulty might be met by the enrolment of a police force recruited from all European nations alike.

European enterprise developing their resources, European commerce spreading over them her net of peace, the healthy rivalry of Germans and Belgians and Englishmen in a field which is open to all, America, foremost in the van of nations, sowing broadcast the seeds of her religion and culture which dare not cross the threshold of Russian soil—such are the better signs of the present times in the countries between India and the Mediterranean, and along this path let us hope that, in spite of many interruptions and much hard travelling, their people will continue to walk. No race is better fitted than is the Armenian to be the mediary between West and East, and it is not unreasonable to expect that he will some day reap the harvest which has been sown amongst such bitter tears.

For ourselves the special and extraordinary responsibilities under which we are placed in respect of the Armenians should incite us to make fresh efforts to fulfil our obligations, much as some may be inclined at the first sign of resistance to retire and abandon the field. The Government of Lord Rosebery, although supported by a slender and withering majority, and doomed to a precarious life, yet took a large view of our duties under our hereditary policy, and, gaining assistance from whatever quarter it chanced to offer, came near to enforcing measures of reform. Of the soundness of that hereditary policy, of the possibility of giving to it effect, I have myself never entertained any doubt; but I recognise that I speak without diplomatic experience, although I speak with some knowledge of the countries on the west of India, and with some practical acquaintance with their affairs. England is now placed under a Government entrusted with a long lease of power, and able to plan and to mature those combinations and calculations without which any policy, however straightforward, is liable to defeat. That Government will indeed have deserved well of the country if, far from squandering power over controversies more or less meritorious with the most civilised nations of the world, it proceeds with fixed concentration of purpose towards the fulfilment of that policy in respect of the populations of the Turkish Empire to which we are so deeply pledged.

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SELBORNE

FIRST impressions of faces are very much to us: vivid and persistent, even long after they have been judged false they will from time to time return to console or mock us. It is much the same with places, for they, too, an ineradicable instinct will have it, are persons. Few in number are the towns and villages which are dear to us, whose memory is always sweet, like that of one we love. Those that wake no emotion, that are remembered much as we remember the faces of a crowd of shop assistants in some emporium we are accustomed to visit, are many. Still more numerous, perhaps, are the places that actually leave a disagreeable impression on the mind. Probably the reason of this is because most places are approached by railroad. The station, which is seen first, and cannot thereafter be dissociated from the town, is invariably the centre of a chaotic collection of ugly objects and discordant noises, all the more hateful because so familiar. For in coming to a new place we look instinctively for that which is new, and at such a moment the old, and in themselves unpleasant, sights and sounds have a disheartening, deadening effect on the stranger:—the same clanging, puffing, grinding, gravel-crushing, banging, shrieking noises, with the same big unlovely brick and metal structure, the long platform, the confusion of objects and people, the waiting vehicles, and the glittering steel rails stretching away into infinitude, like unburied petrified webs of some gigantic spider of a remote past—webs in which mastodons were caught like flies. Approaching a town from some other direction, riding, driving, or walking, we see it with a clearer, truer vision, and take away a better and more lasting image.

Selborne is one of the noted places where pilgrims go that is happily without a station. From whichever side you approach it the

place itself, features and expression, is clearly discerned: in other words, you see Selborne, and not a brick and metal outwork or mask; not an excrescence, a goitre, which can make even a beautiful countenance appear repulsive. There is, I believe, a station within four or five miles of the village. I approached by a different route, and saw it at the end of a fifteen miles walk. Rain had begun to fall on the previous evening, and when in the morning I looked from my bedroom window in the wayside inn, where I had passed the night, it was raining still, and everywhere, as far as I could see, broad pools of water were gleaming on the level earth. All day the rain fell steadily from a leaden sky, so low that where there were trees it seemed almost to touch their tops, while the hills, away on my left, appeared like vague masses of cloud that rested on the earth. The road stretched across a level moorland country; it was straight and narrow, but I was compelled to keep to it, since to step aside was to put my feet into water. Mile after mile I trudged on without meeting a soul, where not a house was visible—a still, wet, desolate country with trees and bushes standing in the water, unstirred by a breath of wind. Only at long intervals a yellowhammer was heard uttering his thin note; for just as this bird sings in the sultriest weather that silences other voices, he will utter his monotonous chant on the gloomiest day.

At last the aspect of the country changed: in place of brown heath, with gloomy fir and furze, there was cheerful verdure of grass and deciduous trees, and the straight road grew deep and winding, running now between hills, now beside woods, and hop-fields, and pasture lands. And at length, wet and tired, I reached Selborne—the remote Hampshire village that has so great a fame.

To very many readers a description of the place would seem superfluous. They know it so well, even without having seen it; the little, old-world village at the foot of the long, steep, bank-like hill, or Hanger, clothed to its summit with beech-wood as with a green cloud, the straggling street, the Plestor, or village green, an old tree in the centre, with a bench surrounding its trunk for the elders to rest upon of a summer evening. And, close by, the grey immemorial church, with its churchyard, its grand old yew-tree, and, overhead, the bunch of swifts, rushing with jubilant screams round the square tower.

I had not got the book in my knapsack, nor did I need it. Seeing the Selborne swifts, I thought how a century and a quarter ago Gilbert White wrote that the number of birds inhabiting and nesting in the village, summer after summer, was nearly always the same, consisting of about eight pairs. The birds now rushing about over the church were twelve, and I saw no others.

If Gilbert White had never lived, or had never corresponded

with Pennant and Daines Barrington, Selborne would have impressed me as a very pleasant village set amidst diversified and beautiful scenery, and I should have long remembered it as one of the most charming spots which I had found in my rambles in southern England. But I thought of White continually. The village itself, every feature in the surrounding landscape, and every object, living or inanimate, and every sound, became associated in my mind with the thought of the obscure country curate, who was without ambition, and was "a still, quiet man, with no harm in him—no, not a bit," as was once said by one of his parishioners. There, at Selborne—to give an altered meaning to a verse of quaint old Nicholas Culpepper—

"His image stamped is on every grass."

With a new intense interest I watched the swifts careering through the air, and listened to their shrill screams. It was the same with all the birds, even the commonest—the robin, blue tit, martin, and sparrow. In the evening I stood motionless a long while intently watching a small flock of goldfinches settling to roost in a hazel-hedge. From time to time they became disturbed at my presence, and fluttering up to the topmost twigs, where their forms looked almost black against the pale amber sky, they uttered their long-drawn delicate notes of alarm. At all times a sweet and tender note, now it had something more in it, something from the far past, the thought of one whose memory was interwoven with living forms and sounds.

The strength and persistence of these thoughts had a curious effect. It began to seem to me that he who had ceased to live over a century ago, whose letters had been the favourite book of several generations of naturalists, was, albeit dead and gone, in some mysterious way still living. I spent hours groping about in the long rank grass of the churchyard in search of a memorial; and this, when found, turned out to be a diminutive headstone, in size and shape like a small oval dinner-dish, half buried in the earth. I had to go down on my knees, and put aside the rank grass that covered it, just as when we look into a child's face we push back the unkempt hair from its forehead; and on the small stone were graven the two capitals, "G. W.," and beneath, "1793," the year of his death.

Happy the nature-lover who, in spite of fame, is allowed to rest, as White rests, pressed upon by no ponderous stone; the sweet influences of sun and rain are not kept from him; even the sound of the wild bird's cry may penetrate to his narrow apartment to gladden his soul!

Perhaps there is some truth in the notion that when a man dies he does not wholly die; that is to say, the earthly yet intelligent part of him, which, being of the earth, cannot ascend; that a residuum of life remains, like a perfume left by some long-vanished, fragrant object;

or it may be an emanation from the body at death, which exists thereafter diffused and mixed with the elements, perhaps unconscious and yet responsive, or capable of being vivified into consciousness and emotions of pleasure by a keenly sympathetic presence. At Selborne this did not seem mere fantasy. Strolling about the village, loitering in the park-like garden of the Wakes, or exploring the Hanger; or when I sat on the bench under the churchyard yew, or went softly through the grass to look again at those two letters graven on the headstone, there was a continual sense of an unseen presence near me. It was like the sensation a man sometimes has when lying still with closed eyes of some one moving softly to his side. I began to think that if that feeling and sensation lasted long enough without diminishing in strength, it would in the end produce something like conviction. And the conviction would imply communion. Furthermore, between the thought that we may come to believe in a thing and belief itself there is practically no difference. I began to speculate as to the subjects about to be discussed by us. The chief one would doubtless relate to the bird-life of the district. There are fresh things to be related of the cuckoo, how "wonder has been added to wonder" by observers of that bird since the end of the eighteenth century. And here is a delicate subject to follow—to wit, the hibernation of swallows—yet one by no possibility to be avoided. It would be something of a disappointment to him to hear it stated, as an established fact, that none of our *hirundines* do winter, fast asleep like dormice, in these islands. But there would be comfort in the succeeding declaration that the old controversy is not wholly dead yet, that at least two popular writers on British birds have boldly expressed the belief that some of our supposed migrants do actually "lay up" in the dead season. The deep interest manifested in the subject would be a temptation to dwell on it. I should touch on the discovery made recently by a young English naturalist abroad, that a small species of swallow in a temperate country in the Southern Hemisphere shelters itself under the thick matted grass and remains torpid during spells of cold weather. We have now a magnificent monograph of the swallows, and it is there stated of the purple martin, an American species, that in some years bitter cold weather succeeds its arrival in early spring in Canada; that at such times the birds take refuge in their nesting holes and lie huddled together in a semi-torpid state, sometimes for a week or ten days, until the return of genial weather, when they revive and appear as full of life and vigour as before. It is said that these and other swallows are possessed of habits and powers of which we have as yet but slight knowledge. Candour would compel me to add, that the author of the monograph in question, who is one of the first living ornithologists, is inclined to believe that some swallows in some circumstances do hibernate.

At this I should experience a curious and almost startling sensation, as if the airy hands of my invisible companion had been clapped together, and the clap had been followed by an exclamation—a triumphant “Ah!”

Then there would be much to say concerning the changes in the bird population of Selborne parish, and of the southern counties generally. A few small species—hawfinch, prettychaps, and goldcrest—were much more common now than in his day; but a very different and sadder story had to be told of most large birds. Not only had the honey buzzard never returned to nest on the benches of the Hanger since 1780, but it had continued to decrease everywhere in England and was now extinct. The raven, too, was lost to England as an island breeder. It could not now be said that “there are bustards on the wide downs near Brighthelstone,” nor indeed anywhere in the kingdom. The South Downs were unchanged, and there were still pretty rides and prospects round Lewes; but he might now make his autumn journey to Ringmer without seeing kites and buzzards, since these had both vanished; nor would he find the chough breeding at Beachy Head, and all along the Sussex coast. It would also be necessary to mention the disappearance of the quail, and the growing scarcity of other once abundant species, such as the stone plover and curlew, and even of the white owl, which no longer inhabited its ancient breeding-place beneath the eaves of Selborne Church.

Finally, after discussing these and various other matters which once engaged his attention, also the little book he gave to the world so long ago, there would still remain another subject to be mentioned about which I should feel somewhat shy—namely, the marked difference in manner, perhaps in feeling, between the old and new writers on animal life and nature. The subject would be strange to him. On going into particulars, he would be surprised at the disposition, almost amounting to a passion, of the modern mind to view life and nature in their æsthetic aspects. This new spirit would strike him as something odd and exotic, as if the writers had been first artists or landscape-gardeners, who had, as naturalists, retained the habit of looking for the picturesque. He would further note that we moderns are more emotional than the writers of the past, or, at all events, less reticent. There is no doubt, he would say, that our researches into the kingdom of nature produce in us a wonderful pleasure, unlike in character and perhaps superior to most others; but this feeling, which was undefinable and not to be traced to its source, was probably given to us for a secret gratification. If we are curious to know its significance, might we not regard it as something ancillary to our spiritual nature, as a kind of subsidiary conscience, a private assurance that in all our researches into the wonderful works of

creation we are acting in obedience to a tacit command, or, at all events, in harmony with the Divine Will?

Ingenious! would be my comment, and possibly to the eighteenth century mind it would have proved satisfactory. There was something to be said in defence of what appeared to him as new and strange in our books and methods. Not easily said, unfortunately; since it was not only the expression that was new, but the outlook, and something in the heart. We are bound as much as ever to facts; we seek for them more and more diligently, knowing that to break from them is to be carried away by vain imaginations. All the same, facts in themselves are nothing to us: they are important only in their relations to other facts and things—to all things, and the essence of things, material and spiritual. We are not like children gathering painted shells and pebbles on a beach; but, whether we know it or not, are seeking after something beyond and above knowledge. The wilderness in which we are sojourners is not our home; it is enough that its herbs and roots and wild fruits nourish and give us strength to go onward. Intellectual curiosity, with the gratification of the individual for only purpose, has no place in this scheme of things as we conceive it. Heart and soul are with the brain in all investigation, a truth which some know in rare, beautiful intervals, and others never; but we are all meanwhile busy with our work, like myriads of social insects engaged in raising a structure that was never planned. Perhaps we are not so wholly unconscious of our destinies as were the patient gatherers of facts of a hundred years ago. Even in one brief century the dawn has come nearer—perhaps a faint whiteness in the east has exhilarated us like wine. Undoubtedly we are more conscious of many things, both within and without—of the length and breadth and depth of nature; of a unity which was hardly dreamed of by the dreamers of past ages, a commensalism on earth from which the meanest organism is not excluded. For we are no longer isolated, standing like starry visitors on a mountain top, surveying life from the outside; but are on a level with and part and parcel of it; and if the mystery of life daily deepens, it is because we view it more closely and with clearer vision. A poet of our age has said that in the meanest floweret we may find "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." The poet and prophet is not alone in this; he expresses a feeling common to all of those who, with our wider knowledge, have the passion for nature in their hearts, who go to nature, whether for knowledge or inspiration. That there should appear in recent literature something of a new spirit, a sympathetic feeling which could not possibly have flourished in a former age, is not to be wondered at, considering all that has happened in the present century to change the current of men's thoughts. For not

only has the new knowledge wrought in our minds, but has entered, or is at last entering, into our hearts.

Having got so far in my apology, a feeling of despair would all at once overcome me, at the thought of the vastness of the subject I had entered upon. Looking back it seems but a little while since the introduction of that new element into thought, that "fiery leaven" which in the end would "leaven all the hearts of men for ever." But the time was not really so short; the gift had been rejected with scorn and bitterness by the mass of mankind at first; it had taken them years—the years of a generation—to overcome repugnance and resentment and accept it. Even so it had wrought a mighty change, only this had been in the mind; the change in the heart would follow, and it was perhaps early to boast of it. How was I to disclose all this to him? All that I had spoken was but a brief exordium, a prelude and note of preparation for what should follow—a story immeasurably longer and infinitely more wonderful than that which the Ancient Mariner told to the Wedding Guest. It was an impossible task.

At length, after an interval of silence, to me full of trouble, the expected note of dissent would come.

I had told him, he would say, either too much or not enough. No doubt there had been a very considerable increase of knowledge since his day; nevertheless, judging from something I had said on the hibernation, or torpid condition, of swallows, there was still something to learn with regard to the life and conversation of animals. The change in the character of modern books about nature, of which I had told him, quoting passages—a change in the direction of a more poetic and emotional treatment of the subject—he, looking from a distance, was inclined to regard as merely a literary fashion of the time. Anything so unforeseen, and so important as to change the current of thought and give to men new ideas about the unity of nature and the relation in which we stood towards the inferior creatures, he could not understand. It should be remembered that the human race had existed some fifty or sixty centuries on the earth, and that since the invention of letters men had recorded their observations. The increase in the body of facts had been, on the whole, gradual and continuous. Take the case of the cuckoo. Aristotle, more than two thousand years ago, gave a fairly accurate account of its habits; and yet in very recent years, as I had informed him, new facts relating to the procreant-instincts of this singular fowl had come to light.

After a short interval of silence I would become conscious of a change in him, as if a cloud had lifted—of a "quiet smile" on his, to my earthly eyes, invisible countenance, and he would add: "No, no; you have yourself supplied me with a reason for questioning your

views; your statement of them—pardon me for saying it—struck me as somewhat rhapsodical. I refer to your commendations of my humble history of the Parish of Selborne. It is gratifying to me to hear that this poor little book is still in such good repute, and I have been even more pleased at that idea of modern naturalists, so flattering to my memory, of a pilgrimage to Selborne; but, if so great a change has come over men's minds as you appear to think, and if they have put some new interpretation on nature, it is certainly curious that I should still have readers."

It would be my turn to smile now—a smile for a smile, and silence would follow. And so, with the dispersal of this little cloud, there would be an end of the colloquy, and each would go his way; one fading back into the grey stones and long grass, the ancient yew-tree, the wooded Hanger; the other to pursue his walk to the neighbouring parish of Liss, beginning to believe, or almost believe, as he went that the interview had actually taken place.

It only remains to say that the smile (my smile) would have been at the expense of some modern editors of the famous "Letters," rather than at that of my interlocutor. They are astonished at Gilbert White's vitality, and cannot find a reason for it. Why does this "cockleshell of a book," as one of them has quite recently called it, come gaily down to us over a sea full of waves, where so many brave barks have foundered? The style is sweet and clear, but a book cannot live merely because it is well written. It is chock-full of facts; but the facts have been tested and sifted, and all that were worth keeping are to be found incorporated in scores of standard works on natural history. I would humbly suggest that there is no mystery at all about it, that the personality of the author is the principal charm of the "Letters," for in spite of his modesty and extreme reticence his spirit shines in every page; that the world will not let this little book die, not only because it is little, and well written, and full of interesting matter, but chiefly because it is a very delightful human document.

W. H. HUDSON.

PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

X.—SCULPTOR.

THE association between architecture, sculpture, and painting is so close that the description of their origins, considered as distinct from one another, is not easy; and those who judge only from the relations under which they are found in the remains of early civilisations are apt to be misled. Thus Rawlinson remarks that—

“Sculpture in Egypt was almost entirely ‘architectonic,’ and was intended simply, or at any rate mainly, for architectural embellishment. . . . The statues of the gods had their proper places in shrines prepared for them. . . . Even the private statues of individuals were intended for ornaments of tombs.”

Here the implication appears to be that as, in historic Egypt, sculpture existed in subordination to architecture, it thus existed from the beginning. This is a mistake. There is abundant reason to conclude that everywhere sculpture, under the form of carving in wood, preceded architecture, and that the tomb and the temple were subsequent to the image.

In the first volume of “The Principles of Sociology” evidence, supplied by various peoples, was given proving that in its initial form an idol is a representation of a dead man, conceived as constantly or occasionally inhabited by his ghost, to whom are made offerings, prayers for aid, and propitiatory ceremonies. Confusion arising in the uncritical mind of the savage between the qualities of the original and the like qualities supposed to accompany a likeness of the original, long survived. Its survival was shown among the Egyptians by their seemingly strange practice of placing, in a compartment of the tomb, a wooden figure (or more than one) intended as an alternative body for the spirit of the departed on his return, in case his mummied body should have been destroyed. Still more strange is the fact

referred to in the volume named above, that among ourselves and other Europeans but a few centuries ago, the effigies of kings and princes, gorgeously appressed, were duly presented with meals for some time after death: such effigies being, some of them, still preserved in Westminster Abbey. Merely recognising this long persistence of the primitive idea, it here concerns us only to note that the making of a carved or modelled figure of a dead man, begins in low stages of culture, along with other elements of primitive religion; and that thus sculpture has its root in ghost-worship, while the sculptor, in his primitive form, is one of the agents of this worship.

The tomb and the temple are, as is shown in § 137, developed out of the shelter for the grave—rude and transitory at first, but eventually becoming refined and permanent; while the statue, which is the nucleus of the temple, is an elaborated and finished form of the original effigy placed on the grave. The implication is that, as with the temple so with the statue, the priest, when not himself the executant, as he is among savages, remains always the director of the executant—the man whose injunctions the sculptor carries out.

Of evidence to be set down in support of this general proposition we may begin with that, relatively small in amount, which is furnished by existing uncivilised races.

Concerning the Gold Coast Negroes, Bosman tells us that they “generally build a small cottage or hut . . . on the grave,” and also that in some parts “they place several earthen images on the graves.” Bastian, writing of the Coast Negroes, says clay figures of departed chiefs with their families are placed in groups under the village tree. Nothing is added about the makers of these clay images; but in another case we find evidence of priestly origin. According to Tuckey, a certain fetich-rock on the Congo “is considered as the peculiar residence of Seembi, the spirit which presides over the river;” and on some of the rocks “are a number of raised figures,” made of some composition which appears “like stone sculptured in low relief”—rude representations of men, beasts, ships, &c.: “they were said to be the work of a learned priest of Nokki, who taught the art to all those who chose to pay him.”

The Polynesian races yield some evidence: relevant facts are narrated of the Sandwich Islanders by Cook and Ellis. The one describes the burying places as containing many wooden images representing their deities, some in huts, others not; and the other tells us that “each celebrated *iti* [spirit] was honoured with an image.” That these celebrated spirits were originally the ghosts of deceased chiefs, is implied by the account given of an allied Polynesian race, the New Zealanders. Among these, according to Thomson, the bodies of chiefs, in some cases “interred within the houses where they died,” where

they were bewailed by relatives for weeks [a rude temple and a rude worship], had "rude human images, 20 or 40 feet high," erected as monuments to them. Though in neither of these cases are we told by whom such images of deceased men were made, yet since of New Zealand artists the best are found among the priests, as asserted by Thomson, while Angas tells us that the priest is generally the operator in the ceremony of tattooing (he being supposed to excel in all sorts of carving), the implication is that he is the maker of these effigies—in the case of chiefs, if not in other cases. For while it is alleged that the house-posts, rudely representing deceased members of an ordinary family, are made by members of the family, we have, in the special characters of the effigies made of chiefs, evidence that priests have been the executants. Dr. Ferdinand von Hochstetter says:—

"The carved Maori-figures, which are met with on the road, are the memorials of chiefs who, while journeying to the restorative baths of Rotorua, succumbed to their ills on the road. Some of the figures are decked out with pieces of clothing or kerchiefs; and the most remarkable feature in them is the close imitation of the tattooing of the deceased, by which the Maories are able to recognise for whom the monument has been erected. Certain lines are peculiar to the tribe, others to the family, and again others to the individual."

As the priests are the professional tattooers, probably being also the authorities concerning tribal and family marks, it is a fair inference that they are the makers of these images of chiefs, in which the tribal, family, and individual marks are represented.

Certain usages have been found among the Australians which, if not directly relevant, are indirectly relevant. At an initiation ceremony in the Murring tribe, according to Howitt—

"A similar rude outline of a man in the attitude of the magic dance, being also Daramülün, is cut by the old men (wizards) at the ceremonies, upon the bark of a tree at the spot where one of them knocks out the tooth of the novice. . . .

"At a subsequent stage of the proceedings a similar figure is moulded on the ground in clay, and is surrounded by the native weapons which Daramülün is said to have invented."

Here the obvious implication is that the traditional hero, Daramülün, is represented by the figures which the wizards (medicine-men or priests) make; while the initiation ceremony is the dedication of the novice to him, considered as present in the figure: to which figure, indeed, a road is marked out on the tree, down which Daramülün is supposed to descend to the image.

By the above-named house-posts which, among the New Zealanders, are erected as memorials of members of the family, we are introduced to the further set of illustrations furnished by household gods. These the accounts of various races in various parts of the world make familiar.

Concerning the Kalmucks and Mongols, who have such domestic idols, Pallas tells us that the priests are the painters, as well as the makers of images of copper and clay.

According to Ellis, the idol-worship of the Malagasy "appears to have sprung up in comparatively modern times, and long subsequently to the prevalence of the worship of household gods." But who were the makers of either does not appear.

How it would naturally happen that while, in the first stages, the priest was the actual carver of images, he became, in later stages, the director of those who carved them, will be easily understood on remembering that a kindred relation between the artist and his subordinate exists now among ourselves. The modern sculptor does not undertake the entire labour of executing his work, but gives the rough idea to a skilled assistant who, from time to time instructed in the needed alterations, produces a clay model to which his master gives the finished form; the reproduction of the model in marble by another subordinate being similarly dealt with by the sculptor. Evidently it was in something like this sense that priests throughout the East were sculptors in early days, as some are in our own days. Writing of the Singhalese, Tennent says:

"Like the priesthood of Egypt, those of Ceylon regulated the mode of delineating the effigies of their divine teacher by a rigid formulary, with which they combined corresponding directions for the drawing of the human figure in connection with sacred subjects."

From Egypt, here referred to, may be brought not only evidence that the sculptured forms of those to be worshipped were prescribed by the priests in conformity with the traditions they preserved, but also evidence that in some cases they were the actual executants. Mentuhotep, a priest of the 12th dynasty, yields an example:

"Very skilled in artistic work, with his own hand he carried out his designs as they ought to be carried out." He "besides was invested with religious functions," and "was the *alter ego* of the king." His inscription says: "'I it was who arranged the work for the building of the temple.'"

An inscription of the 18th dynasty refers to one Bek, architect of Amenhotep IV., who, being described as "the follower of the divine benefactor," was apparently a priest, and who was both an executant and a supervisor of others' work. He is referred to as—

"overseer of the works at the red mountain, an artist and teacher of the king himself, an overseer of the sculptors from life at the grand monuments of the king for the temple of the sun's disk."

A further fact is given. Bek says of himself: "My lord promoted me to be chief architect, & immortalized the name of the king. . . . [I caused] to be made two portrait-statues of noble hard stone in this his great building. It is like heaven. . . . Thus I executed these works of art, his statues."

What evidence Greek records yield, though not extensive, is to the point. Curtius, who, referring to actions of the singers and composers of hymns as well as to those of the plastic artists, says that "the service of the temple comprehends the whole variety of these efforts," also says that "the earliest sculptors were persons of a sacerdotal character." On another page he adds, concerning sculpture—

"in this domain of artistic activity, all things were bound by the decrees of the priests and by close relations with religion. . . . They [the artists] were regarded as persons in the service of the divine religion."

The extent to which sculpture subserved religious purposes may be judged from the statement of Mahaffy that—

"The greatest sculptors, painters, and architects had lavished labour and design upon the buildings [of the oracle at Delphi]. Though Nero had carried off 500 bronze statues, the traveller estimated the remaining works of art at 3000, and yet these seem to have been almost all statues."

As showing the course of professional development it may be remarked that though, in archaic Greek sculpture, the modes of representing the various deities were, as in Egypt and India, so completely fixed in respect of attitudes, clothing, and appurtenances that change was sacrilege, the art of the sculptor, thus prevented from growing while his semi-priestly function was under priestly control, simultaneously began to acquire freedom and to lose its sacred character when, in such places as the pediments of temples, figures other than divine, and subjects other than those of worship, came to be represented. Apparently through transition of this kind it was that sculpture became secularised. Men engaged in chiselling out statues and reliefs in fulfilment of priestly dictates were regarded simply as a superior class of artisans, and did not receive credit as artists. But when, no longer thus entirely controlled, they executed works independently, they gained applause by their artistic skill, and "became prominent celebrities, whose studios were frequented by kings."

To the reasons, already more than once suggested, why in Rome the normal development of the profession was broken or obscured may be added, in respect of the profession of sculptor, a special reason. Says Mommsen:—

"The original Roman worship had no images of the gods, or houses set apart for them; and, although the god was at an early period worshipped in Latium, probably in imitation of the Greeks, by means of an image, and had a little chapel (*aedicula*) built for him, such a figurative representation was reckoned contrary to the laws of Numa."

The appended remark that the representation of the gods was "generally regarded as an impure and foreign innovation" appears to be in harmony with the statement of Duruy.

"Even after the Tarquins, the images of the gods, the work of Etruscan artists, were still made only in wood or clay, like that of Jupiter in the Capitol, and like the quadriga placed on the top of the temple."

The contempt felt by the Romans for every other occupation than the military, and the consequent contempt for art and artists imported from conquered peoples, resulted in the fact that in the time of the *Cæsars* sculptors and painters "were generally either slaves or freed-men." Probably the only concern the priests had with sculpture was when prescribing the mode in which this or that god should be represented.

Such records as have come down to us from early Christian times illustrate the general law of evolution in the respect that they show how little the arts of design were at first specialised. It has been often remarked that in days comparatively modern, separation of the various kinds of mental activity was much less marked than it has since become: instance the fact that Leonardo da Vinci was man of science as well as artist; instance the fact that Michael Angelo was at once poet, architect, sculptor, and painter. This union of functions seems to have been still more the rule in preceding ages. Evidence about the sculptor's art is mingled with evidence about kindred arts. Says Éméric-David—"The same masters were goldsmiths, architects, painters, sculptors, and sometimes poets, as well as being abbots, or even bishops." Of the Gallo-Franks, Challamel says that the industrial art by pre-eminence was gold-working; the great artists in it were monks, or, at least, clerics; the great schools of it were monasteries; and it was for the use of the churches—ecclesiastical vestments and decorations, funeral monuments, &c. In the last part of this statement we see the implication that the sculpturing of figures on monuments was a priestly occupation. This is also implied by the statement of Éméric-David that in the tenth century Hugues, monk of Moustier-en-Der, was painter and statuary. Further proofs that miscellaneous art-works were carried on by the clerical class is given by Lacroix and Seré, who say that early in the eleventh century a monk, named Odoram, executed shrines and crucifixes in gold and silver and precious stones. In the middle of the twelfth century another monk, Theophilus, was at once painter of manuscripts, glass-stainer, and enamelling goldsmith.

Concerning these relationships in England during early days, I find no evidence. The first relevant statements refer to times in which the plastic arts, which no doubt were all along shared in by those lay-assistants who did the rough work under clerical direction—such as chiselling out monuments in the rough according to order—had lapsed entirely into the hands of these lay-assistants. Having been in the preceding times nothing but skilful artisans, their work, when it came to be monopolised by them, was for a long time regarded as artisan-work. Hence the statement that—

"Previously to the reign of Charles I. the sculptor seems hardly to have

been considered an artist. Nicholas Stone was the sculptor most in vogue. He was master-mason to the king."

I may add that in early days, monks—St. Dunstan being an example—occupied themselves in executing the details of ecclesiastical buildings—the foliations of windows, screens, and the like. It is said that when sculpturing the heads used for gargoyles, they sometimes amused themselves by caricaturing one another.

Recent stages in the development of sculpture are not easy to trace. But there seems to have occurred in modern times a process parallel to that which we saw occurred in Greece. During the first stages in the secularisation of his business the carver of marble carried with him the character previously established—he was a superior artisan. Only in course of time as his skill was employed for other than sacred purposes, did he become independent and begin to gain reputation as an artist. And his position has risen along with the devotion of his efforts more and more to subjects unconnected with religion.

Let it be observed, however, that even still sculpture retains in considerable measure its primitive character as an ancillary to ancestor-worship. A carved marble effigy in a Christian Church differs but little in meaning from a carved wooden figure of a dead man placed on his grave in savage and semi-civilised societies. In either case the having an image made, and the subsequent conduct in presence of it, imply the same prompting sentiment: there is always more or less of awe or respect. Moreover, sculpture continues to be largely employed for the expression of this sentiment, not in churches only, but in houses. The preservation of a bust by descendants commonly implies recognition of worth in the original, and is thus in a faint way an act of worth-ship.

Hence only that kind of sculpture which is not devoted to the representation of deceased persons, either in public or private edifices, or in open places, can be considered as absolutely secularised. One who takes his subjects from ancient myth, or history, or from the life around, may be considered as alone the sculptor who has lost all trace of the original priestly character.

With recognition of the completed process of differentiation there is nothing here to join respecting the process of integration. Sculptors have not yet become sufficiently numerous to form entirely independent unions. Such combination as has arisen among them we shall have to recognise in the next chapter, in association with the combinations of painters.

HERBERT SPENCER.

GERMAN INTRIGUES IN THE TRANSVAAL.

ENGLISHMEN have long known that they are not beloved abroad—prosperous nations seldom are; but it has surprised the most phlegmatic of them to find how widely envied they are. Occasional outbreaks of Anglophobia in certain quarters are taken as a matter of course. If the French were to let a month or two pass without discovering a new proof of our arrogance and rapacity we should have reason to fear that our lively neighbours were napping. When anything goes wrong in the East, the first thought of the Pan-slavist press is that we must be at the bottom of it, and anti-English diatribes are discharged accordingly. On the eve of a Presidential election in the United States the trump card for a candidate to play is to discover that, somewhere or other between Cape Horn and the North Pole, John Bull has been disrespectful to the American Eagle. All that we had grown accustomed to. We had even begun to realise of late that Anglophobia was spreading in Europe, especially among our old friends and commercial rivals, the Germans. But few of us can have suspected the existence of so many powder-magazines of bad temper as have exploded all around us lately.

In Germany Prince Bismarck set the fashion of fostering an anti-English prejudice for diplomatic reasons. It was part of the price he was prepared to pay to keep Russia out of the arms of France. When he and his policy were suddenly shelved, a change for the better was inaugurated by the young Emperor. For a time he overwhelmed us with his effusive amiability. Well for us that it did not turn our heads, but was accepted cautiously and with a certain amount of reserve. It was too much of a personal whim, which his people did not share with him. Their political, commercial, and social antipathies continued as strong as ever, or, rather, they went on

silently intensifying. Prince Bismarck's interpretation of the national feeling was, unfortunately, more correct than the Emperor's, and since the ex-Chancellor's return to favour his influence in this, as in other matters, has visibly got the upper hand again. The anti-English elements in German society, released from almost the only curb they had ever felt, have had free scope. If they had remained nebulous and diffused, without definite channels of expression, they might, in German phraseology, never have passed the subjective stage. But nowadays there is always somebody lying in wait to exploit popular feeling for his own ends. Whenever he finds a public sentiment to suit his purpose he is quick to organise and exploit it. Politicians, professional patriots, class agitators, labour leaders, up-to-date journalists never miss a chance to put themselves at the head of a movement which promises them half a day's notoriety. Long-headed financiers are equally keen to get in behind it and pull the wires, so that their chestnuts may be roasted for nothing in the resulting flames.

Every country is afflicted with such firebrands, and the phlegmatic Germans are not free from them. They have a colonial party as rabid as M. Deloncle, and, if anything, more Anglophobic. Their foreign trade, which they learned from us, and are pushing everywhere at our expense, has created a strong anti-English class of boundless stomach and most sensitive pocket. Their high finance in Berlin, which was formerly thankful for a share of London business, is now bent on having everything to itself; and much that it gets we need hardly grudge to it. Some years ago a Berlin group, headed by the Deutsche Bank, and supported, we regret to think, by Englishmen in Constantinople, who might have had more respect for their national traditions, made a successful attempt to cut out all rival concession hunters at the Porte. Success in such a despicable competition was not much to be proud of, and the Berlin financiers may wish now they had not been quite so fortunate. Under their various concessions they have spent in Anatolia millions of money, chiefly German, but some of it English. The Armenian crisis overtook them when they were half way through a very extensive scheme of railways, which were to form an overland route from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf. They were pleased to regard it as a flank movement of English diplomacy directed specially against them.

There were thus secret reasons for German hostility to the Armenian movement. It proved very embarrassing to their railway and other operations in Anatolia, while behind it lay the still more dangerous risk of Russian interference in the near future. A Russian occupation of Armenia is the last thing in the world the Germans would care to see. Such a solution of the Eastern question would suit them badly. Still less does it suit them to discuss the painful

subject with Russia. Her goodwill, however negative and ambiguous, is indispensable to them at present, and must be secured at all hazards. There is no reason, however, why they should not vent their ill-temper on us for having brought the Armenian crisis upon them, as they profess to believe that we did. Lord Rosebery they politely charged with starting it in order to furnish his Nonconformist auxiliaries with a congenial rallying-cry for the last General Election. To their great disgust, Lord Salisbury continued the same policy, and they grew even more angry with him than with his predecessor.

The injury done to German interests in Anatolia has no doubt been serious; but it was a risk German financiers ought to have foreseen. If their resentment had any justification it should have been directed against Turkish misgovernment, the true cause of the crisis, and not against the Powers who were endeavouring to apply the only possible remedy. But it has been the ironical fate of Germany in recent years to find herself oftener ranged on the side of political abuses than of reforms. The exigencies of third-rate foreign finance, which panders to the corruption of semi-bankrupt States, seem to have relaxed her ideas of political morality. Her Press, with honourable exceptions, is largely edited from the Bourse, and the sarcasm is not wholly pointless: "Scratch a Berlin editor and you will find a Jew." Both in the foreign and the domestic politics of the Empire Bourse influence is much more powerful than in this country. The colonial crusade, which has saddled the Empire with so many military garrisons in Africa, was not prompted by any genuine aspiration of the people for German colonisation. When Germans emigrate they seldom desire to take their domestic institutions along with them. They prefer other colonies to their own, and show a strong partiality for the institutions of the "isolated" and "decadent" British Empire; an unmistakable compliment to British rule which is by no means appreciated at Berlin. In default of *bona fide* settlers German colonies have so far been mere hunting grounds for ambitious soldiers and greedy concession-hunters. Of the latter, Germany has produced a larger crop, both Jews and Gentiles, than any other race under the sun. And the Boers have had their share of them. The Emperor William's telegram to President Krüger gave no greater delight to any one than to the German lobbyists who haunt the Raad at Pretoria.

The Germans are the youngest of colonising nations, and they have so far been least successful. Coming late in the field, they had to be content at first with the leavings of other nations; but their contentment was of short duration. It soon turned into envy of their more fortunate predecessors, and not a passive envy merely. They became aggressive and uncomfortable neighbours, especially to us, who offered them the largest surface for squeezing. It is only ten years since

they joined in the scramble for Africa, and in that period we have had no end of frontier conventions to make with them. Hardly a colony they possess but has been repeatedly enlarged or improved at other people's cost, merely to keep them quiet. In the Zanzibar Convention of 1890 it was hastily assumed that a complete settlement of all disputes had been made with them, and, to seal it, the island of Heligoland was restored by us to the German Empire with a magnanimity which we have little reason to be proud of to-day. Had there been equal magnanimity on their side the Zanzibar Convention would have made us good friends in Africa for all time coming. It was intended to provide for every contingency that could possibly arise in our future relations; but it overlooked a rather important one—the strength of the colonial fever in Germany, and of the greed, military and commercial, which it had excited.

The Zanzibar Convention, after delimiting the various protectorates of the two Powers, bound them by a reciprocal engagement not to interfere with each other. Neither Power "was to make acquisitions, conclude treaties, accept sovereign rights or protectorates, nor hinder the extension of influence in the sphere of the other." That undertaking, stated in the most comprehensive terms, excluded Germany from interference of any kind in the territories assigned to Great Britain, either expressly or by implication. One of these territories was the Transvaal Republic, in which we had then, and still have, rights of suzerainty under the London Convention of 1884. The latter were as well known then as they are now. The German Government was fully aware of them, for President Krüger himself had visited Berlin after signing the Convention. He had had an audience of the late Emperor William and bespoken his sympathy for his "young country," without, however, any immediate result. The Convention of 1884 provoked no protest from Germany or any other Government when it was framed. Again, no objection was taken to it in 1890, and the non-interference clause of the Zanzibar Convention was, in effect, a recognition of it by Germany.

If any objection had been raised by Germany at the proper time it could have been pointed out to her that our legal status in the Transvaal was exactly the same as she had assumed in her own protectorates. In her treaties with native chiefs she binds them to enter into no engagements with foreign Powers, except through the German authorities. That is the form generally used in treaties with native chiefs, and it evidently suggested the limited suzerainty adopted in the compromise between Lord Derby and President Krüger in 1884. Germany had herself entered into several such treaties, and it is to be presumed that she knew what they meant. The suzerainty which in 1881 had been general was in 1884 reduced to a right of veto on foreign engagements entered into by the Transvaal

Republic. It is the most important right the British Crown has over its self-governing colonies, the only extension in their case being that it can veto domestic legislation as well as foreign treaties. As to the latter there can be no controversy. It forbids the Transvaal Republic to hold relations of any kind with a foreign State without the approval of the British Government. In entering into such relations, as there can no longer be any doubt they have done, the German Government and President Krüger have both violated distinct obligations to this country. Germany has intruded where the plainest rules of international law said she had no right to go, where she had by the Convention of 1890 pledged herself not to go, and where she could not have gone had neighbourly feeling had any influence with her.

What can have drawn her into so unfriendly a course? Two motives, we believe—one political and the other commercial. The second seems to have been the stronger of the two, and might have proved equally mischievous without the first, which furnished opportunities rather than causes. German intrigues in the Transvaal may go back considerably farther than is yet suspected. If they did not originate with the Congo Convention of 1894, they were no doubt stimulated by it. The Rosebery Cabinet, while under the glamour of the Rhodes boom, more than once paid tribute to it by diplomatic *coups* which did not always come off well. The happy thought of leasing from the Congo State a strip of territory along its boundary with German East Africa was Rhodesian all over. Its parentage was at once detected at Berlin and resented accordingly. With quite unnecessary warmth Germany protested, and the happy thought was dropped. The Germans plumed themselves on their diplomatic success, and they might well have been satisfied with it without cherishing malice afterwards. But they had already a strong indictment against Mr. Rhodes, and it became a principle of their African policy to get even with him. In the Transvaal they found a promising field for unofficial reprisals. Individual enterprise opened the way, and the Government followed when the ground had been prepared for it.

Germans first appeared in the Transvaal in the comparatively harmless character of mining financiers. In a list of Rand capitalists the most striking feature is the large percentage of German names. Werner, Eckstein, Beit, Neumann, Mosenthal, Adler, Albu—all ranking high among Kaffir millionaires. Next to the Jews, perhaps they are the most numerous. Compared with the international contingent, the purely English section is small and select. But for the Germans at Johannesburg it must be said that up to a certain point they co-operated loyally with the other nationalities in protesting against Boer oppression. At Pretoria they worked much more for their own hand, and in a way which Englishmen are loth to emulate. As concession hunters they have been unapproachable. Having got on the

right side of the President and the Raad, they had only to help themselves to whatever they wanted. One monopoly after another they suggested, engineered through the Raad, floated in Europe, and are now making fortunes out of both for themselves and their Boer friends. ●

One of the best known of a long series of Krüger concessions is the dynamite monopoly shared by the Nobel Company with Mr. Lippert of Hamburg, a thoroughgoing partisan of things as they are in the best of all possible republics. Mr. Lippert was formerly a merchant in Hamburg with business connections in South Africa. Through them he had early knowledge of the diamond-fields at Kimberley, and again of the gold-fields in the Transvaal. When the question of the dynamite supply was being agitated, he made good use of his influence at Pretoria, and after a prolonged struggle with rival makers he and the Nobel Company joined forces. They secured a practically exclusive right to import dynamite and sell it at exorbitant prices duly fixed in the concession. To work it they formed a company with a capital of £450,000 in shares, and £150,000 in debentures. The capital was divided as follows:

| | |
|--|----------|
| The Nobel Company | £220,000 |
| South African Explosives Company | £183,000 |
| E. Lippert. | £25,000 |
| Sundry persons unknown | £22,000 |
| | <hr/> |
| | £450,000 |

Mr. Lippert took toll in the form of royalties at the rate of 6s. per case for himself, 2s. per case for his friends Lewis and Marks, and a special 2s. per case (limited to three years) for "certain persons at Pretoria." The practical effect of the dynamite monopoly is that every mining company in the Republic has to pay 20 or 30 per cent. more than the best explosive—Ardeer, for example—would cost in a free market.

Whisky is another monopoly among the Boers, and it also pays toll at Pretoria. This concession is held and exercised by the *Eerste Fabriek Hatherley Distillery Company*. It has a capital of £300,000 in shares, and £100,000 in debentures, on which it already earns a profit of between £70,000 and £80,000 a year. A dividend of 20 per cent. was paid for the year ended in June last, and an increase of £100,000 on the capital was authorised. The shares have sold here up to 24, and even in the recent collapse they did not fall below 21. The concession, as it stands to-day, must be worth over a million sterling to its owners, the bulk of which Johannesburg has again to pay for. In its balance sheet the Company carries an item of £122,319 marked in plain figures, "For concession and good will."

The above monopolies are not by any means the finest plums the Rand has had to distribute. They have been selected as typical examples because they are best known in this country. Many more have been financed at home. Waterworks, brickworks, collieries—all bring grist to the mill, and the Germans are the favoured millers. Contracts for public works go through the same process, and the lion's share of them falls into German hands. In a recent case, the electric lighting of Pretoria, it was announced in the advertisement that no English need apply. That, too, will be "made in Germany." A particularly big plum now is ripening for the punishment of the Uitlanders and the benefit of the Pretoria ring. It is nothing less than a monopoly of the cyanide process in the whole Republic. If it should be realised, the cost of producing gold may be increased by five or ten per cent., but what spoil for the happy family at Pretoria, who will have the enjoyment of the royalties!

But these are not the most embarrassing subjects the Germans have laid hands on. Concessions affect only particular industries, as a rule; a monopolist railway system strangles the whole trade of the country. The Germans have got their hands on that also. Not a mile of railway has been permitted to be built in the Transvaal except by one company, which is now virtually controlled from Berlin. In justice to President Krüger, it must be admitted that the latter condition is none of his doing, and was not originally intended by him. The Netherlands Railway Company, the only institution of its kind in the Republic, has its nominal headquarters in Amsterdam. It was organised there by Dutch capitalists, at the instance of President Krüger when he visited Holland in 1884. A Netherlands bank had been previously formed by the same group for Transvaal business; but neither the railway nor the bank made much headway while in Dutch hands. Berlin speculators saw their chance and acquired a large interest in the property for a mere song. With a coolness bordering on the sublime, they afterwards invited London to join in a loan, guaranteed by the Transvaal Government, for completing the line. Of course London could not resist, and these railway bonds created by Germans to enable the Boers to divert all the traffic they could from our own Natal and Cape Colony lines, are largely held by British investors at this moment. Such is the catholicity—and stupidity—of British finance!

British protectorates, like other British territories, are as open to foreigners as to her Majesty's own subjects. They are welcome to settle anywhere, to hold property, to cultivate, to trade, and to make as much money as they honestly can. But it has never been expected outside of the Transvaal Republic that we should allow them to set up iniquitous monopolies against ourselves. The spectacle cannot, we think, be paralleled in any other country of a gang of

foreign speculators throttling all the staple industries, controlling the one railway system, and levying toll on the whole community. That more than anything else goaded the Uitlanders into revolt. The men of Johannesburg, who worked the mines and produced all the wealth that the Boers and the German monopolists wallowed in, claimed nothing but the simplest rights of citizenship. They asked only for the power of self-defence against jobbery and misgovernment, which the meanest of Central American republics would grant, in theory, at least. They had by their heavily taxed labour reared on the naked veldt a flourishing city, where they desired to live peaceably, under laws in which they might have some voice, and institutions adapted in some degree, however small, to their needs. They were persistently refused everything, and at every fresh attempt the "dopper Boers" only hardened their hearts the more against them. At last they were forbidden even to meet in public except under restrictions almost prohibitive. An assembly of more than six persons was declared to be a public meeting punishable as a police offence.

Considering how much they have had to bear, the Uitlanders have not been harsh in their judgment of the Boers. Up to a certain point great patience and self-restraint were exercised. Even now there is no strong animosity expressed against the Boers. They get credit for being quite honest and conscientious in their resistance of innovations. They have always regarded the gold-fields as a temporary interruption of their pastoral lives, which are to be resumed again as soon as the gold-seekers have been starved out. It is still difficult for them to realise that Johannesburg has come to stay with them, whether they like it or not. Their position, however wrong-headed and unjust to the majority of the population, is at least consistent. But what of their German abettors in this absurd struggle to turn back the hands of the clock? Either they endorse the Boer theory of government by the minority, or they don't care a rush how the country is governed, or what becomes of it, so long as plenty of spoil flows into their pockets. If the former, it was hardly polite in them to select a British protectorate for the exercise of their Bismarckian ideas. One might have thought that they had opportunities enough at home. If the latter, they are doing very doubtful honour to the German name in the eyes of the world.

Of all the nationalities crowded together on the Rand in a Boer-ridden anarchy the Germans alone have not had a single word to say for civilisation and self-government. Their chief thoughts have been to share the plunder of Boer monopolies and to do all the harm they could to the British people, whose legal rights they first violated by stealth and then openly challenged. We now know at least what is the real motive and object of the challenge. It has yet to be seen, perhaps, what proportion of the Germans at home will take up the

cause of their shady brethren in the Transvaal, and to what extent they are prepared to support it. A still more important point to clear up is what knowledge the German Government actually possessed of the proceedings of its subjects at Pretoria who started the flirtation with President Krüger that had the Emperor William's telegram for a dramatic climax. How far the flirtation was carried we have had independent evidence from Lisbon to the effect that at the first news of Jameson's raid, if not sooner, application was made to the Portuguese Government for permission to send German marines through its territory en route to Johannesburg.

Regardless of the innocent explanation that nothing was intended beyond the protection of the German consulate and German subjects, Portugal loyally refused the extraordinary request, and the Berlin press now naively affects to consider the incident closed. Lord Salisbury is not likely to consider it so. On behalf of her Majesty, he is entitled to claim explanations of an act so unfriendly and discourteous, and one which mischance alone prevented from becoming an act of war. The request made to the Portuguese Government behind our backs was in the highest degree irregular and insulting. The circumstances which led up to it are as important for us to ascertain as the origin of Jameson's expedition. If there was plotting on the west side of the Transvaal, was everything fair and straight on the east side? The two questions may affect each other in some yet unexpected way. Let us not, however, prejudge the Emperor William as he loftily and summarily prejudged Jameson. The recent developments of German diplomacy at Pretoria cannot be pronounced on off-hand. There has certainly been something strange and sinister about them which cannot be allowed to pass altogether unobserved. Events which seemed unimportant at the time may, in the light of later information, acquire new significance.

Looking back, it seems curious that a German warship should have been kept sweltering for months off the pestilential coast of Delagoa Bay. Germany had, so far as is known, no particular question to settle with the Portuguese, and after the affair at Kionga Bay, eighteen months ago, the Portuguese were not likely to regard the *See Adler* as a very friendly visitor. They still have a sore recollection of the high-handed attack made on their Kionga Bay settlement by a German force professedly in pursuit of smugglers and slave dealers. The Portuguese Government protested vigorously, but at Berlin they were cynically requested to first prove their title. This may help to explain the cold reception given the other day at Lisbon to the Emperor's request for facilities of trespass on British territory. Portugal is herself a recent sufferer from German methods of colonial enterprise, and her friendly neutrality toward us may be taken as perfectly sincere seeing she has her reasons for it.

But the German marines had a sight of the Transvaal without asking leave of either of the disowned suzerains. A large party of them visited Pretoria not many months ago, and were royally entertained as guests of the Republic. By that time the *entente cordiale* seems to have made considerable progress. A year ago it was so far advanced that President Krüger and his son-in-law, Dr. Leyds, now in Berlin, attended a banquet given by the German Consul in honour of the Emperor's birthday (January 1895). His health was, of course, drank, and, in reply, he made a very philo-German speech, which ought to have attracted more attention at the time than it did. Referring to the recent difficulty about commandeering British subjects, he said: "*I know I may count on the Germans in future, and I hope Transvaalers will do their best to strengthen and foster the friendship existing between them.*" That sentiment must have had a special meaning, well understood, perhaps, by the company; for at the close of his speech it was repeated, in still more significant terms: "It is my wish," he said, "to continue those peaceful relations, and I wish also to give Germany all the support a little child can give to a grown up-man. *The time is coming for our friendship to be more firmly established than ever.*"

Men like President Krüger do not speak that way out of mere compliment. There must have been something in the background—a personal understanding with Germany, a hope held out from Berlin of help in case of need, or it may be even a formal agreement as to certain eventualities which were already anticipated. It has been alleged on credible authority that a secret treaty with Germany was entered into so long ago as 1885. The form is not important. The loyalty we have received from the German Government in the Transvaal sufficiently condemns itself if we assume only the vaguest sort of engagement to have been entered into. Between Berlin and Pretoria, secret relations seem to have existed for at least a year past which were not consistent on either side with honourable respect for the Convention of 1884. The document which the Germans were threatening the other day to tear up they may already have treated as torn up and done with. Who knows? There are more mysteries in the recent history of the Transvaal than the Jameson raid or the Johannesburg revolt. The imperial telegram to Mr. Krüger may not have been so impulsive after all. The occasion for it may have been long foreseen and provided for in every detail, down to the landing of the German marines and the formal repudiation at Pretoria of the 1884 Convention.

Some strong bond of union had drawn the two Governments together, and it may not be far to seek. The Emperor and the Boer leader had a common *hête noire*—Mr. Rhodes. His masterful ambition and his all-devouring energy alarmed both of them. The

rapidity with which he had overrun and annexed Mashonaland to the British Empire induced them to regard him as a South African Napoleon, who would be always thirsting for fresh conquests. They made sure that the Transvaal was the next victim marked out, and a plan may have been formed to take advantage of every or any eventuality.

Though appearances are against Mr. Rhodes at the moment, there is not a shred of direct proof against him as yet. His emphatic denial of complicity in the raid must be accepted as at least *prima facie* probability that he may be able to clear himself. It is greatly strengthened by the memorial of the Chartered Company to the British Government praying for a thorough inquiry into the circumstances out of which the expedition arose. Mr. Rhodes' countrymen will suspend their judgment on him till they have heard his defence. They will have more patience than the Emperor William I. who credited him with criminal intentions long before there was any crime committed. Months ago they had made up their minds for a collision with Mr. Rhodes and the Chartered Company. Much more to his surprise, perhaps, than to theirs the collision came, and found them prepared for it at every point: the only people, indeed, who were not utterly unprepared for it. If there had been half as much foresight at Johannesburg as at Pretoria how different might have been the issue!

As between England and Germany, the raid was a purely domestic incident. It might have been made from one British colony into another. Our own Government had shown no indisposition or inability to deal with it. On the contrary, at the earliest moment it had taken emphatic measures to prevent any violation of the domestic rights of the Boers. Mr. Chamberlain's promptitude and good faith in that respect have been universally acknowledged, and even the German press could not withhold a grudging tribute to his statesman-like decision. After the catastrophe equal promptitude and frankness were shown in meeting the consequences of the disastrous error.

But fast as these sorrowful events moved, they were too slow for the Boer-loving Kaiser. His too obviously prearranged *coup* could brook no delay. The moment he received the welcome news of Jameson's defeat he hurried up from Potsdam to Berlin and summoned the Imperial Chancellor, the Foreign Secretary, the Chief of the Admiralty, and two other heads of naval offices, to a conference. The telegram to President Krüger was then decided on and presumably framed under the Emperor's own eye, if not 'by his own hand. It went forth as an official act of the German Government, done on the Emperor's initiative, and therefore in a special sense his own policy. If it could have been charitably ascribed to hasty impulse, its painful effect might in course of time have passed away. But the retrospect above given of the strange proceedings in Pretoria, which had foreshadowed it, excludes that assumption. A similar

retrospect of events at Berlin furnishes farther indications of pre-arrangement. Mr. Lippert and other privileged financiers of the Republic had kept the Colonisation Society, and through it, the Imperial Chancellor, well posted as to the progress of the Uitlander movement. Several weeks before the crisis, President Krüger's son-in-law, Dr. Leyds, had arrived at Berlin, ostensibly for medical advice about his eyes, but possibly also to be at hand when needed. He did not hold completely aloof from the Foreign Office, nor was he treated there as a casual visitor. A more discreet and confidential channel of communication with Pretoria could not have been desired in the critical days which so soon followed his arrival in Berlin.

It is now pretty certain that from an early stage of the Uitlander agitation, President Krüger had agents all over the frontier watching the movements of the Chartered forces. Jameson and his dare-devil troopers had been poor conspirators. Wearing their hearts on their sleeves, and taking little trouble to disguise their opinions of the situation at Johannesburg, they never suspected that the Boers were at their elbow all the time. Oom Paul seemed to be boasting when, a few days before the raid, he said to an interviewer that he was only waiting for the tortoise to put his head out far enough in order to give it a sharp and decisive stroke; but that homely remark exactly described the tactics he had been pursuing. He sat at Pretoria watching Jameson's preparations, and in his letters to Dr. Leyds they were not unlikely referred to now and then. This much is certain, that Jameson had no sooner entered the Transvaal than a telegram to Berlin announced the fact. By the same route the first news of his defeat reached Europe. And while we who were chiefly concerned in the event waited anxiously for information, which did not come till days after, the Emperor William hastened to act on his early and special intelligence in the way now known to the world!

The intrigue between Berlin and Pretoria has revealed itself beyond doubt. The principal parties tacitly acknowledge it. President Krüger has declared openly and publicly that he counted on Germany's help, and he did not get it without asking for it. In doing so he committed a breach of the Convention of 1884 as direct, if not as violent, as that of the Chartered Company. Since Mr. Rhodes launched his ill-starred confederation programme, Oom Paul and he have been playing a desperate game of diamond-cut-diamond, in which Mr. Rhodes has been as completely worsted as his friend Jameson. The South African Colossus may have been an overrated man—that is a question to be decided hereafter. But certainly his Boer rival has been much underrated. Oom Paul appears to have outwitted all the Cape politicians, and up to a certain point the Colonial Office itself in his favourite game of lying low. While Mr. Rhodes was threatening him with confederation, he was digging a hole for Mr. Rhodes in quite

another part of the world. He played Berlin off against Cape Town, and he has scored for the time being; but by no means finally.

We are far from having heard the last of it yet. Jameson may have dashed himself and his starving men in vain against Boer entrenchments. Mr. Rhodes may have lost the imperial stake he played for. His Chartered Company may have to relinquish its golden dreams, but Great Britain will still have something to say about the Transvaal, and will not lack competent men to say it for her. So far Mr. Chamberlain has been a worthy spokesman of his country, and he never spoke better than in his terse reply to the Emperor William's telegram. On the day after its publication, he pointedly remarked to a deputation of South African merchants that "her Majesty's Government adhere to their obligations under the Convention of 1884, and they had upheld that Convention in all its provisions. From this position nothing had occurred to induce them to recede."

Without the interference of the German Emperor we should have had a most difficult, and possibly a dangerous, question to face in the Transvaal. There should be no further self-deception as to its gravity, and no shrinking from its final consequences. Recent events have suddenly magnified it from a colonial to an imperial question. Our position, not in the Transvaal alone but in South Africa is at stake. The Boers of the Orange Free State and the Afrikaner Bond in Cape Colony are watching with not too friendly interest every step taken in the Transvaal. Let German intrigue get any further footing in the Transvaal, and its noxious influence will be quickly felt all the way to Cape Town. With us, this is a question of the future destiny of a large and important section of the British Empire. With the Germans it is only a question of poking their nose into other people's business. When the moral sense of mankind calmly appreciates the issue there can be little doubt what its judgment will be.

W. R. LAWSON.

CARDINAL MANNING AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.

I.

MR. PURCELL'S "Life of Cardinal Manning" * is a book which awakens the most opposite feelings, and the most contradictory judgments. Its author has been a sort of inverted Balaam, called in to bless the Cardinal he has yet, in the view of his admirers and friends, cursed him altogether. Then, his literary offences are too many and too flagrant to allow the mere critic to speak well of his book. He is certainly no master in the craft of letters, style he knows not; order, chronology, easy and correct reference, continuity of narrative, consecutiveness of thought, economy in the use of material, coherence and vividness of portraiture are things to which he has not attained. He is a laborious biographer, but an inaccurate writer, manifestly unacquainted with the religious history of our times, unable on this account to interpret many of his own documents or deal intelligently with the characters, careers, and opinions of many of the persons who crowd his pages. The book is thus difficult to read, a sore tax on one's patience, a continual trial to one's temper, mocking during perusal all attempts at a fair and balanced judgment. But when one has finished the book, and retreated from it far enough to see it in perspective, and as a whole, some very remarkable qualities begin to show themselves. It is, perhaps, rather a frank than an honest book, written by a man whose lack of insight is redeemed by a sort of blunt courage, guided by a rather robust common-sense. He is anxious to be just, yet does not quite foresee the effects of his justice. His judgments are at once candid and naïve, the judgments of a man who has lived in a very narrow circle, has mis-

* "Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster." By Edmund Sheridan Purcell, Member of the Roman Academy of Letters. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

taken its whispers for the murmur of the world, and has published, to the dismay of multitudes, the gossip it likes to talk but does not love to print. In its light, he has studied his documents, and inquired at his living sources, and then he has laboriously poured out the results in this book, which, though a marvel of cumulative and skilled awkwardnesses, yet leaves us with a distinct and breathing image of its hero, who is certainly no pallid shadow, but an actual person, all too concrete and articulate. This is no small merit, and rare enough in modern biography to deserve cordial praise.

But the value of the book does not lie in the text of its author, but in the original documents it contains. The question as to the right or wrong of their publication is not one for me to discuss; what is obvious is that access to first-hand authorities is always a gain to historical knowledge. Cardinal Manning was neither a recluse nor a private citizen, but a man who lived for more than half a century in the full blaze of the public eye. From the first he was a conspicuous figure, the leader of an army; a man of strong loves and intense hates, who handled too many men, fought too many battles both in the dark and in the day; in a word, was too much a force working for change and conflict to be commemorated in a biography which should be at once innocuous and veracious. If his life had caused no alarm or given no offence, it might have been edifying, but would not have been informing, for it would have told us nothing of the secrets of his character, or the springs of his conduct, or the reasons of his policy. But he was too much the sum of certain great moments and events to be dealt with as a delicate plant, or hidden within the muddy atmosphere of circumspect commonplace. More harm is done by the diplomatic suppression of the truth than by its frank publication; the one is the way of wisdom, the other of discretion; and the promise is that wisdom, not discretion, shall be justified of her children.

Of course, I feel that the character of a lost leader is not a thing to be lightly dealt with. While he lives his reputation is his own, but after his death it becomes man's, every blot upon it being a stain, as it were, upon our common good. It can never be to the advantage of religion that any religious man should be dispraised. The heroes of Protestantism are no reproach to Catholicism; the saints the Catholic Church reveres, the Protestant Church grows better by admiring. There is nothing that so proves poverty of soul as the tendency, so common in ecclesiastical controversy, to make our own plain features look comely by darkening the fairer features of another face. Mr. Gladstone, addressing Manning in his Anglican days, says: "Your character is a part of the property of the Church and of the truth in the Church, and must be husbanded for the

sake of the association with that truth." * This is even more true to-day than it was then, and in a larger sense than was at first intended. In his good name all Churches share, and any shadow of reproach that falls on him will send a chill through the heart of all our good. But, then, to attempt an analysis of his character in relation to his work is to do him no dishonour; what the man did depended upon what he was, and so we study him only that we may the better watch the evolution of a movement in which he was a potent factor.

What is here termed the Catholic Revival began with three men, whose spirit it may be said to have incarnated:—Hurrell Froude, who was its impulsive force; John Henry Newman, who embodied its intellectual and ethical energy; and John Keble, who created the atmosphere of emotion or sentiment within which it lived, and by which it was nourished. But while these men presided over its birth, its later fortunes were shaped within the Anglican Church mainly by Dr. Pusey, and within the Roman Church mainly by Cardinal Manning. The significance of the personal factor has been recognised by every serious student of the movement, and most of all by its leaders themselves. The earliest expression of this feeling is Hurrell Froude's "Remains," the most classical is Newman's "Apologia," the largest is the still unfinished "Life of Pusey," and the latest, this "Life of Cardinal Manning," which is, in its original documents, so largely the work of his own hands. Of these, the "Apologia" has the greatest personal value, but the least historical worth. It is neither a biography nor an autobiography, but simply what it professes to be, a dialectical apology for a life by the man who had lived it. The real history is not there, but only a history idealised, all the more completely that the ideal represents a reality seen in retrospect, and under the transfiguring light of a superlative ratiocinative genius, whose imagination made his successive experiences like steps in the logical process which led him from a dubious to an assured and infallible faith. But a man's history is too complex a thing to be done into any dialectic, even though it be the supreme feat of the most dexterous dialectician of his age. The mistakes, the falterings, the lapses, the blind gropings, the ignorances, the confusions, the unreasoning likes and dislikes which marked the actual way of the man are lost sight of, forgotten, or softened out of all significance, the end being made to illuminate the beginning rather than the beginning to explain the end. Froude's "Remains," on the other hand, have even more historical than personal worth. Here we see the man as he actually lived, the circle he lived in, how they thought and spoke, believed and acted. The men are intensely sincere, but curiously superficial; where most thoroughly in earnest,

there most audaciously ignorant, full of the inconsiderate speech which came of hatreds they were too impatient to justify and too prejudiced to be ashamed of. In the "Remains," in the Tracts, and in the private correspondence, when we can get it unexpurgated, the real men live; and history must know the real man before it can construe the man idealised. Now this *Life of Manning* is full of the same sort of documents as Froude's "Remains." We have not all we could wish, but we have enough to be grateful for. We have the man in his every-day habit, in the flesh and blood reality of his ecclesiastical being; and we can interpret him in terms we owe altogether to himself, or to the men he worked with, and for, and through. We are admitted into his secret soul, we hear his solemn confessions or astute suggestions to the men he trusted, and then we have the records of the public policy which now contradicted and now carried out his inner mind. What this biography does, no other and later biography can ever undo; for what gives it character is not what the author writes, but what he publishes. The picture is not, indeed, quite complete; some of Manning's most characteristic letters, written at the crisis of his career, perished under his own hand. By the same hand certain of his diaries and memoranda have, as a rule, at the most critical places or in connection with the most decisive events, been expurgated, amended, adjusted to reminiscence, adapted to history; but, happily, the untouched originals reflect the living man. And it is the man as he lived, and not the man apologetically idealised, which explains the history he contributed to make.

II.

In attempting an estimate and analysis of Manning's character in relation to his work we shall, as far as possible, confine ourselves to the documents our author has published. We cannot, indeed, entirely dismiss himself from our minds, nor would it be just to do so. His very attitude is significant, and has been assumed, not according to his original bias, but against it. It is apparent that he began as an admirer, that he did not mean to be unfriendly, and that he believes, in the heart of him, that his hero could stand being painted as he really was, warts and all. If he is to be held responsible for the use of the materials entrusted to him, we ought also to remember that the responsibility for much in his tone of mind and for many of his judgments, lies with the materials themselves.

1. Well, then, looked at in the light of the documents here published and the inner history they unfold, we may say Manning's character seems, though strong, neither subtle nor complex. Subtlety was too little the note of his mind to be the distinction of his conduct. His ends were clearly and easily conceived, and his

means, though often underhand, were, as a rule, obvious and simple, their efficiency lying in the strength of his will rather than in their delicate fitness. While fond of intrigue, he was too self-conscious to hide his designs from the observant. His characteristic qualities appear very early in his career. As a boy he was averse to real and serious study,* and happily without the curse of precocity; but he had ambition, claiming as his motto "*Aut Caesar aut nullus*,"† only his ambitions were as yet neither intellectual nor academic. He found fame at Oxford in the Union, and once he became famous, men said, "Manning is self-conscious even in his nightcap."‡ He "drew into his orbit a certain number of satellites," assumed "omniscience," and "spoke as one having authority," now and then, to the disaster of his claims.§ His reminiscences seem to show that, even in later life, he had more interest in himself than in any of his schoolfellows.|| These were, in a boy, natural traits; they indicate a nature which by attempting to conceal only the more revealed itself; but the traits natural in a boy may grow into much less innocuous qualities in a man. Possibly Manning suffered through his whole career from the want of an early period of storm and stress, especially those higher and more tragic religious experiences which do so much to purify the character. Accident, rather than necessity, drove him into the Church; compulsion of circumstances more than the vocation which will not hear a "Nay."¶ He knew nothing of the fierce intellectual conflicts which vexed the reason of Newman, and made his sermons, lectures, and tracts like the cries of a soul in travail. He did not enter the ministry by the way of sorrow, and so was not redeemed and made fit for it by suffering. Comfort surrounded him from the first; he glided easily into high position; even death was kindly, and removed obstacles from his path; but, while his tact is excellent, his intellect remains unawakened. He was a churchman whose conduct was guided by policy rather than a thinker mastered by convictions. His biographer notes with satisfaction that he served under four bishops, and, while he agreed with none, he made himself agreeable to all, and as nearly as possible indispensable. He behaved as one who sympathised with the Tractarians, not as one who believed with them; but in the day of trial it is the man who believes, not the man who sympathises, who endures. Hence came those early relations to Newman which left no memories Newman cared to record. Hence came those extraordinary vacillations of policy, resented by many as duplicities of conduct, represented by his High Church professions and strongly Protestant charges; his fifth of November sermon, and private, though rejected, visit to Newman at

* 1. 27.

† 1. 28, 48.

‡ 1. 30.

§ The words of Sir Francis Doyle, 1. 46-7.

|| 1. 18.

¶ On this point there was a good deal of romancing later, but the contemporary evidence justifies the statement in the text. See 1. 86-97.

Littlemore; his studied neutrality as to the professorship of poetry, and his uneasy and, for awhile, anxiously uncertain action on Ward's degradation. To the same cause may be traced a series of incidents less easily explained or defended. There is his concern about the trivial personal matters of the sub-almonership and the preachership at Lincoln's Inn, in contrast with his unconcern about the loss of Newman, and the grave disasters it threatened to the English Church.* But his judgment as to the character and motives of the seceders was more extraordinary than even his unconcern. Mr. Gladstone asked Manning, amid the consternation caused by the many conversions to Catholicism, what he considered "the common bond of union, the common principle, which led men of intellect so different, of such opposite characters, acting under circumstances so various, to come to one and the same conclusion."† Manning's answer, which "surprised beyond measure and startled" his interlocutor, was this: "Their common bond is their want of truth." The one common characteristic of the men was surely their passionate sincerity, witnessed by the sacrifices they made to conviction and conscience; but Manning's answer shows not so much a want of honesty or charity as of insight and intelligence—his complete puzzlement of mind as he faced conduct which nothing in his own experience could as yet interpret. And the same bewildered and ineffective mind is reflected in all the correspondence of this period. Nor, as we shall yet see, did he ever escape from this inability. The timidity which is the mark of certain intellectual limitations governed even his most audacious policies. He was a political craftsman in the arena of faith and reason, and his trust in machinery was as great as his distrust of mind. This was the root of his lifelong antagonism not only to Newman, but to all Newman's name stood for. Catholicism never meant to the two men the same thing; they never were Catholics in the same sense; their relations were not simply those of contraries, but of antipathies based on intellectual differences. Their feud was not a thing of policy, or even of principle, but of nature and character.

2. These mental and ethical qualities are well illustrated in what we may term the diplomacy of his conversion—i.e., the policy which made his outer history in the years which preceded it so strange a contrast to his inner or spiritual history. It is, on any construction we may please to put upon it, melancholy as well as "startling" to find Manning, as his biographer says, "speaking concurrently for years with a double voice";‡ but it was by no means out of keeping with his character, as some of those who had good occasion to know him understood it. The facts stand out in the clear language of his own diaries and letters, and in those of his correspondents. In

* L. 310-12.

† L. 318.

‡ L. 465.

August 1846 he wrote to Mr. Gladstone: "I have a fear, amounting to a belief, that the Church of England must split asunder,"* Entries in his diary of the same date show what he means: the Church of England is organically diseased, because separated from the Church Universal and from the chair of Peter, and is, for certain specified reasons, functionally diseased as well.† In an earlier month—May—he had confessed to himself "an extensively changed feeling towards the Church of Rome," and most serious doubts as to the Church of England.‡ In 1847 his doubts became more positive, and so do the beliefs which look to Rome; two things which it alone can satisfy seem to him necessary to the Church—infallibility and the unity of the episcopate.§ In the pathetic letters, under the seal, from this time onward to his conversion in 1851, confession of his inward mind is made to Laprimaudaye and Robert Wilberforce. Now, no man can handle these letters otherwise than tenderly; to the man who has known a great intellectual and spiritual crisis they will be sacred epistles, the record of a soul's tragedy, still agitated with sorrow and damp with the sweat as of blood. But, unhappily, they are profaned and shamed by the position in which they are made to stand; yet they must stand there if history is to speak the truth. It was no reproach to Manning that he should hesitate; it would have been a real reproach had he been precipitate. The issues were too grave, the possibilities of mistake too many and serious, the feelings, the hopes, the fears involved too high and solemn to allow a sensitive and honourable man to be other than painfully and laboriously deliberate. But this on one condition: that he be silent and use no public speech that contradicted his private thoughts or mocked his own personal experiences. And this condition Manning did not observe, nay, he flagrantly violated. While confessing under the seal of secrecy his utter disbeliefs, he yet in his charges and sermons, in his letters to penitents and friends, spoke or wrote like a man who never knew a doubt. While he openly, as it were in the ecclesiastical forum, argued in July 1848, as to Hampden, that "no man is a heretic to us who is not a heretic to the Church," that to the Church Hampden was no heretic, for it had not tried and judged him, and that his "public subscription of the Catholic creeds," as a bishop, had purged him from the charge of heresy,|| he had yet, in the March of the same year, privately written to Robert Wilberforce: "I do believe Hampden to be heretical in substance and in principle. It makes it worse to me to find that fact palliated or doubted."¶ His public attitude was well represented by an answer he gave earlier to Mrs. Lockhart: "But, Mr. Archdeacon, are you quite sure of the validity of Anglican orders?" "Am I sure of the existence of God?" he replied.** Even more significant

* l. 317. † l. 433. ‡ l. 465. § l. 467-473. ¶ l. 478-9. ¶ l. 514. ** l. 449.

was his conduct to Mr. Gladstone. The two had been intimate, even confidential friends; he had, in the phrase quoted above, hinted his doubts, but had found no sympathetic response, had received instead an emphatic contradiction, and was thereafter, throughout what seemed the frankest correspondence and intercourse, silent as to his secret mind till the Gorham Judgment made a convenient season for speech. These letters of his were returned to him, and "had, so far as could be ascertained, been destroyed by the Cardinal not long before his death." Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said, when he heard of the correspondence, so unlike that with himself, with Robert Wilberforce, and the destruction of his own: "I won't say Manning was insincere, God forbid! But he was not simple and straightforward,"* a judgment which cannot be called in any sense uncharitable.

3. It would be a radical misapprehension to regard this diplomacy as an accident, an exception to his normal character, due simply to the bewilderment of a perturbed and distracted mind. The conduct represented a real and permanent quality, as it were a grain or bent of nature which came out on critical occasions, and make intimacy with him to many difficult, to some impossible. Thus Canon Oakeley, who knew him both as Anglican and as Catholic, wrote of him when appointed Archbishop of Westminster: "I wish I could confide in him as much as I like him."† So, too, Newman writes to Oakeley: "The only serious cause of any distance which may exist between the Archbishop and myself is the difficulty I have in implicitly confiding in him."‡ And this feeling receives new meaning in the characteristic colour and phrasing of Newman's answer, declining Manning's request for an interview in order to mutual explanations and, if possible, reconciliation:

"I say frankly, then, and as a duty of friendship, that it [i.e., my feeling to you] is a distressing mistrust, which now for four years past I have been unable in prudence to dismiss from my mind, and which is but my own share of a general feeling (though men are slow to express it, especially to your immediate friends) that you are difficult to understand. I wish I could get myself to believe that the fault was my own, and that your words, your bearing, and your implications ought (to have), though they have not, served to prepare me for your acts. . . .

"No explanations offered by you at present in such a meeting could go to the root of the difficulty, as I have suggested it. . . . It is only as time goes on that new deeds can reverse the old. There is no short cut to a restoration of confidence when confidence has been seriously damaged."§

No one will say that these are lightly used or malicious words; they evidently express a judgment at once well weighed and reluctant. And it was a judgment in which many shared. Soon after his conversion, in the year 1853 or 1854, while he was studying theology in Rome, the very man who later became his serviceable friend at the

* i. 569.

† ii. 256.

‡ ii. 327.

§ ii. pp. 305-6; see also pp. 329-30.

Vatican, inquired, with evident reference to him, "half in jest, half in earnest," "whether a man who was already manœuvring for a mitre would make any the worse a bishop for that?"* After he had returned to England and begun work as a Catholic priest, the then President of Ushaw is reported as saying of him: "I hate that man, he is such a forward piece,"† meaning that he was already seeking to thrust himself through and past his brother pawns to an important and commanding place on the ecclesiastical chessboard. During the Vatican Council it was said of him: "There is no better hand than Manning's at drawing the long bow."‡ It was characteristic of him, too, to seek relief at the hands of the Pope from the oath of secrecy, that he might coach Mr. Odo Russell in the version of the Council's affairs which he wished to reach the English Government and public.§ The man is the same man under all these conditions, whether it be in ecclesiastical or personal matters—the management of Wiseman, the policy of the Holy See, the displacement of Errington, the control of the Chapter, or the deliberations of the bishops—the way of Providence is made smother and more sure by the help of a little human diplomacy. Diplomacy is always double-voiced, and the ear addressed has to learn how to discern by accent which voice speaks the more truly, or rather the less falsely. And there are regions and affairs where it is in place, and there are others where it is not; and one would think that the least suitable of all regions was the Church, and the least appropriate of all affairs the decrees and policies of the infallible Chair; yet here we are made to see it prevail, with all its hateful accessories of intrigue and cajolery, flattery of hopes and play upon fears. And the curious thing is, that while the diplomacy and the agent were known, the result was accepted with a public silence and submission which speaks of the most wonderful discipline in the world.

III.

1. But, of course, this analysis of Manning's methods or executive policies does not carry us very far; the man had deeper and better things in him than can be thus reached and revealed. We must, if possible, get down to his ultimate convictions or fundamental beliefs, and discover both the attitude of his mind to them and the conditions of their validity to his mind. It is only in this region that we can find the motives that governed him, and the forms under which duty appeared to his conscience. That duty did appear to him in a most imperious form is a point too obvious to need to be argued. Only beliefs and motives of irresistible potency could have forced him out of the Church of England. Every inferior motive, all that could be

* II. 17 note.

† II. 79.

‡ II. 481.

§ II. 483.

comprehended under the world and the flesh, was on the side of his staying. By going he had almost everything to lose, and there was no certain promise of any compensating gain. It could not be said that he was attracted to Rome by friendships; for the man who had gone before him he had no peculiar affection, with them he had no special affinity, and their conversion had not been a very manifest success. We must believe, therefore, that he changed under intellectual and moral compulsion; like Luther, he could do no other. But this only the more emphasises the problem: What, then, were his reasons, his motives? We have no cause to doubt the truth of his own statement—it was the ideas of the unity and the infallibility of the Church, and the conviction that these could be found in the Roman, but not in the Anglican communion. But we have, in consequence, a twofold problem:—How did he come by these ideas? And what did they mean to him?

He said that the idea of unity began to take possession of him about 1835; infallibility about 1837-8,* but, at first, he conceived both under forms which upheld against Rome. The idea of unity seemed to follow from the Apostolic Ministry, and its necessity to the Church; where the one was the other could not but be. And because the Anglican Ministry was apostolic the Church was the same, and so its unity was assured. The idea of infallibility followed from the perpetual presence and office of the Holy Spirit in the Church; where He abode in the plenitude of His illuminative power error could not be, the truth must be absolute. These two ideas seemed, then, to him ultimate, but they involved as their necessary consequence the independence and autonomy of the Church. If its unity lived in an apostolical episcopate, and was realised through it, then the episcopate must be a self-perpetuating body, deriving its being from its Apostolic Source, and holding its authority directly under its Spiritual Head. If the infallibility was real, then the Church must be free; for if it could not use its own voice, but must either be silent at the bidding of the State, or speak in terms the State prescribed, it would have but a dumb infallibility, which were of all things the most fatuous and impotent. But a series of incidents forced upon Manning the unwelcome conclusion that there was within the English Church no room for the realisation or exercise of his two fundamental ideas. If there was any man both the High and the Low Church regarded as heretical, it was Hampden, but while both had the most ample will to convict him of heresy both were powerless to do it, the strong hand of the State shut their mouths, and placed him where it willed. If there was anything more capable than another of disproving at one and the same time the apostolicity of the ministry, which was the condition of unity, and the infallibility

of the Church as the home of the Holy Ghost, it was the act of the State in putting a man so unanimously adjudged heretical into the episcopate. The confusion and controversies of the time did not allow Manning for a moment to feel free from this ubiquitous and inexorable civil power, whose violent hands reached everywhere, and touched at every point his most sacred convictions. If he thought of the episcopate as the *sine qua non* of unity, the State mocked his faith by co-operating with a schismatical body in founding a Jerusalem bishopric, and frocking its new bishop. If he argued that the Church had the power to interpret its own creed and enforce its own discipline, the State was at hand with the Gorham Judgment to prove his whole elaborate argument a series of logical illusions. By slow degrees he found himself deprived of every alternative, and reluctantly forced to the conclusion that if these two ideas, as he had conceived and defined them, were notes of the true Church, he must seek it elsewhere than in the Church of England.

2. Such seems to have been the process, stated in its most naked and simple form, by which Manning's conversion was effected; but of course it was a much more complex process than this. It did not move in a straight line, but was zigzag and circuitous, deflected by fresh currents of thought and emotion, by new views of policy, and by the changes incident to an agitated and distressful day. Vacillations are not duplicities, variations of mood are not changes of part. There is, in the English mind, no deeper, or more common and characteristic conviction than the belief in the sanity of the State; the belief in the sanctity of the Church is not so distinctive and inveterate. The Churchman acquires the one, but the Englishman is born with the other. It is the instinctive basis of his jealous guardianship of the supremacy of the Crown which, in its essential idea, represents the place and function of the laity in the Church. It means that, in the view of the English people, it is they, and neither the priesthood nor the episcopate, singly or combined, who constitute the English Church, and are the guarantees of both its unity and continuity. And we can well believe that this idea, though in a blind way, now and then seized Manning, and explains some of his most strenuous Protestant utterances, which were visions of a larger and more historical Church than the ecclesiastical mind of his day had conceived. But these were contradicted by experiences of another order. Civil action in the religious sphere seems, to the ecclesiastical mind, harsh and insolent; and, in troublous times, sensitive are imperious consciences. And Manning's conscience was here sensitive, for his deepest convictions were on the side of freedom for the Church, and they were quickened in suffering. Then, again, his Continental wanderings, and long residence at Rome, counted for much; he was, when in a most susceptible mood, isolated from England with

all the coercive force of its traditions, social customs, and ambitions, and set in the very heart of new and potent influences, which made him feel what it was to live and worship in a Church State as distinguished from a State Church. The end of it all was that change became inevitable; he waited but a fit occasion, and this the Gorham Judgment supplied; under the shadow it so conveniently cast, he passed from the Anglican to the Roman Church.

If this analysis of the logical process of his conversion be even approximately correct, it places us in a position to appraise its significance. Within its limits the process was one of marked logical cogency; but the limits were marvellously narrow. The thing it most nearly resembles is a procession of the blind between two blank walls. The man argued his way to his conclusion with the very slenderest intellectual outfit, if, indeed, considering the problems at issue, he could be said to have had any such outfit at all. There was a wealth of reasoning, but a paucity of reasons; and it is reasons that justify and make a great thing mean or a mean thing great. There is no evidence that he had even conceived what infallibility meant, how it had ever come to be the attribute of one Church, what the claim to it involved, or how the claim harmonised with its history. In his charges and sermons, and in the letters and memoranda here published, there are the usual current commonplaces now of the Protestant, now of the Anglican and now of the Roman order; but there are no signs of an awakened intelligence, of a man thinking in grim earnest, challenging commonplaces, getting behind them, resolving them into their component parts, compelling them to give up the reason of their existence, to tell why they claim to be believed. For this man scholars have lived and inquired in vain, for him problems which touch the very heart of the formulæ he plays with, have no being. He does not know of their existence, he cannot understand the men who do know that they are and what they mean. As a consequence, his whole conception of religion is formal, emptiness and shallowness mark it from first to last. There never was a biography of a great Father of the Church—so full of letters written in supreme crises of his own and his Church's history—that is yet so void of mystery, so vacant of awe, so without the traces of struggle after the everlasting rock on which truth stands, so without the infinite yearning towards the light, which is as the face of God. And this is due to no defect in the biographer, but to the character of the original documents he publishes. These things are not written in the mere love of being severe, but in wonder and regret, and out of deep conviction. The logic of Manning's conversion was the logic of an unawakened intellect, and as it was, so also was his policy as a Father and Prince of the Church.

IV.

1. But now we must proceed to an even more delicate and difficult question—his policy and career within the Roman Church. And here we may be allowed to remark that in those days a conversion was a critical event both for the convert and the society he entered; and the more eminent the convert the more critical the event, for it was the fuller of dangerous possibilities. The Anglicans who reasoned themselves into Catholicism knew nothing of it as an actual and operative system. It was to many, in a sense, a mere algebraic symbol; they had assigned to it a definite value, and reasoned convincingly from it as a fixed quantity or stable standard. And the danger was that the convert might find the actual Catholicism a contradiction of his ideal, and, in the despair of disillusionment, take some rash and irreparable step. It is a matter of history that some entered only to return; it is an open secret that many remained, among whom we may number the greatest convert of all, in discomfort, disappointment, and despondency, even while cherishing the faith they had embraced. But the dangers to Catholicism were as real as those to the converts. They were, as a whole, personalities of no ordinary kind, men to be reckoned with. They were all men who had lived in controversy, and been convinced by it. Some were men of strong characters; a few were men of fine intellects and ripe scholarship; one was a man of real talent, of strong will, and exceptional angularity; another was a man of rare genius. They had been nursed in a proud and aristocratic Church, had been trained in an exclusive and conservative University, they were accustomed to a society which did homage to their culture, and they bore themselves as men who took life seriously and knew that they were seriously taken. And it was by no means certain that the men who had defied the authorities of their Mother Church would submit to those of their adopted communion. For within it there was much to offend and even shock. The culture was not so fine, the tone was the tone of a sect, with the feeling at its heart that in the eye of English law it was mere Dissent, and that it had lived its life apart, separated by the penal legislation of centuries from the main stream of the nation. To find themselves within a society of this kind was no small trial to the Oxford Tractarians; to find it a society as much divided by jealousies and feuds as the one they had left was a sorer trial still. It was a question whether the new men would transform the old society, or the society subdue the men. What is certain to-day is that the possibilities of good which entered with the men were, if at all, in a very doubtful degree realised, while the possibilities of evil, thanks to the men mainly concerned, were in no small degree averted.

2. If now we continue from this point our study of Manning, we

must note two things—the mind he brought into Catholicism and the mind he found there. His mind we have seen in part: it was formal rather than creative, more rhetorical than speculative, more political than philosophical, convinced that the cardinal notes and necessities of the Church were a political unity and an official infallibility. He was, indeed, one of the least intellectual of men, and so his rational interests were always subordinate to his social or political, using these terms in their proper rather than their conventional sense. He could understand enthusiasm for institutions, but not for ideas. He could never have written "The Idea of a University," or "The Present Position of Catholics in England," or "The Apologia pro Vita Sua," or "The Grammar of Assent." He could not understand the man who wrote these books, or why they should have such an extraordinary influence, or why multitudes of men who had no belief in Catholicism should so admire their author. It all seemed to him evidence of an "anti-Roman" spirit in Newman,* of a proud intellect, unfaithful to the Holy See, exercising itself in dialectical gymnastics to the delectation of English Rationalism! His eyes looked for help in an entirely opposite quarter. The Church he had entered was the Roman, and Rome meant the Pope, and his supremacy was the infallibility which he was in search of, and without which he conceived the Church could not be. In practical working a complaisant Pope was to prove a very convenient tool, and the actual infallibility a very different thing from the ideal.

The mind within English Catholicism was very unlike what he had anticipated. It was by no means a united or harmonious mind, or distinguished by anything really catholic or large. He found a laity "without catholic instincts," worldly, selfish, and self-indulgent, all they cared about being "the key to Grosvenor Square"; yet this is not surprising, considering Monsignor Talbot's definition of their proper function. "What is the province of the laity? To hunt, to shoot, to entertain? These matters they understand, but to meddle with ecclesiastical matters they have no right at all."† And the clergy were even as the laity; "malcontent bishops, insubordinate chapters," everywhere "disloyalty to the Holy See," and "the taint of Gallicanism." The "Old Catholics" were not inspired by "zeal for religion, for the greater glory of God, and the salvation of souls," but by "jealousy and prejudice against the converts." The candidates for Holy Orders were "a shifting and discordant body, living under no rule." He and his principal Roman correspondent agree in the belief that "until the old generation of bishops and priests is removed no great progress of religion can be expected in England." It was no wonder that, as his biographer says, "Manning took a pessimist view of the state of Catholicism in England," and "was at that

* II. 328.

† II. 318.

time a pessimist of the deepest dye."* It would have been almost a miracle if he had been anything else; but much of his discontent was no doubt disillusionment. He may have expected to find a Catholicism which corresponded to his ideal of an infallible Church, and he had found instead one which corresponded to the ideas of a provincial sect, which had suffered much from penal laws, but more from the narrow and insulated life it had been compelled to live. It was now that Manning's character showed itself as it had never shown itself before. It was not in him to submit and obey as Newman had done, to go where he was sent, lecture where he was told, teach or preach under humble or under public conditions as he was required, and redeem himself from the neglect of the community he had sacrificed so much to enter by commanding the respect of those that were without. Manning, on the contrary, knew his strength, and resolved to rule, that he might reorganise what he called the Church in England. Catholicism was not to him, as to Newman, an ideal system, full of mystic meanings, to be loved for the truth's sake, to be accepted as it was for the peace it gave to the intellect, and as God's own contrivance for keeping His truth alive in the world. It was to him, rather, a practical system, a machine to be worked, an agency to be made efficient and effective, an army to be ordered and officered, drilled and disciplined, for the conquest of England. With splendid courage, he turned himself to this work; and with no less splendid audacity and the political skill which results from a fine blending of direct strength and adroit diplomacy, he proceeded to do it. And, great as his success undoubtedly was, it would have been infinitely greater if Catholicism and if Christianity had not both been more and different from what he conceived them to be.

V.

Manning's Catholic career may be said to fall into two periods, marked by two distinct tendencies, if not governed by two very different ideals: the period under the pontificate of Pius IX., from 1851 to 1878, and the period under the pontificate of Leo XII., from 1878 to 1892. All that our space permits is to indicate the respects in which these tendencies differed and their significance.

1. Manning's policy, or method of dealing with the emergency which we have just described, admirably expressed his mind and was adapted to the situation as he saw it. In English Catholicism and the minds that ruled it he had no faith. He said its spirit is "anti-Roman and anti-Papal," and so divided that "our work is hindered by domestic strife."† His cure was to increase the authority of the Holy See, to deepen the respect for it, to make the Pope, not in name only, but

* H. 88 9

† H. 81

indeed and in truth sovereign in English Catholicism. What this meant he well knew ; it meant the success of the man who could best please the Vatican, or who had most influence with the men who shaped its policy. I do not say that Manning put it to himself in this bald form ; on the contrary, it was with him a matter of both conscience and faith. He did believe not so much in an infallible Church as in an infallible Papacy, and he thought that this signified a Pope who did not simply reign, but governed. As a practical statesman also he could not but see that the one chance of making English Catholicism cease to be local and provincial was by penetrating and commanding it by the mind which dwelt at the heart of Catholic Christendom. But the reality as he found it and as he used it was an ironical counterfeit of the ideal ; and the marvellous thing in the correspondence now before us is that the ideal is nowhere, the ironical counterfeit everywhere, and it walks abroad naked and unashamed. We see propaganda sitting in council, its decisions anticipated, prejudiced, prejudged by its individual members being got at, primed, and prepossessed. We see the old Pope, potent yet feeble, shrewd and humorous, obstinate and self-willed, yet easily susceptible to influence by those about his person and in the secret of his character and foibles. We see the chamberlain, Monsignor Talbot, a willing and astute go-between, avid of gossip, violent in his judgments and dislikes, jealous for the Papal autocracy, yet feeling the need of manipulating the autocrat in a very common human way, keeping his correspondent informed of all that passed at the Vatican, who came, who went, what was said, and whether doubted or believed, or how taken, very anxious to hear what was going on in England that he might put things in their proper light and proportions before the pontifical patient. Then we see his English correspondent, Manning himself, playing many parts, always deft, pointed, impressive, full of schemes and suggestions, telling who helped and who hindered, how this bishop or that chapter was to be circumvented or induced to do things they did not mean to do. It is, under certain aspects, a deplorable correspondence, for it unfolds a tale of sordid backstairs intrigues, is full of hinted hates and unjustified suspicions, and the stratagems and policies devised and followed by those who would use the authorities at the centre as instruments for effecting their own will at the circumference. I do not wonder that the successor of Manning has stigmatised the publication of the book which contains this correspondence as a crime. To one sitting in his seat and burdened with his responsibilities it could seem nothing else. But it can hardly be described as private correspondence ; on the contrary, the letters have all the value and function of public despatches. They were written by men who were not simply friends, but officials in a great Church. They affected the policy of a famous

court, they determined vexed ecclesiastical questions, and decided matters affecting the happiness, the status, the character of some eminent and many influential men. I do not see how they could have been suppressed if the biography was to have any veracity or historical value whatever. For here we see Manning at work on the Catholic revival, and are led to the sources of events which puzzled many, though they might be open secrets to the initiated. Mr. Purcell says: "Monsignor Talbot played no mean part in the management of Catholic affairs in England." It was easy "to a man of such infinite tact and skill as Manning to gain supreme influence over Mgr. Talbot. If Mgr. Talbot had the ear of the Pope, the tongue which spoke in whispers was not Talbot's." * Of course not; Talbot persuaded the Pope, Manning persuaded Talbot, and so the Papal policy which he carried out in England was, while nominally the Pope's, yet really his own.

2. Into the forms, incidents, and developments of this policy I will not enter, for to analyse and describe it would be a piece of work too utterly distasteful to be done justly or well. Any one who wants to know how chapters were counter-worked or superseded, how a co-adjutor and designated successor to Wiseman was, in spite of powerful connections and the sanctions of order and custom, unseated and set aside by the direct act of the Pope, or, as he himself, according to Manning, described it, "*Il colpo di stato di Dominiddio*"; † how bishops were sketched, discounted, outwitted; how the Catholic press was handled and judged when unfriendly, and how the more important organs were got possession of and made to speak as the potent cardinal willed—such a one has but to study the correspondence now published, and he will see the whole system in operation. But there is one event too significant to be thus passed over—the treatment of Newman and his Oxford scheme. Into the relations between the two men it is not necessary to enter. Their tempers were incompatible, their minds dissimilar, their characters different; in a word, they were so unlike as to be mutually unintelligible, with a sort of innate capability of inter-despising each other. This was intensified by the similarities of their histories, but the dissimilarities of their fortunes. If any one man was the cause of the movement to Rome, it was Newman. His logic made it seem to many inevitable; and then with a proud but reluctant humility which, whatever we may think of his reasons, we can only admire, he bowed his own lordly head, and submitted to enter the Church of Rome by the lowliest door. And the places assigned him, and the duties laid upon him, were such as became his submission rather than his eminence. Manning followed six years later and within fourteen years he was Archbishop of Westminster and head of the English Catholics, while Newman was to the chamberlain who had the ear of the Pope "the most dangerous man in England," ‡ a man

* ii. 87.

† ii. 95.

‡ ii. 318.

who had never "acquired the Catholic instincts." * Manning, too, thought him dangerous, the type of "a worldly Catholicism" which would "have the world on its side," he considered the friends who grew enthusiastic over the "Apologia" as "literally playing the fool," † and said "the Anglicans regarded it as a plea for remaining as they are." ‡

But these are not the significant things. Almost as good a case could be made out against Newman for his attitude to Manning as against Manning for his attitude to Newman. Neither shows well, especially when they fall into amenities of the feline order. § What is significant is their alternative policies as to Oxford and the Universities. Newman proposed to found a Catholic Hall or Oratory at Oxford, secured land for this purpose, and got the provisional approval of his ecclesiastical superior. He may have been guided by his instincts. He must have yearned for Oxford as the thirsty traveller for the well-watered oasis. There he had lived a life he could never forget; influence had there been his, and honour; there he had found the friends who were bound to him by hoops of steel; his spirit had quickened theirs and they had quickened his spirit in return, making his blood run warmer and his pulse beat faster; in a sense, all his friendships, then and always, were made either in or through Oxford. It was then, by a necessity of nature, interpreted by experience, that he turned to his old home, possessed of the feeling that where the passion of his life had been suffered, and its sacrifice accomplished, there, if only his Church would send him, he could most victoriously do the work of conciliation and conversion. And among the wise and powerful in his Church a cognate feeling prevailed. The Anglican converts had made obvious the need of English culture to the success of Catholicism in England. It was too alien, too foreign to flourish on our insular soil; it wanted the sentiment, the taste, the attitude to public and domestic questions; in a word, the consciousness which made a man English, a person capable of understanding and being understood of the people. They felt, too, that the more public life and high careers in the State opened to their sons, the more was it necessary that they should be educated and disciplined in the schools and universities of the nation; and they no doubt also believed that, in their freer and fuller contact with the centres of living thought, Catholicism would give while it got, and influence all the more that it was being influenced. Indeed, considering the man they had, his name and his history, it seemed as if the very voice of God called them to go where he was ready to lead.

But this was not the view of the man who was then shaping the public policy of Catholicism. The question rose in the last year of Wiseman's

* ii. 323, note.

† ii. 206.

‡ ii. 323.

§ Newman ends his correspondence relative to proposed interview thus: "I propose to say seven Masses for your intention amid the difficulties and anxieties of your ecclesiastical duties." But Manning, not to be outdone in ironical innendo, retorts: "I shall have great pleasure in saying one Mass every month for your intention during the present year."

life, indeed only four or five months before his death, when the ruling mind was the mind that was to reign after him. Manning threw his whole weight into the opposition, used all his skill to defeat Newman. The common and characteristic method was pursued. Rome was fully informed of Newman's defects; his anti-Roman tendencies; the danger of sending him to Oxford; the danger of indulging those who wanted him to go; the certainty if he went that he would attract the sons of rich Catholics after him, and they would be "protestantised," de-catholicised," in a word, made more English and less Roman. Propaganda deliberated. Cardinal Reisach came and investigated; was taken to Oxford, shown over the ground by an opponent of the scheme; was taken to Birmingham, interviewed various persons, some young and quite inexperienced, but was not allowed to see Newman,* who complained that he "who had certainly as great a claim as any one to have an opinion, had not been allowed to give one," and so the well-informed Cardinal was sent off, while a following letter, vouched for his competency, saying that he had seen and understood all that was going on in England. The affair ended in the only way possible; but what is even more significant to us than the method of the victors, is their reasons. They are reasons of alarm, of fear of both light and freedom. They imply the most amazing distrust of Catholicism, of its ability to hold its own in the face of a university which it does not itself control. There is no sense of any special mission to the science and education, to the intellect and culture of England. There is no feeling that it is possible so to teach their youth as to enable them to brave the fierce light which the living academic mind casts upon all creeds; or that it is better for a man to know what his opponent believes than to grow up in ignorance of it; or that the man who has not understood another Church has not believed his own. The reasons are all of the narrowest order, and where most emphasised, show the essential uncatholicity of this Catholicism. It must be Roman; cannot be allowed to become English lest it cease to be papal. Yet a system which has no place in it for the most distinctive and preservative characteristics of a people and a state is the last system that can claim catholicity as its special attribute.

3. The event that is by many considered the crowning success of Manning's career is the part he played in the Vatican Council. That is a larger question than we can here discuss. But there are a few things that may be said concerning it. His advocacy of the Council and its decree was typical of his whole attitude of mind. It epitomised, as it were, his intellectual and spiritual defects. His religion was more political than reasonable, more legal than ethical, more a creation of positive law than a thing of spirit and truth. It shows, as almost nothing else did, the extraordinary limitations of his thought. He never saw the decree of Infallibility as it seemed to other minds,

more capable and more learned. He rather gloried that the ignorant and foolish had prevailed over the wise and prudent. Here he was, on the one side, a comparatively recent convert to Catholicism, no scholar in the proper sense of the term, no theologian, not well acquainted with the history of the Church or its thought, quite without the scientific spirit, or the ability to read with critical insight the events and forces which had created the Church he adorned; and with him a multitude of bishops from the more backward regions of Catholicism, though, of course, not unrelieved with some of another sort. And, on the other side, were a multitude of great scholars, learned theologians, lifelong devout Catholics who knew, as he did not, the genius, the career, the achievements, the possibilities, and the claims of Rome. And yet their differences never appear for a moment to start within him a doubt of his position or policy; and he goes forward, manœuvring in his own gay fashion as if the gravest and most tremendous of all possible questions could be settled in the same way as the affairs of his own diocese. And his alarmist pleas as to the need of arresting revolution by the decree of Infallibility are exactly on the level of his arguments against going to Oxford alike in principle and alike in policy. The thought or the religion that is afraid to go into the universities of a country will never convince its reason or command its conscience. The Church that expects to stop the revolution by passing a decree which declares its head infallible, is like the child who stands on his castle of sand and defies the tide to rise above the rampart he has built.

VI.

1. But his life was not destined to end in the moment of victory. Nemesis had in store for him something more tragic yet better. The second period of his Catholic life came, and with it came another mind and policy. His correspondent at Rome passed away; the old Pope died, and another filled his place. With the changed men came changed relations in Italy and in England. A new spirit reigned at the Vatican, and the forces he had long commanded from Westminster began to break from his control. The change was signified by the honour which came to Newman, connected with which is a tale we would rather not attempt to tell. But the effect on Manning was remarkable; he became less Roman and more English. He threw himself with extraordinary energy and enthusiasm into public and social movements. He became more of a zealot in temperance, more of a social reformer, more of an English statesman, forward in every public question and work of beneficence. And he became jealous of the very power he had once so loved to invoke and use, saying that "I hardly know in Rome a man high or low, who understands the condition of the Church in the British Empire." * And as there, so here. He complained that he was left alone, that "Catholics

took no interest in Catholic affairs of a public character,"* that the Catholic clergy were "mischievously wanting" in attempts "to share and promote the civil life of the people," that they failed because they did not take the work of preaching seriously, because they had in their midst a reaction against the popular use of "the Holy Scriptures," because they had no "perception or consciousness" of the reality in the spiritual life of England or the meaning of the fact that "all the great works of charity in England have had their beginning out of the Church," because they laid too much stress on "Sacramentalism," priests being in "danger of becoming Mass-priests, or Sacrament-mongers," because the clergy are too official and have the vanity and weakness of officialism, and because they are too controversial and forget the truth that "destruction builds up nothing."† I have found his "Hindrances to the Spread of Catholicism in England," from which the above points are taken, impressive and pathetic reading. They were written in the summer of 1890, and show how the old man was feeling as he neared the end. The mind is more childlike, more wistful, more alive to natural good, less strenuous for ecclesiastical pre-eminence, full of the great conviction that the Church can conquer only through the love and service of her sons. I am happy to find these notes standing where they do. They show that to the old man had come a saner and a nobler mind. He does not now rage at his own people as anti-Roman and anti-Papal; he speaks no more of infallibility, looks no more to Italy for light and salvation, but feels that Catholicism has much to learn of England, and must know and love her virtues better before she can hope to win her faith. We must not call the events that worked this change tragic; rather let us say they were the fruits of the Spirit of grace.

2. The writing of this article has not been a pleasant task. Deep as is the difference which divides the writer from Manning and his Church, it would have been infinitely more agreeable to write of him in another strain. But the study of the documents published in this book left him no option but to write as he has done, or not to write at all. He is grateful therefore to be able to strike at the end a note of cordial admiration. Manning was a vigorous administrator, a man of policies and methods, who was determined to have work done in his own way; but he was not always as careful as he ought to have been about the means he used. His early inclination to politics was a real expression of nature, for his aptitudes were for the service of the State rather than the Church, and he loved and served the Church as if it were a State. He had the ambition that place satisfied, and that could not be happy without place; power he loved more than fame, and if he sometimes gained it by ignoble arts, he yet used it for more noble ends. He was a man success improved; and when the temptations which appealed to his lower instincts were removed, he showed

* II. 714.

† II. 773.

in his age some of those finer qualities of nature and character which we miss in his strong and aggressive manhood.

With the passing of Manning the time has come for gathering up the lessons of what is called the Oxford Movement and the Catholic Revival which it is said to have effected. That cannot be attempted here and now; but one or two things are obvious enough. It has not done, at least as yet, for the Roman Catholic Church all that was either feared or hoped. It has made the English people kindlier to Catholics, but not to Roman Catholicism. For this the latter has itself greatly to blame. It did not know the time of its visitation. It doubted where it ought to have believed, and believed where it ought to have doubted. It sacrificed the Church to the Papacy, and lost England through its belief in Rome and its use of Roman methods. This book is full of evidence that a Catholicism seated at Rome, or, indeed, with a head localised anywhere, can never again govern the world. To rule the Middle Ages was a relatively simple thing; Europe, Southern and Western, was but a little place, homogeneous, with all its parts easily reached, and all its forces so concentrated as to be easily controlled. But the Christian world to-day is another matter; vast, populous, diversified, full of many minds, and all minds touched with a freedom that ecclesiastical authority cannot bind. Government of all from the centre has ceased to be possible: all that survives of it is appearance and makebelieve. For the centre must be got to do as the provinces require; and so the authorities in the provinces negotiate and intrigue at the centre that their will may be done there, in order that what seems its will may be done with them. Then, the attitude of Catholicism to thought is a radical weakness. The less it can mingle with the world in the free marts of knowledge, the less will the world mind what it says. The authority that does not speak reasonable things reason will not hear. And Catholic thought taken as a whole is a peculiarly sectional thing, apologetical, polemical, standing outside the large movement of modern literature and science. Within Catholicism itself, then, there seems to us no promise of victory over the mind, or control over the destinies, of our people. But it is possible that forces outside her ranks may repeat by-and-by the story of fifty years ago. As the danger of the Low Church party was its affinity with Dissent, the danger of the High Church is its affinity with Rome; and affinity has a trick of turning into identity. But one thing is certain, the English people are, and intend to remain, masters of their own religion in their own Churches, and they, and not the clergy, will be the arbiters of our destinies. Manning found the English Catholic laity too strong even for him, and in the other Churches the laity are—well, the English people, and in religion as in other things they have, when the need arises, a masterful way of settling matters according to their own mind.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL MANNING.

MY first meeting with Cardinal Manning was at a dinner party at the house of the late Earl of Dunraven in 1849. He was ushered into the dining-room some time after we had sat down, and I had a good opportunity of observing a man of whom I had heard so much. I well remember saying to myself, "I see a word written on the forehead of that man, and that word is 'Sacerdos.'" Later I wrote of him thus to a friend :

"He is the most venerable, refined, gentle-natured, aspiring, and spiritually ardent man whom I know. He was delighted with Henry Taylor's poem in memory of your husband (Edward Ernest Villiers). 'Did you know him?' I asked, when he spoke to me of that exquisite elegy. 'Know him?' was the answer; 'we were companions at Merton College, Oxford.' One evening at Lavington we read to each other alternately passages out of Dante's 'Paradiso,' and agreed that there was more theology within the laurelled head of that grand old bard than in the heads of half the bishops now living."

Not long afterwards I passed several days with Manning at his Rectory house at Lavington, of which parish he was then Rector. Each day we dined at the palace of the Bishop of Oxford, which was very near the parsonage. One of those days we ascended through the woods to the summit of the Downs, and walked along them, enjoying the magnificent prospect which they command. That night we walked till a very late hour up and down before the hall door of the parsonage. Our conversation was chiefly on theology, but not a little on poetry also. For that he had plainly a great admiration, provided that the verse was of a severe order, both intellectual and spiritual; but neither he nor Newman ranked Wordsworth as highly as I did. Again he recurred to Dante,

and after quoting a remarkable passage, exclaimed vehemently: "There is no poetry like Dante's: it is St. Thomas Aquinas put into verse! Those two were the greatest of human minds!"—a saying recorded by me in a sonnet more than forty years later. Sir Henry Taylor's poetry had a great interest for him, as well as for Cardinal Newman, and for the same reason—viz., its union of compact strength with classic grace and refinement, and its freedom both from the sensational and the effeminate. Neither he nor Newman liked poetry that did not include a strong element of the severe as well as of the thoughtful.

By degrees the chief characteristics which belonged to Manning impressed me with more and more of definiteness. One of these was his extreme intellectual self-possession, a quality in which he was a signal contrast to Carlyle, who seemed to me unable to "do his thinking" until he had worked himself up into an intellectual passion, as the lion is said to prepare himself for action of another sort by first lashing himself into a rage. Manning had also the moral counterpart of this intellectual habit in a self-control which was so marked that no one looking upon him could well imagine his being carried away by any sudden impulse. This singular deliberateness and serenity were sometimes charged upon him as coldness. There are, however, many different sorts of ardour. Archbishop Whately used to speak of his great friend, Dr. Arnold, as one with a heart so warm that his friendships were to him what the closest ties of blood are to others; while mere acquaintances were often to him what friends are to ordinary men. It seemed to me as if a great cause, rather than any individual man, was that which drew out the strongest ardours of Manning's nature. He might easily have preferred the interests of a great friend to his own; but he would certainly have preferred that of a great cause to that of either self or friend. His human affections concentrated themselves on a few, while to the many beyond these he gave respect rather than admiration and a helpful and benevolent regard rather than ardent sympathies. The intensity of his nature, however, could not be doubted by any one who had seen him in church and at prayer. His stillness was one that seemed as if it could not have been shaken if the church had caught fire. Some human affections had also, it is said, acquired with him a character not less intense and indelible; but of these I had not been a witness, and never heard him speak. One of them was directed to his father. Every evening at Lavington he used to walk up to say his vespers in a little church where there were then few or no worshippers, wearing a cloak much the worse for the wear. It had been his father's. His chief friend, I think, was Robert Wilberforce.

He preserved other relics perhaps more precious, as I learned when

travelling with him to Rome. We stopped at Avignon; and a few minutes after our diligence entered the courtyard of our hotel, a small black bag belonging to him was missed. It had been stolen, and all inquiries, whether instituted by the police or the clergy, failed to recover it. He declared that whoever had it in his possession might keep what else it contained, which included £100 in money, if only he restored the letters in it. At the first moment after the discovery of his loss the expression of grief in his face and voice was such as I have seldom witnessed. He spoke little; and when I was beginning to speak, he laid his hand on my arm, and said, "Say nothing! I can just endure it when I keep perfectly silent." The loss probably was that of his most precious memorials; but it did not even at the time make him negligent of the "casual stranger." After he had given his directions we entered the dining-room, and he sat down apart. Not long afterwards he observed that at a small table not distant there sat a maid-servant, alone and neglected. The future Cardinal rose and did for her all that her master and mistress had forgotten to do. He brought a waiter to her, became her interpreter, and took care from time to time that nothing should be wanting to her dinner. When all efforts to recover the lost treasure had failed he went to Rome by sea, and I went to Florence. We met again at Rome. He met my inquiries with a brief reply: "No; the loss was probably necessary—necessary to sever all bonds to earth." He once said to me that he feared he had often had to lament great coldness, or apparent coldness, in his bearing to others. Here certainly no such coldness was apparent.

The degree in which Manning had long lived in and for spiritual things threw probably a character of remoteness for him not only over all temporal things, but also over all human ties except the closest. He had been regarded as an Evangelical in his early clerical days, the religion then of most devout men; and when the revived "High Church" doctrine had blended that teaching with a larger one, he became a High Churchman of the most spiritual order. A large proportion of his works in his Catholic days illustrated the gifts of the Spirit, especially the book to which I believe he attached the most importance, viz., "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost." I remember his remarking to me that Archbishop Leighton, to whose character and writings he was much attached, had in his youth had some intercourse with the Jesuits, and that their spiritual works had always to a certain degree retained an influence over him. It was thus with himself also. It was his speciality that with the ardent ecclesiastical principles of his mature years there was joined an unmistakable spirituality far higher than that of his early teaching, though quite consistent with it.

The sincerity, and—a different thing—the reality of his ecclesiastical

opinions are amply illustrated in several volumes of his early sermons, the republication of which could not but help, as they did when they first appeared, to advance the cause of Church principles. These last were ere long to be severely tested. Not a few occurrences took place, and several ecclesiastical judgments were pronounced which were more or less opposed to these principles; but, though he lamented them, they did not abate his profound attachment to the Church of England—long, indeed, his strongest passion, as it was mine also. At last came the Gorham Judgment, which left the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration an open question in the Anglican fold. A solemn "Address" was almost immediately issued. It was signed by Manning, and twelve other prominent High Churchmen, cleric and lay, affirmed that that judgment, unless cancelled, must fix a gulf between the Church of England and the primitive Church, and deprive her of all teaching authority. The judgment was not cancelled, and Manning surrendered his ecclesiastical preferment, though not immediately. Daily his secession was expected, but it did not come for two years; and nothing can be more erroneous than the imputation that he acted on that occasion under the influence of temper, or precipitately. I remember his saying to me during one of my visits to Lavington: "Leaving one's Church we ought to regard as the most awful of all things next to death and judgment"—adding, after a pause, "Yet, we have all to die, and all to be judged." He waited till no hope remained of the Gorham Judgment being reversed.

My own opinions as to the immense seriousness of the crisis had been quite as advanced as Manning's from the time that the Gorham Judgment was passed, and it had become plain that it was not to be cancelled. Many troubled pamphlets came out from time to time, written by High Churchmen "perplexed in the extreme," and propounding theories according to which the condition of things, bad as it was acknowledged to be, was yet one that might be borne with under protest. These theories we both regarded as "jury-mast theories," under which we were invited to sail while the ship was dragging the mast recently blown over. I remember Manning meeting them with the dry remark, "If a man traffics long with such sophisms he will fall at last into a confirmed habit of babbling and talking nonsense." Old prepossessions and consequent misgivings were, however, strong with me, for I had long thought it a duty of loyalty to read Church history through Anglican spectacles. I remember Manning's quiet answer to a remark of mine. "Our position is not pleasant," I said. "The waves rise; our vessel leaks, and assumes, besides, a good deal the look of a merchant vessel. Near us rides a ship, vast, majestic, and secure. But then there remains

an ugly doubt, when we think of the charges brought against her in our youth—viz., may not that stately ship have come from an infected port, and have the plague on board?" His face shrivelled up into an expression of humorous vexation as he replied, "Or, at least, bugs!"

Cardinal Manning has often been accused of being ambitious. It seems to me that, as regards that fault, and as regards a very different one, superstition, there are two ways of escaping the snare—viz., that of being above it, and that of being below it. Many, no doubt, are preserved from all temptation to ambition by a noble humility and spirituality, and by the absence of self-love; while others are preserved from it by indolence, or frivolity, or the absence of all high aspiration. A man conscious of great powers will generally wish to have a sphere in which he can exercise them for the benefit of mankind, even if he be unusually free from those lower motives which change it into a vulgar ambition. Nay, without any such alloy, or ambition of an unworthy kind, strong faculties may, by a natural instinct, crave a field for their exercise, as bodily energies do without reproach. Manning would never, I am sure, have desired a position which he knew might be occupied by another with more benefit to mankind; neither would he have been slow to suspect that he might himself be unequal to its duties. His enemies do not attribute failure to him when tested. That his promotion to the Archbishopric of Westminster was neither sought nor desired seems to be indicated by the enclosed letter:

"ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS, May 26, 1865.

"MY DEAREST AUBREY,

"I write under great pressure. A few words rather than none. You were one of the first I thought of when this thing came on me, and I wish I could see you. It all seems so like an illusion. I only trust no personal faults of mine may hinder the work you truly describe. The way this act of the Holy Father has been received here is as far beyond my thoughts as the act itself. The consecration is here on June 6. Next day I hope to start for Rome for the Pall, without which I can do nothing.

"Always yours very affectionately,

"H. E. MANNING."

As little is gratified ambition indicated in the following letter, written when its writer was created Cardinal:

"ROME, March 26, 1875.

"I wish you were here with me. You say truly that this is a time of very mixed feeling. If I can better serve the Church, so be it! For myself, it is a restraint upon the liberty I have hitherto enjoyed. Moreover, any one who in the world's eyes rises high is thought to seek it, and love it: and that hinders his work for souls. God knows whether that has been so with me. And I will wait for the last day.

"St. Andrews and St. Gregory's are the same. It is a great pleasure to me. I always was drawn to that church, and Bede's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons' gave me always a great love of St. Gregory, besides that I had for him as Pontiff and Doctor.

"One thing I feel, as I said, It is like being told off to fight the persecution which from Berlin will spread wide. And for this I have a good will.

"Affectionately yours,

"HENRY E. CARDINAL MANNING."

There was the less reason to attribute Cardinal Manning's rapid rise to ambition, in the bad sense of that word, because he manifestly possessed that union of qualities which almost inevitably leads to eminence unless a man is resolved not to accept it. He was, at the same time, a man of great energy and of great circumspection. The practical qualities of a man of business were in him blended with the contemplative faculties necessary for the theologian. He had ardent convictions; but when events had finally taken a course opposed to them, he was not prevented by temper from accepting the inevitable and making the best of it. This was a thing the more easy for him because he did not attribute bad motives to opponents; he not only admitted, but constantly remembered, how often men with equal sincerity and equal capacity see things from the most opposite points of view. He had a profound conviction that the temporal authority of the Pope, however small the territory within which it was to be exercised, was necessary—that is, in the long run necessary—for his independence, and that his independence was an essential part of Christian civilisation and the well-being alike of all nations, whether Catholic or Protestant. This opinion had on various occasions been strongly expressed on political and philosophical grounds by the most eminent Liberal statesmen, English and French, such as Palmerston, Brougham, and Thiers, as well as by the leading Italian patriots of an earlier day, who believed that the dignity of Italy, as well as her security, required that the Pope should retain Rome as its Sovereign, and thus not be subjected to, or supposed to be subjected to, any civil dominion. Cardinal Manning was, of course, of that opinion. The following extracts from two letters, the last written about eighteen years later than the first, show how deeply he felt on the subject; and at the same time how far he was from thinking that a remedy was to be sought for what he deemed a great folly and a great wrong, through any forcible interference with the rights, or the claims, real or so-called, of the Italian people:

"September 21, 1870.

"The Italians have forced their way into Rome; and as I believe that there is a God that judgeth the earth, so sure I am that their doom will not tarry. But [naming an influential Italian] has poisoned

honest, simple, kindly minds, till they hate the Vicar of Christ, and all that is noble, as false and base, and love what is base and false, as if it were just and good. May God avert the judgment we deserve.

"Your affect.

"H. E. M."

Again he wrote :

"April 19, 1888.

"MY DEAR AUBREY,

"By all means publish your Sonnets on Rome ('St. Peter's Chains') by themselves, and soon. I am watching with anxiety what is passing in Italy, being fully convinced that Rome can only return to the Pope *by the will of the Italian people*, and that armed intervention or diplomatic pressure will only revive and harden the opposition of the Italian people. If it were restored by either of these interventions *ab extra*, it could stand by support *ab extra* over again, from which may Heaven preserve us. I am glad you like the 'Religio Viatoris'; the chain of reasoning cannot be broken. The premises may be disputed; but the logic is, I believe, safe. I am reading some of Matthew Arnold's poems with great delight. What I read years ago I did not much take to; but 'Thyrsis,' and some of the 'Paganism' is of a very high order.

"Always yours affectionately,

"HENRY E., C. ARCHBISHOP."

Looking back on the career of an old friend at his departure, after the question as to how far that career was a noble one, there comes another—viz., how far it was a happy one. Cardinal Manning's was, as far as I can judge, a singularly happy one, not in the sense of having had manifold enjoyments, or of having escaped severe afflictions, but in a higher sense of the word happiness. His life had not, I think, brought him many joys from many sources; yet it had conferred on him much joy from a few, but these the highest. His happiness was almost wholly of a spiritual order, either directly or indirectly. He had a sleepless faith, and one that so penetrated all his faculties that it brought the whole of his life into a unity. Some would have said that his nature was not as wide as it was high. It was not wide in the sense of being, like that of a great dramatist, in strong sympathy with many things of a very contrasted character, some high and some low; but it was wide in the sense of seeing the same clear light reflected from many remote objects; and for him it was not true that only "the low sun makes the colour." He had, like Cardinal Newman, a keen sense of the humorous, though the general character of his mind was a severe seriousness. He had a great love of music, though in church he could only tolerate ascetic music. The other arts gave him a deep delight also; but only in those austerer forms of them in which their highest as well as their earliest specimens had bravely challenged the human heart, and but slightly the mere senses; and when, in early Christian days, the canvas of Cimabue and Giotto seemed to have caught the sacred shadows flung up from the ensanguined walls and vaulted roofs of

the Catacombs, and to have glorified them. When we visited together the Italian galleries, he passed by, as if he did not see them, the pictures of the later schools, round which the larger groups collected, and gazed long upon a Fra Angelico, with a gaze that reminded me of Leigh Hunt's fine remark, "A good picture is a window. Through it, we look beyond it—far down long vistas of thought." His friends scolded him for this exclusiveness. They did not know that we see many things only through blindness to many things.

The love of literature was in Manning as strong as the love of Art, while to many it seemed to restrict itself within as narrow limits. Here, too, he was narrow in one sense, but wide in another. His intellect was a sternly consistent one, and therefore whatever was opposed, not in form only, but in spirit also, to his strongest convictions, or to his deepest sympathies, found in him no acceptance. The lesser merits seemed to him only to wage war on the greater. On the other hand, in what he admired he found more to admire than ordinary admirers find in their wider range. In the case of Pagan writers he could make large allowance for the mode in which the subjects they treated must have presented themselves from the Pagan point of view. He did not believe that religion required that every book should be didactic; but, on the other hand, he could not forgive those who, in Christian ages and Christian lands, wrote in a strain such as the nobler writers of Pagan days would have regarded as a sin, not only against decorum but against letters. Among our later poets, I think that the two whom he admired most were Alfred Tennyson and Henry Taylor. Of my father's "Mary Tudor" he wrote thus, several years after its publication :

"It is work of a mind, high, large, and good; conception and continuity and intellectual purpose throughout. As to beauty, it is less the beauty of the eye and ear, though there is much of that also, than of the ideal and the spiritual world. And in this its beauty is very great. This is the result of one hasty reading; but I shall not only read it again, but I feel that I have one more book that I can read again and again, as I can the 'Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury.'

"Perhaps my feeling may be tinged by sympathy and the 'Idola Ecclesiastica.' But Gladstone's is not: and we agree in considering 'Mary Tudor' the finest drama since Shakespeare's time. It is to me one more evidence of the injustice or the incapacity of readers and critics, that it should be unknown."

No one can read Manning's numerous volumes, especially those of his later years, without perceiving from the style alone, which, as an Anglican bishop, Dr. Charles Harris, once remarked to me, had "edges as keen as the edges of a knife," that style must have been with him

a careful study. To that study I only heard him allude once, and then in terms very characteristic. "In my youth, and when beginning to write, I took great pains with my style. I am ashamed of this. It was unworthy." Walter Savage Landor would not have approved that opinion. He took greater pains himself, and might have replied, "Your humility tramples on the pride of Plato with a greater pride"; or he might have answered: "You are wrong; Bacon, when he published his great work, prefixed to it the words, 'These were the thoughts of Francis Bacon, of which that posterity should become possessed he deemed to be their advantage.' High thoughts are a trust for the benefit of others, whose attention, in the absence of a befitting garb for them, they do not adequately challenge."

Landor was proud, not only of his style, but of the pains which he took with it. That care, he said, should be only in part concealed; light touches of the chisel should remain on the marble." Newman also wrote with extraordinary care, but his care was only to be plain.

I do not think that beautiful scenery contributed much to the enjoyment either of Manning or Newman, and both of them, I feel sure, would have agreed with Sir Henry Taylor in preferring the wide plains and rich valleys of Italy, bordered by majestic mountains with graceful outlines—mountains that knew how to keep their distance—to the Alpine peaks and precipices. I took him once to Monk Coniston, the exquisite abode of Mr. and Mrs. Garth Marshall, and one of the loveliest regions in England's lake country, but he seemed to me to look on its mountains, and those about Windermere, as he looked on their poet, Wordsworth—that is, with respect, entire approval, and a reasonably warm regard, rather than with enthusiasm. The scenes he most enjoyed were those in which he could most effectually labour for his fellow men, and especially for their moral interests. In such labours he was indefatigable; nay, they seemed rather to sustain his strength than exhaust it. He had a wonderful gift for administration, systematising all his duties, never being in a hurry, finding out the aptitudes of those about him, and using them to the best advantage. When he had toiled all day, to preach in the evening was a rest to him; it meant simply thinking aloud, often an easier thing than thinking in silence. He was as much a spiritual utilitarian as if he had been a Jesuit. When a gentleman of great munificence once promised to build a cathedral for him at the cost of £300,000, I can imagine his replying carelessly, "All right"; but he raised, after arduous and unceasing efforts, £20,000 to provide Catholic schools, in place of secular schools, for the Catholic children of his diocese.

Manning was not an enthusiastic man, and it was not from imagi-

native excitements that his religious happiness was drawn. Neither did it come to him chiefly because submission to authentic authority had led him out of the "strife of tongues," for he was neither an indolent nor a nervous man. Soon after he became a Catholic I heard that one of his old Anglican friends had written to him, asking what he had found in Catholicism more than he had previously possessed, and that he had answered, "Rest and security," or some words to the same effect. That answer was sharply commented upon. I wrote to him, asking whether he had used those words. His reply was that his words were, "Certainty and reality." In another letter he said, "I had expected to find in the Church the inextinguishable citadel of faith; but I have found in it no less the home of love." So it remained. Religion was the root of that peace which belonged to more than the last forty years of a life that had escaped neither its trials nor its frustrations.

Among the latest of Cardinal Manning's letters to me is one which refers to one of the last of his public acts, that one in which he consented, probably against his will, to take a part as an arbitrator at the time of the great London strikes:

"You must have thought me strangely careless in not thanking you for your affectionate and interesting letter. It came to me in the midst of the strikes. Since then I have been again and again trying to avert new contentions. And now as to the strikes; I can only say that I never thought of it till I found myself in it; and I believe that our Lord used me as He did Balaam's ass. I have been so long working with working-men that it is no difficulty to me; and somehow I am known to the English working-men as well as to any. They listened to me readily from the first. Give my kind regards to your brother Stephen, and my thanks for his excellent version of Horace—a hard task well done.

"Christmas 1889."

It was not all who made the same friendly estimate of Cardinal Manning as was made by his brother Archdeacon in their Anglican diocese, Julius Hare, at a clerical meeting held soon after Manning's submission to Rome: "Alas, we shall hear that divine eloquence no more at our meetings." Not long after that submission I remember hearing three successive reports about him circulated among parties who had a quick ear for whatever illustrated what was called "the deterioration of converts." The first was that he had been seen walking in the Corso at Rome with a hunting-whip in his hand, and in a shooting-jacket opprobrious with large horn buttons; the second was that he had taken an Italian farm; and the third was that he had already manifested such a spirit of insubordination that the Pope had been obliged to send him to prison. In his later life, Rumour, which had come in as a lion went out as a lamb, and limited itself to assertions that his unusually "Liberal" opinions in

politics had only been assumed as the best way of playing a Catholic game in England. This assumption was a mistake. His political opinions were more "Liberal" than mine had ever been, for I had ever clung to those convictions which I had learned in my youth from Edmund Burke; but, such as they were, he had expressed them no less in his Anglican than in his Catholic days, opposed in that respect to Newman and Pusey. He might perhaps have echoed an expression attributed to Lacordaire on his death bed, "I die a penitent Catholic, and an impenitent Liberal." All prejudices against him, as against Cardinal Newman, had died away many years before his death. Manning had, I believe, no resentments. Certainly he never confounded the man with the doctrine, and therefore, while uncompromising as regards the doctrine, he was never uncharitable to the individual. No one was more zealously a believer in what is sometimes called "invincible ignorance," but ought to be called "involuntary ignorance of certain great truths"; but he might have also remarked that in our spiritual as in our material heritage poverty need be no more a sin than wealth is, provided that it is honestly come by. Such a comment upon the poet's "honest doubt" would seem to mean no more than that God alone knows the heart. I remember Manning's saying to me, "We must always remember that no man is lost whom Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom, and Infinite Love can save." He had sympathy with those to whom he appeared very severe. Thus, writing in 1890 of the "Salvation Army," he said, "If General Booth can gather under human influence and guidance those whom all other agencies for good have not yet reached, who shall forbid him?" He was for friendly co-operation where that was practicable, and once he remarked, "It was the Quakers who had originated the 'Anti-Slavery Society.'"

The charge against him that he was a cold-hearted man certainly was not sanctioned by his known love for children, and his exclamation on one occasion, "A child's needless tear is a blood-blot on this earth."

The most remarkable characteristic of Cardinal Manning's intellect appeared to me to be its pellucid clearness, a clearness by most men attained through effort, but his naturally and inevitably. It was apparently the result of an intensely keen logical faculty, but one not exercised in the common syllogistic form, but after a more transcendental fashion. It is this unconscious form of logic which enables a man to arrange, as if by intuition, the whole subject-matter of his thought, as if from a height, and thus to form a right judgment upon it. Another characteristic of his intellect was its unusual combination of this scientific faculty with imagination. Cardinal Manning had two great favourites among Thinkers. Without instituting any comparison

between him and them as regards the comparative degree in which he and they possessed those two faculties which, at all events, he possessed in common with each, the following sonnet expresses that which eminently characterised his intellect also :

CARDINAL MANNING.

LAVINGTON AND ROME.

I learned his greatness first at Lavington.
The moon had early sought her bed of brine,
But we discoursed till now each starry sign
Had sunk. Our theme was one, and one alone,
"Two Minds supreme," he said, "our earth has known ;
One sang in science, one served God in song,
Aquinas, Dante." Slowly in me grew strong
A thought : these two great minds in him are one.
Lord, what shall this man do ? Later, at Rome,
Beside the dust of Peter and of Paul,
Eight hundred mitred sires of Christendom
In council sat. I marked him 'mid them all.
I thought of that long night in years gone by,
And cried, "At last my question meets reply."

AUBREY DE VERE.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

THE armed incursion into the Transvaal has given rise to grave constitutional questions. We have to ask how far powers to maintain a civil police and govern a company, granted by a modern charter for particular areas in South-Africa, have been unconstitutionally allowed to be converted into powers of civil government co-ordinate with Imperial government, extending to areas beyond those of the charter. We must inquire how far a civil police power has been converted into a power to maintain a military force with a military equipment, without which the armed body would never have ventured on the incursion into friendly territory.

Recent events cannot be regarded from one point of view only.

Apart from the question of our future as a colonising nation and the international precedent which our treatment of the recent raid may lay down, there is the general question, how far any system of civil government should be conferred by charter on a commercial board.

The system of government by royal charter has gone through various stages. Formerly Imperial duties of government were mixed with those of the government of the commercial undertaking, as authorised by the charter, and were entrusted to one and the same body. The old East India Company charter is a typical instance of this. The charter of 1698, which remained unrevoked till the company was abolished, not only gave powers to the commercial company to govern and regulate its own affairs by its own board, but also provided that the board of that company should have

"The ordering, rule, and government of all such forts, factories, and plantations as shall be at any time hereafter settled by or under the English company within the East Indies, and parts before mentioned, and shall and may name and appoint governors and officers from time to time, in and for the said forts, factories, and plantations, and them to remove and displace

at their will and pleasure; and that such governors and officers shall and may, according to the directions of the same company, raise, train, and muster such *military* forces as shall or may be necessary for the defence of the said forts, places, and plantations respectively; the sovereign right, power, and dominion over all the said forts, places, and plantations to us, our heirs and successors, being always reserved."

These powers were regulated by various Acts of Parliament, which still left the civil government and the military government vested in and under the control of the board of the commercial company. These powers, controlled to some extent by Pitt's Bill of 1784, the commercial company exercised till its abolition in 1858.

With the extinction of the East India Company the system of confiding Imperial and military government to chartered commercial companies may be said to have terminated. In India it had proved a failure.

A modern type of charter, confined to commercial purposes, had in the interim taken the place of the older system. The new form was totally different from the old type in scope, extent, and effect.

The change was gradual. The system of granting charters to companies for commercial purposes was retained. The powers of the Crown were enlarged and consolidated in 1839; and as the machinery of the Joint-Stock Companies Acts, commencing in 1844, was ill-adapted for commercial companies carrying on operations outside England, resort was frequently had to the system of constituting the commercial company by charter, but such charters conferred no powers of civil government or military control. Types of such charters are those of the India and China Banks. Gradually, from the date when the first Joint-Stock Companies Act of 1844 was amended by the Limited Liability Acts, and improved company administration created under new statutes, the granting of charters to companies, even for commercial purposes, has been but sparingly used.

During the last ten years, however, a few royal charters have been granted, such as those to the British North Borneo Company and the Royal Niger Company. The system, however, chiefly pursued in modern times has been rather that of governing upon the system of Crown colony and protectorate, and the creation of colonial Parliaments and Governors. At all events, that was the system adopted and existing in South Africa prior to the grant of the charter to the British South Africa Company.

But that charter must be read with reference to the then position of civil and military government in South Africa.

On the east side of the African continent there was Portuguese territory, on the west side there was German territory, and joining these two foreign countries, and cutting off the south of Africa, there was a great dividing line running across the continent from the

Portuguese settlement on the east to the German settlement on the west. That line was the 22nd parallel of south latitude. Below or south of this dividing line was the Transvaal. Its northern limit, under the Convention of 1884, does not reach up as high as 22° south latitude. There is no access from the north and west into the Transvaal, except through the area south of the great dividing line, which in 1885 was declared to be the northern boundary of British Bechuanaland. This dividing line is similar to the dividing line between Canada and the United States, and was fixed advisedly by England so as to enclose on the north and west all the area south of it, next to and facing the frontier of the Transvaal. It was so fixed, notwithstanding the protest of the Transvaal Republic, and so that the Imperial ægis of Great Britain might be spread over the area to the north and west of the Transvaal, and thereby protect it, as well as prevent any access to it from those sides except through the British territory. The area south of the dividing line had the title of the British Bechuanaland protectorate: it was rather larger than Italy, and rested on Cape Colony. It was established by order in Council made pursuant to a series of Imperial statutes, dating from 1843, which gave to her Majesty power to make further and better provision for the civil government of such an area as that of British Bechuanaland; and allowed her Majesty by order in Council to establish laws, and to assign to any court any jurisdiction, civil or criminal, mentioned in such order, for the administration of justice, which might be necessary for the peace, order, and good government of her Majesty's subjects and others in the settlement.

That jurisdiction was exercised by her Majesty's order in Council of the 27th January 1885, as regarded the area of British Bechuanaland south of the 22nd parallel. The civil and criminal code to be administered under that order was declared to be the civil and criminal law in the Cape Colony in force at the date of the order. The area south of the dividing line was therefore fully equipped with civil government and a code of law which was made under the Imperial statutes, and which did not recognise any other form of delegation of civil government. Legislative and administrative functions were exercised under a Commission from her Majesty by the Government of the Cape.

Under various proclamations the laws of the Cape were for the most part from time to time made applicable to this territory.

On the 30th September 1885, the lower southern portion of the Bechuanaland protectorate—namely, that south of the Molopo River, commencing about 220 miles south of the 22nd parallel and thence extending southward—was created a Crown colony and declared to be British territory. Its northern boundary was at about the latitude of Johannesburg and Pretoria, and contained the district of Mafeking

and town of that name, which afforded the nearest point of access to Johannesburg from any point in the Crown colony.

Civil government in the protectorate and in the Crown colony of British Bechuanaland had developed rapidly. By the 30th September 1889, it was equipped with its postal service and postal orders, its weekly mails, its Civil Commissioners and Resident Magistrate, its laws against drink, its mining code, its laws of transfer of land, its laws of administration and probate, its laws against perjury, its police, its Crown Prosecutor, its acting Receiver-General and Surveyor-General, its Government stores, its free trade in colonial produce, its Imperial field and camp equipment, its artillery, and its forts. Its system of police was based on the Cape law, Act 3 of 1855. Before 1884 the settlement had entailed on the British taxpayer a large expense, in sending an expedition of 4000 Imperial troops under Sir C. Warren, at a cost of nearly a million.

By 1889 the area north of the dividing line, 22° south latitude, was under the "sphere of influence" of England, and embraced Matabeleland, and Mashonaland, and Khama's country, and her Majesty had exercised no jurisdiction thereover.

In August 1889 the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies stated that the proposed charter would not permit the company to acquire any property without the sanction of the Government, nor would it supersede her Majesty's protectorate in Khama's country, or affect the position of British Bechuanaland as a Crown colony. It would not give the company any powers of control and government, and provisions would be inserted for securing supervision over the relations of the country with native tribes and the neighbouring foreign Powers.

Immediately after the grant of the charter the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Knutsford, on November 6, 1889, wrote to the company :

"As at present advised, Lord Knutsford is of opinion the Bechuanaland police is sufficiently strong for the special work which it has to do—viz., the preservation of order in the Colony of British Bechuanaland, and the protection of the protectorate up to the 22nd parallel of south latitude against freebooters, and it is to be hoped that complications will not arise which would necessitate an increase of that force.

"It would be irregular and contrary to the representations on which funds have been obtained from Parliament for its support to direct the Bechuanaland police, as a part of its ordinary duties, to operate within Lo Bengula's country or elsewhere beyond the protectorate; and therefore if the proposal for an increase of the force were based on the assumption that the Bechuanaland police, when so increased, would be available for the purposes of the Chartered Company and of her Majesty's Government alike, it would not be one which her Majesty's Government would be prepared to entertain. But if the British South Africa Company sees reason to think that the existing police force may not be sufficient, in addition to its regular duties, to provide protection for the working parties on the telegraph

and railway routes, and to secure and maintain an unbroken communication between British Bechuanaland and the field of the company's operations, and desires therefore, in its own interests, to supplement the sum which Parliament provides for the Bechuanaland force, Lord Knutsford would be prepared, from that point of view, to give favourable consideration to the proposal."

The Government would not assent to the suggested annexation of the Bechuanaland protectorate to the Cape Colony. And when the scheme of the charter was brought forward, it had no intention of parting with that territory to the company, nor could it be so parted with to any other body or Government, as Parliament, by the South Africa Union Act of 1877, had permitted annexation to the Cape alone. Certainly a chartered company was not a body recognised by that Act. Neither could the civil government which had been created by order in Council under Imperial Acts of Parliament be varied by the grant or bestowal of powers of civil government on any such authority as a chartered company.

Such was the state of civil government of the British Bechuanaland protectorate and of the Crown colony and the civil government administered under Imperial Acts of Parliament, when the capitalists applied for a charter. They stated that their object was to constitute themselves a commercial development company in South Africa, (1) for the construction of railways and works, and (2) primarily to work mining concessions obtained by a Mr. Rudd, on October 20, 1888, from Lobengula, in territories in the "sphere of influence" north of the great dividing line of 22° south latitude, and to carry out powers necessary for the purposes of government and the preservation of public order, for the protection of the territories, lands, or property comprised in the concessions, none of which were south of the dividing line. There was no application made or any proposal to interfere with the legislative and administrative functions exercised by her Majesty in the Bechuanaland protectorate or in the Crown colony, or to obtain even powers of civil government or military administration in the "sphere of influence." For that area no order in Council had then been made, and British subjects, as such, were subject only to certain special Imperial laws which deal with offences committed beyond her Majesty's dominions.

The charter was granted on October 29, 1889. The Crown makes no grant of territory or soil whatsoever. It incorporates the company for its commercial objects, and defines what those objects are, much on the same lines as they would be defined in any bank charter or other commercial company. It defined its principal field of operations as being to the region lying immediately to the north of British Bechuanaland, the great dividing line. The charter neither yielded up any of the powers of the Imperial Government nor conferred any

government, civil or otherwise, except such as can be implied from Article 10 and Articles 3 and 4.

Article 10 is as follows :

"The company shall, to the best of its ability, preserve peace and order in such ways and manners as it shall consider necessary, and may, with that object, make ordinances (to be approved by our Secretary of State), and may establish and maintain a force of police."

Lord Knutsford, in a covering letter to Sir B. H. Loch, on November 14, 1889, wrote :

"It is to be observed that this definition does not supersede or affect the protectorate of her Majesty over the country north of British Bechuanaland and south of the 22nd parallel of south latitude, although the company is empowered to acquire (subject to the approval of the Secretary of State) from the lawful rulers, either within or beyond that protectorate, certain powers of government or administration whereby it is anticipated that hereafter her Majesty's Government may be much assisted in the control and protection of the territories lying within the present British protectorate."

The definition, according to Lord Knutsford, of the area did not supersede or affect the protectorate of British Bechuanaland, or of the area south of 22° south latitude.

The charter conferred no powers to constitute a military force. It conferred no powers of government. No powers of government, civil or otherwise, purport to be dealt with by the charter, except in clauses 3 and 4. And by those clauses the company are only empowered to acquire, and then only subject to the approval of the Secretary of State (from lawful rulers), by concession, grant, or treaty (not to accept from the Crown), powers of government limited to those "necessary for the preservation of government and public order" in the places mentioned in treaties by natives, or concessions receiving the previous sanction of the Secretary of State. No native or other Power could confer powers of civil government to be exercised in Bechuanaland. Her Majesty alone, by order in Council made pursuant to the Imperial statutes, could effect this.

The capitalists have induced the public to suppose, that the Chartered Company had powers of civil government in South Africa, whereas its powers are limited to the area in the sphere of influence not yet turned into a protectorate, and are limited to such as are approved of by the Secretary of State, and to the establishment of a civil police.

One ordinance only has been issued with regard to police, namely, that of July 3, 1891, for placing the police under the regulations of section 6 of the Cape Mounted Rifles Act of 1872. After the grant of the charter, the British protectorate was, by orders in Council, extended to Matabeleland and Mashonaland, areas north of the great dividing line; and these areas now form part of the British Bechuanaland protectorate.

The civil government of that protectorate has greatly developed, and by the last report it now has its educational system, besides those other functions of civil government already mentioned; and on March 31, 1894, the Imperial artillery was placed under its control, consisting of ten 7-pounders, four Maxim guns, two Nordenfeldts, one Gatling and Martini-Henri and Schneider rifles. Its police force was at that time thus distributed: in Matabeleland, 239; in the northern part of the protectorate, 79; in the southern part, 76; and in the Crown colony, 105. Its disposition remained much the same down to the close of 1895. In August 1895, under a proclamation which took effect as from November 15, 1895, the Crown colony—that is to say, up to as high as the Limpopo and Mafeking district—was annexed to and became part of Cape Colony, and thereupon became subject to Cape laws, which authorised the establishment of artillery forces, of Cape Mounted Rifles, of yeomanry for general military service specially trained in artillery practice, and of volunteers, as well as of police. By the provisions of this Annexation Act the British Bechuanaland police south of the Limpopo ceased to exist as on November 15 last.

Railways had been constructed through the Crown colony by the Chartered Company up to Mafeking, near its northern terminus, and the yearly reports presented to Parliament show how few crimes or offences were committed by those engaged in constructing the railway or by the natives, so that it was quite unnecessary to make any special collection of force from the north at Mafeking, much less to bring into the protectorate the Chartered Company's civil police—merely because the railway was to be prolonged north of Mafeking. Recent letters show that the company's police left Bulawayo, north of the dividing line, and by some arrangement were brought down on October 20, 230 miles south, close to the borders of what was formerly the Crown colony, and subsequently to November 15, was part of Cape Colony; and that the portion of the Bechuanaland police formerly stationed in the Crown colony, to the number of some hundreds, were collected at Mafeking whilst still Crown colony, and that these bands, with a certain number of men recruited at Cape Town, formed the armed body which, later on, when Mafeking belonged to the Cape Colony, made the raid into the Transvaal.

A raid by individuals without guns, without artillery, and without equipment would have been of no possible avail, and certainly would not have been undertaken; and the great constitutional question therefore arises, how and by what means was the armament of guns and ammunition conferred upon or allowed to be in the possession of the Chartered Company's civil police? The *African Review* contains photographs of the guns and ammunition captured by the Burghers.

Limited as the charter was, what authority was there for allowing a

police, even if armed, such as, for instance, the Irish police, to be turned into or allowed to exist for six weeks in the British protectorate as an armed military force with artillery, guns, and military equipment? What authority was there for handing over or allowing the civil government to be assumed and undertaken by the company in any part of the protectorate?

What authority was there for the Government of the Cape to allow a military force with artillery to exist and collect, which was in excess and not recognised by the laws and votes of the Cape Parliament? The force formed no part of any of the authorised and recognised forces of the Cape Colony, and it issued from Cape Colony. We have had no statement as to the knowledge of the Cape Ministers, from whose territory the raid issued, and in whose territory of Mafeking the force was undoubtedly armed, drilled, and raised as a military force.

The military armament in the protectorate might properly be placed under the control or custody of the Imperial police, because the protectorate in that area is represented by her Majesty's special commissioner charged with Imperial defence and with the Imperial military property belonging to the country. But though the Chartered Company have, under the charter, a right to establish a civil police, with the object of preserving peace and order in lands in the sphere of influence, and not in any British protectorate, there seems to have been no justification for allowing a civil police to arm itself with artillery and equipment, or to be equipped to any extent beyond what was necessary for personal use or defence of the individual.

These are grave constitutional questions, and they will have yet to receive the attention of Parliament.

In the meanwhile it is to be hoped that the Chartered Company will be kept strictly within their chartered powers, and all military control and armament taken from them, and that the powers of civil and military government which they have usurped and attempted to exercise, as if they held an old East India Company charter, at once extinguished.

CHARLES HARRISON.

DEGREES FOR WOMEN AT OXFORD.

ON Tuesday, March 3, a resolution will be submitted to the congregation of the University of Oxford, which, if carried, will have the effect of conferring the B.A. degree on women students who have complied with the conditions of residence and examination required of men for that degree, limited by the further condition that the woman B.A. must have passed in Honours. The "Man in the Street" on hearing this will exclaim, "I thought that had been done ten years ago"; and as I have found even members on the electoral roll of the sister University of Cambridge very ignorant of the exact steps which have been taken at Oxford to promote the university education of women, it may not be superfluous to state that instruction for women began to be given in Oxford in 1879, and that in 1884 the University formally opened to them certain of its examinations; but in the case of women students the conditions as to residence and the time limit for preparation, which Oxford exacts in the case of men, were not enforced. It is well known that an Oxford degree indicates in its possessor, not merely that he has attained a certain standard of knowledge, but that he has resided in the University for a period of not less than three years, and has consequently been subjected to intellectual and social influences to which those who have enjoyed them, and many of those who have not, attach a very high value. The certificate now granted to women students who have passed examinations is of an entirely different character. The possessors of these certificates may, or may not, have resided in Oxford; they may, or may not, have conformed to the limits of time imposed on the possessors of the Oxford degree. Whether they have, or whether they have not, they receive only the same recognition from the University. What is now proposed is that

without withdrawing the power of obtaining the Oxford *certificate* from those women who, from whatever causes, are unable to comply with the conditions as to residence and time necessary for a degree, the B.A. degree should be opened to those women who are able to observe, and, as a matter of fact, have observed, these conditions. The certificate will follow in the case of those students who pass examinations without fulfilling the conditions attaching to a degree; and the degree will follow to those, as I think, more fortunately situated women who live their twelve terms in one of the Oxford women's colleges and pass in Honours one of the examinations for the degree of B.A. At present no such distinction is made: the certificate is all that can be obtained by women students who have fulfilled all the conditions qualifying for a degree. And yet the proposal which will be voted upon on March 3 to make this distinction, and to give the certificate to those who have earned the certificate, and the degree to those who have earned the degree, has been attacked on the ground that it is an infringement of liberty.

To recognise the full perversity of this it is necessary to bear in mind that no privileges are proposed to be withdrawn; no woman will be deprived of anything she already possesses, but an additional opportunity will be afforded to some women. Those who cannot reside in Oxford, who cannot conform to the time limits, who take a pass and not an Honours examination, will be exactly where they were before; only they will have the pleasure (not a small one to generous minds) of knowing that other women, having had a different course or having attained a higher standard, receive a different recognition from the University. It should be emphasised that the friends of women's education at Oxford are limiting their movement to a request to open the B.A. degree to women who have fulfilled all the conditions which enable a man to obtain it, and who have taken Honours into the bargain. They do not ask that the status of the woman B.A. shall be the same as that of a man: it is an essential part of the proposals now before the University that "women who have been admitted to the degree of B.A. shall not be permitted to supplicate for the degree of M.A. or for any other degree." Whether the extreme moderation of the demand now before the University is good policy or the reverse is a question of tactics on which those at a distance have no right to express an opinion. It may be hoped that the result will justify the line which has been adopted. The worshippers of inequality, if the Oxford proposal is carried, will still have much to console themselves with. A higher standard of qualification will be demanded from the woman B.A. than from the man, and her subsequent privileges will be rigorously curtailed in comparison with his.

Next to the very curious argument that to allow the B.A. degree

to follow the B. A. Honours course is a curtailment of liberty and the imposition of shackles on those hitherto enjoying freedom, the most peculiar is that which is addressed to the difficulties and disadvantages which are supposed to be associated with the practice of educating men and women in the same University. It is asserted that to admit women to Oxford or Cambridge will be to render the Universities "sexless," an expression which must be regarded as a "nice derangement of epitaphs" unless the family is, for instance, a sexless institution as compared with a nunnery. One gentleman, Mr. C. A. M. Fennell, of Jesus College, writing to the *Athenæum*, gives vent to a cry of anguish: "I myself am not opposed to women being admitted to the degrees of any institution on the earth or under the earth, excepting the ancient and hitherto masculine University of Cambridge." He forgets that women's names have formed part of the calendar of the hitherto masculine University of Cambridge for the last fifteen years. Those who use these arguments overlook the important fact that the education of men and women in the same University is going on now in every teaching University in the United Kingdom except Trinity College, Dublin, while the non-teaching Universities have long ago opened their degrees to women.

It may be readily admitted that the college system differentiates the position of Oxford and Cambridge from that of the Scottish Universities; but this does not alter the fact that at Cambridge, women students in gradually increasing numbers (now about 250) have been resident within the precincts of the University for twenty-five years, and at Oxford a smaller number of women students have been resident for seventeen years. The women are there; difficulties and disadvantages which we are solemnly told are inevitable, have been found on experience to have been completely avoided. The authorities of the women's colleges have been able without difficulty to provide and enforce all necessary discipline; if they have been equal to this part of their duty in the past, why should they entirely fail in the future when, if the proposal now under consideration is carried, their authority will be supported by that of the University? During an experience extending over a quarter of a century no occasion has arisen even for anxiety owing to the presence of male and female students in the same University. A little common-sense, the observance of the rules which are generally found sufficient to ensure decorum where men and women meet in the world and in society, have proved all that was necessary even in the ancient Universities.

To hear some of the objections put forth on this score it might be imagined that a woman in a lecture-room was an object entirely unknown in either Oxford or Cambridge. Some of the news-

paper correspondents on this subject have been betrayed into the rashness of particularising the subjects which it would be impossible and undesirable, if possible, to teach to men and women in a mixed class. But these very subjects have been taught, in Cambridge at any rate, for the last twenty years to mixed classes, and the professors who teach the subjects are among those who are memorialising the Council in favour of opening the degrees to women. With the same blind disregard of experience, these correspondents have also written of the physical harm which women must suffer through taking the same University course as men, and say that "the attempt must be followed by incalculable injury to their physique." Women at Cambridge have been taking the same University course as men for twenty years, and have suffered no injury to their physique. A few years ago Mrs. Sidgwick made a most laborious statistical inquiry into the effect of academic work on the health of women. For this purpose she investigated the physical history of more than five hundred women students of Oxford and Cambridge, and compared it with that of their sisters who had not had academic training, and also with that of their parents and brothers. The result was that the statement that a University course was injurious to the health of women entirely broke down.* In an able paper recently circulated, Mrs. Sidgwick points out that there is more risk to health when a young woman attempts to study for a University course among the distractions and occupations of domestic life than when she is able to enter a college and can conscientiously make her studies her first consideration. My own experience is small compared with that of Mrs. Sidgwick, but such as it is, it entirely coincides with hers. The cases of breakdown of health that I have known among women students are almost entirely owing to their having had, from some cause or another, a double strain upon them, generally owing to some unfortunate domestic circumstances from which they could not be relieved. With the best will in the world, the mother of a daughter pursuing her studies at home cannot make the conditions of her life as favourable to physical vigour as they are in college. The late hours and (too often) close atmosphere of social amusements, concerts, theatres, &c.; to those who live in towns, the want of inducement to take sufficient physical exercise; the necessary interruptions and responsibilities, the want of quiet, of family life, make an attempt at study, while taking part in it, a much greater strain than that to which the girl is subjected who is able to spend the period of preparation for a University examination in a college.

* Among the conclusions arrived at by Mrs. Sidgwick, as the result of her inquiry, the following may be quoted: "As mothers of healthy families, we have seen that the students are more satisfactory than their sisters, and, so far as we can judge, quite up to the average of women."—"Health Statistics of Women Students." University Press, Cambridge. 1890.

As bearing upon the health question, it may be mentioned that memorials favourable to opening the degree to women have been signed by a large number of the leading members of the medical profession in London, as well as by some of their most eminent colleagues in Oxford and Cambridge. Among these latter may be mentioned Sir Henry Acland, Dr. Burdon Sanderson, Sir George Humphrey, Dr. Michael Foster, and Dr. Bradbury. As has been well said in the *British Medical Journal* (February 15), would not these eminent men have seen the evil results of what was going on before their eyes if there were any such results to see? The article referred to goes to the root of the matter when it says:

"As to the gloomy predictions we have often heard about the next generation, the time for them is rapidly coming to an end. In the course of twenty-six years the new generation has arrived to be seen and judged. It is found that the children of mothers who either have degrees or who have earned them are just as healthy and handsome as other people's children. Children suffer from the sins and self-indulgence of their parents, not from their discipline, self-restraint, mental activity and industry."

Those who wish to exclude the women students at Oxford and Cambridge from the degree for which they have qualified, sometimes use arguments which would be perfectly sound if any one were urging that the whole female population of the British Isles ought to be compelled to undergo a course of study at one of the ancient Universities. They point out that the health of some women is not good enough to stand the strain of a University course; that other women are detained by domestic cares and responsibilities from giving their exclusive attention to study; that the intellectual capacity of some women unfits them for University training: these are self-evident propositions, but afford no reason for excluding all women from privileges which some women are unable to avail themselves of.

The opponents of women's degrees say *they* are in favour of variety in education; that *they* make no fetish of identity of intellectual training for men and women, implying that those who want the degree opened are inferior to themselves in these respects; but the reverse is really the fact. We are so much in favour of variety of education—an ample choice between different kinds of training—that we wish still further to vary the opportunities that are offered to women. We do not argue that every young woman should take a University course, but that the University course should be open, so that those who are fit for it should have the opportunity of availing themselves of it to a fuller extent than at present. This consideration points to the very strong claim on our gratitude which has been earned by the ancient Universities, especially by the University of Cambridge. Fifteen years ago she opened, by the almost unanimous vote of the Senate,

all her Honour examinations to women students, residing in the two women's colleges within the precincts of the University, and thus gave her official sanction to the placing of a new variety of educational opportunities within the reach of women. But nothing has been done to prevent those who prefer other systems of education than those offered by the Universities from using them themselves, or from recommending them to others.

The self-constituted devotees of "variety," who think that variety is promoted by exclusion, also appear to forget that within the enclosure of the Universities themselves there is now a very considerable field of choice. The time was when Cambridge offered nothing in her triposes but classics, mathematics, and law; but to these have now been added moral sciences, natural sciences, history, theology, Semitic languages, Oriental languages, and mediæval and modern languages, so that no attempt is now made to force every student into one groove, whether his natural capacities fit him for it or not.

This consideration also affords a sufficient reply to those who state by implication that we make a fetish of identity of education for men and women. Far from wishing all men and women to be ground in the same mill, we wish men to continue to have a free choice over a great range of variety in education, and we wish women to have a similarly large choice; holding that natural selection will, on the whole, ensure that each will take what suits his or her needs and capabilities.* But while each University will adapt its various courses of study to meet the needs of the largest number of students, there is a strong case against asking either University to set up a new standard or a new degree for women only. At Cambridge women have taken the prescribed University course, and they ask that it should be followed by the degree: they have been tested by the University standard, and they ask for its hall-mark. The vast majority of those who are practically engaged in the work of improving girls' education reject the proposal of a special degree for women as one that can only be treated with ridicule.

There is also practical unanimity in rejecting a proposal which is associated with an honoured name, that of the Bishop of Stepney, of attempting to establish a separate University for women. To set up a University of our own would be a wanton waste of the centuries of experience in the practical work of higher education, of which Oxford and Cambridge are the heirs. Would any Cambridge or Oxford man admit that the degrees of a brand-new University could compare in value with those of his own *alma mater*? However high the standard of the new women's University might be made, it would be long before

* It may be pointed out that those who have been foremost in opening University education for women have also taken an active interest in securing for those women who wish for it, a more thorough training in the domestic arts—such as cookery, needlework, laundry work, hygiene, bee-keeping, dairying, and gardening.

its degrees became legal tender of the same value as the degrees of Cambridge and Oxford. The new degrees would be wanting in one of the necessary qualities of legal tender, "cognisability." No one would know how much or how little they were worth.

Moreover, if women want a simple test of learning without residence in a University, they have that already in the degrees of the University of London. It would indeed be a more than feminine perversity if with the four ancient Scottish Universities open to us, the Royal University in Ireland, Victoria and Durham in England, besides London as an examining University, we should still say we must have a little establishment of our own. Professor Stanford thinks such a course would contribute to the dignity of women in the world of education. Very few women will be found to agree with him.

Among the oddities of the recent controversy may be mentioned Professor Marshall's suggestion that if the Cambridge Senate should admit women to degrees, it should place an upper limit to the number of women who may be presented for instruction in the University at any one time, and that this upper limit should approximately correspond to the present number of women students. He recommends this curious plan partly on the ground that it would lead the authorities of the women's colleges to curtail in some cases the period of residence of their students, so as to afford to a larger number some opportunities of "contact with Cambridge life and education." It is not generally thought to be conducive to health or to sound educational methods to cram a three years' course into a two years' residence. Yet this would be the almost certain result if Professor Marshall's suggestion were adopted. It will be observed that he admits that a woman gains much by "contact with Cambridge life and education," and yet he wishes to limit these advantages to about 250 women at any one time.

Another suggestion peculiar to himself is made by Professor Marshall in a passage where he throws out the idea that a new board might be formed, consisting partly of members of the Senate and partly of women. This board would be called upon to frame new combinations of studies which "had not been thought suitable for men," such as "certain rather narrow portions of a Tripos," on condition of its being coupled with "music, or some other art." When I lived in Cambridge a question appeared in an undergraduates' magazine asking what was the easiest course a man could take to qualify for a degree. The answer was "An *Ægrotat* in Botany." Professor Marshall's suggestion opens endless vistas as to what the answer might have been if his system had been in vogue. "A rather narrow portion of a Tripos with skirt-dancing," is one possible reply.

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such suggestions as the two just quoted, one is tempted to think that they are keeping something back, and not giving expression to the root of their real objection to the proposal about to be brought before the University.

Professor Gardner says that the position of the women students at Oxford now is that of honoured and indulged guests. I think he should have called them "paying guests." But it is true that women have received many of the advantages of University education and have not paid as much as men pay for them. They pay less because they receive less. No financial board has yet been clever enough to devise a plan for making women students pay degree fees without giving them degrees. Otherwise, as far at least as Cambridge is concerned, the women students pay the same fees for entrance to University examinations as men. It is quite right they should; and they would willingly pay the degree fees too, if the degree followed: for they feel that however good a thing it is to be a guest, it is a better thing to be at home, a citizen, not an "outlander." The same remark applies to the use of the University collections, libraries, museums, &c. No woman, whatever her place may have been in the University examinations, can use these except on sufferance; she may be turned out; she may be requested "not to occupy a seat." Any woman who gets a reader's ticket for the British Museum library is more at home and in her own place there than the best women students Cambridge has produced are in the University library. Being a guest involves some drawbacks, especially when your host himself begins to dwell upon the honours and indulgences he has lavished on you. Under ordinary circumstances the guest to whom this happens thinks the time has come when he should cease to be a guest; and this is what women are now feeling in regard to their status in the Universities.

I have endeavoured to deal briefly with some of the objections urged against the admission of women to degrees at Oxford and Cambridge. Much might be said, if space permitted, of the positive advantages to be expected from it. There is an immense preponderance of opinion on the part of those actually engaged in educational work for women that the opening of the degrees would be a valuable stimulus to the improvement in the education of girls and women, which has been so marked a feature of this generation. All the heads of women's colleges within the precincts of the Universities have signed a memorial favourable to the step now proposed; and the same, or a similar memorial, has been signed by two-thirds of the head-mistresses of endowed or proprietary schools of more than fifty pupils, and by seven-eighths of the past and present students of the Cambridge colleges for women.

But the matter may be regarded from a wider standpoint than a

merely educational one. The vitality of every ancient institution may be tested by the power which it shows of adapting itself to modern changes and the growth of modern life. The ancient Universities have shown this vitality in many directions, by the introduction of greater variety into their curricula, by opening their doors to Nonconformists, by the help they have afforded to secondary education through their local examinations for boys and girls, by the invention and vigorous promotion of what is called University extension, by means of which more than 60,000 persons of both sexes are each year receiving instruction of a systematic character. Last but not least, they have shown their vitality by accommodating themselves to a social change which has already taken place, one of the manifestations of which is a demand on the part of women to share in the blessings of University education. At each of the successive changes just referred to there were large bodies of excellent persons, members of the governing body, resident and non-resident, who believed and loudly proclaimed their belief that the reform was no reform, but ruin. If they had prevailed the Universities would now present, instead of a picture of vigorous vitality, a melancholy one of senile decay. The Duke of Devonshire, when he was installed as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge in the spring of 1892, referred to this subject, and especially mentioned Newnham and Girton, and what Cambridge had done for the higher education of women, as one of the things which had brought the University "into nearer touch and greater sympathy with the nation at large."

Another opportunity is now about to be afforded to both the Universities to give a further manifestation of their power of adapting themselves to modern needs in educational matters. The improvement in girls' education has produced a new demand for women teachers who have had University training; and with the training, the degree that ordinarily goes with it. Public opinion in the country is fully ripe for the proposed change. The opening of degrees to women at Oxford and Cambridge is supported, among several thousand others, by the Duke of Argyll, the Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., the Marquis of Dufferin, the Duke of Westminster, Sir Alfred Milner, Sir John Lubbock, the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Lord Rayleigh, F.R.S., Earl Nelson, the Rt. Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., Lord Playfair, the Rt. Hon. C. P. Villiers, M.P., the Rt. Hon. Leonard Courtney, M.P., Sir James Paget, M.D., F.R.S., Sir William Broadbent, M.D., Mr. Leslie Stephen, Lord Acton, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Lord Wolseley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Shrewsbury, Gloucester, Ripon, Llandaff, Limerick, Argyll and the Isles, Derry, Southwell, Hereford, Swansea and St. Asaph, Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Chapel Royal, Scotland, Cardinal Vaughan, Dr.

James Martineau, Principal Caird, Dr. Clifford, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Justice Rigby, the Attorney- and Solicitor-General, Mr. Justice Wright, Mr. Justice Wills, Mr. Justice Fry, Mr. Justice Romer, Mr. Justice Barnes, Mr. Justice Kennedy, &c. &c. With support of this character from leading men of all parties in the political world, the Church, the law, medicine, science, and literature, the most timid must be reassured that the change which is being proposed is one which is calculated to benefit the education of women, and to develop and strengthen the national position of the Universities.

MILLCENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

GEORGE ELIOT REVISITED.

MY friend Mr. Frederic Harrison has given us, in his "Studies in Early Victorian Literature," a masterly estimate of George Eliot, and of her permanent place among great writers. His essay came home to me, for I am a typical unit of that perfervid crowd which, by its unmeasured and ill-regulated admiration, did, as Mr. Harrison points out, such ill service to George Eliot's fame.

I was three years old when George Eliot's first novel appeared, and I was twenty-three when her last was completed. Thus she fairly dominated the reading part of my boyhood and early manhood. Not that she was a writer who ever, in my experience, attracted boys; neither her mind nor her style had the qualities with which boys fall in love. But we believed in her genius as something immensely great and solemn, which not to admire argued oneself a booby. Even at this distance of time I can recollect the awe, not unmingled with incredulity, with which I heard my tutor at Harrow declare that he had obtained more pleasure from a page of George Eliot than from a chapter of Dickens. It was as an undergraduate at Oxford that I first really felt her spell, and from that time on I was an enthusiastic and no doubt a hyperbolical admirer. But, even in those fresh days, one could discriminate; and then, as now, I was bored by "Romola" and disgusted by "Daniel Deronda." The poetry, of course, one never could stomach; but the novels, as a whole, seemed the grandest and truest of fiction. The analysis of human character and motive; the careful linking of cause and effect; the pregnant moralisation; the closely compacted maxims, seemed, to minds entirely theoretical and necessarily untainted by experience, the utterance of the highest wisdom. A new world opened before our eyes; or, rather, the old world in which we had lived our twenty years was suddenly

illuminated by a new and revealing light. George Eliot appeared to have the key of all philosophy, and we listened with an astonished reverence to the voice of the oracle.

And there were other elements which moved our admiration—her keen enjoyment of physical health and vigour; her love of the country and the open air; her knowledge of nature; even her humour, though it must be confessed that this last quality owed much of its effect to its violent contrast with a sombre environment.

But, in brief, I, and others of my own time and place, were worshippers of George Eliot; and, though our loyalty was tried by "Daniel Deronda," and very nearly broke down under "Theophrastus Such," still it stood the strain. As far as I know, her ascendancy was undiminished at her death. But, during the last ten or twelve years, devout disciples experienced "a return upon themselves." They began to criticise where they used to adore, and to inquire where they used to believe. Knowing a little more than they had known ten years before, they were much less inclined to take the philosophy of life at secondhand. Their artistic palates grew more fastidious. They became aware of faults which they had not noticed, and resented more keenly those which had always been patent. They became impatient of George Eliot's elaborateness and longwindedness; of her strained and cumbrous jocosity; of her undue insistence on the sexual idea; of her strange deviations into downright nastiness of thought and phrase, as in the description of Mr. Casaubon's mole, and the apologue of the lady who made herself sick with pickled salmon. In brief, a reaction set in, and men aspiring to be thought clever and critical were as extravagant in censure and depreciation as twenty years ago they had been hyperbolic in praise.

Here, as Mr. Harrison points out, is the opportunity of criticism—of a sane and sober appreciation, which can sift the good from the bad, and in some measure anticipate the final judgment of the High Court of Literary Equity. That judgment cannot, according to Mr. Harrison, be delivered before the next century; but, in the meantime, it may be as well for old admirers of George Eliot who have been a little shaken by the storm of recent criticism, to renew their acquaintance with her works, and revise their estimate of her genius and effect.

Let us take the earliest of her novels, the "Scenes of Clerical Life." This volume consists of three separate tales—"Amos Barton," "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and "Janet's Repentance." And here in the very first page of her first attempt at fiction, George Eliot introduces us to the localities, the society, the life, and the circumstances in which she was so essentially and peculiarly at home. Each of her English stories is really and in its nature what one of them is expressly and in its title, "A Study of Provincial Life." In

them we see next to nothing of London, with its gaieties, its excitements, its grinding miseries, or its myriad forms of enterprise and energy. Nor, again, are we often brought into contact with the absolute monotony, the calm decay, of the very aged, the very simple, and the very poor of our agricultural populations. The life which George Eliot knew as no other novelist has known it, is the life of the lawyers, the clergy, the small gentry, the tradesmen, and the farmers of large country-towns or thickly-populated rural neighbourhoods. She quarries constantly in the mine of those experiences which were hers when living as a land-agent's daughter near Nuneaton; or with well-to-do friends in Coventry. We shall find, as we go on, that each story contains unmistakable allusions to people, places, and things among which her early years were passed. Thus, in "Amos Barton" the story opens with a description of Shepperton Church, which those who know the district have no difficulty in recognising as Chilvers Coton, in Warwickshire. The ecclesiastical atmosphere of those days—1830–1850—when the Tractarian movement was beginning to modify the effects of the Evangelical revival, has lent its colour to the theological character of Amos Barton. Otherwise his life is a carefully-drawn picture of the cruel consequences which vanity, selfishness, and coarseness of fibre, in a man not radically vicious, may bring upon a refined and gentle woman who passionately loves him. The thread of narrative on which this is hung, describing Mr. Barton's clerical career, his unfortunate attachment, and his wife's early death, is of the slightest character. Still, here, in the very first of her novels, we find George Eliot marking out distinctly those lines on which, in later and more elaborate stories, she advanced to so unique a fame.

"Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" describes the life of an earlier day. The story is laid in the last years of the last century. And here George Eliot takes us into the society of those country magnates whom she constantly uses to decorate her background. They occupy a less important place in her interest and ours than the farmers' wives and the pretty village-girls, the carpenters and weavers, whom she makes the prominent figures of her foreground. But they contribute a certain effective element of contrast; and their lives and surroundings supply a local colouring of brightness and richness which throws the homespun raiment of provincial life into high and admirable relief. We feel that George Eliot is less vitally interested in the large-acred squires and baronets who figure in so many of her stories than in the creations which belong to her own class and caste; but the spirit and accuracy of their delineation give proof of her singular power as a literary photographer. Cheveril Manor, in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," is Arbury Hall, in Warwickshire, the seat of the Newdegates, whom George Eliot's father had served

as land-agent, and Knebley is Astley Church, in the same neighbourhood. Amid this scenery she draws with singular delicacy and a graceful minuteness the picture of an ardent young clergyman's solitary love-passage. The picture is like a painting of Watteau, or an exquisitely coloured group in Dresden china. In the handling there is a peculiar touch of old-world refinement which I do not think we find in any other of George Eliot's tales. The story describes the one supreme love of a pure and passionate nature, threatened with ruin by the heartless cynicism of a polished sensualist. The injured pride of a beautiful woman shapes for itself, as later on in "*Daniel Deronda*," a horrible revenge; and that revenge is intercepted by the death of the once-loved, now hated, object. Two sympathetic hearts are at last united; and united only to be parted by the bride's early death. So ends a most graceful and yet strangely powerful tale.

In "*Janet's Repentance*" we find George Eliot again in her native element. Milby is Nuneaton. The fierce strife of Evangelical and Orthodox, the vulgarity, the meanness, the heart-burnings, the emulations, and the gossip of the dull manufacturing town, are traced with the life-like touch of accurate portraiture. The beautiful and commanding Janet, married to a harsh and vindictive tyrant, seeking refuge from sorrow in drunkenness, and rescued from ruin by the preaching of a gallant and ill-starred young clergyman, leaves on the mind a deep impression of power and truth.

So much for the "*Scenes of Clerical Life*." When we have read them we know the elements and materials out of which George Eliot creates her world; the keen observation of habits and thoughts, the strong grasp of great religious movements, the vivid appreciation of their influence on daily action, the grave and sometimes ironical humour, the deep sense of the mystery and tragedy underlying even commonplace lives, which she subsequently works up into her great romances with infinite shades of colour, with endless subtleties of meaning, with inexhaustible diversity of individual character, and with all the discerning and differentiating skill of the novelist's true genius.

The publication of "*Adam Bede*" in 1858 made an immense and widespread sensation. Nothing like it had been known since Charlotte Brontë, also writing under a masculine pseudonym, took the town by storm with "*Jane Eyre*." In each case there was the same uncertainty and eager speculation as to the sex, age, name, and condition of the author; the same general feeling that a new writer had appeared who knew and could manipulate the deepest springs of human passion; the same delighted discovery that there were still untrodden fields of romance in common English life, though a generation of peevish critics had told us that from Dan to Beersheba all was barren.

But a notable point of difference between the great achievement of Charlotte Brontë and the great achievement of George Eliot was that the one revealed genius and ignorance, the other genius and knowledge. The depth and versatility of George Eliot's culture, and her intimate acquaintance with various phases of English society, did not astonish those who had studied the "*Scenes of Clerical Life*"; but to the majority even of the reading public they were only an additional element of perplexity in the already perplexing problem of the author's identity.

It would seem that Hayslope in "*Adam Bede*" is the little village of Boston, four miles from Ashbourne; and that Adam and Seth Bede are portraits of George Eliot's uncles, Samuel and William Evans. Dinah is an idealised recollection of Elizabeth Evans, the saintly wife of the Methodist William Evans. No one of George Eliot's novels has given to the world a larger number of clear and memorable portraits. The weakness and vanity of Hetty, the thoughtless profligacy of the not wholly evil Donithorne, the genial common sense and humour of Parson Irwine, the rapt and mystic yet most practical piety of Dinah Morris, and the shrewd wit and caustic proverbs of Mrs. Poyser—all these are household words. Of the picture of the hero, Adam Bede himself, the present Bishop Wilkinsons once said in his pulpit that it seemed to him the best presentment in modern guise and colour of the earthly circumstances which surrounded the life of the divine Founder of Christianity, as he toiled in the carpenter's shop to supply His own and His mother's wants. That surely is no commonplace effort of fiction which throws any illustrative light, however faint or broken, on the sacred narrative of human redemption.

We come now to the "*Mill on the Floss*," a story made specially interesting to lovers of George Eliot, as "*David Copperfield*" is to the lovers of Charles Dickens, by the freedom with which the author has woven autobiographical details into the narrative. The peculiar charm of the story is that it reveals the real pathos which underlies the sorrows, the sufferings, and even the naughtiness of childhood. The Red Deeps, the scene of Maggie's spiritual awakening, were, I believe, near George Eliot's own home, and had been a favourite haunt of her early days. Maggie's warm affections, her craving for sympathy, her hatred of harsh control, her quick curiosity about the two worlds of nature and of books, her adventures, notably in the gipsies' camp, her successes, her mortifications, her childish love for the cold, acute, unsympathetic brother—all bear the marked traces of personal experience. The close geographical portraiture of the town of Gainsborough, which figures under the name of St. Ogg's, with its river, marshes, and liability to floods, gives graphic reality to the appalling catastrophe which, just as the cross-

purposes and tangled threads of the story are working out, consigns Maggie and her brother to a sudden and horrible death.

"*Silas Marner*" has a peculiar melancholy of its own. We all remember the story of the devout Methodist weaver, driven, by a gross injustice wrought under the semblance of religion, to lifelong separation from home, loss of employment, loss of money, loss of love, and the total eclipse of religious faith. How that supreme blessing is restored to him through the play of natural affection, in the adoption and education of an orphan child, is beautifully told. There is a remarkable concord between all the great critics—Mr. Harrison among them—as to the transcendent merits of this story, but it lends itself but little to illustrative citation. "*The Lifted Veil*" and "*Brother Jacob*," which are generally associated with "*Silas Marner*," must be pronounced to be the stories of George Eliot, which her truest admirers would most willingly let die.

In "*Romola*," George Eliot entirely changes her element and her materials. She forsakes the English scenery, English society, and English institutions, among which she is so thoroughly at home. She transports us from England to Florence, and from the first half of the nineteenth century to the days of the Renaissance. The learning which "*Romola*" displays is profound and exact; the local colouring vivid and true. As a monument of conscientious labour, it is worthy of all respect; as a moral essay, it is profitable doctrine for an age which is reviving the vices of the Renaissance. But as a story it is dull, and as a historical romance it signally fails to clothe the dry bones of the past with the flesh and blood of living human interest.

In "*Felix Holt*," we return again to more familiar scenes and people. The twofold interest of this story, over and above the author's favourite theme of latent romance in common life, is legal and political. The plot depends on a highly technical point of law in regard to the devolution of land; and, in the course of its development, we get a careful and even subtle study of the under-currents and side-influences; the chicanery, the violence; the cynical immorality, mingled with honest political enthusiasm, which went to make the interest of an electioneering contest sixty years ago. In no other novel has George Eliot more forcibly and even painfully delineated the terrible and lifelong consequences of an early moral fall. No other of her stories, perhaps, preaches with more eloquent voice to those who have ears to hear.

We now approach "*Middlemarch*," in many respects the grandest of all George Eliot's works. It is easy enough to criticise it as too long and too ponderous; a canvas overcrowded with figures; and more of a study of character thrown into narrative form than a genuine novel. There is more or less force in all these objections, and a generation of novel-readers accustomed to authors of whom you

can skip one paragraph in three with no perceptible injury to the plot or the moral, may well grumble at a novel of which the interest is profound, not superficial; ethical, rather than sensational; and coherent and sustained, instead of fragmentary and spasmodic. Still, for those who care to see the deep springs of human action; the subtle and sometimes misguided workings of human conscience; the mutual influence and interdependence of the man's and woman's natures; and the miserable ruin wrought by emotion uncontrolled by thought, as well as by thought untempered by emotion; for all these "*Middlemarch*" is a storehouse of delight.

With the publication of "*Middlemarch*," most people would consider that the zenith of George Eliot's greatness was attained. Both her later books were disappointments.

"*Daniel Deronda*" was a careful and laborious attempt to analyse the differentiating qualities and gifts of the Hebrew race, some of whose noblest aspirations are bodied forth in the semi-prophetic dreams of the consumptive Mordecai. As an exhibition of George Eliot's power of getting up unfamiliar details, and representing a life which she has never lived, it is second only, if it is second, to "*Romola*." As an instance of research, aptly used, one may quote a speech of Daniel's mother, when she is describing her rebellion against the strictness of her Jewish upbringing: "I was to feel awe for the bit of parchment in the *mezuzah* over the door; to dread lest a bit of butter should touch a bit of meat." I have been told by Jewish friends that not every born member of their community would recognise this Talmudic gloss on the text: "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." But the story is disfigured by a concession such as George Eliot seldom condescends to make to a repulsive realism. The characters of Grandcourt and Gwendolen are conspicuous above all her creations for a moral odiousness which is almost unredeemed. The heartless and worldly girl meets a kind of poetic retribution in the refined and calculating cruelty of the cynical libertine whom her ambition leads her to marry; and he, again, receives the reward of his misdeeds in a sudden and awful death, from which his wife might have rescued him if she would.

From the painful and disagreeable interest of this morbid tale we turn with something of relief to the unexpected dulness of "*The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*." These contain much that is true, more that is sententious, little that is beautiful, and less that is amusing. The easiest and most satisfactory way of accounting for them is that they are rather an attempt to condense and perpetuate in epigrammatic form the opinions of Mr. G. H. Lewes than the product of George Eliot's own untrammelled genius.

George Eliot's poems I do not intend to include among the subjects of my analysis, for I fear we shall find in them little to qualify the

verdict that in poetry she is not happy. One critic has said, that "In poetry the thought was over great for the somewhat unfamiliar element in which it moved, and brought to the reader a certain sense of stiffness and constraint." Another, that George Eliot's poems are merely the work of "a clever woman who tried to write verses."

They are a little more than this, for her mind and temper abounded in two out of three of the qualities which Milton attributes to poetry. Her genius was sensuous enough, and passionate enough, in all conscience; but the first note of poetry, simplicity, was signally lacking. The thought of her poems is profound, involved, and highly analytical; in a word, as much as possible the reverse of simple; and the verbal medium and apparatus is rugged with the ruggedness of a violent attempt to press into poetic form that of which poetry itself is intolerant.

Having thus retrodden some familiar ground, I must now attempt to analyse some of the leading characteristics of George Eliot's mind and teaching. I shall only be obeying a natural instinct if I place first among the subjects of this analysis her religious thought. One who was her intimate friend has told me that, though not formally, she was essentially and profoundly a Positivist. Another writes:

"That the mind of her who penned these novels was profoundly religious, no reader can doubt. . . . When, however, we attempt closely to define the religion in which George Eliot rested, our task is difficult. We find in her the most marvellous power of putting herself in the position of the holders of all creeds, so deep was her sympathy with every form in which the religious instincts have expressed themselves. The simple faith, half pagan but altogether reverent, of Dolly Winthrop; the sensible, matter-of-fact, and honourable morality of Mr. Irwine; the aspirations of a modern St. Theresa; the passionate fervours of Dinah, were understood and revered by her. All that was most human, and therefore most divine, most ennobling, and most helpful, was assimilated by her. The painful bliss of asceticism, the rapture of Catholic devotion, the satisfaction which comes of self-abnegation, were realised by her as though she had been a fervent Catholic. But the ground-tone of her thought was essentially and intensely Protestant. She could not submit herself completely to any external teacher."

For those to whom the faith of Christendom is as vital air, the history of George Eliot's religious thought is pre-eminently painful. Very early in life she broke away from the Evangelical beliefs in which she had been educated, and before her first volume was published she was no longer a Christian. Yet who can read her description of Dinah Morris's preaching on the green, her prayers and entreaties, "written" to quote George Eliot's own words, "with hot tears, as they surged up in my own mind," without the deep conviction that the author had once known the intensity and the power of a fervid faith? This impression is even deepened when we follow her in the beautiful words of the prayer, too sacred for transcription,

with which Dinah melts and heals the broken heart of Hetty in the condemned cell; or when she claims our love and admiration for the heroic courage of the young preacher in "Janet's Repentance," battling at once with religious intolerance and physical decay; or, when again, she thrills our hearts with the Baptist-sternness, the Christ-like tenderness of Savonarola's message to guilty Florence.

Still, as we follow in order the gradual development of her mind as expressed in her works, we find ever less and less recognition of the truth and power of the Gospel; ever more and more of the substitution of moral duty for religious faith; ever an increasing sense of darkness and hopelessness and impending annihilation, in the prospect of death. Let me quote a few striking passages out of many which seem to mark resting-places or turning-points in the history of George Eliot's belief. First, the concluding passage of Dinah Morris's sermon on the green.

"Dear friends," she said at last, "brothers and sisters, whom I love as those for whom my Lord has died, believe me I know what this great blessedness is; and because I know it I want you to have it too. . . . Think what it is not to hate anything but sin; to be full of love to every creature; to be frightened at nothing; to be sure that all things will turn to good; not to mind pain, because it is our Father's will; to know that nothing—no, not if the earth was to be burnt up, or the waters come and drown us—nothing could part us from God who loves us, and who fills our souls with peace and joy, because we are sure that whatever He wills is holy, just, and good. Dear friends, come and taste this blessedness; it is offered to you; it is the good news that Jesus came to preach to the poor."

Or, take again, from the same book, this lovely passage of moralised description:

"What a glad world this looks like as one rides or drives along the valleys and over the hills! I have often thought so when in foreign countries, where the fields and woods have looked to me like our English Loamshire—the rich land filled with just as much care; the woods rolling down the gentle slopes to the green meadows—I have come on something by the roadside which has reminded me that I am not in Loamshire; an image of a great agony—the agony of the Cross. It has stood perhaps by the clustering apple-blossoms, or in the broad sunshine by the cornfields, or at a turning by the wood where a clear brook was gurgling below; and surely, if there came a traveller to this world who knew nothing of the story of man's life upon it, this image of agony would seem to him strangely out of place in the midst of this joyous nature. He would not know that hidden behind the apple-blossoms or among the golden corn, or under the shrouding boughs of the woods, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish; perhaps a young, blooming girl, not knowing where to turn for refuge from a swift-advancing shame, understanding no more of this life of ours than a foolish lost lamb wandering farther and farther in the night-fall on the lonely heath, yet tasting the bitterest of life's bitterness. Such things are sometimes hidden among the sunny fields and behind the blossoming orchards; and the sound of the gurgling brook, if you came closer to one spot behind a small bush, would be mingled for your ear with a despairing human sob. No wonder man's religion has so much sorrow in it. No wonder he needs a suffering God."

Or, again, this confession of faith of the simple, yet sagacious minister, Rufus Lyon :

"The Lord knoweth them that are His; but we—we are left to judge by uncertain signs, so that we may learn to exercise hope and faith towards one another, and in this uncertainty I cling with awful hope to those whom the world loves not because their conscience, albeit mistakenly, is at war with the habits of the world."

Take, again, this most significant sentence, which seems to record the effect of some staggering blow :

"No one who has ever known what it is to lose faith in a fellow-man whom he has profoundly loved and revered, will lightly say that the shock can leave the faith in the Invisible Goodness unshaken."

Or take, finally, this statement of Dorothea's creed, which seems to point to the attitude in which, after breaking with dogmatic religion, George Eliot's mind reposed :

"That [by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower."

The most painful feature of the history is that, with the loss of belief in a personal God, came the loss of belief in a personal immortality. And in this "eclipse of faith" George Eliot died. Not even a gleam of sunset light was permitted to irradiate the gloom. I have heard that when Sir Andrew Clark entered the sick-room he found that she had already sunk into the final stupor, without even realising that she was dangerously ill. From that darkened chamber of bereavement and anguish we turn away with the words which she herself has put into the mouth of Rufus Lyon :

"Though I would not wantonly grasp at ease of mind through an arbitrary choice of doctrine, I cannot but believe that the merits of the Divine Sacrifice are wider than our utmost charity."

An American poet, writing on George Eliot's death, thus marked the incongruity between the creations of her imagination, and her theological conclusions :

"A lily rooted in a sacred soil,
Arrayed with those who neither spin nor toil;
Dinah, the preacher, through the purple air,
For ever in her gentle evening prayer
Shall plead for Her—what ear too deaf to hear?
'As if she spoke to some one very near.'

"And he of storied Florence, whose great heart
Broke for its human error; wrapped apart,
And scorching in the swift prophetic flame
Of passion for late holiness, and shame
Than untried glory, grander, gladder, higher;
Deathless, for Her, he 'testifies by fire.'

"A statue fair and firm on marble feet,
Womanhood's woman, Dorothea, sweet
As strength and strong as tenderness, to make
'A struggle with the dark' for white light's sake,

Immortal stands, unanswered speaks. Shall they,
Of Her great hand the moulded, breathing clay,
Her fit, select, and proud survivors be?
Possess the life eternal, and not She?"

We now turn by a natural transition from George Eliot's religious thought to its necessary complement in her ethical system. This may almost be summed up in one word—Duty. No novelist, and scarcely any professional moralist, has dwelt with more insistence or more varied force on this ennobling theme. Her sense of duty includes in its imperious purview every relation of public and private life. The duty of the landowner, of the politician, of the parish-priest; the duty of parent to child, of brother to sister, of the young man to the woman of his choice, of wife to husband, of husband to wife—these are the favourite themes of each different tale. Each succeeding agony or sorrow in the long and often complicated chain of misfortune is traced home with relentless pertinacity to its source in some failure of moral duty. Nor are the demands of duty satisfied and its consequent blessings attained by a mere discharge of mutual obligations. George Eliot's sense of duty was that higher and completer one which includes our duty to ourselves. Our warfare with the foe within, the necessity of self-mastery and self-control, the blessedness of self-forgetfulness and self-surrender—these are her chosen themes. Nor, again, is the ideal of duty attained by abstinence from those glaring and palpable breaches of it which grate upon the common conscience, and only require to be stated in order to be condemned. George Eliot's special value as a moral teacher lies in the stern insistence with which she makes us see our own hidden and less obvious vices; our pettinesses, our selfishnesses, our sins of harshness, of coldness, of unsympathy; and forces us to recognise in the ruin of another's happiness the handiwork of some little fault of character or action which was concealed from all outside, and, till she revealed it, only half-known to ourselves. Of course, so high an ideal of duty involved a correspondingly high notion of the beauty of sacrifice. To live for others in the humble offices of common duty; to die for others in the flames of martyrdom, or the less heroic pangs of domestic drudgery and unrequited love, forms her ideal of the truly enviable fate. The same absolute self-forgetfulness, seeking no reward here or hereafter, colours even her conception of that impersonal immortality to which alone she permitted herself to aspire—

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
..... in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self."

Surely, even in this vulgar age of Mammon-worship and self-pleasing

we may esteem the teacher of so sublime a creed at least as truly one of our great benefactors, as though she had invented new facilities of communication, or amplified, by a fresh discovery, our means of physical enjoyment.

In George Eliot's philosophy of life two or three ruling ideas are manifest. In the first place, she was as conspicuously as possible the reverse of a fatalist. She believed absolutely in the freedom and responsibility of the individual will. She held that we fashion our own characters and lives, and was much less disposed than many thinkers to attribute their determining qualities to the force of circumstances. She herself has said :

‘ Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.’

Again, she had a melancholy conviction of the irreparable nature of human experience. She believed with all her heart the stern truth that in the physical world there is no forgiveness of sins. Again and again we have the same note of quiet sorrow over the irrevocable fixity of the past. For example :

“ O the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know ! ”

Or again, in a lighter fashion, though the same vein of thought, this motto :

“ It is a good and soothfast saw ;
Half-roasted never will be raw :
No dough is dried once more to meal,
No crock new-shapen by the wheel ;
You can’t turn curds to milk again,
Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then ;
And having tasted sorrow’s loss,
You can’t buy it again for money.”

Again, George Eliot saw with special keenness the unyielding connexion of cause and effect in human life. See this in Adam Bede's indignation when he imagines that Arthur Donnithorne is proposing to set things straight, after the irreparable injury he has done to Hetty. He

“ thought he perceived in them that notion of compensation for irretrievable wrong, that self-soothing attempt to make evil bear the same fruit as good, which most of all roused his indignation.”

Once again, George Eliot realised, as few writers of fiction and still fewer historians are calm enough to do, the immense influence for good or evil of insignificant people and obscure deeds. This it was which gave such special seriousness to all her teaching on the

minute and humble actions of daily life. Few, probably, who heard it will forget a sermon by Dr. Liddon in the University Church at Oxford, soon after the publication of "*Middlemarch*," when he concluded with the concluding words of that wonderful analysis of human character :

"The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

As a close observer of human life and its determining forces, George Eliot found an absorbing interest in the power and imperiousness of sexual passion. Every tale of hers, from the "*Scenes of Clerical Life*" to "*Daniel Deronda*," is suffused with

"The bloom of young desire and purple light of love."

The sorrows, the joys, the mysteries, even the crimes which chequer the career of her heroes and heroines, have their origin in the subtle and manifold influences of love. The love of Adam Bede for Hetty, of Hetty for Arthur Donnithorne, of Lydgate for Rosamond, of Dorothea for Ladislaw, of Philip Wakem for Maggie Tulliver; all these and countless others are instances of the penetration with which George Eliot regarded the love of man and woman, and its widely diverse issues in the good and evil of their lives. A real, though weak and selfish, love for Milly redeems from utter vulgarity the character of Amos Barton. The sweet affection of Dinah Morris towards Adam Bede completes with a touch of human interest the almost angelic beauty of her ideal character. And the same profound master-passion of man's nature supplies some of the darker shades of pathos and even of criminality.

As we have seen before, one leading article of George Eliot's belief was that even the most commonplace lives are underlaid with tragedy. On occasion she can heighten the interest of a dramatic scene by invoking the more sublimely tragic powers—the destructive energy of angry Nature, or the even deadlier wrath of human hatred. But these situations are rare. The majority of her tales derive their tragedy from the hidden sufferings of wounded hearts; from the fruitless pangs of unrequited love, or the gnawing remorse which dogs successful sin. Her genius combines the powers of the telescope and microscope; it sweeps the wide horizon of events and forces which have moved the world; it directs our gaze to the teeming life beneath our daily feet, and reveals the microcosm of a single water-drop. George Eliot has taught us to sympathise with the great movements of humanity which have upheaved empires, and changed the face of religions, and have raised up generations of heroes for their accom-

plishment, and have scattered abroad their seed in the blood of martyrs. But even more faithfully and beneficially has she led us to recognise the unnoticed tragedy which lies around our every-day path, which is the product of events not strikingly impressive, but insignificant and even vulgar: and to which each day we live we may perhaps be unconsciously contributing. Let us quote her words on the flight of Hetty from home:

"What will be the end?—the end of her objectless wandering, apart from all love, caring for human beings only through her pride, clinging to life only as the hunted wounded brute clings to it? God preserve you and me from being the beginners of such misery."

It is partly owing to this conviction that the tragedy of life lies in its common things, that George Eliot assigns such prominent place in her writings to the action of pain, illness, and death. But other causes contributed to the same result. One was that her delicate health made her keenly conscious of the mysterious influence which physical organisation exercises over thought, and even action. Another was the guidance of Mr. G. H. Lewes, whose own studies had been very much concerned with medicine, and who stimulated in her a physiological curiosity which was evidently inborn. Another and deeper cause lay in the Positivism which gradually became the sole residuum of her religious faith. However uncertain and unknowable were the nature and destinies of the human soul, the functions of the body were at any rate certain, tangible, and vitally important. But, from whatever cause it sprang, we find in all her writings a singularly clear and vivid interest in the nature and powers of the human frame; a close and scientific acquaintance with its pathology; and a keen eye for the subtle effects which it produces in the complicated issues of existence. The death of Captain Wybrow in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story"; the awfully vivid description of *angina pectoris* in "The Lifted Veil"; Mr. Tulliver's apoplectic seizure; Mr. Casaubon's slow decay and sudden dissolution by fatty degeneration of the heart; the ravages of consumption in Mordecai and Mr. Tryan—all these are instances of the accuracy and force with which she employs these melancholy mechanisms.

A great part of the fun which we find among the comfortable farmers' wives and dear old ladies of the various tales lies in their childlike reliance on third-rate doctoring, and their pathetic interest in their own and their neighbours' disorders. How true to life is the following description of an old woman's researches in religious literature!

"On taking up the biography of a celebrated preacher, she immediately turned to the end to see what disease he died of; and if his legs swelled, as her own occasionally did, she felt a stronger interest in ascertaining any earlier facts in the history of the dropsical divine."

And then take, in marked contrast to this, a sample of George Eliot's grave handling of the same kind of theme. Lydgate has just informed Mr. Casaubon that he is suffering from a mortal disease, which must terminate soon, and suddenly :

"When the commonplace 'We must all die' transforms itself suddenly into the acute consciousness, 'I must die—and soon,' then death grapples us, and his fingers are cruel; afterwards, he may come to fold us in his arms as our mother did, and our last moment of dim earthly discerning may be like the first. To Mr. Casaubon now it was as if he suddenly found himself on the dark river-brink, and heard the splash of the on-coming car, not discerning the forms, but expecting the summons."

Any estimate of George Eliot's genius would be glaringly incomplete if it were not to deal in some detail with her wit and humour. To define these two qualities with satisfactory accuracy is a notoriously difficult task. But if we regard the essence of wit as lying in the conciseness and point of expression, as much as in any juxtaposition of ideas, we must at once admit that George Eliot had comparatively little of it. There are indeed numbers of sentences which cling to the memory, as terse and vigorous expressions of profound truths; but they lack that perfect symmetry of form which is so delightful in the really epigrammatic writers, like Lord Beaconsfield and Rochefoucauld; and they generally require, if I may so say, more room to turn round in than the dimensions of the true epigram permit. I will quote a few samples of what I mean :

"Ignorance [says Ajax] is a painless evil; so, I should think, is dirt, considering the merry faces that go along with it.

"Hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.

"It is generally a feminine eye that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the 'dear deceit' of beauty,

"We cannot reform our forefathers.

"In the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause.

"Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm.

"One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.

"The wit of a family is best received among strangers.

"Those who trust us, educate us.

"The depths of middle-aged gentlemen's ignorance will never be known, for want of public examinations in this branch."

And this, which has been erroneously attributed to Lord Beaconsfield, perhaps as high a compliment as could be paid to a would-be epigram—

"Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous."

But if she is deficient in that perfection of form which is essential to wit, among humourists George Eliot stands very high. She appreciated very keenly the humour of characters, of situations, and of dialogues. The admirable picture of Mr. Brooke on the hustings is

one of the best extant illustrations of electioneering on the old system. The scene at the reading of Mr. Featherstone's will has all the significant fun of a painting by Hogarth. The characters of Mrs. Poyser, of Mrs. Tulliver and her sisters, of Bob Jakin, of Mr. Trumbull, and of Mrs. Cadwallader, are instances, taken almost at random, of her skill in depicting various forms of conscious and unconscious comedy. The proverbs and maxims in which several of these characters so freely indulge are full of point, and practical wisdom; and with their shrewd experience of country life fairly reek of the soil from which George Eliot sprang. Of these Mrs. Poyser's are the most famous—

"It is poor work allays settin' the dead above the livin'. We shall all on us be dead some time, I reckon—it 'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on us beforehand, istid o' beginning when we're gone. It's but little good you'll do a-watering the last year's crops.

"It's poor eating where the flavour o' the meat lies i' the cruets. There's folks as make had butter, and trusten to the salt to hide it.

"There's folks 'd stand on their heads, and then say the fault was i' their boots.

"Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."

Again, Mrs. Hackett, in "Amos Barton"—

"They say a green yule makes a fat churchyard; and so does a white yule too, for that matter. When the stool's rotten enough, no matter who sits on it."

Again, Bartle Massey, the schoolmaster—

"Simple addition enough! Add one fool to another fool, and in six years' time six fools more. They're all of the same denomination, big and little's nothing to with the sum.

"It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient."

And Adam Bede himself—

"If you get hold of a chap that's got no shame nor conscience to stop him, you must try what you can do by bunging his eyes up."

Mr. Lammeter—

"Breed is stronger than pasture."

Mrs. Denner—

"When I awake at cock-crow, I'd sooner have one real grief on my mind than twenty false. It's better to know one's robbed, than think one's going to be murdered."

A word ought to have been said about George Eliot's minute eye for Nature, her love of animals, her scientific knowledge of music; but the subject expands before us, and we must hasten to a close.

It is only George Eliot's genius as expressed in her writings that I have endeavoured to discuss. Her life, and its governing incident, and its influence on the ethical standard of her time, I have left untouched, as lying outside my present province.

Again, I have dealt as sparingly as possible in hostile criticism. I have written with the egotism of a lively gratitude, and I have preferred to suggest rather than to elaborate the faults, whether of substance or of form, which, in my judgment, place her work in a rank beneath that of perfection.

But if, as an artist, she is "a little lower than the angels," I still hold that George Eliot has higher claims upon our admiration than those which belong to her as a keen analyst of human nature, or a masterly painter of English scenery and manners. I submit that, as far as her writing is concerned, she is entitled to rank with those best benefactors of mankind who, by preaching a pure and exalted morality, and by making the sublime creeds of duty and self-sacrifice lovely and attractive, have conspicuously helped the civilisation of the race, and have enriched the treasury of the common good.

GEORGE W. F. RUSSELL.

CECIL RHODES—COLONIST AND IMPERIALIST.

SOUTH AFRICA, politically, financially, and commercially, has, more than any other country, attracted the attention of the world during recent years. The two main factors which have tended towards this concentration of interest in that country are the gold discoveries and the consequent development of the Transvaal, and the splendid genius which Mr. Rhodes and a few other men of remarkable ability, associated with him, have brought to bear on the resources and prospects of the country.

In connection with the recent troubles in the Transvaal, Mr. Rhodes, who, until the other day, was, almost without exception, the most admired and most lauded of statesmen in the British Empire, by reason of his success in combining the commercial with the political, has been in some quarters subjected to unsparing and unstinted abuse. This is not, perhaps, to be wondered at, in so far as it proceeds from some of his most conspicuous detractors, especially those representatives of European colonial expansion who have been thwarted in many of their designs in Africa through the influence he has exerted on behalf of the British power. It is not surprising that Mr. Rhodes should not be loved by the colonial enthusiasts of Berlin, or that he should not be held in affection by the Portuguese, or even by the French, seeing that everything that has been done in Africa during recent years in the promotion of British extension has been attributed, either directly or indirectly, to him; and in many instances it must be acknowledged to his credit that the imputation is well merited, and one which he and his fellow-countrymen have reason to be proud of. But it is less easy to understand how it is that some of the voices that have been heard decrying him during the last few weeks are voices raised in England itself. This can only be explained according

to the old adage that the public memory is short, and that public gratitude is a very uncertain virtue. It surely ought to need no effort of memory to recollect the brilliant work which Mr. Rhodes has crowded into a very few years of heroic and energetic labour on behalf of the Empire, and of colonial enterprise in the Cape and adjoining territories. It must be borne in mind that a man of his masterful genius, who has attempted and who has accomplished so much, and who has so many far-reaching plans in his brain, all of which he has hoped to carry out within the shortest possible space of time, must necessarily have come sharply into collision with many conflicting interests. For instance, it is no secret in South Africa, nor for that matter in London, that men still harbour grudges against him, who suppose that they were injuriously affected by the schemes which he carried through for the amalgamation of the diamond mines at Kimberley. Such men would naturally welcome his lapsing into an error of policy, as an opportunity of retaliating by any means that might come within their reach. If that be so in a matter which is insignificant compared with the work which Mr. Rhodes has latterly been doing, and with respect to which it might have been supposed that time would have somewhat mitigated past asperities, it is all the less difficult to understand how, in these graver political matters that have more recently absorbed his attention, and which are discussed more openly in the public press, he should be exposed to calumny and misrepresentation whenever any apparent opportunity for such treatment of him arises.

Such an occasion appears to his enemies to have arisen in connection with the incursion of Dr. Jameson into Transvaal territory. Mr. Rhodes has been openly accused, both in England and in South Africa, and with even greater virulence on the Continent, of being a party to, if not the prime instigator of, this invasion, and it has been alleged that the object he had in identifying himself with this adventure was to destroy the independence of the South African Republic for the purpose of substituting British rule. In view of such accusations, it is only fair that Mr. Rhodes should be judged in the light of his past actions and past declarations. Any one who has followed his career and sought to understand his line of policy will hesitate very much to countenance the suggestion that, anxious as he may have been to force on federal unification in South Africa for commercial and other mutually advantageous purposes, he could have been privy to an act which he must have known was a violation of all international law, by which he would place himself irretrievably in the wrong whatever might be the issue of it, and which, if it failed, might wreck the fabric which he had been so laboriously constructing.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Rhodes can have harboured any

designs upon the independence of the Transvaal, if reference be made to some of the most important speeches he has from time to time delivered, expressing sentiments which he is not known to have ever retracted. For instance, at the mayoral banquet held in Cape Town in 1892, he made very pointed allusion to the aspirations after a South African union which had been uttered by other speakers on the same occasion. He took some of them to task for their apparent desire that this union should be brought about by the extension of British dominion over South Africa to the suppression of the independent republics. Any such idea he emphatically deprecated. Appealing to his hearers, who were Cape Colonists, he asked whether they could fancy anything more repugnant to their own feelings than that they should be asked to abandon their flag. He appreciated the patriotic sentiment which led the President of the Transvaal to be as strongly attached to his flag as they were to the British flag, and declared that there was nothing more detrimental to a closer sentiment than this talk about one South African State right up to the Zambesi, which must mean to the President of the Transvaal the disappearance of the flag of the republic. "I should feel," he said, "most intensely a declaration by that gentleman for a union of South Africa which meant the disappearance of my flag, because, if I have one good feeling or sentiment, it is the love which I have for the flag that I have been born under and under which I continue." This is the broad idea which has been ever present to the mind of Mr. Rhodes while working towards a fusion of political interests in South Africa. He has felt that nothing operating against the distinctive national sentiment of any one State should be proposed or entertained for a moment. He has, in fact, distinguished in his mind between the essentials of union and union in the mere nominal and superficial sense. He has striven rather to attain his ideal by establishing a community of interests between the several States, and has relegated the question of the flag for the future to settle in its own way. In further elucidation of this characteristic of Mr. Rhodes's aims and policy, the following words, spoken by him little more than a year ago in Cape Town, on his return from Rhodesia, are worthy of particular note :

"No one will remove from myself the idea that the day will come when there is *one system south of the Zambesi*. With full affection for the flag I have been born under, and the flag I represent, I can fully understand the sentiment and feeling of a Republican who has created his independence, and values that before all ; but I can say fairly that I believe in the future that I can assimilate this system which I have been connected with with the Cape Colony, and it is *not* an impossible idea that the neighbouring republics, retaining their independence, should share with us as to certain general principles. If I might put it to you, I would say—the principle of tariffs, the principle of railway connection, the principle of appeal in law,

the principle of *self-determination*. In fact, all those principles which exist at the present moment in the various States, irrespective of the local assemblies which exist in each separate State in that country. I fully recognise - and excuse me wandering into this—that even if so far as the flag were concerned we were one united people, it would be better in so far as concerns the gold of Johannesburg, and the coffee, tea, and sugar of Natal, that there was a local Assembly dealing with those matters, and whether that local Assembly happens to be under our flag or whether it is not, surely it is not a very high conception to think that as to general questions—those broad questions of railways, tariffs, coinage, and dealing with the natives—we should have a *unanimous policy*."

He has realised that it is premature to anticipate arrangements that might be entered into when the question of union comes to be dealt with as a matter of immediate practical politics.

No one could possibly be in a better position than Mr. Rhodes to judge of the advantages which the union he sought for would yield to all who were concerned in it. Take, for instance, the question of native rights, and in relation thereto the question of native labour. At the diamond mines of Kimberley he has the control of the company which is the largest employer of native labour in South Africa, and has had opportunities which no other man enjoys of studying native character, and knowing what the South African native is capable of doing, and capable of becoming. He has perceived that the native question is one of the largest which looms before statesmen in South Africa, looking to the fact that the Kaffir race, unlike the aborigines of other countries who have come into direct contact with the white man, are steadily on the increase. The question of their status in relation to the white man is one which Mr. Rhodes has recognised could only be satisfactorily dealt with by the several States working upon a common line of policy. The supreme importance which he attaches to this problem has been illustrated by the fact that he associated the office of Minister for Native Affairs with the premiership of the colony, and that a very large proportion of his time during his tenure of office was devoted to personal expeditions into the more populous native areas of the colony with a view to grasping more thoroughly the conditions of the race and labour problems. The urgency of these problems is increasing from year to year as the reign of peace and civilisation has been extending in South Africa. In former days, the intertribal conflicts, and barbarous modes of life, tended to check the multiplication of the black population, but the favourable conditions, social and political, under which they are now placed, have removed the previously existing checks upon their growth and power, and have indeed given a stimulus to their increase and advancement.

Like most other men who have large interests in South Africa Mr. Rhodes manifestly looks upon the existence of the native as favourable to the prosperity of the country, Kaffir labour being a necessary

condition of its development. One of the principal measures which he has been responsible for placing on the statute book of the colony is the Glen Grey Act, which was intended to encourage the natives to devote their labour to the service of those who are engaged in agriculture and mining. One objection taken to this measure by some organs of public opinion in England has been that it tended to place the black man under subjection to the white, especially to European capitalists. That is a total misapprehension of its purport. So far from there being anything harsh or tyrannical in the matter, the inspiring motive of it was to instil into the native the idea of the dignity of labour, to raise his natural status by encouraging him in sobriety, and to convince him of the benefits to himself derivable from steady and honourable toil. Those who are familiar with the history of South Africa will recollect that one of the most bitter memories that rankle in the minds of the Boers is that they were inadequately compensated when their native labour was interfered with at the time of the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire. One of the chief reasons Mr. Rhodes had in framing this measure was to facilitate the supply of labour to the Dutch farmers who had been put to great straits for some years by the disposition of the natives to congregate in their reserves in a condition of idleness, and by their reluctance to place their services at the disposal of a community which stood very much in need of them, and to which they are in reality indispensable. In relation to this question of the native population in South Africa it may be appropriate to refer to the effect which the establishment of the Chartered Company has had upon the inhabitants of Mashonaland and Matabeleland.

Those who assail the Chartered Company are accustomed to insist that the sole object of its directors and managers was to enrich themselves, and are prone to lose sight of the national and humanitarian purposes which the company has already subserved, and will be in a position to fulfil on a larger scale when the hitherto existing difficulties of communication have been surmounted. It is testified by all competent witnesses, including the missionaries working in the country, that the advent of the Chartered Company has been an inestimable blessing to the native population. Before the Chartered Company appeared upon the scene Mashonaland and Matabeleland were the theatre of continual savagery and bloodshed, the Mashonas being exposed to the ruthless raids of Lobengula's warriors. The Mashonas have been rescued from the Matabele terror, and are enabled now to lead secure and peaceful lives, and devote themselves to industrial pursuits under the company's protection. The native despotism of the Matabele has been broken, and even they themselves have been transformed into a peaceable and law-abiding people. It is

true that in connection with the wars against the Matabele, accusations of the gravest nature were levelled against the company. They were charged with having forced on the war for their own ends; but this indictment was satisfactorily disposed of when, as the outcome of a complete Government inquiry into the action of Dr. Jameson and other officials of the company on the occasion of the Matabele raid into Victoria, which was the immediate cause of hostilities, the Secretary of State (Lord Ripon) wrote: "It has given me sincere satisfaction to find that the result of an inquiry so exhaustive and impartial has been clearly to exonerate Dr. Jameson and the officers of the British South Africa Company generally from the serious charges which had been made against them in connection with these occurrences." The war was not an unprovoked aggression upon the Matabele. It was a necessary step for the protection of natives and whites alike in Mashonaland, and the Matabele themselves have acknowledged that its results were beneficial inasmuch as it has freed them from the iron tyranny of Lobengula.

The attitude of the company upon the liquor question has also been grossly misrepresented, and the misconception was strengthened in England by certain speeches said to have been delivered in England by Khama and his brother chiefs during their recent visit. It was put forward as one of the objections of these chiefs to come under the company that they feared their people would have intoxicating drink forced upon them. On Khama's return to Bechuanaland, Dr. Jameson took him to task on the subject, and Khama said that while in England the only reason he gave against wishing to come under the Chartered Company was the fear that his land would be given out for the use of the white people. He insisted that he had no fear in regard to the drink question, as he knew how strictly, both in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, the natives were prevented from procuring drink. That indeed has been the policy of the company all along—to keep strong drink from the natives in their territory. Contrast with this the report published in Berlin a few years ago (*vide* Keane's "Africa," vol. ii. p. 187) to the effect that the German force stationed in Damaraland were carrying on a flourishing trade with the natives, "bartering," amongst other things, "alcoholic liquors and ammunition." The British South Africa Company has faithfully carried out the 12th article of its charter, by which it undertook "as far as practicable, to prevent the sale of any spirits or other intoxicating liquor to any natives." The company's own interest, apart from any higher consideration, would prescribe to them the policy of maintaining peace and promoting sobriety among the natives, on whom they are dependent for the labour requisite for the development of the mineral and agricultural resources of the country.

While it is gratifying to be able to say that the Chartered Company

has worked for the good of the native population, still more is it entitled to the gratitude of the Empire for the splendid and extensive field it is opening up for European and especially British colonisation and industry. We are still only on the threshold of this great enterprise. The gold deposits of the country have been favourably reported on, and the farming industry is making sensible progress. It has been proved beyond question that the company's territories are well adapted, according to locality, for stock and sheep farming, for the growth of cereals, &c., the growth of semi-tropical products, such as coffee, sugar and probably india-rubber, tobacco, fruit, and vegetables. Who can doubt that an auriferously mineralised country, with such natural attractions for the cultivator of the soil, will in due time become a populous and prosperous land in which the overplus of the old world will find a settled and happy home? Is not the man whose foresight and energy have provided such a magnificent estate for his fellow-countrymen one of the greatest benefactors of his race? That is the verdict we are prepared to pass in Mr. Rhodes's favour now, in the full confidence that it will be confirmed by history. Every year that goes by will bring an enhanced appreciation of the greatness of the services which Mr. Rhodes rendered to the British Empire in the founding of the Chartered Company.

In order to appreciate these services it is necessary to take a brief historical survey. Within the last twelve or fifteen years the activity of the Powers of Europe has chiefly been centred on the African Continent. Prior to the late seventies or the early eighties the greater portion of Africa might have been had for the taking by the first comer, and even as regards a large part of what is now called South Africa, there was no European sovereignty or sphere of influence established until quite recently. The Portuguese, in virtue of their discoveries, had established certain posts upon the coasts of the South-East and South-West, and arrogated to themselves a hazy protectorate over the whole interior lying behind these settlements on the littoral. The question of the ownership of these territories first became an important European matter when the Germans, much to the surprise of the whole world, proclaimed their protectorate over Damaraland and Namaqualand. When vague rumours first got about that Germany had formed the conception of establishing colonies in Africa, the reports were ridiculed by Lord Granville, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on the ground that the Germans were not a colonising people, and it was evidently felt by himself and his colleagues in Mr. Gladstone's Government of that day, that Germany was not, and never would become, a serious competitor of Great Britain in any part of the world outside Europe. Owing to the prevalence of this opinion in the minds, not only of the Government of the day, but of most well-informed people in

England, Germany as a matter of fact stole a march on Great Britain. About this time the Transvaal, which had a few years before regained its independence, conceived the project of stretching across Bechuanaland and joining hands with the German Protectorate on the west coast. Freebooting expeditions set out from the Transvaal and established in Bechuanaland the Republics of Stellaland and Goshen. The understanding between the Germans and the Boers, of which so much has been heard in the last few days, really dates from this time. A few far-seeing believers in the British Imperial idea then perceived what the carrying out of this design would mean for British supremacy in South Africa. It would cut the Cape Colony entirely off from extension northward into the admittedly rich and promising regions beyond the confines of the colony. Long before this time, explorers like Thomas Baines, Hartley, and others, had sent home glowing reports of the riches hidden in the soil of Matabeleland, Mashonaland and the adjoining territories. The one man who must be credited with the practical frustration of this scheme is Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who was then quite a youth, sitting as an unofficial member of the Cape Assembly, but had already acquired a fortune in the diamond fields at Kimberley. The Imperial Government having been tardily aroused to the danger, despatched Sir Charles Warren with a military expedition to protect British interests in Bechuanaland and to settle the tribal disputes which were being fostered by the Boers at the time, the eventful result of which was, thanks largely to Mr. Rhodes, who had been appointed assistant-commissioner of the disorganised territories, that the Boers had to haul down the flags which they had hoisted in their petty new republics, and a British protectorate was proclaimed over the whole area.

This may be taken as the starting-point of Mr. Rhodes's career as a leading colonial and imperial statesman. He has himself admitted that in taking the steps which he took at the time he was only giving the first indications of a conception which he had formed of not only allowing scope for the extension of the Cape Colony northwards, but carrying the British flag into regions up to and beyond the Zambesi, and even connecting with Egypt in the North. Although he was fired with an ambition to extend the British Empire and to open new countries for colonisation by his fellow-countrymen, yet in the peculiar racial conditions of South Africa he perceived that he must carry the whole population with him in any project of this kind, and that for this purpose it was necessary that he should work in complete harmony with the old Dutch settlers of the colony, whose support he made a condition precedent of accepting office when called on to form a Government. It has been his desire that, as far as possible, race distinction between the two white sections of the population of South Africa should be obliterated, and that they should work together as

one people for the realisation of his conception of the South African ideal. Accordingly we find what while as regards the Imperial authority he has striven for the extension of the Empire; yet from the South African standpoint all that he has done has been done as a South African. Dutch as well as British members of the Cape Legislature have on many occasions given public expression to their appreciation of his work from the South African point of view. The success which he has achieved in the direction of uniting the Dutch and the British in sentiment in South Africa is undoubted, and no better proof of it can be adduced than the fact that after his visit to London in 1891, when he addressed his first meeting of the shareholders of the Chartered Company, and received conspicuous marks of honour from Royalty, and was the object of the greatest enthusiasm amongst the public generally at home, he was able, on going back to South Africa, to go straight to a meeting of the Afrikaner Bund, whose motto is "Africa for the Afrikanders," and received from them a not less enthusiastic ovation. They did not hesitate to recognise that while working in the Imperial interest, he had also been throughout working in the interests of his adopted country, South Africa.

*The policy of undertaking the development of virgin territories by means of chartered corporations has been always keenly questioned by a section of our public men. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm which was aroused by the initiation of the British South Africa Company under the auspices of Mr. Rhodes and the distinguished peers, statesmen, and financiers who were associated with him as the grantees of the charter, there were not wanting a number of dissentient voices which declared that the powers conferred upon the company would sooner or later be used in ways which must involve the Imperial authority in embarrassment. Those who uttered these predictions claimed that their apprehensions had been justified when the British South Africa Company came into collision with the Portuguese, and when they entered into hostilities with the Matabele. The recent trouble in the Transvaal is being cited with even stronger emphasis as proving that the whole theory of chartered companies is open to condemnation. The most outspoken of these opponents of the British South Africa Company in particular, and of the chartered companies in general, is Mr. Labouchere, who has never admitted that there has been anything of good, and has asserted all manner of evil, in the doings and projects of Mr. Rhodes's company from its inception down to the present hour. The hostile criticisms he has repeatedly passed upon the exploiters of Mashonaland and Matabeleland have been equally applied by him to the other two chartered bodies operating on the African continent, the Imperial British East Africa Company and the Royal Niger Company. The views held by Mr. Labouchere are shared by some other members of the House of Commons, and

during the past weeks certain of them have openly avowed their intention of pressing in Parliament for the withdrawal of the powers with which these chartered corporations have been endowed. The singular thing is that this attitude has been taken up by politicians belonging to the Radical school; by those who profess, as a fundamental article of their creed, that the external responsibilities of the Home Government ought in every way to be curtailed rather than augmented; who pose as the especial advocates of economy and the most jealous guardians of the public purse; and who rejoice in rather than resent the title of "Little Englanders." Their crusade against the British South Africa Company is hard to reconcile with Radical doctrine. If its charter were to be abrogated, what would become of the territories over which it holds sway? Are they to be abandoned to lawlessness, allowed to lapse into their former barbarism, and no longer accounted a part of the British dominion? We cannot believe that even the sturdiest Radical would tolerate the prospect of such contingencies. The only alternative is that their administration should be taken over by the Imperial Government. But surely there is more of Jingoism than of Radicalism in such a policy. The revocation of the charter, and the establishment of direct Imperial rule in Rhodesia, would at one stroke add vastly to the external responsibilities of the Home Government. The one strong argument in support of the creation and continuance of the charter is that the company undertakes duties in the governing, developing, and civilising of an outlying portion of the Empire, which the Home Government itself is not prepared to undertake, that these duties can be performed more efficiently and more appropriately by the sort of local administration set up by the company than by officers appointed and controlled directly from Downing Street, and that thereby the Home Government is relieved from considerable financial burdens. The Chartered Company, in short, performs work which the Imperial Government would otherwise be under an obligation to do for itself, and which it could not do so well. The Chartered Company is doing Imperial work without cost to the Empire. That being so, we might have expected to find its warmest supporters rather than its bitterest opponents in the Radical ranks. The distant possessions of Germany and of France constitute a constant and heavy drain upon the Exchequers of the central Governments. Millions of money have been poured by Germany into East and South-West Africa, and millions have been squandered by France in West Africa, Madagascar, and Tonkin. In none of these cases have the results, from the point of view either of commercial expansion or of civilisation, been so conspicuously successful as the results which Mr. Rhodes and his company have achieved in the sphere of the Chartered Company's operations, without the assistance of the Imperial Treasury. If it be a part of Radical

policy to run the Empire on the cheap, then Mr. Rhodes and Company have established a valid claim to the lasting gratitude of the Radical party, for the founders and administrators of the company have introduced and conducted orderly government over vast and promising territories, as the instruments and delegates of the Imperial authority, but with resources to which the Imperial authority did not contribute. The work which Mr. Rhodes and his coadjutors have accomplished both South and North of the Zambesi, within the space of six years will stand out in history as one of the greatest examples of the pioneering and colonising genius of the British race. Whatever be the outcome of the investigations and discussions regarding recent events in South Africa, the Chartered Company has already rendered such magnificent services to the Empire that we should feel constrained to predict that anything which Parliament or her Majesty's Government may be unwise enough to do in the direction of hampering or arresting the company in the prosecution of its enterprise would prove in the long run to be a national calamity.

As indicating the desire of Mr. Rhodes to make his project of Imperial expansion subserve the interests of the Dutch population in South Africa as well as the British public at home, the fact may be recalled that when the Chartered Company entered upon possession of Mashonaland the pioneer force was principally composed of men of South African birth, or men who had become South Africans by long residence in the country, and that Mr. Rhodes's avowed intention was that South Africans themselves should have the opportunity of acquiring the first interests in the newly-opened territory. It may be also pointed out that with a view of consolidating South African interests, and harmonising them with those of the Empire at large, he has consistently kept before the colonists of the Cape the advantages which they were likely to derive from the extension of the railway from the colony through Bechuanaland into the auriferous and fertile regions of Rhodesia. In fact, it has occasionally been objected by those who look only upon the British side of the Chartered Company's enterprise that Mr. Rhodes has shown a disposition unduly to subordinate Imperial interests in Rhodesia to those of the colony; but those persons have failed entirely to grasp the essential features of Mr. Rhodes's South African policy who have not understood that the consolidation of races and interests in South Africa is one of the fundamental articles of his political creed, and ranks equally in importance with his idea of Imperial expansion.

It would be impossible within the limits of such an article as this to specify the many projects of a social, educational, and commercial character to which Mr. Rhodes has devoted his mind during the past few years in the direction of drawing the peoples of South Africa together, and raising them to the dignity of a united, self-reliant, and

progressive nation. Knowing the resources of the country, he seems to have felt that, with better means of local education, the natural capacities of the Afrikaner races could be trained and developed so as to qualify them to take a prominent part in the administration and development of the country. So far as the Transvaal is concerned, the carrying out of his idea would have tended to open up a career for South Africans themselves, and would have rendered unnecessary that large infusion of the Hollander element which has been a potent cause of friction in the Republic, not only between Boers and Uitlanders (many of whom, by the way, are of Boer extraction, and South African by birth and training), but amongst the Boers themselves. Amongst such schemes may be mentioned his initiative in the matter of establishing a General South African University and School of Mines. As regards his active interest in the industrial and commercial development of the country, it may not be out of place to recall the visit he paid to France a few years ago with a view of personally investigating what remedies could be applied for the eradication of the phyloxera, which had brought disaster to many of the viticulturists of the Cape. Allusion may also be made to his visit to the Sultan, one result of which was the issue by that potentate of a firman authorising the shipment of a selected supply of Angora goats to the Cape, with the view of improving the quality of the colonial farmers' stock. It is well known that he has also taken a lively personal interest in the development of the Cape fruit export trade, a new industry, which is believed to have very great possibilities.

As to the part which Mr. Rhodes is ambitious of playing on the stage of Imperial politics, allusion may fitly be made to the important speeches which he has delivered in London at two of the annual meetings of the Chartered Company. In the earlier of these two speeches it will be remembered that he announced for the first time his project of running a telegraph wire through the heart of Africa from the Cape to Egypt as a first instalment of the dream which he had been known to entertain of making British influence extend from "the Cape to Cairo," an expression which has passed almost into the form of a proverb. This telegraph enterprise was at the outset somewhat ridiculed in certain quarters, but Mr. Rhodes, with the well-known persistence and perseverance with which he prosecutes any scheme he takes in hand, has pushed on the construction of the line with quite remarkable vigour, and at the present moment it has been extended as far into the interior as the northern limit of Nyassaland. Thus one of the most promising of the new territories incorporated in the British dominion has been put into direct touch with the telegraphic system of the world, a state of things which, but for Mr. Rhodes's efforts, would not have been realised for a long time to come.

In the second of the two speeches to which we refer Mr. Rhodes dealt at great length with the question of Customs tariffs throughout the Empire, and in this matter touched a topic the vital importance of which to the future of Great Britain and her colonies is daily becoming more obvious, and has been emphasised by the recent action of Mr. Chamberlain. In the Memorandum of Settlement which was drawn up by Mr. Rhodes in concert with the Colonial Office after the conclusion of the Matabele War, he proposed that a provision should be inserted to the effect that at no future time should the tariff on imports to Rhodesia exceed those which were levied under the existing Customs Union Tariff, to which the Cape, Bechuanaland, and the Orange Free State were parties. He did not succeed in convincing Lord Ripon, who was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, that such a clause was necessary, and it is to be feared that the public did not quite grasp the significance of the idea which underlay Mr. Rhodes's proposal. Mr. Rhodes had apparently become impressed with the danger to which the trade of Great Britain is exposed by the fact that foreign countries are erecting barriers of hostile tariffs intended to exclude British trade competition, and that even in our own colonies British goods are placed on no more favourable footing than the manufactures of other nationalities. Unfortunately, when the British colonies were endowed with the right of self-government no conditions were laid upon them as to their fiscal relations with the mother country. There are many, and it is to be inferred that Mr. Rhodes is amongst the number, who think that it might very wisely and very equitably have been a condition of the granting of autonomy to the colonies that they should in some way give preferential treatment to the imports from the United Kingdom as compared with their imports from foreign countries. It is perhaps too late now to reverse the consequences of this error, although a very influential section of politicians, and public men outside of politics, believe that a Customs Union between the mother country and the colonies as against the foreigner would even yet be a desirable thing to attain. However that may be, it evidently occurred to Mr. Rhodes that in founding a new colony in the interior of South Africa the error committed at a time when the importance of trade relations with the colonies was not so thoroughly appreciated as it now is, should not be repeated, and that a new departure might be taken whereby restrictions upon the interchange of commodities between this new colony and the mother country might for all future time be made as free and unfettered as possible, if indeed it might not be carried on upon a more advantageous footing than commercial intercourse with foreign nations. It is understood that Mr. Rhodes has by no means abandoned his belief in the wisdom and urgency of the proposal which he then submitted to the Colonial Office, and that he

does not despair of eventually bringing the Imperial authorities round to his view in the matter. Whether he is or is not too sanguine on this score, at all events the proposal is a very striking indication of the desire which possesses him to see the scattered members of the British Empire linked more closely together by the ties of common interest.

It may not be inopportune to refer at this point to a claim which Mr. Rhodes has established upon the gratitude of the Cape Colony by the policy of his Government during the past five years in which he has held office as Premier. His administration will chiefly be remembered in South Africa for what he has done towards the vigorous development of the goldfields by pushing on railway extension, which has contributed to the unexampled prosperity now enjoyed by the Cape and its neighbours. Looking to the Revenue statistics of the Cape Colony, one or two figures may be given which are highly significant. Within the past few days we have learned by cable from the Cape that the revenue of the colony for the second half of last year was £3,188,000, being an increase of £655,000 over the revenue of the corresponding period of the previous year. When Mr. Rhodes took office in 1890 the revenue of the colony was at the rate of little more than £4,000,000 for the whole year, and thus it will be seen that there has been an increase to the extent of 50 per cent. When statistics are quoted as to the recent unprecedented prosperity of Cape Colony it is very commonly remarked that it is really not colonial trade and industry which have to be thanked for it, but that it is due to the benefits which have been derived from the goldfields. It had become obvious that without railway connection with some seaport, whether of the colony or not, the mining industry could not attain the dimensions which are possible and desirable. The Cape Government in being the first to give the Witwatersrand the advantage of railway communication rendered an incalculable service to the goldfields and to the Transvaal, but there could be no question that Mr. Rhodes, in approving and pushing this policy, kept before his mind that idea of South African Federation with which he has always been conspicuously identified. He recognises that railways are a necessary element in the proper and expeditious development of a country's resources and also in bringing peoples into close and harmonious relations, and whatever be the outcome of the present controversies in South Africa as to the share which the respective railways now completed are to obtain of the goldfields traffic, the fundamental idea of Mr. Rhodes in having made his Government pioneers of railway connection with the goldfields ought always to be kept in memory to his lasting credit. As this Federation idea, in our belief, inspired his railway policy, so we believe that whatever countenance he may have given to the movement out of which sprang the exciting events in the Transvaal, it must

be attributed to the same overmastering idea. If, on investigation, he be proved in any degree to have known of, and concurred in, the action of Dr. Jameson, or to have co-operated with the people in Johannesburg who invited Dr. Jameson to enter the Transvaal territory, we feel confident that there could have been in his mind no intention to cause division or estrangement among the people of South Africa, but that on the contrary his sole impelling motive must have been to bring forcibly to the intelligence of the Transvaal the fact that their past policy, which has tended to separate the Dutch and the Uitlander, and is in direct opposition to the general interests of South Africa, must be abandoned in favour of a policy which would help to weld them together as one people working for a common interest. If such were his motives it may be pointed out that this indeed was thoroughly consistent with the object of the retrocession of the Transvaal in 1880. The beneficial tendency and results of his policy and action ought fairly to be taken into account, as atoning for any error into which it may appear he had been led in connection with recent occurrences.

When the news of Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal became known, and after his force had been defeated at Krugersdorp, many people came to the conclusion that Mr. Rhodes's political career would, in consequence of these events, be placed in serious jeopardy, if not absolutely cut short. They had not long to wait before Mr. Rhodes undeceived them. Within a few days after the crisis in the Transvaal, Mr. Rhodes declared to his Kimberley friends that, so far from his political career having been terminated, he regarded it as only beginning. It was, perhaps, inevitable that in the circumstances of the moment he should resign his post of Premier of Cape Colony; but he was a very considerable political personage in South Africa before he accepted that position, and it will be surprising if he do not remain a conspicuous and dominating factor in South African affairs, although he is no longer in office in the colony. If he is freed from responsibility for the conduct of Cape affairs, there is reason to hope that his energies will be the more effectively devoted to the task of developing the new regions in the north with which his name is identified. As the managing director of the Chartered Company, a corporation which controls by far the larger portion of South Africa, a territory almost as extensive as the whole of Europe with the exception of Russia, it is absurd to suppose that Mr. Rhodes can cease to be a great political power in that part of the world. Even if the opponents of the Chartered Company were to effect their purpose, and the charter were withdrawn from the company, that would not deprive it of its concessions and proprietary interest in the territory, which existed prior to, and would still continue apart from, the cancellation of the company's administrative functions as conferred by the charter. As

managing director of the property, Mr. Rhodes would still exercise control on a very large scale over these new countries, as the commercial and industrial development of Rhodesia is inseparable from politics.

We have already made allusion to the success with which Mr. Rhodes has counteracted foreign influence in South Africa in favour of British influence. Within a few days after the exciting events in the Transvaal, when Mr. Rhodes was being traduced in the public press, he performed a service to the Imperial Government of a very real and distinguished character. We refer to the telegraphic message which he addressed to the American people on the subject of the Transvaal crisis. Every one knows how strained the relations between the United States and Great Britain had been for some months before, and it is to be feared that, when the Transvaal crisis broke out, the Americans were disposed to rejoice at the unexpected difficulty with which the British Government was brought face to face in South Africa. Even if no such strain between the United States and Great Britain had existed, it is but natural to suppose that, in the quarrel between the British and the Dutch in South Africa, the sympathies of the American people would have tended to be rather on the side of the Transvaal Government. As republicans, the people of the United States might be expected to take the side of the people whose form of government was republican, and who were supposed to be standing up for their rights as republicans. In Mr. Rhodes's message, however, he brought the true bearings of the situation vividly before the American people. He pointed out that the Transvaal, though republican in name, has been anything but republican or democratic in fact—all political power being centred in the hands of a minority of the residents of the country. He also impressed on the American people that they themselves were deeply concerned in the state of things obtaining in the Transvaal, because a large portion of the Uitlanders were American citizens. He appealed to them on this ground for their sympathies on behalf of the Uitlanders, and, going further, he pointed out the absurdity of the two great English-speaking peoples of the world being at variance, and coming almost to the verge of a war, upon a question as to the boundaries of some barren land in an obscure part of South America. The effect of this message in the United States was most wholesome, and it is impossible to estimate the extent to which Mr. Rhodes's well-timed intervention has helped to assuage the acrimony which had unfortunately arisen as between the Americans and the British over the Venezuelan business. In this incident we have an excellent illustration of the remarkable genius which Mr. Rhodes possesses for doing the right thing at the right time, and the power which he can on occasion bring to bear in the field of Imperial affairs.

We have shown that the principle and tendency of Mr. Rhodes's public action in South Africa have been to obliterate race distinctions, and to draw the Dutch and British elements of the population more closely together. President Krüger and his Government may, on the contrary, be regarded as the main factors which have made for the perpetuation and the embitterment of the difficulties existing between them. Mr. Rhodes has striven strenuously for a unity of sentiment and interest, for a federal union, which Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere (with the same object in view) were unsuccessful in accomplishing. President Krüger, it is generally thought, has been the chief obstacle to the success of that policy. Had President Krüger responded to the friendly overtures which have constantly been made to him by the Cape Government under the inspiration of Mr. Rhodes, and had he chosen to conciliate the Uitlanders, many of the most prominent of whom were of Cape birth like himself, the recent unhappy disturbances would never have arisen. It seems that he has preferred to follow the course suggested to him by a Hollander clique animated by no real regard for the welfare of South Africa, but bent upon serving their own personal ends. Mr. Rhodes and President Krüger may be looked upon as the representatives of two antagonistic policies, and the policy identified with the name of Mr. Rhodes was undoubtedly the only true and statesmanlike South African policy. In his refusal to bring the Transvaal within the Customs Union, in his irritating railway policy, and in many other ways, President Krüger has set himself against the idea of South African unification. No doubt he has been swayed by the suspicion that the independence of the republic might be endangered; but the real danger to the republic has been that he has worked in the direction of converting it into an autocracy, or an oligarchy, out of sympathy with the majority of the residents within its own borders, and out of sympathy with the neighbouring States which have consistently stretched out to him the hand of friendship. The political system which President Krüger has maintained at Pretoria was a clog on the wheels of South African progress, and a menace to South African peace. It was bound, sooner or later, to lead to such an explosion as recently occurred, and, notwithstanding the triumph he has achieved, the same danger must still be reckoned with unless its causes are removed. The only guarantee for the peace and advancement of the Transvaal, and of South Africa as a whole, is to be found in those principles of fraternity and unity which Mr. Rhodes has persistently expounded and advocated.

AFRIKANDER.

PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

XI.—PAINTER.

PICTORIAL representation in its rudest forms not only precedes civilization but may be traced back to prehistoric man. The delineations of animals by incised lines on bones, discovered in the Dordogne and elsewhere, prove this. And certain wall-paintings found in caves variously distributed, show, in extant savage races or ancestors of them, some ability to represent things by lines and colours.

But if we pass over these stray facts, which lie out of relation to the development of pictorial art during civilization, and if we start with those beginnings of pictorial art which the uncivilized transmitted to the early civilized, we see that sculpture and painting were coeval. For, excluding as not pictorial that painting of the body by which savages try to make themselves feared or admired, we find painting first employed in completing the image of the dead man to be placed on his grave—a painting of the carved image such as served to make it a rude *simulacrum*. This was the first step in the evolution of painted figures of apotheosized chiefs and kings—painted statues of heroes and gods.

We shall the better appreciate this truth on remembering that the complete differentiation of sculpture from painting which now exists did not exist among early peoples. In ancient times all statues were coloured: the aim being to produce something as like as possible to the being commemorated.

The already named images of dead New Zealand chiefs tattooed in imitation of their originals, illustrate primitive attempts to finish the representations of departed persons by surface-markings and colours;

and the idols preserved in our museums—not painted only but with imitation eyes and teeth inserted—make clear this original union of the two arts.

Of evidence that the priests painted as well as carved these effigies, little is furnished by travellers. Bourke writes of the Apaches:—"All charms, idols, talismans, medicine hats, and other sacred regalia should be made, or at least blessed, by the medicine-men." But while the agency of the primitive priest in idol-painting must remain but partially proved, we get clear proof of priestly agency in the production of other coloured representations of religious kinds. Describing certain pictographs in sand, Mr. Cushing says:—

"When, during my first sojourn with the Zufi, I found this art practice in vogue among the tribal priest-magicians and members of cult societies, I named it dry or powder painting." The pictures produced "are supposed to be spiritually shadowed, so to say, or breathed upon by the gods or god-animals they represent, during the appealing incantations or calls of the rites. . . . Further light is thrown on this practice of the Zufi in making use of these suppositively vivified paintings by their kindred practice of painting not only fetiches of stone, etc., and sometimes of larger idols, then of washing the paint off for use as above described, but also of *powder painting in relief*; that is, of modeling effigies in sand, sometimes huge in size, of hero or animal gods, sacramental mountains, etc., powder painting them in common with the rest of the pictures, and afterwards removing the paint for medicinal or further ceremonial use."

But the clearest evidence is yielded by the Navajo Indians. Dr. Washington Matthews in a contribution on "The Mountain Chant, a Navajo ceremony," says—

"The men who do the greater part of the actual work of painting, under the guidance of the chanter, have been initiated [four times], but need not be skilled medicine men or even aspirants to the craft of the shaman. . . . The pictures are drawn according to an exact system. The shaman is frequently seen correcting the workmen and making them erase and revise their work. In certain well defined instances the artist is allowed to indulge his individual fancy. This is the case with the gaudy embroidered pouches which the gods carry at the waist. Within reasonable bounds the artist may give his god just as handsome a pouch as he wishes. Some parts of the figures, on the other hand, are measured by palms and spans, and not a line of the sacred design can be varied." *

* Both great surprise and great satisfaction were given to me by these last sentences. When setting forth evidence furnished by the Egyptians, I was about to include a remembered statement (though unable to give the authority), that there are wall-paintings—I think in the tombs of the kings—where a superior is represented as correcting the drawings of subordinates, and was about to suggest that, judging from the intimate relation between the priesthood and the plastic arts, already illustrated, this superior was probably a priest. And here I suddenly came upon a verifying fact supplied by a still earlier stage of culture: the priest is the director of pictorial representations when he is not the executant. Another important verification is yielded by these sentences. The essential parts of the representation are sacred in matter, and rigidly fixed in manner; but in certain non-essential, decorative parts the working artist is allowed play for his imagination. This tends to confirm the conclusion already drawn respecting Greek art. For while in a Greek temple the mode of representing the god was so fixed that change was sacrilege, the artist was allowed some scope in designing and executing the peripheral parts of the structure. He could exercise his imagination and skill on the sculptured figures of the pediment and metopes; and here his artistic genius developed.

Unquestionably then pictorial art in its first stages was occupied with sacred subjects, and the priest, when not himself the executant, was the director of the executants.

The remains and records of early historic peoples yield facts having like implications.

As shown already there existed in America curious transitions between worshipping the actual dead man and worshipping an effigy of him—cases in which a figure was formed of portions of his body joined with artificial portions. The Nile Valley furnished other transitions. Concerning the Macrobian Ethiopians, Herodotus tells the strange story that—

“When they have dried the body, either as the Egyptians do, or in some other way, they plaster it all over with gypsum, and paint it, making it as much as possible resemble real life; they then put round it a hollow column made of crystal.”

And to this plastered, painted, and enclosed mummy they made offerings. The Egyptian usage diverged from this simply in the casing of the mummy and in the painting: the one being opaque and the other consequently external. For the carved and painted representation of a human figure on the outer mummy-case, was doubtless a conventionally-stereotyped representation of the occupant. And since, in all such cases, the ancestor-worship, now of private persons, now of major and minor potentates, was a religion, painting as thus employed was a religious art.

The leading subjects of Egyptian wall-paintings are worshipping and killing: the last being, indeed, but a form of the first; since pictures of victorious fights are either glorifications of the commemorated commanders or of the gods by whose aid they conquered, or both. In early societies sacrifice of enemies is religious sacrifice, as shown among the Hebrews by the behaviour of Samuel to Agag. Hence the painting in these Egyptian frescoes is used for sacred purposes.

That in ancient Egypt the priest was the primitive sculptor we have already seen; and the association of painting with sculpture was so close as to imply that he was also the primitive painter—either immediately or by proxy. For, seeing that, as Brugsch remarks, Egyptian art “is bound by fetters which the artist dared not loosen for fear of clashing with traditional directions and ancient usage,” it results that the priests, being depositaries of the traditions, guided the hands of those who made painted representations when they did not themselves make them. But there is a direct proof. Erman says:—“Under the Old Empire the high priest of Memphis was considered as their chief, in fact he bore the title of ‘chief leader of the artists,’ and really exercised the office.” In another passage

describing the administration of the great temple of Amon he tells us that the Theban god had his own painters and his own sculptors; both being under the supervision of the second prophet. It may be that, as in the case of the Indians above named, these working painters had passed through some religious initiation and were semi-priestly.

In connexion with this use of painting for sacred purposes in Egypt, I may add evidence furnished by an existing religion. Says Tennent concerning the Buddhists of Ceylon:—

“The labours of the sculptor and painter were combined in producing these images of Buddha, which are always coloured in imitation of life, each tint of his complexion and hair being in religious conformity with divine authority, and the ceremony of ‘painting of the eyes’ is always observed by the devout Buddhists as a solemn festival.”

It is interesting to remark that, in its mural representations, Egypt shows us transitions from sculpture to painting, or, more strictly, painted sculpture to painting proper. In the most sculpturesque kind the painted figures stood out from the general field and formed a bas-relief. In the intermediate kind, *relief-en-croix*, the surfaces of the painted figures did not rise above the general field, but their outlines were incised and their surface rendered convex. And then, finally, the incising and rounding being omitted, they became paintings.

By the Greeks also, painting was employed in making finished representations of the greater or smaller personages worshipped—now the statues in temples and now the figures on *stelæ* used to commemorate deceased relatives, which, cut out in relief, were, we may fairly infer, coloured in common with other sculptured figures, just as were those on Etruscan sarcophagi. Of this inference there has recently been furnished a justification by the discovery of certain remains which, while they show the use of colour in these memorials, show also the transition from raised coloured figures to coloured figures not raised. Explorations carried on in Cyprus by Mr. Arthur Smith, of the British Museum, have disclosed—

“a series of limestone *stelæ* or tombstones, on which is painted the figure of the person commemorated. The surface of the limestone is prepared with a white ground, on which the figure is painted in colours and in a manner which strongly recalls the frescoes of Pompeii.”

The painting being here used in aid of ancestor-worship, is in that sense religious. Very little evidence seems forthcoming concerning other early uses of painting among the Greeks. We read that before the Persian war the application of painting “was almost limited to the decoration of sacred edifices, and a few other religious purposes, as colouring or imitating bas-reliefs, and in representations of religious rites on vases or otherwise.” In harmony with this statement is the following from Winckelmann:—

"The reason of the slower growth of painting lies partly in the art itself, and partly in its use and application. Sculpture promoted the worship of the gods, and was in its turn promoted by it. But painting had no such advantage. It was, indeed, consecrated to the gods and temples; and some few of the latter, as that of Juno at Samos, were Pinacothecæ, or picture galleries; at Rome, likewise, paintings by the best masters were hung up in the temple of Peace, that is in the upper rooms or arches. But paintings do not appear to have been, among the Greeks, an object of holy, undoubting reverence and adoration."

This relatively slow development of painting was due to its original subordination to sculpture. Independent development of it had scope only when by such steps as those above indicated it became separate; and, employed at first in temple-decoration, it gained this scope as sculpture did, in the ancillary and less sacred parts.

Partly because the Greek nature, and the relatively incoherent structure of the Greek nation, prevented the growth of an ecclesiastical hierarchy, with the normal developments arising from it, and partly—perhaps chiefly—because Greek civilization was in so large a measure influenced by the earlier civilizations adjacent to it, the further course of evolution in the art and practice of painting is broken. We can only say that the secularization became marked in the later stages of Grecian life. Though before the time of Zeuxis various painters had occupied themselves with such semi-secular subjects as battles and with other subjects completely secular, yet, generally executed as these were for the ancillary parts of temples, and being tinged by that sentiment implied in the representation of great deeds achieved by ancestors, they still preserved traces of religious origin. This is, indeed, implied by the remark which Mr. Poynter quotes from Lucian, that Zeuxis cared not "to repeat the representations of gods, heroes, and battles, which were already hackneyed and familiar."

The first stages in the history of painting, and of those who practised it, after the rise of Christianity, are confused by the influences of the pagan art at that time existing. It was only after this earliest Italian art, religious like other early art in nearly all its subjects, had been practically extinguished by barbarian invaders, that characteristic Christian art was initiated by introduction of the methods and usages which had been preserved and developed in Constantinople; and the art thus recommenced, entirely devoted to sacred purposes, was entirely priestly in its executants. "From the monasteries of Constantinople, Thessalonica, and Mount Athos," says Mr. Poynter, "Greek artists and teachers passed into the provinces of Southern Europe;" and thereafter, for a long period, the formal Byzantine style prevailed everywhere.

Of the scanty facts illustrating the subsequent relations between priest and painter in early Christian Europe, one is furnished by the ninth century.

Bogoris, the first Christian king of the Bulgarians, solicited the emperor Michael "for the services of a painter competent to decorate his palace," and the "emperor despatched [the monk] Methodius to the Bulgarian Court."

The continuance of this connexion is shown by the following passage from Eastlake's History:—

"In the practice of the arts of design, as in the few refined pursuits which were cultivated or allowed during the darker ages, the monks were long independent of secular assistance. Not only the pictures, but the stained glass, the gold and silver chalices, the reliquaries, all that belonged to the decoration and service of the church, were designed, and sometimes entirely executed by them; and it was not till the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when the knowledge of the monastery began to be shared by the world at large, that painting in some degree emerged from this fostering though rigid tuition."

Along with the practice of painting went knowledge of the ancillary art, the preparation of colours. In a later passage, Eastlake says:

"Cennini, speaking of the mode of preparing a certain colour, says that the receipt could easily be obtained, 'especially from the friars.'"

In another passage there is implied an early step in secularization.

"Colours and other materials, when not furnished by monks who retained the ancient habits of the cloister, were provided by the apothecary."

And further steps in the divergence of lay painters from clerical painters are implied by the statement of Laborde, quoted by Levasseur, to the effect that the illuminators of the thirteenth century had for the most part been monks, but that in the fourteenth and fifteenth laymen competed with them. Various painters in miniature and oil are mentioned. Painters continued to be illuminators as well; they also painted portraits and treated some sacred subjects.

Throughout early Christian art, devoted exclusively to sacred subjects, there was rigid adherence to authorized modes of representation, as in ancient pagan art—Egyptian or Greek. Over ecclesiastical paintings this control continued into the last century; as in Spain, where, under the title of *Pictor Christianus* there was promulgated a sacro-pictorial law prescribing the composition of pictures in detail. Nay, such regulation continues still. M. Didron, who visited the churches and monasteries of Greece in 1839, says:—

"Ni le temps ni le lieu ne font rien à l'art grec; au XVIII^e siècle, le peintre morécote continue et calque le peintre vénitien du X^e, le peintre athonite du V^e ou du VI^e. Le costume des personnages est partout et en tout temps le même, non-seulement pour la forme, mais pour la couleur, mais pour le dessin, mais jusque pour le nombre et l'épaisseur des plis. . . . On ne saurait pousser plus loin l'exactitude traditionnelle, l'esclavage du passé."

And Sir Emerson Tennent *à propos* of the parallelism between the rigid code conformed to by the monkish artists of the East and the code, equally rigid, conformed to by the Buddhists of Ceylon, quotes an illustrative incident concerning these priest-painters of Mount Athos, who manufacture pictures to pattern with "almost the rapidity of machinery."

M. Didron wished to have a copy of the code of instructions "drawn up under ecclesiastical authority," but "the artist, when solicited by M. Didron to sell '*cette bible de son art*,' naively refused on the simple ground that . . . '*en perdant son Guide, il perdait son art; il perdait ses yeux et ses mains*.'"

Concerning later stages in the rise of the lay painter, it must suffice to say that from the time of Cimabue, who began to depart from the rigidly formal style of the priestly Byzantine artists, the lay element predominated. Amid a number of apparently non-clerical painters, only a few clerics are named; as Don Lorenzo, Fra Giovanni, Fra Filippo Lippi, Fra Bartolommeo. But meanwhile it is to be observed that these secular painters, probably at first, like the secular sculptors, assistants to the priests in their work, were occupied mainly and often exclusively with sacred subjects.

Along with this differentiation of the lay painter from the clerical painter there began a differentiation of lay painters from one another; and the facts show us a gradual beginning where imagination would have suggested only an abrupt beginning. As I learn from an academician, the first form of portrait (omitting some painted under a surviving classic influence, in those earliest days before art was extinguished by the barbarians) was that of the donor of a sacred picture to a church or other ecclesiastical edifice, who was allowed to have himself represented in a corner of the picture on his knees with hands joined in supplication.

Something similar happened with another form of art. Landscapes made their first appearance as small and modest backgrounds to representations of sacred personages and incidents—backgrounds the composition of which displays an artificiality congruous with that of the figure-composition. In course of time this background assumed a greater importance, but still it long remained quite subordinate. After it had ceased to be a mere accompaniment, landscape-painting in its secularized form was but partially emancipated from figure-painting. When it grew into a recognized branch of art, the title "*Landscape with figures*," was still generally applicable; and down to our own day it has been thought needful to put in some living creatures. Only of late has landscape pure and simple, absolutely divorced from human life, become common.

Of course various classes and sub-classes of artists, broadly if not definitely marked off, are implied by these and other specialized kinds of paintings; some determined by the natures of the subjects treated and others by the natures of the materials used.

For form's sake it is requisite to say that here as always those units of a society who make themselves distinct by performing functions of a

certain kind, presently, along with separation from the rest, begin to unite with one another. The specialized individuals form a specialized aggregate.

When in the Middle Ages the artists employed as assistants to priests for ecclesiastical decoration became a class, they grew into something like guilds. Levasseur, quoting Laborde, says they were hardly distinguished from artisans: like them they formed corporations under the name of *peintres, tailleurs d'ymaiges et voirrers*. In Italy during the fourteenth century a Brotherhood of Painters arose, which, taking for its patron St. Luke the Evangelist, had for its purpose, partly mutual instruction and partly mutual assistance and protection.

That in modern times the tendency to integration has been illustrated all know. It needs only further to remark that the growth of the chief art-corporations has been followed by the growth of minor art-corporations, some of them specialized by the kinds of art practised; and also that embodiment of the profession is now aided by art-periodicals, and especially by one, the *Artist*, devoted to professional culture and interests.

HERBERT SPENCER.

THE LABOUR PARTY IN QUEENSLAND.

TO the traveller in the Australasian colonies there is no fact more striking in the political world than the position of what is called the Labour Movement. The ordinary Englishman derives whatever knowledge he may have of Australia and New Zealand from Sir Charles Dilke's "Problems of Greater Britain," the last edition of which was published in 1890. Therein he reads of the happy sunny life of the Australian colonist, of the prosperous rivalry of Melbourne and Sydney, of the parliamentary warfare of Sir Henry Parkes and Mr. George Dibbs, of Sir Samuel Griffith and Sir Thomas McIlwraith. Since that date, however, two great storms have swept over Australasia—the commercial crisis and the parliamentary labour movement—entirely changing the one the economic and the other the political face of the countries over which they passed. The old descriptions have now no truth, nor even meaning. All political history in Australasia now starts from the great maritime strike of 1890. From the failure of that strike dates the formation of parliamentary Labour parties, and at the present moment the Labour party in New South Wales and Victoria holds the balance of power; in South Australia it practically controls the policy of the Government; in Queensland it has taken the place of the regular Opposition, while in New Zealand it has been content with the policy of permeation, and never having severed its connection with the Liberal party, it has, in legislative and administrative results, been far more successful than in any of the other colonies.

Blind and incoherent as this movement will on examination be found, for the most part, to be, yet, compared with the miserable failure of the Independent Labour party at home, its achievements are sufficiently startling. There are many special causes which partly explain its

progress ; such, for example, as the absence in the colonies of that dependence of class upon class which is still so strong in England, the sparseness of the population and its concentration in great capitals, and the universal recognition of the principle of payment of members. Probably the chief political cause has been the weakness of those great traditions upon which parties really depend. The Australian parties never had the old historic associations of those of England. Such events as the Deakin-Gillies coalition in Victoria and the Griffith-Mellwraith coalition in Queensland tended to break up any strong party ties that existed. Popular leaders like Mr. George Higginbotham and Sir Graham Berry in Victoria, or Sir Charles Lilley and Sir Samuel Griffith in Queensland, in the zenith of their power have, in Australia, been content to pass to the more quiet spheres of the Bench or the Speakership. At the same time, while the organisation of political parties was weak, the trade organisations of both masters and men were peculiarly strong and united. Federated in a great network all over Australia, the pressure of the commercial crisis drove them into fierce antagonism, and from the ashes of the great strikes that ensued arose the Parliamentary Labour Movement.

The conditions of Labour in the Australasian colonies are, of course, very different from those which obtain in this country. There are no great landowning or great manufacturing families with local influences and associations. The factories are few and unimportant—though a certain number of artificial industries have been created in Melbourne, and it is said a nearly equal number have grown up under the freer conditions of New South Wales. The great industries, as in all new countries, are the pastoral and the mining industries. What agricultural farming there is, is done upon a small scale, and there is no large body of resident agricultural labourers. It is wool and meat which absorb the chief energies of the colonist. Moreover, the “pastoralist,” or the “squatter,” as he is variously called, is not a rent-receiver, but a rent-payer. He is not a capitalist, but an *entrepreneur*. His industry is conducted on a large scale, and requires a great amount of capital. It is said, indeed, at the present moment to be heavily over-capitalised. The squatter's aim is, by the sale of his wool or other products, to pay his rent, his interest, and his wages, to provide for the wear and tear of his plant and improvements, to replenish his stock, to insure himself against contingencies, and, finally, to leave himself enough margin to live as befits the class to which he belongs. While, as Miss Shaw has truly remarked, the industry is the industry of wealthy men, it is at the same time a highly speculative one. The whole community palpitates with the price of wool. The low prices of all agricultural produce which have been reigning during the recent years of depression have played havoc with the pastoralist class. Many of them had been, forced by land

legislation to borrow in order to purchase their freeholds, and to substitute for the payment of a low rent to the Government the payment of a high rate of interest to the bank. Apart from this, the whole industry is run to an almost incredible extent upon borrowed capital. The rate of interest, from various causes, amongst others the multiplication of middlemen, has been an extravagantly high one. As a result of the general severe depression a large number of the pastoralists, no one knows how large, are, as the phrase goes, "in the hands of the banks and financial institutions." Many of them have been foreclosed upon, and turned adrift with a couple of horses and a hundred pounds; many of them have been retained as managers; many of them only remain on their feet by living so modestly that it would not pay the bank to put a manager in their place; many of them have been so heavily financed that it would be inexpedient for the bank to disclose the extent of its advances by foreclosing. Apart from these holdings in which the financial institutions have this indirect interest, the quantity of land in respect of which they are registered as direct holders is enormous. It is said, for example, that, of the 270,000,000 acres of unalienated land in Queensland held under pastoral lease, no less than 130,000,000 is held by forty-five financial institutions, the principal holders being the Bank of Australasia, with 16,236,480 acres; the Australian Joint Stock Bank, with 11,988,320; the Queensland National Bank, with 10,267,280; and the Trust and Agency Company, with 10,235,040. Great quantities of land, too, are now being taken up and worked by pastoralist companies. Though there still exist large numbers of the individual squatters of the old class, there seems no doubt that the individual squatter is to some extent being "eliminated." The number of hands continuously employed on pastoral runs is extremely small. Miss Shaw relates that, when she was in the west of Queensland, the smallest station she was on covered 200 square miles, and only employed eight permanent hands. Labour is not wanted to any extent except at shearing time, and then large numbers of men are engaged for a few weeks, and paid by contract. The effect of these circumstances on the personal relationship between employer and employed can easily be imagined, and one can understand the view taken of the situation by a cartoon in the Queensland Labour organ, the *Worker*, which, with its usual hysterical ferocity, depicts a squatter, with a Damoclean sword labelled "Foreclosure" suspended over his head, grinding at a press containing the bodies of shearers and other bush workers, whose blood issues therefrom as "interest," and pours into a trough, where it is consumed by three hogs, marked respectively "Banks," "Syndicates," and "Financial Institutions." The squatters had thus in a time of low prices to support the burden of a heavy weight of interest in the face of a determined combination of their employees, and, as was

to be expected, they organised a similarly determined combination in their own defence.

Before the great maritime strike of 1890 unions held the upper hand, and although they now produce many instances of their conciliatory conduct, there can be no doubt that, like all bodies of men who have possessed power, they generally abused it. As was said by Mr. James Crombie, a prominent Queensland squatter, speaking in the Queensland House of Assembly:

"In those days the unions had their feet on our necks and we felt it. Anything they asked we had to give. It was the tyranny we were subjected to by the unions that forced the pastoralists to do what they never did in the world's history before, that is to unite. They could not stand it any longer."

The great maritime strike was practically a pitched battle between the unions of employers and employed. The pretexts upon which it was fought were comparatively trivial—the dismissal of a stoker and the affiliation of the Marine Officers' Union with the Melbourne Trades Hall. But these were only pretexts. The inevitable conflict appears to have been purposely precipitated by the employers before the shearing season came on. It extended from the maritime unions on the coast to the silver mines at Broken Hill, the coal-mines at Newcastle, and to the woolsheds in Queensland. The men had a vague sense that something more depended on the strike than met the eye, and that they were working for the reconstruction of society. The principle for which they were contending in this strike, and the great shearers' strike which followed it, was "recognition of unionism," which meant practically "recognition of nothing but trades unions." What the employers were contending for was the right to employ "free labour." The state of the labour market was on their side; they refused repeated requests for an unconditional conference; the supply of "free labour" was plentiful, and by the end of October the great strike collapsed. In a few months it was followed by the great shearers' strike of 1891. The battle cries were "recognition of unionism" on the one side and "freedom of contract" on the other. In Queensland the strike was fought out to the bitter end and the men were hopelessly beaten; in the other colonies a conference was finally arranged at which a satisfactory agreement was drawn up. But the lessons of these strikes were sufficient. The battle was now carried to the polls; leagues were organised, programmes were formulated, and at the next election in every colony votes were everywhere in the field.

The history of the Labour movement been so interesting and. Nowhere are its features more striking or its calculated to arouse expectancy or concern. To state it the special circumstances of the colony must

be borne in mind. Queensland is a country with, roughly speaking, the area of France, Germany, and Austria, and a population of 400,000 people, 100,000 of whom are concentrated in its south-eastern corner at Brisbane. Northwards it extends well into the Tropics, where there has grown up a great sugar-planting industry, bringing with it the bitter and burning question of "Black Labour." But it is in the boundless regions of the far west that the great trouble lies. There the land is being taken up in enormous areas for the first time. The number of permanent hands is small. The population is rough, nomadic and almost exclusively male. Three parallel lines of railways run across Queensland from east to west, and along these have poured for years all those elements of the population who, for whatever reason, were unable to find a home in the more settled districts. As was said in 1891 by Mr. Drake, one of the ablest members of the Queensland Opposition, "the country out west has been stocked by the criminal and vagrant class." In January 1891 occurred the great shearers' strike. For some years past there had been friction between the pastoralists and the shearers; negotiations for a satisfactory arrangement had proved abortive, and shearing was being conducted largely upon verbal agreements. But now the pastoralists of Australia were organised and federated. They had recently shown their strength in the maritime strike. They now drew up a shearing agreement of their own, and offered employment to any men who would accede to its terms. The bush-unions, in spite of advice from head-quarters at Brisbane, struck and demanded a conference. The pastoralists promised a conference if the unions would admit the principle of "freedom of contract," which they defined as "the right of any worker to accept work from any employer, and the right of any employer to engage any man wanting work—that is, the right of any person to give or accept work without interference or molestation." As what the unions were really fighting for was a monopoly for themselves and a voice in the conditions of their employment, it is perhaps hardly necessary to say that the conference, though oft pressed for, was never held.

The spirit in which they engaged in the struggle is indicated by an utterance of one of their chief organisers, Mr. G. Casey, published in the *Worker* :

"Not the justice of our claims, but our ability to enforce them, should be the measure of our demands, as it is the measure of our success ;"

and the extent to which they were prepared to go in support of "unionism" may be judged from the following extract from a speech of Mr. Glassey, now leader of the Labour party, and member at the time for Bundamba :

"Supposing there was any unjust demand made by the employers against any one of these branches, and supposing the employers with their combined capital—for capital is always sensitive, they knew—supposing the employers wished to impose anything unreasonable, if they should get their wool clipped or taken off in some way and carried to the railway, then they wanted the railway employee to say, 'No, the cause of Labour is our cause, and we absolutely decline to carry your wool.' He trusted they would not misunderstand him. He should regret exceedingly, and so would all true unionists, if such a thing should happen; but in such a case it would be the duty of the railway employee to protect his fellow-workers. But suppose the wool should get along the line; the railway employees were Government employees, and some people might think it would be quite wrong for them to take any such action, but he thought differently; supposing that the wool got along the line, they would have the Wharf Labourers' Union to contend with; and even if this difficulty was got over, there was the Seamen's Union to be met. They must bring all the workers into one solid federation."

The strike developed apace, and, as was to be expected from the character of the men out in the west, took a very serious turn. A regular camp of over 1000 men was formed at Clermont and another at Barcardine. Armed parties scoured the country and brought in free labourers, whom they detained as prisoners. Incendiary speeches were made and outrages were committed. Woolsheds were fired; their occupants were subjected to night fusillades; attempts were made to wreck trains by cutting railway bridges and putting logs on rails; fences were cut down, piled up, and burned; gates were demolished; the grass in places was set fire to. The Government acted with vigour. The Permanent Defence force and the Volunteers were put under arms and sent out to the west. No less than 1400 men with five guns were in the field, and it speaks well for their tact and self-restraint that during the months they were engaged in keeping order in this excited district, no bloodshed occurred. From the middle of February to the middle of June these outrages went on, and at last the strike collapsed. The supply of free labourers was unlimited; the Government was firm and decided; the strike funds were exhausted, and the men completely vanquished.

Such were the circumstances under which the Queensland Labour movement took shape and form. At that time the only active Labour member was Mr. Glassey, the present leader of the party. Its real guiding spirit was a man whose extraordinary personality succeeded in stamping upon it those striking characteristics and permeating it with that spirit of idealism which it still retains. Mr. William Lane must have been, and must still be, a remarkable man. His friends whom he has left behind in Australia speak of him with an affectionate admiration which is almost unbounded, and even those who used to fiercely denounce him, now in the days of his exile and apparent failure, allude to him in terms of restraint and respect. He was the child of a Warwickshire labourer, and in early life is said to

have suffered much privation. When quite young he emigrated to America, and there became possessed of that hatred towards the moneyed classes, and that sympathy with the poor, which always distinguished him. He came to Brisbane early in the eighties, and began to work as a journalist. An ardent and idealistic Socialist, with an immense power of influencing his fellows, he soon became the dominant spirit of the Labour movement, such as it then was. As a journalist there can be no doubt of the ability, freshness and vigour of everything he wrote, but the papers to which he contributed were too conservative for his tastes. He assisted in starting the *Boomerang*, a paper of extreme democratic views, and as he was in this enterprise hampered by the impossibility of obtaining advertisements from members of the classes whom he so freely denounced, he founded the *Worker*, the new feature of which was that no advertisements should be admitted, so that he should not be compelled to write to order. Though he was opposed to the shearers' strike, yet when the struggle was once entered upon he fought vigorously on the side of the men, and his paper, mostly written by himself, full of glowing visions of the new era, and of fiery denunciations of capitalists and all their works, circulated through the length and breadth of the bush. It was in the struggle of the strike that he began to see the hopelessness of the lines on which he was fighting. He recognised, he told some of his friends, that the capitalists had both the money and the brains, and must ultimately win, and he attached himself to the Utopian scheme of a socialistic colony in Paraguay, to be called New Australia. The scheme took widely. From all parts of Australia men with their families, each with a capital of at least £60, flocked to join the crusade, and to follow his ardent and inspiring leadership. "To understand Socialism," he said, "is to endeavour to lead a better life, to regret the foulness of our present ways, to seek ill for none, to desire truth, and purity, and honesty, to despise this selfish civilisation, and to comprehend what living might be." A grant of land was obtained from the Paraguayan Government upon highly favourable terms on condition that it was occupied by 1200 families, and the extraordinary spectacle was presented of hundreds of Australians leaving their own new and unpeopled country for the unknown regions of central South America. A sailing vessel, the *Royal Tar*, was purchased, and finally on a Sunday, in July 1893, the first shipment of emigrants, including William Lane himself, cheered by a crowd of enthusiastic sympathisers, set sail from Sydney Harbour to put into actual practice the Collectivism of their ideals. "We New Australians," wrote one of the chief organisers, Mr. Gilbert Casey, "are tired of talking about it, we are sick of arguing it, we are going to practise it."

The colony, founded amid such hopes and aspirations, went the

way such colonies have always gone. "It is desirable and imperative," it was proclaimed in the Declaration of Principles,

"that by a community wherein all labour in common for the common good, actual proof shall be given that, under conditions which render it impossible for one to tyrannize over another, and which declare the first duty of each to be the well-being of all, and the sole duty of all to be the well-being of each, men and women can live in comfort, happiness, intelligence, and orderliness unknown in a society where none can be sure to-day that they or their children will not starve to-morrow."

But the experiment of each living for the good of all was not found practicable even in Paraguay. The principle of authority soon came in conflict with the wayward individual will. In the effort to save the new community from breaking up, Mr. Lane seems to have assumed a dictatorial policy quite foreign to his nature. But in a few months crowds of the New Australians, all their capital spent, with curses on their lips, were finding their way back, as best they could, across the Pacific. Even those who remained behind could not agree. Mr. Lane, with a hundred stalwarts, seceded from the rest and formed a separate community. If the South American papers are to be believed, the remnant were last spring dragging out their existence in miserable poverty.* Of Mr. Lane himself, up to July of this year, nothing has been heard in Australia, and the last thing that has appeared from his pen was a paper on "Robert Burns," read before the literary circle of his colony, and published in the *Worker* of May 25, in which he denounced "the greatest singer of the ages" for having, at a time when the world was ringing with the French Revolution, "wasted the gift of God in pot-house tipping and light-o'-love maudling."

A few weeks before Mr. Lane left the shores of Australia, in May 1893, occurred the first General Election after the great strike. By this election a new factor was introduced into the political situation, in the Parliamentary Labour party. The time was opportune. The way had been, as it were, cleared for its appearance. There was, practically speaking, no regular Opposition. In 1890 had occurred the coalition of those lifelong bitter opponents Sir Thomas Mollwraith

* *El Pueblo*, March 19, 1895. "We all know what has occurred with the Australian colony founded near Ajos. Never had a colony been planted under better conditions or more favourable prospects. The colonists were not poor people; each had invested a certain amount of capital in the enterprise. Large sums had been expended by the Government. And now, as the result of all these sacrifices, there does not remain on the site of its foundation more than a mere fraction of the colony—a handful of immigrants, who drag on a miserable life without hopes of bettering themselves, and almost with the certainty that all their plans and hopes will vanish in smoke." A letter from Mr. William Lane himself has recently appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*, giving a more hopeful view of the present prospects of his own portion of the settlement.

and Sir Samuel Griffith. Sir Samuel Griffith, unquestionably the most powerful and distinguished statesman of modern Australia, after long being the leader of the Liberal party and the exponent of advanced democratic principles, found it his duty, as head of the new Government, to carry through a series of measures which were in direct antagonism to the tendencies of his past career. He legalised, under certain restrictions, since admitted to be inadequate, the importation of Kanaka labour, which his own Act had previously prohibited. He passed an Act authorising the construction of railways on the land-grant system, and in his budget of 1892 he reduced the payment made to members from £300 to £150 a year. As head of the Government at the time of the two great strikes, he had to bear the full brunt of the attacks of the Labour party then in process of formation. In October 1892 a variety of circumstances led to the resignation of the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Lillie, who, preparatory to resigning, took six months' leave of absence; and, in March 1893, Sir Samuel Griffith was induced to accept the vacant post, with an addition of £1000 to the salary, the Bill for this latter purpose being introduced by the leader of the Opposition. As this occurred when, owing to the banking crisis of that spring, salaries were being universally reduced, it is perhaps not surprising that the Labour party did not take the same view of the transaction as the new Chief Justice's numerous friends and admirers. The health of Sir Thomas McIlwraith was so impaired that at this time he ceased to take any active part in the Government, the leadership of which passed into the hands of the present Premier, Mr. H. M. Nelson, who had previously been leader of the Opposition, and the coalition gradually absorbed into itself all the most prominent members of the old parties.

Meanwhile the Labour party had been consolidating its forces to make its first serious electoral fight. In 1889 and 1890 was formed the Australian Labour Federation, combining nearly all the labour unions throughout the colony in a single organisation, pledged to common support and defence. In August of the same year the first annual session of the general council was held in Brisbane and issued an eloquent manifesto, frankly socialistic in character, no doubt from the pen of Mr. William Lane, from which the following paragraphs are extracts:

"This General Council is individually and collectively convinced and believes, as the vast majority of thinking workers are coming to believe, that social misery, poverty, vice and enmity are the natural fruit of the industrial system as it exists to-day, denying to the workers the liberty to work except by the permission of a class, which is permitted to hold for its own advantage the means of production and distribution without which none can live.

"And this General Council is further convinced and believes that by

industrial reorganisation, as is hereinafter proposed, every man and woman would be insured work, every old person and young person and sick person would be insured comfort, and every child born into the State would be insured full opportunity to develop its brain and body as is possible in our civilisation did we only cease to compete with one another."

The political aims of the Federation were stated in the usual Collectivist formulae, a parliamentary platform was drawn up as a means towards them; and from this was developed the platform upon which the elections of 1893 were fought, and which is here given *in extenso*.

"ELECTORAL REFORM.

"One man, one vote; special provision to be made for all whose occupations necessitate a constant change of residence; six months' residence in the colony to be the qualification for the franchise.

"All parliamentary elections on the same day; that day to be a public holiday, and all public-houses to be closed.

"Abolition of the nominee chamber.

"NATIONAL WORK.

"State control of water conservation and irrigation.

"State-aided village settlement.

"State bank.

"EDUCATIONAL (SECULAR).

"Elementary, compulsory; higher, optional; both absolutely free in State schools.

"REGULATION OF INDUSTRY.

"Statutory eight hours day, where practicable.

"Shops and Factories Act; with elected Inspectors.

"Mines Act; giving complete protection to miners.

"Machinery Act; providing for inspection of land boilers and machinery; persons in charge to have certificates of competency.

"LABOUR RIGHTS.

"State Department of Labour; to which men can apply for work at a minimum wage *as a right*.

"Wages Act; giving complete lien for wages over work performed, and full security for wages against all forfeiture, whether by agreement or court order.

"A progressive tax upon land values; irrespective of improvements.

"Realisation of an adequate return from the unalienated public estate.

"REPEALS.

"Abolition of State-aided immigration.

"Abolition of all conspiracy laws relating to industrial disputes.

"LAW REFORM.

"All magistrates to be elected.

"REFERENDUM.

"The submitting of measures for approval or rejection by the people.

" MISCELLANEOUS.

" Revision of railway tariff.

" The legal cancelling of a member's right to represent a constituency on a two-thirds majority adverse vote of his constituents.

" Exclusion of coloured, Asiatic, and contract, or indentured labour.

" State construction and ownership of all railways.

" And any measure that will secure a fair and equitable return to labour and promote the progress and prosperity of the colony.

" As regards local questions, including that of separation in Central and Northern Queensland, local organisations are free to determine their own course of action.

" On no account shall the fiscal question be regarded as a Labour party question.

" RECOMMENDED.

" To secure sober men as Labour candidates for Parliament."

The success of the Labour party at the polls was certainly very striking. They secured no less than 15 seats in a house of 72 members, and to these they quickly added two at bye-elections. They claim to have polled no less than one-third of the total vote of the colony, and that on a highly "undemocratic" franchise. The regular Opposition numbered only 8, so that the Government had a substantial majority. Mr. Glassey was defeated at Bundamba, but after a voyage taken in the interest of his health, he returned to Queensland, and was enthusiastically elected by the miners of Burke, Mr. Hoolan, one of his old colleagues, retiring in his favour.

The new Parliament had scarcely been elected for a year when another great shearers' strike broke out in the west. At the close of the 1891 strike in the other colonies a shearing agreement had been arrived at by means of a conference, and this agreement was voluntarily adopted by the Queensland pastoralists. In 1894 this agreement expired, and the Federated Pastoralists of Australia, instead of summoning a second conference, formulated a fresh agreement and offered it to the men. In Queensland this was accompanied by a reduction in the wages of the shed-labourers or "rouseabouts." The Australian Labour Federation at once demanded a conference on certain specified points. The employers, as seems now the universal rule in Australia, again and again refused, and the great strike, with its accompaniment of outrages, burning of wool-sheds, and armed parties scouring the country, again blazed out in the west. In the points under dispute the pastoralists seem to have been right; but in their refusal of a conference they laid themselves under a very grave responsibility. Their case is that they prefer not to tie themselves down by recognising the unions as contracting parties, seeing that, apart from intimidation, they have no difficulty at all in finding men to do their shearing upon the terms offered. "This is not a dispute between us and our men," they say; "it is a dispute between

certain bush-workers who are willing to accept our terms and certain others who are not."*

In this strike the men did not commit the mistake of massing themselves in large camps, where they could be overawed by the military, but scattered themselves in smaller divisions over the country, while the Government, instead of, as in 1891, placing all their available troops in the field, at an expense to the colony of over £100,000, adopted the cheaper and, under the circumstances, more efficacious measure of passing a Peace Preservation Act. The Act provided for the proclamation of disturbed districts, and for their disarmament, for the holding of secret inquiries by district magistrates, and for the arrest of persons on suspicion by provisional warrants and their detention without trial for a period of thirty days.

It was in the discussion upon this Bill that one of the chief functions of an Independent Labour party became apparent, and its features remind one very curiously of some of those of the Irish agitation. The Bill was assailed as a Coercion Bill, and on this point special attacks were made upon the Attorney-General, Mr. Byrnes, as an Irish Catholic and Home Ruler. Some members denounced the outrages in the west, others did so in a very perfunctory manner, as "harmful to the cause," others said that their denunciations were reserved for the system of society which made them inevitable. The present editor of the *Worker*, Mr. W. G. Higgs, speaking at a public meeting, said :

"The Press had stated that the unionists ought to denounce the burning of sheds that had taken place in the west. . . . He supposed he would be one of the last to cause any creature pain or suffering ; but while the squatters refused to the men the undoubted right to a voice in the conditions under which they worked he declined for one to denounce these outrages."

It was gravely suggested that some of these outrages were the work of the squatters themselves, who had fired their own wool-sheds in order to cast odium on the Labour cause. The Labour members emphasised their opposition by obstruction, and the Bill was forced through Committee only by suspending them all in a body. Assisted by the so-called regular Opposition, they raised the question of the legality of their suspension in the House, and also brought an abortive action in the law-courts against the Speaker. Besides this, Mr. Glassey brought forward a motion calling upon the Pastoralists'

* This has been the attitude of employers all over Australia during the recent years of "bush trouble." A similar line has been taken in New Zealand, where the Government of the time, at the demand of the employers, refused to take any steps to enforce the programme of the Labour party in three colonies, and has by their influence been placed upon the statute-book of two others.

Association and the Workers' Union to appoint representatives for a conciliation committee to settle the strike, with a chairman to be appointed by the House. This motion, which was discussed at intervals for a period of two months, gave the Labour members an opportunity of fighting the battle of the strike in Parliament. It concluded with the introduction by Mr. C. Powers, the leader of the Opposition, of a Compulsory Conciliation and Arbitration Bill, upon the lines of that carried into law in South Australia, a measure which, as the Government declined to take it up, fell absolutely flat.

Whether the Peace Preservation Bill was required or not, it is certain that, almost as soon as it was passed, the outrages ceased and the strike subsided. Free labour had again foiled the efforts of the unions. The west, thanks largely to the judicious tact of Mr. Parry Okedon, the Commissioner appointed for the purpose, was gradually reduced to a settled condition, though the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Tozer, avers that it is still such as to cause him grave concern.

Hitherto the only legislative achievement that can be ascribed to the party is the Co-operative Communities Act, which they induced the Government to pass, an Act establishing with State aid a number of village settlements to be worked on co-operative principles. Several settlements were started with many protestations of brotherhood. They appear to have been regarded as landmarks on the way to the Millennium. But, like New Australia and the co-operative settlements established in New South Wales, they are now admitted to be a failure. The Labour party blame the Government, and attribute the failure to unsympathetic and unfair administration of the Act; but, whatever the reason, the fact remains.

In the House the Labour party keep up a regular attack upon the Government, criticising their Bills and their administration, moving amendments designed to introduce their own principles wherever they see the chance, keeping a general eye on the estimates, and from time to time moving abstract resolutions and introducing Bills of their own. They speak freely on all subjects, and often at a considerable length; and their speeches are duly recorded in "Hansard," which has a very large circulation in the country. As has been said, they number 17 in a House of 72. With five exceptions (two farmers, an ex-publi-can, a journalist, and a bookseller) they are all working men, and have all the defects and limitations incident to their class. But their honesty and integrity are above suspicion, and, what is a great thing in colonial politics, they are all teetotallers. Only three of the party are colonial born; they include one American, and the remainder come from various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Enough has been said to show the strongly socialistic character of the party and the "unionist" organisation with which it works. Almost all its members are declared Socialists, though two

sheet, its four pages being about the size of those of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and is written with a point, vigour, and literary ability which do infinite credit to its editor, Mr. W. G. Higgs, and which should put the very inferior organs of the English Independent Labour party to the blush. One of its chief features is its cartoon on the first page, which is always clever, often forcible, and generally offensive, though perhaps not so vulgar as some of those in Mr. Keir Hardie's organ, the *Labour Leader*. It boldly proclaims as its motto, "Socialism in our time," though it is only fair to say that not even its editor seems to take it seriously. Every week it puts in one corner the following paragraph :

"Wanted (to prepare way for Socialism in our time):

One adult, one vote.

Land Tax. Income Tax.

State Bank.

Shops and Factories Act.

Eight Hours Day where practicable.

Referendum and Initiative.

Taxation of every person according to ability to pay.

The State to find work for unemployed.

The State to fix minimum wage.

Free Railways.

Free Administration of Justice."

Moderation of tone is not among its virtues. The principal points upon which it dwells are the iniquities of the Government (which it paints in the most lurid colours), the importation of Kanakas, Chinese, and other coloured labourers (who are expressly excluded from the brotherhood of man), and the recognition of unionism by State conciliation and arbitration of strikes. The paper is permeated with a fervent, idealistic humanitarianism, so intense as to be pathetic, even where most misguided. "We forget Christ's communistic teachings," says the editor in the last Christmas number, "we will not even be State Socialists. . . . We act the part of hypocrites and knaves every time we enter a church unresolved to use our power as a State to settle Labour troubles." In the same number occur the following wild and whirling words :

"The gang now in office cares nothing for principles and its only care is to defend its ill-gotten booty from the perils of . . . and at all hazards to protect the banks, syndicates, and speculators who are pouching the revenues of the province. The mass of festering corruption behind the doors of the Government departments is vaguely hinted in the reports of the Auditor-General; and did his officers dare to write all they know of the manner in which public funds have been and are converted to private uses, even the lecherous public of Queensland would besom out the brigands in disgust. Political morality, gradually deteriorating from the date of the Griffilwraith coalition, has now disappeared altogether from the Government party. There is absolutely no job too huge or too shameful for

the present occupants of the Treasury benches to attempt. Such cynical abandonment to the beatitudes of boodle has never before been witnessed in Australia."

Enough has now been said to show the main characteristic of the Labour movement in Queensland. To the outward eye the most prominent is its Socialism. But this is an aspect which can be very easily exaggerated. There is little doubt that Socialism is merely a characteristic and not the end of what is known as the Labour movement. The Labour movement in Australia is really the incoherent upheaval of the insurgent members of a class, and is the result of the advance of that class to the stage of self-consciousness. Its root is in class feeling and discontent with class status. All things considered, even in these recent terrible years of depression, the position of the working classes in Australia has been, comparatively speaking, not an unenviable one. Nowhere has the passage of a man from one status to another been rendered more easy. The organisation of labour, however, is practically tending to stereotype status. It is said to be no longer so common for labourers, by means of their cheques obtained at shearing time, to take up a piece of land and settle down as small farmers or graziers. For this growing class-discontent Socialism, with its motto,

"Make no more giants, God, but elevate
The race at once,"

is playing the part which the Social Contract played in the French Revolution. *Merrie England* and the *Worker* may be widely purchased, but the questions which really exercise the minds of the working classes, in so far as general political questions exercise them at all, are in the west the Shearers' Strike, in the north Coloured Labour; and everywhere the alleged peculiar and crying needs of each district in the matter of railways, roads, bridges, or lands for settlement. There is no doubt that in the Labour party itself Mr. Glassey is more socialistic than his colleagues, and they in turn more socialistic than their followers in the country. Probably many of the Labour members merely hold socialistic views as pious opinions for the purposes of perorations. The party is falling into the position of a regular Opposition and discussing current questions of politics or administration just like the members of any ordinary party. For example, I have taken at random a speech delivered to his constituents last June by the Labour member for S. Brisbane. The subjects touched upon were the recent political overtures from the leader of the Opposition: "Black Labour," Japanese immigration, the anomalies of the electoral system, the Conciliation Bill, payment of members, the administration of the Lands Department, the probability of additional taxation, the general financial position of the

colony, and such local topics as bridge tolls. An examination of the programme of the party, set out above on p. 408, will show that many of the items are merely efforts to put the coping-stone upon democracy; others are proposals for the regulation of the industrial system as it exists; and only one "*State Department of Labour, to which men can apply for work at a minimum wage as a right,*" is at all of an extreme socialistic nature. The party therefore would seem to be really a party which avowedly looks upon public affairs from the point of view of a class, or rather a section of a class, that section being the members of trades unions. It must not be forgotten, in contrasting the Queensland Labour party with the English Independent Labour party, that in Queensland the Labour party and the trades union organisations have grown up together. The chief officials of the unions, the editor and staff of the *Worker*, and the members of the Labour party are all to be found at the Brisbane Trades Hall, and regard themselves as all forming part of one movement. It is in vain for them to say that they are eager and anxious to enrol in their ranks any members of the more educated classes who will join them in the great work of reconstructing society. As far as one can see, the movement is and must remain a class one, and the immediate "cause" with which it is associated is what is known in Australia as "unionism." Visions of the new era may have given the movement whatever "devil" it possesses; but it is what is called the "interests of Labour" that hold it together. The uses from the point of view of the unions of a strong Labour party controlling the Government (as is at present the case in New South Wales), at a time of a great strike such as the maritime or shearers' strike, are very apparent. That this is one of the functions of the Labour party in the view of some of its supporters may be shown by the following extract from a letter of a Labour member to the *Worker* on the subject of certain overtures made by the leader of the Liberal Opposition:

"A man who believes that the present conditions under which others work for wages are all right may be a political democrat as the Fat Man understands democracy, but generally when such a person enters Parliament and it comes to a question of commission of inquiry as to strikes, wages, conference, or freedom of contract, &c. &c., he will be found in opposition to the interests of Labour. That's why the Labour party must always preserve its strict independence from all other political parties. *It should strive to have wage-earners' representatives on one side of the Speaker and employers on the other. Then the proper settlement of industrial disputes must take place when Labour is in the majority.*"

Of the prospects of the Labour party it is difficult to speak. The Government in office is a very strong one. It is the only Conservative Government in the five great colonies, and it does not even reverence the shibboleths of democracy. Its Premier, Mr. Nelson,

is a man of high position and universally respected. In Mr. Byrnes, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Dalrymple, the Minister of Education, it has debaters of no mean order. Mr. Byrnes is a young man, but one of the ablest persons in the colony, and is certain of a great future. The peculiar function of Mr. Dalrymple is to tear to pieces the socialistic theories of the Labour party, and he performs it with very damaging effect. Speaking generally it is a Government of strong administrative capacity; it has carried the colony through a time of great commercial stress, and has immensely added to its prestige by its successful flotation of the recent loan. Disregarding the "elimination of the contractor," "the minimum wage," "the taxation of the unearned increment," and other watchwords of the moment, it has devoted itself to the development of the industries of the colony, to the settlement of the nomadic population of the west upon the land, and to the multiplication of agricultural farmers in settled districts by repurchase and subdivisions of lands upon voluntary principles. If the signs of returning prosperity are not fallacious, it hardly seems likely that the next election will prove fatal to the Government.

Mr. Powers, the leader of the Opposition, in June last delivered an important speech at Maryborough, in which he made overtures for a coalition with the Labour party. Until recently he had supported "black labour" with an almost apostolic fervour. He now declared that he had changed his mind, and denounced the traffic in no less passionate terms than those in which he had formerly advocated it. His indictment was certainly a strong one. Apart from this he put forward a rather nebulous programme, which he described as "democratic," and proclaimed his intention, if returned to power, of giving "equal opportunities to all." He further announced that "the Opposition, if no platform is agreed upon, intend to contest a majority of the seats on the Democratic New Zealand programme as more practicable." On the part of the Labour party his advances were, on the whole, coldly received, and it does not seem likely that there is enough substantiality either in his programme or his supporters to carry him into power. The Labour members, while not anticipating any great increase in their numbers, profess themselves able to hold their ground. The party is at any rate compact and loyal to its leader, but until it includes in its ranks some persons of education and knowledge of affairs it seems safe to say that its influence upon the legislation and government of the colony will be comparatively insignificant.

• ANTON BERTRAM.

THE GLASS MOSAICS AT ST. PAUL'S.

AN experiment in decoration, which for magnitude and interest has never been equalled in this country, is being gradually and quietly worked out by Professor Richmond in the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral. Hidden from the public by scaffold and canvas, and consequently unheeded, a band of English men and lads, trained under Professor Richmond's supervision, is covering the surfaces, prepared by Sir Christopher Wren for decoration, with glass mosaic. The work, commenced in 1891, has been pushed on with but slight intermission, and at Easter 1896 the decoration of the choir will be practically complete. When the scaffold is finally removed it may be possible to weigh the claims of the exotic craft of mosaic for naturalisation. In estimating these claims, all prejudice arising from fear that Wren's intentions have been disregarded may be dismissed, for the nature of the surfaces, which have been, or are being, encrusted with mosaic, proves that they were intended for chromatic decoration. The semi-dome of the apse and the three saucer-domes of the vault, which are constructed of red bricks, were merely covered with a rough coating of stucco, and the vertical stone panels were entirely devoid of ornament. The stucco has been removed from the bricks so that they may afford a firm grip for the cement in which the mosaic is embedded, and a sufficient depth has been chipped back from the vertical stone surfaces to allow the surface of the mosaic to correspond with the original surface of the stone. Another proof of Wren's intention is shown by the fact that at four points in the circumference of each of the saucer-domes openings were left, concealed by carved stone bosses, through which ropes could be readily passed for the support of the scaffold required by the mosaicists.

In England mosaic is an exotic craft. The antique pavements

scattered through the length and breadth of the country are essentially Roman, although in many instances constructed entirely of local materials; and the thirteenth century mosaic-work in the shrine of Edward the Confessor and in the tomb of Henry III. at Westminster Abbey was executed by Italians, pupils, probably, of members of the Cosmati family. It is only in recent years that English glass-makers have produced an opaque glass suitable for mosaic, and that English craftsmen have used it for the decoration of structure. The naturalisation of the craft depends upon the competence of English master craftsmen to adapt mosaic to our atmosphere, to our buildings, and to our sense of fitness. That opaque glass will stand uninjured for a great number of years is proved by mosaics in Rome and Ravenna, erected as early as the fourth and fifth centuries of our era. It is true that the atmosphere of Rome and Ravenna has not the corrosive properties possessed by that of London and of our other great centres of smoke and population, but glass, if made with due regard to the combining proportions of its ingredients, is impervious to the action of all ordinary acids.

The opacity of the material used in the mosaics of Rome, Ravenna, and Venice is due to minute particles of oxide of tin, held in suspension by the glass, and the texture of the glass is dull and granular. The material now being used at St. Paul's owes its opacity to powdered felspar, an essential ingredient of granite, and itself a natural but very infusible glass. The texture of this material is smooth and vitreous, and it is consequently less retentive of dirt and more easily cleaned than the glass containing the oxide of tin. The various colours are obtained by mixing metallic oxides with the ordinary ingredients of glass, to which the powdered felspar has been added. The oxide of cobalt produces a purple-blue colour, and the oxide of copper, according to its state of oxidation and the proportion in which it is used, gives a blue, a green, or a red. Black is obtained by the oxide of manganese, green by the oxide of chromium, pink by the oxide of gold, and yellow by the oxide of uranium. By combining the oxides a practically unlimited palette may readily be obtained.

The mixtures, in the state of powder, are shovelled into crucibles standing round the grate of a furnace, and when fusion is complete the viscous glass can be coiled upon the heated end of an iron rod, and removed for use, very much in the way that thick treacle may be gathered round the bowl of a spoon and removed from the jar to the plate. A mass of molten glass, thus collected, is allowed to fall upon a flat iron table, and is pressed into a slab about six inches square and half an inch thick. The slabs are removed to an oven, where they are allowed to cool slowly, and when cool are broken by a hammer, or chopped by a miniature guillotine, into small cubes or "tesserae." "Tesserae" is perhaps the more appropriate term, as it does not

suggest that geometrical accuracy of form which is implied by the word "cube." The uneven forms and rough fractured surfaces of the tesserae are details of some importance in the craft of mosaic. Owing apparently to the gradual cooling of the slabs, from outside inwards, the colours have a tendency to arrange themselves in layers of gradated shades, and the sections of these layers, exposed by the fracture of the slabs, possess considerable intrinsic beauty. As the angle of fracture varies, so the effect of colour varies, and hence, as Mr. Ruskin observes in "*The Stones of Venice*," no two tesserae are exactly similar, and masses of apparently the same coloured tesserae are nevertheless full of variety.

The tesserae containing gold and silver leaf, which play so important a part in most mosaics, are as impervious to atmospheric corrosion as the solid colours. The use of gold in mosaic was suggested by the introduction into Rome, probably from Greece, in the third century, of glass drinking-vessels, in the bases of which, gold leaf, scratched with inscriptions, emblems, and portraits, was embedded. The process of manufacturing gold and silver slabs for use in mosaic, which was adopted at the end of the third, or early in the fourth, century, and which still obtains, is to spread the metallic leaf on a very thin film of transparent glass, and to press upon the leaf a mass of molten opaque glass, so as to create cohesion between the molten glass and the film of glass through the pores of the metallic leaf. The slabs thus formed, containing gold or silver leaf hermetically imprisoned between two layers of glass, are broken up into tesserae, but the tesserae only possess the smooth surface produced by pressure, whereas the tesserae of the slabs of coloured glass are used edge-wise, and present the uneven surface produced by fracture. By using coloured transparent glass for the thin glass films which form the surface of the gold and silver slabs, a variety of tinted metallic effects can be obtained. Moreover, if the glass, which forms the background of the metallic leaf, be coloured, and if the slab, after it has been cooled, be strongly re-heated, the leaf becomes sufficiently disintegrated to allow the colour of the background to appear, with the result that the colour-effect of the metallic leaf is modified. The gold and silver tesserae not only act as substitutes for gold and silver in the composition of a mosaic, but also may serve as sources of colour, and as reflectors of light. Professor Richmond has carefully studied the inclination in relation to the surface to be covered at which tesserae should be set in the cement, in order to obtain from them full value of light and colour. The object of mosaic is not only to provide an indestructible coloured surface for structure, but also to introduce into spaces, which otherwise would be enveloped in the blackness of unbroken shade, mysterious glints of reflected light.

This light-giving property is especially valuable in a murky atmosphere such as too often prevails in London. It is due to the vitreous surfaces of the tesserae, but the effect is heightened by irregularity in the surfaces, and by the tesserae themselves being set at such angles to the bed on which they rest as to collect and reflect as many rays as possible.

A mosaic built of flat and flatly laid tesserae may produce a general effect of light, but is incapable of giving that ripple of broken reflections which imitates the play of the sun upon the waves, the "*ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα κυμάτων*" of Æschylus.

Whilst studying the best positions for tesserae to occupy Mr. Richmond discovered the method by which old mosaicists replenished a deficient palette. He found that by placing side by side lines of suitably contrasted colours he could modify the resultant effect of colour, and produce an almost unlimited range of varied tints. Thus green tesserae can be made to acquire a bluer tint by the juxtaposition of a line of blue, and a yellower tint by means of a line of yellow. Blue tesserae outlined with red become purple, gold outlined with white become silver, and red outlined with white become pink. A good example of the pink effect produced by the juxtaposition of red and white tesserae may be seen in the flesh of the child Mary in the original panel from Orvieto Cathedral in the Italian Court of the South Kensington Museum. By making full use of the tints produced by the juxtaposition of contrasted colours, mosaicists can obtain perfectly satisfactory results with a very limited palette, and the boast of the Pontifical manufactory that it possesses 25,000 shades of colour, implies either a want of mastery of technique or a total misapprehension of the legitimate uses of mosaic.

The effect of a mosaic so entirely depends on the right setting of the tesserae with regard to the light which falls upon them, that Professor Richmond determined that, instead of the mosaics for St. Paul's being executed in a studio and fixed in sections, according to the usual modern method, the individual tesserae should be embedded directly by the craftsmen on the surfaces to be decorated. By reviving the original method of work Mr. Richmond has revolutionised the modern art of mosaic, and has given to it a new lease of life. No one who compares the life and brilliancy of the mosaics recently erected with the flat insipidity of the mosaics in the pendentives of the central dome, which were executed in Venice and fixed in sections, can fail to appreciate the importance of the new departure.

Each craftsman at St. Paul's is supplied with a full-sized coloured drawing of the work he is to execute, as well as with an accurate tracing on strong tracing-paper. He spreads his cement on the sur-

face to be encrusted, places the tracing over the cement, and pricks through the tracing the main outlines of the design. He then selects his tesserae to correspond with the tints of the coloured drawing, shapes them, if necessary, with pliers and embeds each one in the position most favourable for the reflection of incident light.

There are two methods of executing mosaics in the studio. In one the tesserae are fixed upon slabs of slate or stone, and the panels thus formed are treated as pictures. This applies to comparatively small mosaics for vertical surfaces. The second method is more elaborate. The design is subdivided into sections, and the tesserae of each section are arranged in a temporary matrix. By attaching the surfaces of the tesserae to a sheet of linen or paper, saturated with strong paste, each section can be lifted from its temporary bed and removed and fixed in cement on the surface to be decorated. Involved in this method of procedure is the risk that, when the mosaic is completed, boundary lines between the sections will assert themselves. In both methods the tesserae are merely used as a substitute for paint; no attempt is made to emphasise their intrinsic qualities, they are perfectly level, perfectly flat, and perfectly uninteresting. The studio methods of manipulation originated in the surrender of the mosaic craftsman to the painter. The mosaics in Rome and Ravenna from the fourth to the thirteenth century are the work of the master-craftsman. The beauty of the mosaics of S. Constanza, of the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, of S. Apollinare Nuovo, of the apse of S. Pudentiana, and of the apse of S. Giovanni in Laterano, depends not upon realistic drawing, but upon the right adaptation of the design to the material and to the environment.

Torriti, the author of the mosaic in the apse of S. Giovanni in Laterano, as well as of that in the apse of S. Maria Maggiore, depicts himself and his assistant, Camerino, not armed with the paint brush or palette, but reverently kneeling and holding, the one a pair of compasses, and the other a mosaicist's hammer.

The struggle for supremacy between the craftsman and the painter, commenced in the thirteenth century, was carried on with varying fortune through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, until in the sixteenth century the fame of Raphael, Titian, and Tintoretto bore down all resistance, and the mosaicist became the humble translator of the painter's art. Henceforth the sole object of mosaic was to reproduce as accurately as possible, in a permanent form, the tone, the texture, and the appearance of paintings. A mosaic was no longer looked upon as the permanent coloured surface of structure, but as a picture to be affixed to the structure, and the necessity for considering it in relation to the building in which, or on which, it was to be placed ceased to exist. Accuracy of translation and perfection of finish were the mosaicist's main objects. So exacting were

their masters that the Zuccati, renowned translators of the sixteenth century, were reduced to supplementing the deficiencies of the tesserae with the paint-brush. It is not, therefore, surprising that by degrees the old method of executing mosaics *in situ* was abandoned, and the studio method adopted, which not only secured better light and better convenience for work than could be obtained in the dim recesses of a church, but also facilitated subdivision of labour and supervision. If, however, the results obtained by the two methods be compared, it will be found that, whereas the direct method, by enabling the craftsman to utilise the full possibilities of the material, eulogises the craftsman and the material, as well as the artist, provided he has appreciated the limitations of the craft; the indirect or studio-method obliterates the merits alike of artist, craftsman, and material.

Whatever method of arranging the tesserae may have been adopted, the actual life of a mosaic depends upon the stability of the cement which unites the tesserae to the structure. Christian mosaicists, from the fourth to the middle of the sixteenth century, followed the tradition of their predecessors, the Roman pavement builders, and covered the surfaces to be encrusted with mosaic with two layers of cement. Both layers consisted of a mixture of lime, pounded brick, powdered pozzolana, and water; but the upper layer, in which the tesserae were set, was finer in grain than the one beneath. A double risk lurked in the double thickness of cement: the risk of non-cohesion between the layers and the risk of excessive weight. These two causes, aided by the insane craze for so-called restoration with which modern Italians appear to be possessed, and from which other nations are not altogether exempt, have worked irreparable injury to many of the most precious of the early mosaics. In the middle of the fifteenth century the use of an oil cement was introduced. A mixture of boiled and raw oil was substituted for water, with the result that the setting of the cement was considerably retarded, and alterations in the arrangement of the tesserae, which with the old water cement required the strenuous application of hammer and chisel, could within forty-eight hours of the spreading of the cement be readily carried out. The oil cement which is being used at St. Paul's is, when set, as hard as the water cement, and one thickness suffices to hold the tesserae securely.

It has been alleged that the introduction of the oil cement was the cause of the degradation of the art of mosaic, because so soon as alterations were facilitated, the initial responsibility of the craftsman ceased, and with it the spontaneity and vitality of the work. This allegation, however, lacks foundation. The degradation commenced before the introduction of the oil cement and was due to the inability of the painters, who became the sole designers of mosaic, to appreciate its limitations.

In London and large cities, in which the atmosphere is tainted with smoke, the only materials available for permanent chromatic decoration are marble, terra-cotta, glazed ware and glass tesserae. The use of these materials, with the exception of the glass tesserae, which have failed to win popularity, because their employment was believed to involve an excessive expenditure of time and labour, has of late years greatly increased.

Our public buildings and streets are painfully deficient in colour, and for supplying this deficiency no system of decoration can be compared for range and brilliancy of colour with mosaic, which cannot fade, is impervious to the corrosive action of the atmosphere and can be readily cleaned. It may be urged that, although the materials of mosaic are well adapted for the decoration of our buildings, our architects have no experience in their use and application, and our existing buildings are not adapted for mosaic decoration. This objection, however, will gradually disappear when architects discover that mosaic is an available source of colour, and not an unattainable luxury.

Until the mosaics in St. Paul's Cathedral were taken in hand, English experiments in the craft of mosaic had been confined to imitating the modern systems adopted in Rome and Venice.

In 1884 a translation of Raphael's "Disputa" was executed in the morning chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1887 Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of "Christ and the Doctors in the Temple," was translated into mosaic to serve as an altar picture for the college chapel at Clifton. In both these experiments the object of the mosaicist was to reproduce a picture and not to create a mosaic. One of these mosaics is placed a few feet above, and the other slightly below, the spectator's eye, positions which are quite unsuited for mosaics and which early mosaicists carefully avoided. These experiments, however, have served their purpose, and sightseers, when told the number of tesserae contained in a square inch of space, and the time occupied in carrying out the work, are thrilled with pleasurable astonishment.

The first requisite for the naturalisation of mosaic is the abandonment of the idea that a mosaic is a picture. Mosaic is a permanent coloured surface built into structure, and its right position, as well as its design, must be determined by the limitations of the materials of which it is built. As the chief characteristic of mosaic is its capacity to supply colour combined with light, it is useless to place mosaics in places where this quality is not required, and where some form of painting would be more appropriate. In positions close to the eye, where minute finish is demanded, which can only be attained by a lavish expenditure of labour, and by the partial sacrifice of the essential qualities of the materials, mosaic is necessarily out of place. Mosaic, as is abundantly proved in Rome, Venice, and Ravenna, should not

be less than twelve feet above the spectator. At this height the finish, which squanders the craftsman's skill, is not required, and the tesserae can be placed so that their full value is preserved. Except in the flesh of figure subjects, and in the more intricate parts of ornament and drapery, the tesserae do not require to be shaped, but can be used just as they come from the hammer or guillotine. The joints between the tesserae do not require concealment, but are utilised, like the lead joints in a mosaic window, to emphasise drawing, and to break up masses of colour. In some cases, indeed, without loss of effect, the joints may be left so wide as to produce a considerable economy in material. In Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson's "S. Sophia" it is noted that in vertical masses of gold each horizontal line of tesserae is placed at such an inclination to the surface as to cover a space immediately above it of almost equal width.

By relinquishing the minute shaping and jointing of the tesserae, whilst preserving their essential qualities, a treatment is arrived at which is comparatively simple and expeditious, and constitutes a practicable form of decoration. If to such treatment be added appropriate composition and harmony of colour, the qualifications for the naturalisation of the craft seem to be attained. The composition of a mosaic should be determined by its position; and teaching and illustration must be subservient to decorative effect. By introducing figures too large in scale, or decoration too coarse in detail, there is risk of seriously affecting the proportions and dignity of a building. Detail, although it may be imperfectly seen from below, adds a mysterious interest to a composition which can be ill spared. The right adjustment of scale, and the right posing of figures and drapery, are more essential than realistic representation. There can be no perspective, and buildings, mountains, and trees must be treated as symbols. The designer before all else must aim at an effect of simplicity, dignity, and repose. It has already been explained with how limited a palette a perfectly satisfactory scheme of colour can be obtained, and there can be no doubt that a simple and restricted palette makes for harmony. The harmonious amalgamation of a gold background with its subject presents considerable difficulty, as an unbroken mass of gold has a brassy and uninteresting effect, and cuts out the subject, which it encloses, as a silhouette. The difficulty, however, can be overcome, as is proved by the older mosaics, by breaking the background up with clouds, emblems, and inscriptions, as well as by introducing threads of gold throughout the subject itself so as to knit it to its background.

The right treatment of gold, the right setting of tesserae, and the right adjustment of scale, were problems which needed solution before the work in the choir of St. Paul's could be efficiently prosecuted. These and many other puzzles of technique have been investigated,

the mysteries surrounding the manufacture of the cement, as well as of the gold, silver, and coloured tesserae, have been unravelled, and Professor Richmond has formed the nucleus of a school of English Mosaicists, whom he has succeeded in inspiring, if not with the religious enthusiasm which inspired Torriti and his assistants, at least with the enthusiasm of patriotic craftsmanship. When the decoration of the choir of St. Paul's is completed it will be easier than it is at present to form a correct judgment as to the success of the work which has been accomplished. A great experiment has been made, and it rests with the public to determine whether the exotic craft of mosaic shall, or shall not, be naturalised.

HARRY J. POWELL.

JESUS THE DEMAGOGUE.

THE Christ of the Gospels appears to be endowed with fascinations so powerful and so exhaustless as to permit every variety of feeling to animate mankind save only the feeling of indifference. Men may love, or even hate Him, but they cannot let Him alone. His personality has not only created the great Church creeds, but has given rise to popular ideals of a most potent and inspiring character. The Church creed and the popular ideal have always been found side by side, imagination playing round the figure outlined by intellect, and giving it atmosphere, colour, life, and motion. The ecclesiastical Christ and the popular Christ have been far from identical; but while the former has given consistency and continuity to the historic conception, the latter has inspired popular movements and supplied the moral force for great causes. The ideal Christ has, necessarily, changed with changing times. Whilst never removing Him, every age has, in a certain sense, re-made Him. The reigning ideas of pagan, mediæval, and modern times have exhibited Him in unsuspected and sometimes more illustrious aspects, and have, by the law of reflex action, gained new sanctions for new views of human duty. Thus while a theological age shaped for itself a theological Christ, an age that is turning to sociology will necessarily evolve a sociological Christ. On the ecclesiastical plane He may still be worshipped "very God, of very God," but the popular mind, both in and out of the Churches, is feeling after a social Christ in order to derive from Him new sanctions for its social aspirations. A more interesting attempt to re-shape Christendom's historic ideal was never made, or one more full of significance. The Churches also have come under the spell of the new ideas, but in the continued absence of a Christ who shall combine all that is essential to the historic conception with

all that is true and good in modern sociology, impatient revolutionaries have constructed a new Jesus—Jesus the Demagogue. No movement can continue to advance without its type-man, and though the process of adapting the Son of Man to the requirements of a materialised sociology is not yet completed, it is being rapidly hastened by influences of different kinds. The day is not far distant when the Churches will wake up to discover that this materialised Christ represents no evolution of their historic ideal, but a distinct reversion to a lower type, to be promptly disowned. The first duty of all who are in true sympathy with the social aspirations of the age, however, is neither to praise nor blame, but to understand. The first demand of our modern medley is for interpretation. In the fusion and confusion of two ages the duty of the wise is, like that of the angels in the parable, gratefully to recognise and gather in the good before casting the bad away.

Here is a story which will serve to introduce Jesus in His new character.

A well-known Labour leader, addressing a crowd of strikers some time ago, began to talk to them about the "Man of Nazareth." He told them some things the Man of Nazareth said when He was upon the earth, some things the Man of Nazareth did when He was upon the earth, and, beginning to draw upon his inner consciousness, told them what he believed the Man of Nazareth would say and do were He once more to sojourn amongst men. As he warmed with his subject he pictured the Man of Nazareth taking up the cause of the strikers, putting Himself at their head, constituting Himself their champion against the employers, denouncing capitalistic greed and hypocrisy as He denounced rich hypocrites two thousand years ago, until the crowd in a transport of enthusiasm called for "three cheers for the Man of Nazareth," and sent a thousand caps up into the air.

That is the story. It was quoted in every democratic paper, repeated on every platform, and narrated with much feeling from many pulpits. Always the moral was—how essentially Christian were the instincts of the labouring class, how ready were the workers to welcome a democratic Christ.

The story reads like a fulfilment of prophecy. For nine years ago a penetrating and devout writer, treating of "the religion of the masses," used these words:

"The influence of Christ would come full of strength and blessing to the working men of England even if they acknowledged Him, at first, in the most inarticulate of creeds, as the man whom they admired most. . . . 'He is the man for us' . . . I say, that even if this rudimentary feeling of gratitude and admiration for their great Leader could possess the hearts of English working-men—and this is surely not too much to expect—much would come from even this inadequate worship. And, for myself, I unhesitatingly declare that I would sooner be in the position of a working-man

who doubts about heaven and hell, and even about God, but can say of Christ, 'He is the man for me,' than I would be in the position of the well-to-do manufacturer who is persuaded of the reality of heaven and hell, and of the truth of all the theology of the Church of England, but can reconcile his religion with the deliberate establishment of a colossal fortune on the ruin of his fellow-creatures." *

The prophecy has been fulfilled. The English working-men have said, "He is the man for us"—"three cheers for the Man of Nazareth." Will the further good pointed to in the prophecy also arrive? With the writer just quoted there can be no quarrel. Whatever truth there is behind the doctrines of Heaven, Hell and God will be assuredly reached in time by those who sincerely offer Christ a certain "inadequate worship." But it does not seem uncharitable to say that such "worship," however elementary, must be true; that, in other words, the Christ thus "worshipped" must be the true Christ, and not some unreal fictitious substitute for a Christ; must embody the moral qualities and the spiritual ideals of Christ, and not be a mere projection of the worshipper's inferior motives and aims. The acute author of "The Kernel and the Husk" prophesied better than he knew, for, in a paragraph omitted from the quotation made above, he indicates the incurable deficiency of the "Man of Nazareth" ideal:

"We used to think that Christ was a fiction of the priests; at all events not a man like us in any way; a different sort of being altogether; one who could do what he liked—so people said—and turn the world upside down if he pleased: and then we could not make him out at all. Why, thought we, did he not turn the world upside down and make it better, if he could? It was all a mystery to us. But now we find he was a man after all, like us; a poor working-man, who had a heart for the poor, and wanted to turn the world upside down, But could not do it once; *and he went a strange way, and a long way round, to do it*; but he has come nearer doing it, spite of his enemies, than any man we know; and now that we understand this, we say—though we don't understand it all, or anything like it—'He is the man for us.'"

To divest ourselves of littleness and narrowness of construction was never more imperative than now when the religion of a democracy is being fashioned, but it would appear to be merely correct analysis to say that there is a radical and fundamental difference between the method of Jesus referred to in the italicised sentence and the method implied in the "Man of Nazareth" story; and that those who continue to follow the latter will never arrive at an understanding of the former, or anything like it."

The story would appear to be of the nature of a parable, and a parable of sinister meaning. It is typical of the homage rendered by whatever portion of the State socialistic movement retains any kin-

* "The Kernel and the Husk," pp. 333-334

ship with Christianity, and focusses the sense of the best Labour literature as well as the rhetoric of the best Labour platforms. It perfectly sets forth both the dull yearning for religious ideals which everywhere meets us in those regions, a feeling towards Christ which may be regarded as a kind of instinctive homage; and that moral crudeness, that sordidness of motive, one might say, that insensibility to the peculiar beauty of the Man of Nazareth which turns adulation into humiliation and glory into disgrace, and scarce permits the mantle of most clumsy honours to hide the crimson flushes of His shame. Caliban does not yet pray to Prospero, does not perceive the high worshipfulness of Prospero, but merely hip-hip-hurrahs him as a consummate Caliban, as a leader and champion of Calibans. While the divine Moses tarries on the mount with God, busied about eternal laws, and planning wide cycles of human endeavour, the people are clamouring for immediate and visible leadership, willing to have but an Aaron and a golden calf so they can get with all speed to the temporal Canaan, the land flowing with milk and honey. It is undeniable that whatever enthusiasm for Jesus exists in the ranks of State Socialists is connected with His temporal leadership rather than His spiritual kingship, and does not differ greatly from that which South African speculators might feel towards Cecil Rhodes, or London dockers towards Tom Mann. In its negative aspects it is exhibited by a very scant appreciation of Jesus regarded as a reformer of moral habits like gambling and drunkenness, or a teacher of spiritual qualities such as holiness, meekness, patience. There is food for aristocratic cynicism, and material for a very painful anxiety to the sincere democrat in the scant applause awarded to a Christ of this latter kind by adherents of the socialist Labour movement and their recognised spokesmen—

" You pledge
Your fealty to such rule? What, all—
From heavenly John and Attie Paul,
And that brave weather-battered Peter
Whose stout faith only stood completer
For buffets, sinning to be pardoned,
As, more his hands hauled nets, they hardened—
All, down to you, the man of men! "

The title "Man of Nazareth" involuntarily suggests Camille Desmoulins' famous "le bon sans-culotte Jésus," though it takes us deeper down to the unrefined ore of the natural man than the felicitous title of the French Catholics. To the French Revolutⁿists Jesus was the type of sans-culottism crushed under the heel of aristocracy. He stood for humility ground beneath the foot of pride, for pious martyrdom by priestcraft, for poverty insulted by wealth, for true religion crucified by ecclesiasticism. From the contemplation of His sufferings they derived comfort, and His tragic fate gave a touch of

pathetic ideality to the squalid miseries of a crucified proletariat which the artistic genius of the French mind was quick to appreciate. And the conception was steeped in that religiousness, which, amid all negations of creed, is never absent from the Celtic spirit. Whether due to religion or art, however, it is certain that the idea of suffering, of self-sacrifice, of patient self-repression was preserved in the type-man of the French Revolutionists, and this gave a catholic and historic consistency to their ideal which is somewhat lacking to its modern counterpart. *Le bon sans-culotte* was always the Man of Sorrows. But what has the "Man of Nazareth" to do with sorrow? It is precisely His supposed intention to make an end of sorrow that recommends Him to socialistic materialism. The cheers are given for the Joshua that is in Him rather than for the Jesus; for the Liberator rather than the Redeemer; for the Iron Chancellor of the earthly kingdom of heaven rather than the Sufferer who conquers all by love. He is represented as an agitator for higher wages and shorter hours; as the fierce destroyer of an Egyptian capitalism caught smiting their Hebrew brother, the proletariat; as the pushing reformer with his parliamentary programme; as the first-century herald of a socialistic era; as a Labour leader who exhausts the vocabulary of abuse in denouncing men, not because they are liars, hypocrites, and extortioners, but because they are capitalists and individualists—a kind of sublimated Keir Hardie.

That is Jesus the Demagogue.

Having formulated its type-man, the next step of socio-materialism is to back the new character by the ancient sanctions. The advanced wing, with courageous logic at least, discard Christ in any character and with all His sanctions; but the less extreme, treating the matter rather as a change of clothes, apply the sartorial art to the Gospels, and succeed in turning out a brand-new democratic suit—something of a misfit, perhaps, but passable enough in the untutored eyes of a *sans-culotte*. New and ingenious turns are given to the sacred narrative, enough to make the old expositors turn over in their graves. The process, of course, is not in itself to be condemned, for every school of thought has exercised the same liberty of interpretation; but we are justified in requiring that some consistency be maintained between the past and the present if the historic ideal is to be preserved at all. The Socialist Commentary on the New Testament has not yet appeared, though it is certainly on its way, and is being heralded by informal comments scattered through the undigested mass of socialist literature. The principle of interpretation may be described as putting the political effect in the place of the moral cause, with the result that Jesus the spiritual regenerator becomes Jesus the political propagandist. For example, the two exceptional cases in which He fed multitudes in the desert are broadened out

into the doctrine that Jesus cared for bodies more than souls, and are skilfully employed to score points against excessive devotion to exercises more purely spiritual. In the first century and in the nineteenth cheap bread and plentiful produces transports of enthusiasm, which, in its turn, would coerce the maker into becoming a bread-king. Is it likely that He who fled in horror from the king-makers of the first century will accept the bread-homage of the nineteenth?

The Socialist Commentary may find some difficulty in explaining harmoniously with its canons of interpretation, the facts that Jesus appeared to be indifferent to a homage which had its seat in the belly; that He deliberately turned away from it, and by the utterance of deep spiritual truth and a plain declaration that poverty was the reward of following Him, turned the throngs of pursuing king-makers into a rout of disgusted renegades. Yet, even to this task, socialist hermeneutics, which are nothing if not courageous, promise to be equal. This refusal to be created a benevolent Cæsar on the strength of a temporary repeal of the corn laws leads to new and more wonderful interpretations. Jesus declined to be made king because, as it is inferred, He was a republican; and, being a republican, His ministry, as necessarily follows, was at bottom a move against existing institutions. He had, we are assured, a very definite radical programme, though never able to put it into actual operation. The literature in question abounds in language which represents Jesus as seeking to secure His ends by political agencies, rather than the supply of motives and ideals. By the machinery of a social State He seeks to produce that equality of external condition which is the socialistic equivalent of the kingdom of God.

This republican theory is reinforced by an ingenious turn given to the question of property as it came up in Palestine 2000 years ago. From His occasional freedom with certain swine and asses, and from His scant respect for the rights of property as represented by the sacrilegious money-changers in the Temple, the large inference is drawn that Jesus was a Communist; and this conclusion is strongly backed by appeal to the short-lived experiment in voluntary and partial communism made by the primitive Church. It is reserved for the Socialist Commentary to explain the fact that that experiment was not inaugurated by Jesus, who denounced, not the holding of private property, but the unjust acquisition and selfish use of property; or the other awkward fact that some of the disciples were holders of considerable amounts of private property; nor there is no evidence that the boats and tackle of the sons of Zebedee were communally held, though the profits were, no doubt, unselfishly distributed. But, passing by these trifling details, it is the superb indifference of Jesus to worldly goods or worldly men that gives occasion to the new interpretation. So when Jesus, parabolically,

plunged Dives into hell and elevated Lazarus to Abraham's bosom ; or when He enjoined rich men to invite the poor to their feasts, or sell all they had and give to the poor, He is represented as caring for property rather than character, seeking the equable distribution of the former rather than the purification of the latter, not so much holding up a voluntary moral ideal of equal value for rich and poor as proclaiming the establishment of a new socialistic State, of which Karl Marx is the latter-day prophet.

It will be interesting to see what exposition the Socialist Commentary will give of the doctrine of non-resistance, so forcibly enunciated by Jesus, and which would seem to sit as awkwardly upon Him in His new character of demagogue as lilies of peace upon the sword of Cæsar. If the preliminary literature be a correct guide it will hardly be as frankly non-resisting as the communism of Tolstoi. Happily it is not without some darker sayings of the Son of Man to which it may pin its revolutionary ultimatum, "Be my brother, or I slay thee." For did not He counsel His followers to barter their very garments for swords ? And did not He threaten Pilate with the advent of twelve legions of angels ? It is enough. "The Man of Nazareth" may be invoked even for that maddest, guiltiest of all propagandas, propaganda by sword ! Why adduce the doubtful example of the Cromwellites and other religious fighters when so tremendous an invocation of the Prince of Peace is possible ?

The canon of interpretation adopted by socialistic materialism may be further illustrated by its treatment of apostolic history. It has no difficulty in putting a new face upon the old facts. It is well known that the early Christians refused to pay divine homage to Divus Augustus, or to worship the gods of the empire, or to settle their disputes in heathen law courts, or to enlist in the imperial army ; but who, till now, ever drew the inference that they were actively hostile to the existing form of government and ready with an alternative government to put in its place ? But then, it is said, why did the imperial powers persecute unless they perceived treasonable purposes underlying most innocent-seeming worship ? That Christianity was declared a "religio illicita," and that its adherents were thus driven to worship in secret, are matters of common knowledge ; but it was reserved for an age which gave birth to a "Labour Church" to translate them into terms of revolution and to declare that the Christian propaganda was a revolutionary movement carried on by secret societies in defiance of governmental prohibition. Surely the wrong-headedness of right-hearted men was never more signally illustrated than in the suggested comparison between the superb confessors of the second century and the desperadoes usually associated with the words "revolutionary" and "secret society." To degrade the primitive spiritual communities to the vulgar level of a political conspiracy is to ride a prejudice dan-

generously near the lines of wilful perversion, and is a sure sign that the inner spirit of Christianity is being sacrificed to a new form of Erastianism, a form not less fatal that it is promulgated in an age of democracy and by men who have votes. The age of Constantine did actually identify Christianity with a political programme, and gave Christian history a twist so vicious that it has not yet recovered itself. Erastianism will prosper no better under a Democracy than under Imperialism. The authority of the early Christians can be claimed for State Socialism only by playing havoc with the facts of apostolic religion and doing violence to the spirit of an age than which none ever adorned the men and women who were true to it with a finer grace and dignity. They were revolutionists, no doubt, in the sense that their Gospel turned the world upside down; but to suggest that they achieved their purpose by political agencies, or contemplated any move against any government, or meditated in the dimmest and most distant way any resort to force, is to be traitor to the most fruitful and inspiring movement of human history. Unlike our modern Socialist, the primitive Christian cherished no hostility to any particular government, but prayed to be delivered from all governments. So little did he resemble your man with his programme, with his scheme, with his positive political plan, that he craved only the small boon of being let alone. He asked no patronage; hardly, indeed, protection, but merely freedom to worship his God in his own way, and shape his life after the dictates of his own conscience. He claimed "liberty" indeed; yet not so much liberty to agitate against the government as to possess his own soul and be lord of all that was under his own hat. He believed in "equality" no doubt; yet not so much a rigid and profitless equality of condition as an equality before God, an equality which was realised in the life of mutual love and helpfulness led by those poor and rich, bond and free, ignorant and learned, who formed the membership of the Churches. He testified to "fraternity" certainly; yet not to the fraternity of a humanism so shallow as to add homicide to its programme, but to the spiritual kinship of all men in God, a kinship realised in a life of love lived by the power of a God of love. So far from contemplating any purely political revolutions it is quite certain that the early Christians expected everything from the multiplied conversions of individuals and troubled themselves very little about changes of government. Whatever reforms were to be effected in society were to be wrought by moral influence, by persuasion, by spiritual regenerations. In the decisive words of their greatest leader they "wrestled not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places."

Writers of the new Socialism confidently assure us that their constituents enshrine the principles of Jesus in their hearts and are prepared to vote for them at the polls. Whatever antipathy they may cherish towards organised Christianity they have nothing but enthusiastic loyalty to Christ; that is, of course, the "Man of Nazareth" Christ. It is just this idea of Christ that creates the doubt. For, with all respect to the author of "The Kernel and the Husk," nine years' further development of socialistic ideas seems to have carried us into a shallower and more limited view of Christ rather than a deeper and expanding view. They have said "He is the man for us," but the higher and further things seem to recede instead of coming nearer. The formulated programme becomes increasingly secular and the "inadequate worship" seems to limit itself more and more to that aspect of Christ which looks towards material betterment. This would appear to be an incurable defect of the "Man of Nazareth" ideal, a defect from which it has no power to deliver itself and by which it is for ever condemned to turn the mill of a purely secular utilitarianism. Is there no ground for the fear that the alleged readiness to vote for the principles of Jesus proceeds on the assumption that those principles resolve themselves into a method of social improvement? And is it quite certain that there is an equal readiness to vote for the higher and more spiritual things which everywhere breathe as necessary presuppositions through the utterances of Jesus? Is not the kingdom of God shrivelled down to the dimensions of a perfected material environment with the higher things at most flung in as a mere inference and appendage? And what is this but to materialise the infinite firmament above our heads and stick the stars all about it like Chinese lanterns? Is not the universal summons of Jesus to service and self-renunciation forged into a mere missile to hurl at the wealthier classes and degraded into an argument for the universal right to creature comforts? And is this anything more than an earlier Palestinian version of the familiar revolutionary triad? Is not the injunction that the greater should serve the less, and the rich the poor, depleted of its grandeur and its moral quickness when translated into terms of socialism—a barren equality of condition through compulsory surrender of property? There are people not a few who have every desire to view the "Man of Nazareth" ideal in the most favourable light, yet are constrained by considerations such as these to take up the parable of Paul against the Galatians and say, "I stand in doubt of you."

Confronted with a theory of life which bears every characteristic feature of materialism, we begin to understand our debt to Matthew Arnold for his splendid exposition of the *inwardness* of Jesus. Over against the inwardness of Jesus State Socialism sets the most complete *externalism*, both as to the nature of the kingdom of God and

the method of its realisation. The kingdom of God is to be established by votes cast for a social programme—whose note is food and drink, as distinguished from an effete political programme—whose note was merely justice and freedom. Once more we are invited, in face of the unvarying warning of history, to barter the commanding principles of life for the elusive promise of immediate physical satisfaction, to exchange the higher and farther things of the soul for the lower and nearer things of the body. It is the sense-bound Sir Tristram twangling on his harp :

"A star in heaven, a star within the mere !
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,
And one was far apart, and one was near."

Current events run strangely parallel to those of the Gospels. For these alternate programmes are said to have struggled for supremacy in the breast of the "Man of Nazareth," only, curiously enough, the writers speak of the event as His "temptation," and represent His rejection of the physical programme as a great victory for mankind. That the "temptation" contemplated something far beyond the immediate gratification of His own personal wants, that it presented itself indeed with all the alluring force of altruistic sentiment and the most boundless humanitarianism, is finely brought out by Milton, whose interpretation may be quoted as without prejudice to modern controversies. The "temptation" comes to Him, Himself hungering and thirsting, through an old man, poor and starved :

"We here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born.
But, if Thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made Thee bread.
So shalt Thou save Thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."

At a later date the crowds forsook Him upon the plain declaration that no more loaves and fishes were to be forthcoming. History repeats itself. Human nature remains the same and events move in cycles round it. Of old time, also, the people in Eastern fashion shouted their approval of the "Man of Nazareth" only to turn away when the nature of His claim was made clearer. Carpenter as He was and people's Man, it was to be expected that the common people would hear Him gladly ; and yet, when the inwardness of the salvation He offered them became plain, they streamed away in numbers such as to provoke a momentary doubt even of the Twelve—"Will ye also go away?" Their answer is significant, and marks the eternal distinction between the material and the spiritual motives of discipleship—"Thou hast the words of eternal life." Without prejudice to democracy as a form of government, it is evident that masses are superhumanly

delivered from the taint of selfishness no more than classes. Democracy, too, disavowed the spiritual kingship of Jesus, and renounced a leader who would not take up its programme. The inward was deliberately sacrificed to the outward. Eternal life kicked the beam when laid in the scale with loaves and fishes. Hounded on by aristocracy, it was yet the People who shouted, "Away with Him!" and "Give us Barabbas!" Why not? For all the purposes of this life, Barabbas would appear to be a more hopeful subject than the Man of Nazareth.

Barabbas, at any rate, has his eye on the main chance, and is not too nice in his choice of means. Barabbas does not demand inconvenient personal virtues in place of the political programme we are all eager to get pushed. Barabbas does not go about talking beautiful abstractions and throwing away votes. This idyllic sermonising amongst the Galilean lilies is very well, this fine dreaming about truth and purity and self-denial and what not; but when it is a question of political reform, we look in a rough-and-tumble world like this to the man who can do a bit of fighting. And if Jesus is to do nothing but instruct people in what He calls eternal life, to comfort them under their sufferings, and to practise very beautiful forms of charity which, after all, are still charity and not justice, we may take our ideals from Him, but for our practical policy we must look to the man who can organise the forces of revolt and go to Parliament to sit in permanent opposition. A crown of thorns or a cross is exquisite for poetry, but a woollen cap in a House of Commons is the thing for politics. Barabbas is not fool enough to be crucified if he gets it in his power to crucify his oppressor. Barabbas will not talk this amiable nonsense about loving those who exploit you, and praying for those bloated capitalists who despitefully use you. Barabbas is a practical man with an immediate political programme, and is all for a speedy establishment of the era of social equality. Working men! look after your interests and vote for Barabbas—Barabbas the revolutionist or even Barabbas the monopolist and the millionaire, if he will pay trade-union wages and give old-age pensions and an eight hours day!

If the kingdom of God is by nature inward before it is outward, the method of its establishment is by inwardness rather than by externality. Jesus did not annul the law of human development, but carried them up into higher Christian spheres. In a universe which had to wait long ages for rocks and crystals and mere animal physiologies the perfecting of the human spirit is not to be done in a gallop, and Jesus saw clearly that the personal and the regenerative must precede the social and the reformatory. But the insight was not gained without a struggle. Having resisted the temptation to prefer a full stomach to a live soul! He was next confronted by the

choice between revolution by political forces and regeneration by spiritual influence. The peculiar force of this "temptation" lay in the suggestion to fall back from the far, and the high, and the slow upon the near, the facile, and the carnal. The storm and stress within drove Him into the wilderness which became the theatre of the most tremendous spiritual conflict in the history of the human race. It was a duel to the death between alternative methods of delivering mankind; either the swift and ready method of personal triumph and political force resulting in a despotism more benevolent and more truly theocratic than had visited the prophets in their most gorgeous dreams; or the age-long method of personal sacrifice and spiritual influence, whose far-off issue would be a race possessed and dominated in each individual unit of it by the law of sacrifice. How tremendous the convulsion in the heart of Jesus may be inferred from the almost fierceness with which He turned upon Peter, endeavouring, a little later, to draw him from the way of the cross. It was His choice of the latter method which resulted, or will result, in a Paradise Regained, and Milton hardly erred when he laboured almost to tediousness to exhibit this:

"Victorious deeds

• Flamed in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity restored:
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear."

But the way of the cross, though it represents at once the highest wisdom and the mightiest power of God, is precisely foolishness to those who seek after political wisdom and demand a revolutionary sign. The inwardness of the method of Jesus is necessarily distasteful to such as think that the kingdom of God cometh with observation and can be established by a democratic Parliament. To the revolutionist and the political millennialist it is ludicrously slow and unbusinesslike. However it be the shortest way home the impatient reformer sees in it nothing but the longest way round. Believers in the Gospel of Jean Jacques Rousseau have merely to revise the social contract, and lo! the Millennium is at the door; while the Gospel of Jesus requires the regeneration of the human spirit as the tremendous preliminary to successful revision. The one sets out with a light heart to reform the State, the other aims at reforming the citizen; since, unreformed, he is likely to revise the contract after the fashion of a Hebrew book—backwards. He that believeth shall not make haste. But what can our revolutionist, swearing by his system and armed with compulsory powers, do with this heavy-paced regenerator who applies slow dissolvents to the motives of human selfishness and

builds up character by long æonial processes? How can your pushing reformer with his programme, with his democratic vote, with his melancholy faith in the transference of political machinery and police bâtons from the plutocratic to the popular side, get along with this "meek and lowly of heart," who adventures the salvation of a world through the travail of His own soul, and is content to wait long ages till He see it? To get a Bill through Parliament abolishing poverty this day twelvemonth seems so much more promising than to wait the slow perfecting of the human spirit!

The truth is that the offence of the cross has not yet ceased. Christ is still ordained a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to every man and every age that prefers the temporal to the eternal. That Christ was a poor man does not necessarily imply that every poor man is a Christ. We need cherish no delusions. Government by democracy does not necessarily mean government by the Christian principles of patience, holiness, sacrifice. It is quite possible for the people to take over the business of the peers yet continue to conduct it on the time-honoured principles of Vanity Fair. No democrat need deceive himself. Rather must he, in the interests of democracy itself, guard against the reaction which follows disillusionment, and, by cherishing no illusions, seize the more effectively upon every means of reasonable reform. He may honestly believe that government by democracy is the highest rung in the ladder of human ascent, yet remain passionately true to a Christian ideal of life not yet incarnate in the men of his time. Like that ideal something which ever eludes the brush of the painter and the chisel of the sculptor, the peculiar glory and beauty of the principles preached by the "Man of Nazareth" may be found awaiting in Bills drawn up even by a government of the people, by the people, for the people—

"And suddenly without heart-wreck I awoke
As from a dream: I said, "Twas beautiful,
Yet but a dream, and so adieu to it!"

To discuss the relation between Christianity and Socialism passes the limits of this paper; it is enough to see that they are not necessarily identical. It would be a great gain if materialistic State Socialists on the one hand, and enthusiastic humanitarian Christians on the other, could be induced to proclaim less loudly that "Socialism is Christianity." No public-spirited citizen will refuse to apply the spirit of Christianity to public affairs, yet may very well decline to identify the religion of Jesus with any distinct political scheme or any specific social programme. The sanction of Jesus for any just reform tending to elevate the common life can be fearlessly claimed without fastening Him down to theories of which He had never heard, and making Him stand sponsor for political ideals He might repudiate,

and would certainly refuse to work out with political tools. The reformer can always find his inspiration in Jesus without claiming His divine authority for the immediate Parliamentary programme.

Like the early apostles, we are still looking for the "times of the restitution of all things." As of old, so now, men wait for the "coming of the Son of Man" bringing social renovation with Him. To the modern as to the ancient world He is the "desire of all hearts." But, as in ancient times men required Him to come militant, overturning, triumphant, a kind of beautiful *Jupiter Tonans*, to put things right by force, so in these days men are shouting for a "Man of Nazareth" to lead them on to industrial victories and social revolutions, looking for salvation by some brilliant *coup d'état* of a social Parliament.

But as Jesus took upon Him, not the upper and stronger side of human life, but the under and weaker side; not the proud but the suffering side; not the side "of stupid starers and of loud huzzas," but the side from which men habitually turn; not master but servant; not victor but victim, so He would teach us that our salvation comes by sacrifice, that the way of the cross is the only way to social emancipation. Along this road no partial Christ can conduct us, no Christ mass-loving and class-hating; but Christ the universal Brother. If this age is to restore to Jesus the garments of the carpenter stripped from Him by an age of tawdry ecclesiasticism, it will profit nothing if they are to be made the symbol of class divisions and the banner of a materialistic revolution; if they are not to express the divinity of labour and the eternal worth of the labourer; if He is to be exalted as a reviler of the rich rather than the Saviour of all from selfishness.

Jesus the Demagogue can profit nothing; but Jesus the Son of Man.

WALTER WALSH.

PRIMARY EDUCATION AND THE STATE.

I.

NEW legislation for Elementary Education in England and Wales was promised in the Queen's Speech, and a Bill making provision for it is not unlikely to be introduced in the House of Commons by Sir John Gorst before Easter. A concurrence of circumstances, it is held, renders this legislative activity inevitable. Anglicans and Romanists assert that the recent election has expressed a demand that cannot be resisted, and created an opportunity that must not be lost, for considering and re-arranging the Education settlement of 1870, and the Acts of 1876 and 1891, in the interests of "Denominational" Education. Something must be done; and "done quickly."

Confessedly the situation is full of difficulty and even of peril; peril for the statesman who has the responsibility of framing the Bill; for the party in whose name it is introduced and who will seek to make it law; peril yet more for any clerical persons and institutions trying to shape it so as to secure their own ends; but gravest peril of all for the children and for the future of England. Still, the graver the difficulty, the finer the opportunity for true patriotism and skilled statesmanship. To discover what is practicable amid the conditions of the moment, to face and master the clamour of contending interests, to separate the transitory gains of the hour from the abiding welfare of the ages, to legislate not for a party but for a nation, is to render the highest service to men and win an imperishable renown. And although Liberals generally would have preferred that the Act of 1870 should not be disturbed until further experience has been gained, yet we shall all rejoice if the "Minister of Education" is able to seize the present occasion and use it, so as to promote the thoroughness and efficiency of our educational work in Board and denominational schools alike, and to make the machinery of elementary

education adequate to the actual needs of the nation. We cannot and do not object to legislation because it is new; but it is incumbent upon us to ask, whether the new measures are based on justice. Finality is not in our programme, but change must be "broad-based upon the people's will." The relations of Board and denominational schools to the State will be sure to require frequent re-arrangement in the experience of a growing people; but every re-arrangement must advance education and not hinder it, and carry the benefits of the State to all and not to any specially favoured class. We therefore ask; on what lines ought this new legislation for Primary Schools to proceed so that the citizens may discharge their full duty through the State in training their children; in educating, qualifying, and rewarding their teachers; and in husbanding and economising their financial resources?

II.

At the outset, it may be set down as one of the good omens for the new legislation that it has to be moulded at a time when a higher and nobler ideal of national education is in the ascendant than at any previous moment in our history. Though sadly obscured, yet the image of an educated nation is at last slowly taking its place in the consciousness of the English people, winning our admiration, and becoming one of the irresistible working forces of the age. Men and women feel with growing keenness, that our industrial, social, and religious development has its roots in the wisdom and completeness, justice and efficacy of our arrangements for primary education; and they look with increasing pain and impatience on the personal and petty strife that checks our progress, and the pampered selfishness that blocks our advance. We understand what we want, or at least we are beginning to understand. Mr. Mundella speaks for a daily increasing number when he says: "The whole ideal of education is too low." We admit and deplore it. We see that the worst British poverty is not that of the pocket and the cupboard, bad as that is; but that of the mind and heart, of the will and character. It is this that empties the pocket and keeps the cupboard bare. Like Carlyle, "we acknowledge the all but omnipotence of early culture and nurture," and see that, because that "omnipotence" has been denied us by the unwisdom of our predecessors; Germans and Swiss, French and Danes, are taking possession of our markets and leaving us to drop into a third or fourth place in the competitive life of the crowded industrial world. Artisans see and say that if we are to hold our own we must perfect the drill of our children. "What is the good," they ask, "of an extended empire, if you have not trained citizens to use it? Wherein is the advantage of the Transvaal, and India, and of the colonies, if Scotland,

with 90 per cent. of her children in the Board school, is to seize and hold all?" We must raise the whole standard of our elementary education if we are to become a really educated people and fulfil our mission amongst the nations of the earth.

Welcome as is this deepening sense of the need of becoming an educated people, it is more obvious that it has been quickened by the actual advances that have been made in educational efficiency within the last thirty years. Just as the moisture of the earth draws the showers, and the showers water the earth; as the seed produces the plant and the plant produces the seed, so the loftier conception of education has been fostered by the distinct progress that has been made in the educational institutions of the land. University education has been freed from some of its mediaeval restrictions and brought into closer touch with the life of the people. Oxford and Cambridge have taken possession of Nottingham and Bristol and other large towns. London has opened its degrees to women. Theological tests have been abolished. Ritual observances have ceased to be universally obligatory. Clericism has been forced into a much more limited area, and the whole conception of the service of the University to the educational efficiency of the nation has been purified and exalted. The Report of the Commission on Secondary Education has been published, and though it does not go so far as we could have wished, since the Commission was restricted to the "organisation and external administration of the institutions," yet it provides valuable materials and opportunities for progress. The Independent Science and Art Department has made possible the existence and maintenance of higher grade schools and polytechnics; the endowment of County Authorities with power and with the "whisky money" so called, for educational work, together with the uprising of technical institutes and higher grade schools, has caused technical education to advance "by leaps and bounds." Free from conflicts concerning religious dogmas, they have multiplied abundantly the opportunities for acquiring manual dexterity and technical skill; for that gradual training in learning by *doing*, which is one of the outstanding features of the modern method of education.

Clearly the trend of English education in its higher and lower ranges is upward and onward, towards the goal of complete efficiency and universal justice! Is it to be downward and backward in the lowest and most important of all? Increased efficiency, liberty, strength, mark the University, the technical institute, and the higher grade instruction. Shall the State forbid or limit the range of these qualities in its primary school? Is the English educational system always to be our reproach amongst the peoples of the Continent, always feeble and poor in its base, and only strong and sane in its superstructure? True statesmanship will remember "the omnipotence of early culture," and in the language of Milton, "press on to reform reformation," and

so let in a flood of new vigour to the secondary schools, the polytechnics, and Universities. It will heighten the educational ideal, expel what is narrow and sectarian as far as it can, make more secure every fine force in the field, and so treat whatever exists that use or non-use may prepare for further progress and inaugurate a new educational age.

III.

Nor is it to be forgotten that all parties are at length agreed as to the responsibility of the State to make full and adequate provision for primary education. The Romanist vies with the Anglican in his eager solicitude for more money for denominational schools; and at last, Free Churchmen have ceased to doubt the economy and wisdom of employing the nation's money in training and drilling the nation's children. True, it is a new thing for the Free Churchman to express this confidence in the teaching functions of the State. He has had great difficulty in conquering an inherited and long-developed antipathy to the action of the State in anything, except the protection of law-abiding citizens. Nor is it surprising. Even a dog does not regard with admiring affection the stick with which he has been repeatedly and soundly thrashed; and a Free Churchman may be forgiven if he remembers the enormous mischief wrought by the State in connection with trade and charity, education and religion; and the persistent antagonism with which he has been pursued, persecuted, and punished by a domineering clericalism through the instrumentality of Parliament. It is not surprising that he should have recalled the time when a Free Churchman was not allowed to join the illustrious company of schoolmasters in "gerund-grinding" and the use of the birch-rod, unless he had first of all partaken of the "Sacrament"; or to instruct children in the mysteries of numeration and addition if he had not subscribed thirty-four and a half of "the thirty-nine Articles." Was it likely he would be eager to clothe with new power the creators of the Corporation Act, the Test Act, the Conventicle Act, the Five Mile Act, and the rest of the machinery for the total extermination of the "Sin of Dissent"? Naturally he distrusted the priest, and closely watched the State, which was his tool. Therefore he shrank from committing the education of the young to his unchecked control, convinced that according to his rivetingly instincts, he would simply use the occasion as a means of prying the fetters of ecclesiastical intolerance, and subjecting the nation to the dictation of a religious caste. Therefore, when the new legislation of 1870 was projected, the Free Churchmen held back. Two thousand five hundred of them, representing eight hundred Free Church organisations, met at Manchester in January, 1872, and re-asserted their faith in the principles of religious equality, protested

against spending public money in primary education without granting popular control, and affirmed the necessity of restricting the action of the State to what is called "secular education" and leaving religious education to voluntary effort.

And, although the fears which found expression on that occasion have been abundantly vindicated by the action of the clerics whenever they have had a political majority, yet to-day the Free Church citizens of England and Wales are as strenuous as any of their fellows in the advocacy of the wisest and fullest use of the united energies of the people, through Parliament, in the perfection of our primary education.

IV.

Nor should the new legislation stand in awe of "the religious difficulty." It is not so tough as it was. New conceptions of religion; of its essential spirit and contents, of the methods by which it may be communicated and nourished, and of the goal to which it should always be directed, are slowly but surely wearing away this ancient "stumbling-stone and rock of offence." New ideas of education are working so effectually towards the same issue that, appearances notwithstanding, it is destined to go in the slow, but inevitable, evolution of our social and political life.

"The normal genesis," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "of the teacher is from the priests"; and at the outset, teaching was wholly concerned with religious rites and doctrines. The old world libraries were in temples, and the schools were at the centres of the priestly life. By degrees the range of education was extended, and at length embraced first, such subjects as "reading and writing," and afterwards the whole of the topics grouped under the head of "secular" knowledge. Next, came the loosening of the bonds between teaching as a profession and the hierarchy of priests, and, though the exclusion of clerical control is still far from complete, it has within recent years advanced so far that the day of final emancipation cannot be very remote. No longer is it necessary to wear a semi-priestly dress, or obligatory to attend "morning chapel," or to subscribe to a set of theological opinions in order to study in the Universities, or to compete for a degree, or to accept many of the professorial chairs. Moreover, not only has education gained in vigour, robustness, breadth, and elevation by the exclusion of the priests, but real religion has been strengthened and advanced by the same just and necessary policy. The slavery of the teacher to clericalism;—one of the worst forms of bondage known to mortal men, is not yet extinct; but the teachers, in the interests of education and religion alike, are joining hands, forming guilds, and editing newspapers;—and the teaching profession is acquiring such strength, dignity, and influence, as to make

it rich in promise of incalculable advantage to the educational work of the coming century.

No one will suppose that I am unaware of the prodigious efforts made, with reckless audacity, by a small but determined party in this country to "re-acquire their lost clerical control." Indeed, it is the action of that section of a section of the people that creates the *real* difficulty in the situation. But for it there would be no religious difficulty. Board schools do not create the religious difficulty. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Liverpool have both freely testified to the eminent religious service they have rendered and are rendering to the nation; and were it not for the Anglican Catholics of the English Church Union and of the *Church Times*, with their determination to rid the country of Protestantism by "capturing" the Board schools as they have already "captured" the funds, the buildings, the pulpits, the schools, and the social prestige of the State Church for Romanism, the "religious question" would scarcely have been raised in the present controversy. But Mr. Riley and the English Church Union do not represent the English people nor the laity of the English Church. They are sacerdotalist, and the defenders of sacerdotalism, and their frantic efforts to seize and manipulate the nation's machinery for primary education will not only be resisted with unquenchable enthusiasm, but also with abiding success.

It is also significant of much that the Free Churches of England and Wales have accepted a new conception of the place of religious teaching in the primary schools of the nation. In 1870 they were strongly opposed to the introduction of religious teaching in the schools of the State, but experience has convinced nearly the whole of us, (1) that it is possible to inspire in children attending State schools that religious faith which underlies all our theologies and ecclesiasticisms, all our individual interpretations of Scripture, all our catechisms and creeds, and that is actually fundamental to them, without violating the sacred rights of the human conscience; and (2) that there is no better instrument for the inspiration of such faith than the Bible; but that (3) our distinctive convictions as to institutional and theological religion should be taught in our churches, Sunday-schools, and Christian Endeavour societies; and therefore, at this moment, the Free Churches, in all their varieties, stand for the reverent and free use of the Bible in the Board schools, but always without the addition of any creeds, catechisms, or religious formularies.

Nor do we compare ill with our Anglican friends in this matter of "definite religious" teaching. For example. In 1893 we had 398,843 Sunday-school teachers, whereas the Anglicans only reported 186,614, leaving the Free Churches an excess of 212,229. As to scholars, the

Anglican schools returned 2,628,467; but we had 3,848,070. Moreover, in the Anglican Church, curates and day-school masters and mistresses, paid in part by the State, are engaged; whereas in our schools, not only is every officer and every teacher unpaid, but their devotion to the work, their efforts to secure increased fitness, their attendance upon normal and training-classes, supply cheering evidence that the quality of the teaching is advancing, and that the "Nonconformist religion" is being definitely, clearly, and effectively taught, and taught *wholly at our own cost*. We are content. Surely but for a few priests, the "religious difficulty" would be gone.

V.

This then is clear. The new legislation must not go back from the fundamental principle of the Act of 1870. Board schools must be kept true to the formative idea to which they owe their origin. That Act was intended to inaugurate a really national system. It put an end at once to the notion that Parliament should act *only* through and by the religious bodies, and accepted as a principle of national politics the duty of providing primary instruction for all the children of the nation. Thus the Board schools were created as the schools of the whole people, and must be developed in harmony with that law.

It is of the first importance that their representative character and authority should be maintained intact. They are democratic. They exist *for* the children of the people, and must be governed *by* the people, acting through their representatives freely chosen. No extraneous authority should be suffered to intrude; no revising of "precepts" by the County Council or other body; no limiting the rate they levy; no restriction of their borrowing powers in the interests of clerical schools; indeed, the utmost resistance must be offered to any and every attempt to make the constitution of our Board school less popular and representative.

The Bishop of London desires to have the "precepts" of the Board "revised" by another authority. Dean Gregory complains that he is persecuted because he has to pay a rate for the Board school as well as support the "schools" of his own denomination; but he says nothing of the splendid dividend he obtains for the payment of his small rate for Board school education. To pass by the fact that he pays less for criminals and the poor, for the police and for the administration of justice; it is patent that he acquires the power to check and fetter the action of the School Boards at least equal to that of any other citizen outside those Boards; and in London his party, with his valuable help, keep every single chairmanship and vice-chairmanship of the Board and of its committees; make the rate, and yet pose before the ratepayers as eager

to reach the "threepenny" munificence of Lord Salisbury; resist the opening of every new school, even though, as Mr. Sharp says, "they are at their wits' end to know what to do with the children;" pack every Managers' Board with their own nominees; and cripple, in every way the law permits, the efficiency of School Board work. Such a return as that ought to soothe the irritated spirit of the Dean, and check the extravagance that compares the payment of a small School Board rate with the imprisonment and burning of the martyrs. If Anglicans were wise, not to say grateful, they would spend the millions of money the State gives them, and say no more about the rate for Board schools.

It is scarcely less necessary that the teacher should be protected from the imposition of all theological and ecclesiastical tests. His business is not to teach religious dogmas; and the attempts to elicit his opinions and treat him accordingly, are as unwise as they are illegal. Efforts are being made to get the Test Act reimposed as a condition of teaching in Government schools. It is maintained in the January *Blackwood*, that no one but an orthodox Christian should be permitted to hold office under the Education Act, and that in all the Board schools Christian dogmas should be taught dogmatically. In Church training colleges, which are almost wholly maintained from Imperial funds, ecclesiastical tests are applied. Nonconformists cannot teach in Anglican schools, although Nonconformists contribute to the two millions and a half they annually receive; and now it is proposed that tests of "orthodoxy" and "ecclesiastical" relationship shall be applied to the candidates for the teacher's office in our Board schools. No policy could be more fatal to the effectiveness of our primary education, or more disastrous to the real religion of the nation. The teacher must be free to be strong. It is not liberty for liberty's sake; but for "liberty as increasing vigour," strength of character, manhood, service we plead. Tests breed weakness. Pledges lead to poverty. To rob the robust man of his intellectual liberty offends him, and he refuses to serve you. You secure the weakling and the hypocrite, and lose the man of power and sincerity, and so block the progress of national education.*

But a Board-school teacher can only be free so long as the "Cowper-Temple clause" is preserved from the slightest encroachment, and every effort to bring "creeds and catechisms and religious formularies" into the curriculum of the school is successfully resisted. To get that clause abolished is the passionate desire of the Romanising Anglicans. That way lies clerical control and the

* Professor Seeley says: "To impose a dogmatic system upon the teaching class of a nation is inevitably to enfeeble the influence of culture upon that nation; and that equally whether the system imposed be absolutely true, absolutely false, or partly one and partly the other. It enfeebles precisely in the same way in which the hereditary principle enfeebles government. It closes the *carrière ouverte aux talents*. If the system imposed is at all minute, it must shut out from the teaching class a large number of the men who ought to be in it."—Seeley's "Lectures and Essays," p. 121.

destruction of the real character of the School Board system. Already the Education Department has broken the law by authorising the use of the "Apostles' Creed" on the supposition that it is *not* distinctive of any denomination; but recent events have shown clearly enough, not only the Department's mistaken interpretation of the action and habits of the Free Churches, but also the grave peril of adding to the instruments of the teacher any of the creeds or catechisms of the Churches.

For, it is in the face of the fact that the State distinctly enjoins that primary education may be given under its patronage and support, without being necessarily associated with institutional religion and religious organisations, that Lord Salisbury has the temerity to advise the clergy of his own Church to "capture the Board schools," to annex them to their own denomination and bring them under their own control. Counsel so openly in contravention of the best traditions of British statesmanship, and so obviously inciting to a breach of the law of the land, it would be difficult to match from the speeches of the least responsible person in the realm. On the lips of the Prime Minister such language is as discreditable as it is ominous for the future of education. John Sterling said: "There is no question which I can so ill endure to see made a party one as that of education." Lord Salisbury seems blind to every really national aspect of the subject, and only solicitous to inspire and guide such action upon it as shall bring advantage to his own party and Church. To be sure he does this on the cry of the "inalienable right of the parent" to have his own specific dogmas taught to his children at the cost of the State; a cry as false, illusory, and misleading as any ever invented for the defence and advocacy of a partisan and unjust cause. And the deceptiveness of the cry is increased by the use of phrases formed in the mint of Liberalism and used in the cause of liberty and progress. Our fathers contended that Parliament had no right to single out one "faith" from the rest, for its special patronage and support; and it is now contended in the interests of the same "religious equality," forsooth, that Parliament should find the funds for the teaching of all "faiths." Cardinal Vaughan and Mr. Riley have learnt the language of the Liberation Society, and glibly use it in support of their scheme for employing the State to collect moneys from everybody for the purpose of teaching everybody, everybody's religious and ecclesiastical beliefs. What is wanted, says a reviewer in the *Church Quarterly*, is a "fearless assertion of the principle of religious equality," meaning thereby that every parent shall be equally free to choose the specific dogmatic teaching of his child, and have it taught at the State's expense.

Cardinal Vaughan says:

"We require the State to finish the work she has undertaken in granting

free elementary education at the public expense by further declaring what that education ought to cost in maintenance per child in each district. Now just that sum ought to follow every child to the public elementary school to which his parents send him, and whether the school is Board or Voluntary, denominational or undenominational, ought not to enter into the question ; ”

and with the idea of carrying out this scheme the clerical party claim to be enabled by law to open new schools anywhere in the School Board district *at the cost of the State, according to the wishes of a certain number of the parents*, so that their own specific dogmas may be taught. Denominational schools are to be multiplied on every hand, not for the sake of education, but for the sake of the Romanists and the Romanising Anglicans. It is not astonishing that the effort to “capture the Board schools” by the clergy of a Church in which so many “faiths” are richly endowed, should be based on a plea which is neither more or less than the old and condemned policy of “concurrent endowment ;” but it is essentially a clerical cry : not made in the interest of religion or of education, but of priestly dogma and power. It is not the “inalienable right of the parent” they are concerned about ; but the discredited, disowned, and disappearing right of the priest to control education. The people who send their children to the Board schools do not want it. They are content with the present system and only wish for its extension and perfection. The working-man speaks in its favour. He wishes his child to know the Bible and to be taught its stories and facts, its songs and proverbs, its histories and principles, and is wishful to leave the questions that divide the sects to a later date in the life of his child. It will be perilous to the new legislation if it contains a line that will make the Board schools less effective as centres of elementary education ; less popular and representative in their control, or less unsectarian in their attitude towards religion.

VI.

But it is expected that the burden of the new Bill will be the revision and rearrangement of the financial relations of the denominational schools to the State. The cry for legislation comes from the Anglican and the Romanist, and from them only. They say they are suffering from the severity of the competition of the Board school in the efficiency of education ; and are unable to bear the “intolerable strain” to which they are subjected by the loftier standard of Board school teaching, the higher pay given to Board school teachers, the better sanitation of Board school premises, and the greater popularity of Board school work. Presented in its true character, this is simply an appeal to Parliament for that sum of money the denominational school managers have now to provide by subscriptions. Before 1870 the Anglicans had received at least £1,500,000 for buildings, an

10s. out of 30s. incurred in the education of each child per annum. The Act of 1870 raised the 10s. to 15s., and so left the managers with only half the sum to collect from fees and subscriptions, Mr. Gladstone contending that if that were done they would have no reason to complain. In 1876 the contribution of the State was raised to 17s. 6d. as a minimum, and without any stipulation as to subscriptions. In 1891 Lord Salisbury's Government allowed an extra 10s. per child towards the managers' portion of school income. So the legislation of the last twenty-four years has been made the means, of what John Morley calls "an enormous process of denominational endowment, the sum advancing from £562,611 in 1870 to £8,451,109 in 1894." The effect of this legislation is to secure to the Anglican schools five-sixths of their charges for teaching and maintenance.

What, then, is asked from Government? (1) Not less than that the remaining sixth of school cost shall be paid by the State, and so the *whole charge* of these sectarian institutions shall be obtained from funds contributed by the people, Baptist and Anglican, Romanist and Methodist alike; (2) that the school premises, now often assessed far below other buildings, shall be exempt from the payment of any rates whatever; (3) that the control of the teaching department shall be in the hands of the managers—*i.e.*, most frequently in the hands of the clergy; and (4) that Board schools shall be excluded whenever it is in any way possible.

The Master of Trinity wishes us "to regard these schools as national schools and not as clerical schools." That is exactly what we wish to do, exactly what we wish them to be, and exactly the spirit in which we would meet the complaint of inadequate resources, and the claim that the total expenditure of the schools shall be defrayed from national funds.

Of course, no Anglican will affirm that English Churchmen could not pay the remaining fragment of the cost per child if they wished. They know they could. Theirs is the Church of the old as well as the "new rich." Croesus is always an Anglican if he is anything. As a magnet attracts the steel filings, so the Established Church draws to itself wealth and society. Subscriptions have decreased, not because the Church is less wealthy or its members less interested in the schools; but because they have been able to extract more and more from the Imperial Exchequer whenever their Parliamentary friends have been in power; and there is little doubt that the two processes will go on, the declining subscriptions and the increasing national endowment, until the place that knows the subscriber shall know him no more for ever.

Nor do I object to that issue, provided that the schools are regarded as "national and not clerical"; but that is absolutely indispensable.

Education, and justice, and religion (which is nothing if it is not justice) all require it. Therefore, the new legislation should provide that the evolution of primary education shall be promoted on the lines of efficiency and economy, and not of weakness and waste; of popular and representative control, and not of a narrow and partisan clericalism.

VII.

In such an arrangement it should, in the first place, be rendered illegal to make the appointment of a teacher of a denominational school conditional upon his undertaking other offices or duties. Compulsory extraneous work should be rigorously excluded in the interests of the children, their parents, and the State.

This compulsory extraneous work is the real "intolerable strain." The day school teacher is often parish clerk and organist and bell-ringer, Sunday school superintendent and school-cleaner, secretary to the parish institute and clubs, and generally "man of all work" to the parson.*

In a report prepared by Messrs. Ernest Gray and T. A. Organ for the National Union of Teachers, details are given of the replies of 1200 teachers to questions proposed to them, on the subject of their extraneous duties, and 310 affirm distinctly that their position as school teachers *depends* upon the performance of other work; and these writers conclude, from the whole of their replies, that there are, over the country, 12,000 Voluntary school teachers "whose chief qualification, in the opinion of the Managers, for the post of an educator of the young is ability or willingness to act as organist, parish clerk, sweep the walls of the school, or make a plan of the graveyard. If he declined to at once perform any of these duties he would be at once thrown out into the world, no matter how efficiently his duties as a school teacher had been performed." One teacher says, "I had better neglect my day school than neglect the other work." Did he intimate that the work was too much for him, he would be told he might go, others would readily do it. Another writes, "I have tried to obtain Church schools without Sunday duties, but to no purpose." "Church playing," said one parson, "is here more important than school duties. I know your qualifications are good,

* Here is an example of the unauthorised time table of a village schoolmaster, setting out the duties in which he is compelled to engage in addition to his work as a teacher: Sunday-school twice—viz., 9.45 A.M. to 10.30 A.M., and 2 P.M. to 3.15 P.M. To sit with children at service. Monthly service, and collect club-pence. To superintend sweeping of the schools each night, and lighting of fires in the winter. To move the stools and desks each Friday evening, and arrange rooms for the Sunday-school. To re-arrange desks, &c., on Monday morning. To attend on all occasions on which the room is let, see to the lighting, and be responsible for all breakages, &c. To attend meetings of the Young Men's Friendly Society. To subscribe to the same, and (until recently) to drill the boys' brigade two evenings per week.

Payment for the above—nothing. Cf. "Report on Compulsory Extraneous Duties."

and you are an excellent teacher, but I want a professional organist.*

In fact, "it is not the best teacher who is sought, but the most willing slave," the most supple instrument for executing the purposes of the clerical manager; and observers are driven to conclude that the schools exist not for education, but in order to provide the parish with "a man of all work" at no cost to the parochial funds.

It is impossible to exaggerate the mischievous effects of such arrangements on education and religion. It impoverishes the teaching and takes out of it the verve and spirit necessary to make it nourishing and developing. The teacher has little or no rest, no time for that mental recuperation so essential for really good work. He is wearied, jaded, and irritable, fails to control himself and his pupils, and is incapable of doing his best in the exacting work before him. Moreover, it is sure to be a less qualified teacher who will accept these conditions; one who will compensate for lack of drilled faculty by his cringeing suppleness; make up for his incurable dulness as a teacher "by the frequency and regularity of his early communions"; and atone for his ignorance of his proper work by the zest with which he harangues the dazed children on "Church doctrine." Worst of all, a premium is put upon hypocrisy, and the garb of religion is assumed "for a loaf of bread."

Thus the child's education is sacrificed. Probably he can recite his catechism and attend to his ritual, but he is not fitted for the work of life and must take a fifth or sixth place, where, had he been well drilled, he might have had a first. To the end of his days he suffers from the extraneous duties his teacher was compelled to perform. And is it likely that the "Church" can gain by such proceedings? Never!† She cannot but lose the respect and confidence of those who serve her; and, as the witness before us shows, she often falls into such speculation and maladministration of funds as bring pain

* A teacher, replying to an advertisement, was asked, "Do you throw the greatest zest into your religious instruction, and do you try to make those committed to you of a high tone and thoroughly imbued with *Church* teaching? What are your Church views? Enter perfectly, fully, and candidly into this. Are you and your wife regular and devout early communicants?" The letter is long: it consists of forty-one lines; two are on education, and the rest on "Church teaching," the Sunday services, and the like. In another letter a cleric, engaging a schoolmaster, says: "I hope you will be perfectly candid about your powers as an *organist*, and also about your Church views," and again says, "Are you and your wife regular and frequent early communicants?"—Cf. "Report on Compulsory Extraneous Duties."

† The report I have quoted says: "In Church of England schools it is resulting in loss and damage to the Church. Good teachers are avoiding these schools. One of our correspondents writes: 'I have no extraneous work. Although I am a Churchman I have avoided these schools all my life solely on account of extraneous duties.' Several of our correspondents state that if they are driven out of the Church schools and taught to detest the Church itself it will be on account of the inhuman way in which the clergymen have rendered their work unbearable by compulsory extraneous work, and by the brusque manner in which that work has been frequently imposed.' Another teacher writes: 'I shall leave the dear old Church schools the first chance, and get a Board school situation.'"

to all true men and hinder the progress of genuine religion. Surely we may hope the new legislation will provide :

"That the appointment of any teacher employed in the school does not depend on the performance of, or the abstention from, any duties other than those in connection with the subjects named on the timetable of the school, together with the instruction of pupil teachers."

Another change needed, demanded, and expected is a guarantee to the teachers of reasonable security of tenure. The House of Commons will surely insist that the office of a rural schoolmaster shall no longer be at the mercy of the parson. The teaching class are amongst the most influential and useful of England's citizens, and it is a discredit to us and a serious hindrance to them, in their educational work, that whilst a workhouse master cannot be dismissed without the consent of the Local Government Board, any fractious clergyman may send a teacher adrift, and that teacher have no right or chance of appeal.

The *Schoolmaster* has given more than fifty leading articles on this subject, and supplied the details of many typical cases illustrating the gravity of the evils suffered by the teachers from "improper and unjustifiable dismissals." Mr. Roach and his wife were confessedly good teachers, but they were "dismissed" simply because Mr. Roach dared to inform the sanitary authorities of the fact that his pupils and his family were not supplied with proper water to drink. They were punished for discharging one of their primary duties to the children committed to their care. Three head teachers were "dismissed" because they felt themselves unable to continue arranging for "a concert" and courteously intimated it; and another is "dismissed" because he refuses to make a false entry on a Government return.

In the Isle of Man the appointment and dismissal of teachers are subject to the approval of the Board of Education created by the Legislature. In New Zealand and Canada a certain measure of security of tenure is granted to teachers; but in England and Wales teachers are exposed to the enfeebling anxiety and abject servitude consequent upon the absence of reasonable guarantees against capricious and arbitrary dismissal. If this is not remedied in the proposals of the new Bill, then we will hope the Right Hon. Mr. Acland will be able to carry an amendment granting to those engaged in the primary education of the country this necessary boon.

It is as painful as it is significant that some of the saddest disclosures made concerning denominational schools relate to finances. In a paper on school accounts read at the Conference of the National Union of Teachers, the author says: "There are scores of cases in which the whole of the expenses of lighting, cleaning, and heating schoolrooms for the purposes of Church services are defrayed out of

the school fund." The duties of clerk and choir-master, the wages of the sexton, the repairs of the rectory and church are frequently paid for out of funds which ought to be devoted solely to educational work; and after citing a case showing a perfect mastery of the art of "cooking accounts," he says: "It is hardly possible to conceive of a more glaring piece of jobbery; and yet this is only one case out of many thousands. Moreover, spurious vouchers are manufactured, the offertory is fictitiously increased, and all kinds of peculation indulged in at the cost of the taxpayers of the country. If the Bishop of London, instead of trying to deprive the Board schools of their popular and representative character, and asking that their "precepts" shall be revised by an external authority, would look into the accounts of the frauds perpetrated in the denominational schools, and arrange that their funds shall be subjected to a public and Government audit, as those of the Board schools are, both education and religion would be better served, and some money would be saved to the Imperial Exchequer.

The fact is, Anglican schools are practically under a "one man management." The teachers are chosen by the clergy, and can be dismissed by them, and the schools are worked, from first to last, as part of the "Church," and for the sake of the Church and its objects and purposes. It is "the Church" first and "the Church" last. And the evidence is overwhelming that, as Matthew Arnold said, "we shall never have a good system of education so long as the manufacturer, and the parson, and the squire can talk about 'my school.'" Popular control, real not illusory, is necessary in the interests of education, of religion, and of "the Church" itself. Cardinal Manning admitted that "where public money is received there must be public audit, inspection, and a share in management;" and as that audit should be full and efficient, and the inspection thorough, so the popular management ought to be genuine and not shadowy, representative and not a thinly disguised clerical nomination. No apparent concession of popular power will meet the exigencies of the situation. No central control will suffice. The government must be representative and not clerical, and embrace several persons, and not be left to one. Let the clergy have all the power to which they are entitled by character and training and social influence, but exclusive clerical domination is not consistent with the reception of public funds for public uses. In the Establishment the clergyman is under law and amenable to his bishop. In his school he reigns unchecked. The "one man management" ought to end, both in name and in fact. It is a despotism bad for education and liberty, for economy and religion. Give more money from the State and the necessity for obtaining local contributions ceases, the absolute manager is secure, and he will make his school more than ever a mere annexe to

his church. We need to be safeguarded against all possibility of fraud, by associating with the manager in all financial matters, at least five or six other managers, some of them, if not all, elected as the representatives of those who provide the money. Then the audit of accounts would not be left to her Majesty's Inspector of Teaching; but, as in the Board schools, to the official of the Local Government Board, with proper publicity and due notice to the ratepayers, and with every care that misappropriation of moneys or falsifying of accounts should be found out and punished.

Only by the introduction of this element of popular control will the State give the necessary freedom to the teachers and protect their civil and religious liberty. Only thus will it be possible to advance the standard of teaching in keeping with the actual needs of the age; only thus will Parliament remedy the admitted and intolerable "grievance" in 8000 parishes, in which the children of Free Churchmen are compelled to go to schools, in whose management their parents have no share, from whose teaching-staff they are excluded, and who must hear from the very teachers their fathers help to pay, that their father's "Church" is no "Church" at all, their father's minister is not "authorised to preach," and that they themselves cannot go to heaven because they have not been baptized. If persons wish to say such things, at their own expense they are free enough to say and teach; but to be paid out of the State taxes to talk after that fashion to the children of the State is only possible where legislation is based on injustice, religion is confounded with opinion, and barbarism has not been displaced by Christian civilisation.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.

UNUSUAL interest has been felt and displayed during the past four months in entangled questions of foreign policy by the average Englishman, despite his slender acquaintance with geography and his limited ability to master the outlandish names of persons and places with which he is so ruthlessly confronted at the outset. As a symptom, this curiosity is somewhat ominous; but as a safeguard it is to be encouraged rather than checked. A healthy or a happy individual, no doubt, is seldom keenly conscious of his vigorous state of body or his blissful frame of mind. It is only when pain or desire has made itself felt that he centres his attention upon either. But the next best thing to the fruition of these boons is a longing and striving to obtain them. In like manner, permanent peace is the ardent desire of the British people, who during the past twelve-months or less have been threatened with no fewer than eight different wars. Hence their nervous anxiety. But, independently of recent events, for many years past—roughly speaking, ever since the Crimean War—the foreign policy of this country has, to put it mildly, been open to criticism. It has been characterised by a trait common to it with Russian pictorial art: excellency of each little detail combined with dismal failure of the *ensemble*. But as the friends of each Government in power, who, roughly speaking, number about one-half the population, are harmless people who take short views and are only too happy to have something to point to, mispronounce and feel proud of, each Cabinet plays its part, receives its meed of applause, and vanishes. Thus we have the satisfaction of knowing that we worsted Russia in the Crimea, but the chagrin of admitting that that war was a fatal mistake. For a long time we were amused by the thought that, later on, we skillfully out-manceuvred the Muscovite

at the Conference of Berlin; but we relish it less now that it has become painfully clear that we still more completely overreached ourselves by playing for our opponents far more successfully than they could have been trusted to play for themselves. We played hard and successfully for Germany's friendship, from which we drew comfort for Russia's coldness, and, having paid for the boon with unappreciated concessions in Africa and Europe, received as net profit a mere scrap of paper, and even that is said to be less a promise than a threat—the threat embodied in the Kaiser's famous telegram. We next received and reciprocated friendly advances from Italy, who was to be our powerful ally against France and Russia in the Mediterranean; yet looked listlessly on while she squandered her vital energies in the highlands of Abyssinia, and thus forced us to take up the offensive in Africa at a most critical moment, when it seemed most important that sleeping dogs should be allowed to lie undisturbed. We placed our trust in China as a bulwark of the Far East, our present prophets and guides assuring us in ponderous volumes of now forgotten lore that we could look forward with confidence to that Power as our future and formidable ally against Russia. They were utterly mistaken; which is the inevitable lot of prophets, and therefore of no consequence; but it would have entailed very grave consequences to the Empire had we not discovered the error in time. Again, we humoured Russia and treated her to a feast such as that which the fox is fabled to have set before the crane, and when her turn came to invite us to a banquet, *à la Turque*, she dealt with us as the crane is said to have treated the fox. We next tried our hand upon France, gracefully and generously giving her her wilful way in Siam, only, however, to find that her appetite was whetted with eating, and that she immediately began to hunger after the flesh-pots of Egypt. In a word, each and every one of our little moves was admirable in its way and by itself, and was received with deafening plaudits by the governmental *claque* and hisses by the Opposition gang; but the upshot of them all is that we have been checkmated and have lost the game.

It is no wonder, then, that mere outsiders who are unsophisticated enough to judge of the player's skill by the net results of the game should feel somewhat nervous about our foreign policy. Many hold now that England, having hitherto steadily lost by her attempts at partnership and friendship, should henceforth take up a position of isolation, splendid or squalid. And the idea was encouraged in words by certain spokesmen of the Government before they contradicted it by their acts. Popular interest will not, perhaps, succeed in throwing much light upon a subject which by its very nature courts the darkness; but indirectly it may be productive of good. In this connection, more than any other, men may mean more than measures, or less, as

the case may be; and it is the popular wish that ours should mean more. Problems of international policy will always remain the study of the very few; but those few, at least, should be men of decision of character and sound judgment, and should be possessed of accurate knowledge of the questions with which they are called upon to deal. It is no longer considered enough that they should be merely "superior persons" in the fashionable sense of the words, perfumed exquisites, who confound the diplomatic drawl of drawing-rooms with the spontaneous flow of genuine eloquence, and the complacent introspection of a West-end Narcissus with a laborious research of a veritable statesman. It is doubtless impossible to carry on the foreign policy of the country by means of journalism, but equally so to attempt it by means of legerdemain. People are asking—and the demand can hardly be termed exorbitant—that our officials, permanent and periodical, should know at least as much about foreign politics, and consequently about foreign countries, languages, and peoples, as an attorney-general is expected to know about law, or an admiral of the fleet about navigation.

The late Premier, in the course of a clever speech at the National Liberal Club, wittily commented on the paucity of Cabinet Councils in the present Government, in spite of the grave crises through which the country has been lately passing, and of the unheeded traditions of the Constitution. As a piece of speculative criticism the point raised was interesting; as a remedy for alleged abuses, or a safeguard against future mistakes, it is worse than useless. For if the strength of a chain be equal to that of its weakest links, the wisdom and energy of a Government are no greater than those of its leading spirit, and Lord Rosebery has had ample proof of this during his late tenure of office. The confidence felt—and reasonably felt—in the late Liberal Cabinet in the work of piloting the ship of State under circumstances of unusual difficulty, was based upon the political reputation of the Prime Minister himself, and was so firmly rooted that even his retirement from the Foreign Office in favour of Lord Kimberley was unable to shake it. The British Cabinet is seldom more than a gathering of the dry bones of a dozen skeletons, into whom one political Ezekiel unequally diffuses his own spirit; and it is refreshing to find this fact at last officially recognised by the singular use of the singular number of the first personal pronoun in lieu of the official and misleading expression, "Her Majesty's Ministers." Whether it be embodied in the phrase, "*l'État c'est moi*," or "*ego et rex meus*," it is an undeniable fact that one man rules the empire, and the others play the part of flies on the wheel. The idea of a Cabinet Council being called for the purpose of asking the Home Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the President of the Board of Trade what steps should in their opinion be taken to counteract a diplomatic move made by

Russia, or to thwart a seemingly mischievous line of policy struck out by France or Germany, is far less reasonable than the sutorian art criticism unwisely invited by an eminent antiquity painter, and suddenly silenced by his unsolicited advice, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

A Parliamentary reputation is not necessarily a qualification for the Foreign Office. Three weeks have not elapsed since one of our well-known legislators, who, in the course of his modest but laborious career, may reasonably hope to hold almost any one of the offices mentioned above, was in doubt whether Brussels was in Holland or Belgium, and, conscious of his ignorance, manfully penned a note to a better informed colleague, an erudite ex-Minister, requesting him to grapple with and solve this geographical problem. Fancy this modest but untutored statesman called upon to tender his advice as to the practical conclusions to be drawn by "her Majesty's Ministers" from the defeat at Abbacarima or from the extension of the Russian railway to Tsitsikhar! Ministers of this calibre might readily be induced to acquiesce in an invasion of Saskatchewan or Athabasca by British troops in the hope of checkmating the Chinese, or in the conclusion of an offensive and defensive treaty with Siberia against Russia, in case of a war breaking out between the Tsardom and China.

But whatever the remedy, the evil seems to many writ large in the results of our foreign policy for nearly half a century, and now that events are becoming more and more critical, people are growing morbidly nervous. They are tormented by doubts whether the statesman who vainly expected wonders from China, unwisely pooh-poohed Japan, foolishly relied upon Italy's power to conquer and hold Abyssinia, emphatically denied Russia's intention to encroach upon Manchorna, and weakened their case against Venezuela, are yet capable of coping with the difficulties of the situation created by Italy's recent fall from the rank of first-class Powers.

We lack the data for a complete discussion, much less a satisfactory solution, of this interesting question, and it would argue Boeotian simplicity to expect them from the Government. Still one would like if not to know the plan, at least to be sure that there is some plan underlying our foreign policy. Many things seem to point to the conclusion that the ship of State is not being navigated, but drifting; that the Government, like Penelope, unweaves to-night what was woven to-day, first moves forward three feet and then backward one yard. And it must be admitted that the overt acts of the Foreign Office seem admirably to dovetail with this uncomplimentary theory.

In order to test this, let us put the question in a narrower compass and more concrete form. Is it part of our policy to establish more cordial and friendly relations with France and Russia than

existed in the past? The answer after the death of the late Tsar was in the affirmative, and the reasons urged in favour of this change of front conclusive. But if that were so—and until a few short weeks ago it certainly seemed so—it would have been Germany's interest to thwart a policy tending to establish an Anglo-Russian alliance. The most efficacious method of doing this would be to persuade our ambassador at Berlin that the present is an acceptable time for the extension of the Egyptian frontier southwards, and to assure him that our colonial policy in South Africa, and our diplomacy generally, far from suffering from Germany by this course of action, would benefit thereby. This would be Germany's policy, simply because it would tend to embroil us with France and Russia; not so much because of the line of action itself, as by reason of the time and the circumstances in which it was pursued—viz., immediately after the Italian disaster at Adowa and the weakening of the Triple Alliance; and it would be our interest to resist the temptation, however attractive; for even if our Government were not desirous of coming to a positive understanding with France and Russia, it could not possibly be in favour of a misunderstanding with these countries. Yet our Foreign Office seems to have done the exact opposite of that which, on this or any reasonable supposition, it should have done; and the consequence is that the French and Russian press, which were quiet for a time, are again on the warpath, and the Triple Alliance needs no longer fear a *rapprochement* between the British nation and the Republic. Then the policy of the Unionist Government was really to steer for the Triple Alliance and making common cause with the Powers that compose that League? Apparently not; on reflection it will be found that that theory will not bear criticism.

For years past, ever since the parting of the ways at Alexandria, no British Government, Liberal or Conservative, has displayed such tender consideration and genuine sympathy for French susceptibilities as the present; and owing to the circumstance that the Bourgeois Government is truly popular and democratic, that friendly feeling has of late been to some extent reciprocated. But it was a good deal more than a mere friendly feeling, on our part at least. The chances of an alliance were discussed on both sides of the Channel, and were considerably increased by the cession to the Republic of enough Siamese territory to have formed a very substantial indemnity for a victorious Power after a long and bloody war. It was a large concession, which only a Cabinet very strong in the number of its supporters could have made, and none but an English Cabinet would have ventured to entertain. Still, it was believed by the very few who gave the subject their attention that this was bread cast upon the waters, which would come back, after many days, with butter on it. And now these few complain bitterly that they, and therefore the country, have been

deceived; for having paid a very heavy price to conciliate France, we immediately after—so it seems—risk even still more to offend and embitter her.

What then is the conclusion? That the Foreign Office was anxious to come to an understanding with France, but, for reasons political or dynastic, suddenly veered around and made for the Triple Alliance, where it has now found a port of safety.

This theory, however, seems just as untenable as any of the foregoing, if we are to take seriously the assurances given to the House of Commons by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Curzon to the effect that no alliance has as yet been concluded and no agreement come to with any foreign Power whatever. What, then, is the policy of the Government? Apparently “splendid” isolation. But a little reflection suffices to show that this, too, is impossible. Not only does the supposition not tally with the sudden and hearty support given to our Dongola expedition by the Powers of the Triple Alliance—so sudden, indeed, that the German press had not yet concluded its anti-English campaign when the German Government was already hand in glove with our own—but it would mean the definite abandonment of our interests and the waiving of our rights in Europe; and this, Mr. Goschen assured us, was not the intention of the Cabinet. We still possess interests on the Continent, and circumstances might yet oblige us to safeguard them by force.

Now, the only interests that Mr. Goschen can have had in mind are those involved in the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean; and the only Power that could be tempted to encroach upon these is France. And as France, for military purposes, is no more alone than Austria, what it comes to is that Lord Salisbury's Cabinet contemplates the possibility of our having to defend the Mediterranean littoral against Tsardom and the Republic combined, with Italy for our ally. And as Italy is not isolated, this is merely a roundabout way of saying that England has gone over to the Triple Alliance.

No sane person will believe that this has been the deliberate intention of the present Government for any length of time. The description of their policy by the offensive word “mad” used by Mr. John Morley, in his speech in the House of Commons on 20th March, can hardly, perhaps, be justified, but is readily explained by mentally grouping together all the public and contradictory acts of the Government since their accession to office, and ascribing them to any one individual or corporation endowed with a fair degree of reason. We are confronted with the alternative that they are the work either of a mind that is flawed or of a will that has undergone a radical change. That change was sudden and serious; its best result is that it has given us a plan. That such a change has occurred cannot be doubted. Is it likely, for instance, that Lord Salisbury, if the delimitation of

Siam were still outstanding, would sign away the best part of that rich territory to the people who now grudge £500,000 of Egyptian money, to be employed in Egypt's defence, just to spite us? Would he have done it a few months ago, if he had been then steering the ship of State towards the Triple Alliance? Again, had he been minded to join the Central Powers, would he have allowed the European "concert" to serenade Abdul Hamid the "clement"—as his courtiers call him—to the bass accompaniment of the groans of a martyred people, and thus to drown the voice of England and humanity? To ask these questions is to answer them. The Government's resolve to throw in the lot of the Empire with that of the Central Powers of Europe is obviously of rapid growth and of very recent date. It certainly did not spring from any popular movement in the country. Nothing, indeed, is less popular than the Triple Alliance here or on the Continent—outside of Germany. It is regarded as a sort of holy and dynastic League of Crowned Heads representing Divine Right, political Christianity, and undiluted militarism, leagued together to defend downtrodden peoples against Buddha and other inaccessible enemies. Whether, our advances having been rejected ungraciously by France and Russia, the impulse to make arrangements with the group of Powers proceeded from within or without, whether it was the outcome of supercabinetic influences, as on the Continent, or of the domination of some one strong mind within, is a question of no real importance. The main consideration is that this impulse was actually given and led to the wished for results.

After the long interview between the Kaiser and Sir Frank Lascelles on the morrow of the battle of Adowa, after Mr. Chamberlain's frank speech on the 20th March, after the remarkably prompt co-operation of the Powers of the Triple Alliance in the matter of the Dongola expedition, after Italy's vote of thanks to Great Britain, the honorary colonelcy conferred upon the Emperor of Austria, and the deliberate use of the words "staunch allies," as applied in the House of Commons to the Italians—to say nothing of numerous other equally unmistakable signs and symbols—few people will doubt that our Government has at last crossed the Rubicon that separated them from Rome and the Triple Alliance. And there are no reasonable grounds for doubt. Those who are of a more sceptical turn of mind may still, perhaps, urge on the one hand that no British Government would venture to hamper its freedom of action by a written agreement, and that we have Mr. Curzon's word for it that no such alliance has been drawn up, and, on the other, that nothing short of our formal adherence to the League would relieve us of the drawbacks of isolation. But these objections are useful only to the Minister, or his understudy in the Commons: they are half-truths which serve to close the mouths of politicians suffering from conversational catarrh at question

time. What need is there of a formal agreement which would certainly embarrass and might possibly compromise our Government, whose word is quite as good as a bond? The Triple Alliance is subscribed to for about the same period of time for which the present Unionist Cabinet would, in the ordinary course of things, continue in office. But the course of things is not precisely ordinary just now, and the Unionist party may confidently rely at least upon a second term of office, if not a third. The need of a formal deed, therefore, is obviated. And, in any case, the arrangement must have come as a godsend to both parties to it. Whatever indulgent friends may say to the contrary, the Triple Alliance was hit hard by the Abyssinian Negus. It still retained its name, but had considerably changed its character. Of course, nothing is so plastic as figures, and a skilful statistical juggler would easily make them prove that Italy was as strong after the series of defeats that culminated in the disaster of Abbacarima or Adowa as before.

And it is quite true that the Italian forces in Africa did not exceed 70,000 men all told; that their standing army at home amounts to about 230,000, and that in war time Italy is courteously believed to be able to put, roughly speaking, a million and a half in the field, to say nothing of her territorial militia, which is estimated at another million. It is natural, therefore, that her losses in Abyssinia should have been compared to what a Parliamentary orator once described as a flea-bite in the ocean. But for all that, Italy was seriously weakened, as a strong and vigorous man might be who has suddenly had a paralytic stroke. From a military point of view the loss cannot be gauged merely by adding up the number of slain and wounded. The loss of prestige and other *imponderabilia* must also be taken into account. The army of a civilising Power claiming to rank with the mightiest on the globe, is driven like a flock of sheep by a horde of greasy savages with a leaning towards bloodshed, cruelty, and Christianity; and that great Power is forced to take its whipping meekly, to give up all its ambitious plans and projects, and sue for peace. These are the hard facts. The paper facts deal with millions of troops, inexhaustible stores of war, an indomitable and martial spirit, &c. But the latter are untrustworthy or "subjective." Italian soldiers are brave enough, as soldiers go; but their best friends admit that they are insufficiently fed, badly disciplined, and lacking in that spirit of enthusiasm for which no amount of ammunition can compensate. They fought heroically for their lives at Adowa, or Abbacarima, but, on the whole, they have a strong prejudice against risking them at all. When reinforcements were called up in the middle of March, the ground seemed to ~~have~~ opened and swallowed the recruits. Five hundred deserters escaped to Bozen in Austria; in twenty-four hours 100 fled to Bavaria; every day and every night brought runaway

warriors, many of them dressed in full regimentals, to Tyrol, Switzerland, Austria, and France. That may or may not be a healthy human spirit; but it is not precisely the elixir that transforms rough human materials into disciplined armies.

Then comes the financial aspect of the matter, which it would be ungracious to dwell upon. For it is even more disastrous than the military. But at least it can be more speedily remedied. For these wounds there is balm in England, and there are physicians there. The difficulty was to interest them; for without that, but a very short space of time separated Italy from financial ruin, and perhaps from something comparatively worse. For, after all, the Italian people care little about the Triple Alliance, and such attention as they give it in the short intervals of their sufferings is decidedly unfavourable. The course of action it implies may, from the almost inaccessible point of view of "higher politics," be extremely salutary; but it originated in a palace, and it appeals but faintly to the inmates of hovels. It has ever gone hand in hand with increasing, grinding, and unproductive taxation; with the epidemic emigration fever; with the total disappearance of the large class of the lowest self-supporting layer of society. It has likewise been characterised—and not in Italy only—by the rapid decay of Parliamentaryism, which, whether a blessing or a curse, is lamented by the people, who deem it a vast machine for the crushing out of all abuses. Now, there were ominous signs in Italian hospitals, prisons, and churchyards lately that the Triple Alliance and all its works ran the risk of being swept away by a high democratic wave. And the dynasty had identified itself with the Triple Alliance.

But the change wrought by the rout of the Italians in Abyssinia in the power of that League of Peace for good or evil is too evident to need formal proof. It can be reduced to a simple sum in the rule of three. If Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Italy—when Italy was vigorous and solvent—were just strong enough to balance an unprepared Russia and France, what is the relation of the Alliance of the three first-named Powers—Italy being disorganised and practically insolvent—to Russia, France, Turkey, and all the Balkan Peninsula, with the solitary exception of Roumania? The reply is obvious. The one league had lost considerably, the other had gained still more considerably in strength. The balance was disturbed, and England alone, casting her weight into the lighter of the scales, was in a position to restore equilibrium.

It was then that Germany, recognising that the psychological moment had come, put the diplomatic wheels in motion; and she has not had long to wait for results. It was done so deftly that it seems to many even now that the soreness caused by the Kaiser's telegram still subsists, and that we have made friends with Italy

alone while keeping our backs severely turned upon her two allies. The German press was still grumbling at British selfishness, just to keep up appearances, after the Triple Alliance had taken our side; but whether we speak henceforward of the Triple or the Quadruple Alliance, it is pretty certain that the dream of an Anglo-Russian or of an Anglo-Franco-Russian League is, for the time being, at an end.

Speaking theoretically, and with his fancy untrammelled by the unpalatable, but solid, facts that confront the practical statesman, the outsider who should consider the subject from the standpoint of England's peace and prosperity would feel naturally disposed to advocate an alliance, or agreement, with Russia and France. With the latter country we have no commercial rivalry to speak of; with the former no clashing of vital political interests. A league of these three Powers might impose permanent peace upon all European nations and give the work of civilisation many another fruitful impetus. And the feeling in favour of this combination was not only strong in England, but was still rapidly growing. We had gracefully allowed France to win the game of chess played on the Siamese board, and, saving and excepting the Egyptian skeleton or mummy in the cupboard, were on more friendly terms with that country since M. Bourgeois came into office than at any time during the existence of the Third Republic.

With Russia also we were feeling our way gradually, and seeing it too—in a glass darkly perhaps, but still trying to believe much that we heard, and hoping that she would forgive or help our unbelief. Had it not been for the Christian Armenians and the Heathen Chinese, our relations with the Tsardom would have proved as smooth as our dealings with France, provided that the Egyptian question were left out. But the Russian as well as the French press employed every conceivable method to fan the flame of jealousy, distrust, and hatred between the two peoples. Facts might have supplied them with ways and means in abundance; but they largely patronised fiction as well; and Russian newspapers, having primed their readers with dreadful stories of Anglo-African brigandage, gravely explained the delay of the steamer in which Mr. Cecil Rhodes was coming to England by statements regarding the ex-Premier which were not only transparently and ludicrously false, but within a measurable distance of libel. This attitude, which these "facts" pre-suppose, is to be regretted if a friendly understanding between England and Russia is in truth desirable. There was sure to be friction enough in the ordinary course of things without going to work to produce it artificially.

In the Far East, for instance, difficulties have been brewing since the treaty of Shimonoseki, and the caldron is not of English make.

China is a vast and fertile country, and it will not long remain the property of the Chinaman. Bland and wily as he looks, he is doomed to be "protected" out of it. The only question is as to the number of his heirs and the distribution of his property. This topic may not crop up in an urgent form to-day or to-morrow; but it lies well within the sphere of practical politics; and our Ministers are said to have found Russia's views somewhat one-sided. Her official information is also complained of as defective; our professional politicians, at least have found it so. For instance, sometime in February, if I remember aright, a question was asked and replied to, but not answered, in the House of Commons, about the New Siberian Railway. Mr. Curzon characterised as unfounded the rumour that Russia had obtained from China by treaty the right of carrying her railway line from Nertahinsk to Vladivostok *via* Tsitaikhar in Mandahooria. Mr. Curzon was perfectly right. The rumour was false, absolutely false. Russia had neither sought nor obtained any such right; nor did she need it. What is true is this. Some French engineers have received a concession from China for the construction of the Mandshoorian line; they have no better investment, domestic or colonial, for their money than in Mandshooria, but that of course has nothing to do with the Russian Government, which is not the keeper of engineers, and cannot be made answerable for their doings. They will be financed by the bank lately founded with French and Russian money; but that again is another story, and in politics there should be no digression. There is no jealousy between France and Russia on the subject; and arrangements will be made for the issue of through tickets *via* Tsitaikhar.

But be these rumours false or true, the fact remains that England's advances to Russia—and we did make advances—were met with a "cold shoulder." And the Russian press was delighted thereat. The *Novoye Vremya* asked, but a few days ago, whether England would in future foolishly flatter herself that her friendship was sought after or even regarded as desirable by any great European Power. This was a puerile remark, and had better be left unsaid. To have to reject any nation's offer of friendship, is an act so ungracious in itself—however indispensable it may be—that it needs no further sting.

In spite of this animus on the part of the Russian—as also of the French—press, the popular feeling in England is strongly in favour of a friendly understanding with both these countries. This is the first aim and object of what Mr. Chamberlain would term ideal politics. And the people of Great Britain would not grudge large concessions, such as those that facilitated the Siam convention, for the purpose of cementing a friendship which seems so natural that it ought to grow of itself. The advantages of this alliance not only to the Powers concerned, but to all Europe, are so obvious that it is needless

to enlarge upon them. It would be essentially a union of peace. And it is difficult to discard the notion that the late Tsar, Alexander III., were he a living witness of the recent political changes, would have not merely approved the scheme, but have promptly carried it out. And Alexander III. was a man whose word was as good as a formal treaty.

But ideal politics are for the theorist. The statesman must deal with hard facts, and, unfortunately, he cannot often create any. He may contrive to make bricks without straw, but not without any material. Unfortunately, these are truisms which a party politician seldom retains in his memory beyond the term during which his party is in power. It is thus that Lord Salisbury's Cabinet is accused—implicitly rather than in set terms*—of having undone the work of his own and of the Liberal Government, which successfully cleared the ground for an understanding with France.

But regarding the question from a less obtuse angle of vision than that of the political partisan, it is difficult not to see that the agreement come to with the Triple Alliance and the consequent advance upon Akasheh or Dongola, was the very best possible move under the circumstances, which were not of our own creating. It is all very well to yearn and strive for an alliance with France and Russia. But a frank offer of friendship is one thing, and self-humiliation is another. Great Britain is not yet reduced to the rôle of St. Elizabeth. It was impossible to go on indefinitely making concessions and pocketing slights. Russia, who once offered to dissect Turkey and "go halves" with England, feels that she can now dispense with our goodwill there, and with France and Germany at her back, would gladly go and do likewise in the Far East. Apparently the only favour we are still capable of doing her is an indirect one—quitting the Mediterranean and making place for the combined fleets which defend the Right Divine and the Rights of Man: the negation of democracy and the glorious right of revolution. France, too, has little more to ask of us, except the evacuation of Egypt and the abandonment of Italy.

Were we, are we, prepared to comply with these demands and then to listen with sweet humility to the goading remarks of the Russian and French press upon British cowardice and the necessity of compelling John Bull further to disgorge his ill-gotten goods? Is Egypt really to be left to its own devices in any sense different from that in which India, when duly trained in the way she should go, will be permitted

* From a purely party point of view it is astonishing what a weak attack was made on the Government by Mr. Morley and his friends on March 20. Mr. Morley's heavy guns aimed at the evacuation of Egypt, which, whatever may be urged in favour of it on abstract grounds, is entirely outside the sphere of practical politics. This was felt by the rank and file of the Opposition, who lost themselves in matters of mere detail. The force of the Liberal attack, if it had any, lay in emphasising the sudden change of front effected by the Government in Europe, and depicting the probable consequences of that momentous move.

to stand and move alone? Is there one Englishman in ten, nay in a hundred, who, unaffected by the bias of party considerations, really in his heart of hearts disapproves of the spirit of the manly speech made by Mr. Chamberlain on March 20? We cannot, of course, expect a statesman to lay down the principle that Egypt is not to be evacuated. Diplomatic, no less than legal, fiction has a recognised status in modern society and is entitled to formal respect. But it is idle to blink the fact that the feeling of the nation is strongly opposed to the policy of "scuttle," and that the evacuation of Egypt as of India will in future be relegated to the sphere of ideal politics.

It would be our obvious interest to remain in Egypt, if it were not our sacred duty. The few politicians who entertain religious or moral scruples on that score, would do well to draw a practical lesson from the Armenian massacres, and the conscientious objections which even Christian Powers may occasionally feel to put an end to nameless barbarities. If we ever leave Egypt, we deliver up the country to a race whose instincts may at any time prove stronger than their training; and it may then be too late to stop wanton bloodshed and to prevent nameless crime. During the reign of Tsar Nicholas I., all England would have cried out against the injustice of "vivisectioning" Turkey and taking, say Armenia, as our share of the spoils. But in the reign of Tsar Nicholas II. English men and women endowed with the most tender consciences would have willingly sacrificed much if we could only have seized and saved Armenia from the Turks. They would have got over the difficulty of the apparent injustice. Even Christian Powers differ widely one from another; and in politics, as in private life, if you wish a thing done well, you had better do it yourself. As long as we remain in Egypt, we can safely undertake to safeguard it from horrors analogous to those which set the Christians of Europe aghast in Armenia. And that alone is a boon for which Christian Europe might feel grateful.

The argument drawn from our obligations to the Egyptians has been so often developed that it needs no special emphasis here.

After ethical considerations of this kind, it sounds somewhat sordid and selfish to lay stress upon mere political interests. But life as well as politics has a real no less than an ideal side, and like that of the moon it is the former that is always turned towards us. Every Power in the struggle for national and political existence, indefatigably seeks its own good and the goods of its weaker rivals and neighbours. Germany loses no opportunity of improving the shining hour in Europe and in Africa. France can be kept in good humour only by concessions and promises of concessions. Italy's statesmen, fleeing no colonial property unclaimed, took a leaf from the book of brigands, and attacked the Abyssinians; and now Russia has virtually seized upon Turkey, and

is hastening to bring up China and Corea by hand. Whatever the future distribution of Turkey may be, it is quite clear that we are to have no share of the spoil; and it is equally clear that England would make a better and a more unselfish use of it than any Power in Europe. This may sound pharisaical, but it is absolutely true, and it would be mere hypocrisy to deny it. Seeing then that all other Governments are looking after the interests of their peoples, even when those interests directly clash with the demands of equity and the exigencies of humanity, is there any conceivable reason why we should do otherwise when our interests happen to harmonise with the cause of justice and civilisation? If the greed and selfishness of other nations deprive England of her share in Turkish territory, it would be rank madness on her part to approve their conduct and to second it by giving up that which she already possesses. This proposition, in its present form, is not perhaps in keeping with the strict demands of international comity. But our diplomatists, let us hope, will succeed, at least, in finding a suitable formula in which to embody it. We are in Egypt: that is the hard fact. We shall evacuate it when, in the opinion of our statesmen, we can do so with propriety. Such is the theory. The one belongs to practical, the other to ideal politics.

Now, if this be so, we had no alternative but to throw in our lot with Italy and the Triple Alliance, after the disastrous engagements at Ambi Aladgi, Makalleh, and Abbacarima. It would have been still better had our statesmen foreseen these reverses two years ago (as everybody on the continent foresaw them, including General Baratieri himself on the eve of his departure for Erythrea), and dissuaded Italy from a line of action which it is impossible to believe that Crispi,* who carried it out, approved. But whoever may be responsible for these criminal blunders, the fact will not be called in question, that they threatened to incapacitate Italy from further participation, on equal terms, in the Triple Alliance. This was proclaimed by Prince Bismarck's organ, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, and was implied by the Austrian *Neue Freie Presse*, and various papers of the two Teutonic Powers. And Italy, detached from the Triple Alliance, would have been forced to gravitate to France. There would have been no alternative. The practical outcome would have assumed the shape and form of a Franco-Russo-Italian alliance, which must have been followed sooner or later by our retirement from the Mediterranean and the evacuation of Egypt. If the Dongola Expedition therefore has not proved very helpful to the Italians at Kassala and in Africa generally, it has reinstated them in the eyes of Europe, which is of more

* This conviction, based upon the well-known fact that King Humbert is to a great extent his own foreign secretary, as upon Signor Crispi's repeated *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, and the sudden change that has taken place in the political situation since Rudini's accession to office, make it probable that Cavour's greatest successor has not yet retired for good into private life.

importance still. Italy will not lose her status as sixth great Power yet, and bankruptcy will be staved off somewhat longer. We are committed to Egypt and the Mediterranean and to everything else which that necessarily implies. And that is satisfactory.

But the one great objection to the Triple or Quadruple Alliance remains. Time is working hard against it. The even balance is bound to be upset again by the mere laws of Nature, to say nothing of the endeavours of men. Contemporary statesmen can hardly be expected to take long views of things; they must do the best under the circumstances, and, like Micawber, wait for something to turn up, and render their efforts successful. The Triple Alliance, as it will still continue to be called, has been described as a league of peace based on a defence of the *status quo*. But, as our best military authorities in Egypt tell us, defence to be effective must sometimes become attack. Whether such is the case as between the Franco-Russian and the Central European group of Powers is a complicated question. But if it be so, the nations composing the Triple Alliance would never venture to carry out an aggressive policy of the kind. It is almost impossible to picture to one's mind's eye Germany, with any number of allies, declaring war upon Russia, who has time, and practically eternity, to recover from her wounds, and take revenge upon her neighbour. And if that be so; if Time and Nature are on Russia's side, and if, over and above this advantage, which might for a time be counteracted, she can choose her own opportunity, safe from attack, it is as clear as a sun in addition that the Italo-Teutonic Alliance is but a temporary makeshift—from the standpoint of ideal politics. Any port in a storm is the maxim of the practical statesman.

But if there be some feats which, however natural and even necessary they may appear, the Triple Alliance cannot, by its very nature, hope to undertake, there are others, well within the range of practical politics, which it might advantageously for its members seek to accomplish. One of these, which would prove at the same time a trustworthy test of Germany's readiness to promote the real interests of the Alliance, is solidarity in the Far East. If the Triple or Quadruple Alliance is and wishes to be to any extent what it declares itself, then it could not make a more fatal mistake than in alienating the sympathies of Japan. The Mikado is the natural ally of England, Italy, Germany, and Austria. If Germany acts upon this self-evident principle, our policy is plain sailing. If she persists in playing into Russia's hands in Corea and China, then the inference is that for Germany the Triple Alliance is, as its enemies have affirmed it to be, a mere stalking horse, behind which she is zealously preparing the way for a Russo-German alliance. This is the crucial question at present, and it is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Chamberlain, who now clearly sees that our colonial and foreign policy are but two aspects of one and the

same question, will give it his early and careful consideration. It is impossible to hold with the hare and hunt with the hounds. An Irishman once persuaded his friend who paid him to fatten his porkers, to allow him to feed the pigs to satiety one day, and to impose a black fast on them the next, on the ground that in this way the fat and the lean would be uniformly distributed throughout the animals' bodies, and the resulting bacon would be "unequaled." It would be matter for regret if Mr. Chamberlain or "her Majesty's Ministers" allowed themselves to be deluded in an analogous manner by the diplomatic representative of any foreign Power whatever. And whatever arguments may be urged to the contrary, it is none the less an incontrovertible fact that, so long as Germany continues in the Far East to maintain her hostile attitude towards Great Britain, however friendly she may show herself elsewhere, it will be premature to speak of the Quadruple Alliance.

F. J. DILLON.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND THE BOERS.

THERE is a tendency in certain quarters to represent the Boers as a peace-loving and non-aggressive race, and to characterise British interferences with them as selfish and oppressive. Such a view is discreditable to England, and on that ground alone it should be received with suspicion. But fortunately it admits of a very complete answer. * All that is necessary is a full knowledge of the facts; for the history of the relations which England has from time to time assumed towards the Boers shows that in these interferences the British Government have had one or both of two sufficient objects in view—the protection of the coloured races, or the maintenance of the interests of South Africa as a whole.

At the outset it is desirable to determine with some accuracy to whom the term is applied. The word "Boer," or farmer, indicates in general the rural settlers of South Africa who are of mixed Dutch and French origin; and the term is so used by writers, such as Captain Percival, who visited the Cape of Good Hope while it was still a Dutch possession. During the years 1835 and 1838 a large proportion—some 10,000 in number—of this rural population emigrated from the Cape Colony into the interior, and the term has since this event been practically limited to these expatriated Boers. But even this does not fully explain its various uses: for in course of time the emigrant Boers became organised into two semi-independent republics, the Free State and the South African Republic, or Transvaal; and, since the dealings of England with the former have been mainly pacific, while the dealings of England with the latter have been infinitely more difficult and by no means pacific, the greater notoriety of the latter has caused its inhabitants, the Transvaal Boers, to monopolise the term, to some extent, in common parlance. It

must be remembered, therefore, that in speaking of the relations of England to the Boers, although it is the Boers of the Transvaal who are primarily indicated, the application of the term is not limited to them. Indeed, during the earlier stages of the relationship, the Boers were regarded as practically one people, and the Transvaal had no existence for political purposes before the recognition of the independence of Pretorius and his followers by the Sand River Convention in 1852.

In order to find the commencement of England's relationship to the Boers we must go back to the year 1838. At the beginning of that year the most enterprising section of the emigrant farmers left the Orange River district under Pieter Retief, crossed the Drakensberg, and occupied Natal. On February 4 Retief and his companions were treacherously murdered by Dingane, the Zulu king; and on December 16 that murder was avenged by the Boers under Andries Pretorius. Meanwhile, that is to say at the end of the year, Durban was occupied by a small force of British soldiers under Major Charteris. The occupation of Durban was effected under a proclamation of Sir George Napier, dated November 14, 1838; and the purpose of this, the first active interference with the Boers by the British Government, was, as stated in this proclamation, "to put an end to the unwarranted occupation of the territories belonging to the natives by certain emigrants from the Cape Colony, being subjects of Her Majesty." The soldiers, however, did not interfere when the Boers withdrew from the coast into the interior. On the contrary, the town of Maritzburg was founded by the emigrants in the following year, and in January 1840 the combined forces of Panda (brother of Dingane) and Pretorius advanced into Zululand, and fought a battle, which resulted in the defeat, and subsequent death, of Dingane. On his return to Natal, Pretorius issued, on February 14, 1840, a proclamation, in which he, as "Commandant-General of the Right Worshipful Volksraad of the South African Society of Port Natal," (1) declared Panda to be King of the Zulus in the place of Dingane, and (2) assumed possession of the whole of Natal. And almost contemporaneously the British force was withdrawn from Durban, under instructions from the Home Government.

Although Sir George Napier repeatedly refused a formal acknowledgment of the independence of the Boers, as thus organised, there was no intention at this time further to interfere with them; and they were now in a fair way of achieving their independence. What led to the establishment of a British administration was the following circumstance. Towards the end of the year 1840 Pretorius attacked a native chief, named N'capai, who lived with his people 200 miles away on the borders of the Cape Colony. In this raid N'capai's people were wantonly shot down, his cattle were driven off, and

seventeen young children were captured and brought away as slaves. This dangerous and barbarous action provoked an outburst of indignation in the Cape Colony, and compelled the British Government to establish an effective control over the Boers in Natal.

On hearing of this affair, Sir George Napier at once sent a force of 250 men to the Umgasi River to watch the movements of the Boers, and prevent the repetition of so dangerous an expedition; and at the same time he applied for fresh instructions from the Home Government. Ultimately, a Commissioner, Mr. Cloete, was despatched to Durban, and British authority was effectively established. Cloete arrived at Durban on May 1, 1843. Full instructions as to the nature of the administration, and the methods by which it was to be established, had been received in a despatch of Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley), dated December 13, 1842. The Boers were, in the first place, to have an opportunity of stating the nature of the institutions under which they desired to live. For this purpose the Commissioner was directed to call them together on his arrival. It was not proposed, however, to confer legislative authority upon them as yet, and there were certain limits within which this freedom of selection was to be exercised. In the first place, no distinction or disqualification founded on "colour, origin, language, or creed," was to be recognised. In the second, no "aggression upon natives beyond the colony" was to be sanctioned. And in the third, slavery, in any shape or form, was to be "absolutely unlawful." Subject to these restrictions, the Boers were free to choose their own constitution.

"I think it probable [Lord Derby says] looking to the nature of the population, that they will desire those institutions to be founded on the Dutch, rather than on the English model, and, however little some of those institutions may be suited to a more advanced state of civilisation, it is the desire of Her Majesty's Government that in this respect the contentment of the emigrants, rather than the abstract merits of the institutions, should guide our decision."

With these facts and this despatch before us, it is impossible not to recognise both that the action of the British Government in thus reasserting its authority over the Boers was justified by circumstances, and that the manner in which this purpose was effected left no reasonable ground for complaint. The mistake which had been made in assuming the Government of the Dutch settlers in the Cape Colony—the attempts to force English institutions upon an alien people—was not repeated in Natal. And in forming an estimate of the character of the Boers, and in passing judgment upon the subsequent dealings of England with them, it is essential to remember the equitable nature of the administration first established, and to consider what were the motives which induced them to place themselves a second time (as they thought) outside the authority of England.

Unfortunately these motives are only too plain. According to the Boer theory, the whole territory of Natal, and the persons of the natives within that territory, belonged to them by right of conquest. With his uneconomic methods of cultivation a very large area was necessary for the support of a Boer family; and for the tending of his flocks and herds, and for all the labour of his farm, except that of supervision, he required and claimed the services of the natives. The British authorities took a different view on both points. The Land Court of Natal endeavoured to satisfy the claims of the Boers, but its decisions recognised the right of the natives to a fair proportion of the soil. And it was the dissatisfaction engendered by these decisions, and the desire to return to their patriarchal system of dealing with the natives, that caused Pretorius and the majority of the emigrant farmers to withdraw from Natal. Pretorius and his immediate followers retired beyond the Vaal; others rejoined their kinsmen in the Orange River district, and the place of both was afterwards filled by the British emigrants who, arriving between the years 1848-51, formed the basis of the present European population of the colony. In short, whatever grievances the Boers may have had in the Cape Colony, they had no grievances in Natal; and the reasons which led them to withdraw again—the greed of land and the desire to treat the natives as seemed good in their own eyes—were reasons which could only influence a people grievously deficient in both humanity and civilisation.

In order to understand the circumstances which led to the recognition of the independence of the Boers in the Transvaal (1852), and the Orange River Sovereignty (1854), it is necessary to refer very briefly to the general position of the Europeans at this period of South African history. At this time the Europeans numbered, let us say, 200,000, and the natives 2,000,000, a number ten times as great. The latter, especially the military branches of the Bantu family, were in a constant state of warfare with each other, and ready at any moment to combine and attack the Europeans. For twenty years, from 1833 to 1853, British soldiers were employed in almost continuous wars, necessary to secure the safety of the Europeans, and the British Government bore almost the entire cost and burden of these Kaffir wars. I have already spoken of the Boers in Natal. As regards the Boers in general, the British Government at first endeavoured to secure the double purpose of protecting the natives against unauthorised encroachments and of preventing the outbreaks consequent upon such encroachments, by entering into alliances with certain chiefs whom they deemed well-disposed and capable. This system, however, broke down with the outbreak of the Kaffir war of 1846-7; and in 1847 a more active policy was initiated under Sir Harry Smith, who arrived

as Governor in that year. Sir Harry Smith proclaimed British authority over the country between the Orange and Vaal Rivers and the Drakensberg, and the new territory thus constituted was termed the Orange River Sovereignty. The Boers within the Sovereignty were placed under a separate British official, and the boundaries of the natives, the Griquas on the west, and the Basutos on the east, were delimited. After Sir Harry Smith had withdrawn, the Boers within the Sovereignty, assisted by a force of Boers from beyond the Vaal, revolted, and the joint forces of the insurgents under Pretorius were defeated by Sir Harry Smith at the battle of Boomplaats, on August 29, 1848. The insurgents then dispersed; and Pretorius was outlawed and retired with his following across the Vaal. In 1851 hostilities were resumed by the British Government against the Kafirs. This war, which lasted from 1851 to 1853, was really a sequel to the "war of the axe" (1846-7), and while it was in progress, and every available soldier was engaged in the defence of the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony under Sir Harry Smith in person, Pretorius sent a communication to Major Warden, the British Resident in the Sovereignty, stating that unless a pardon was granted to himself, and his own independence with that of his followers beyond the Vaal was recognised, he would raise the Boers in the Sovereignty. As Sir Harry Smith was unable to spare a sufficient, or indeed any force, Pretorius's demands were conceded, and it was under these circumstances that a recognition of the independence of the Boer settlements beyond the Vaal was obtained by the Sand River Convention (Jan. 17, 1852). The Kafir war was scarcely concluded before Sir George Cathcart, who had succeeded Sir Harry Smith in March, was compelled to undertake a fresh war with the object of protecting the farmers in the Sovereignty from the depredations of the Basutos. After his experience of the Basuto country—the Switzerland of South Africa—acquired in this campaign, Sir George Cathcart reported to the Home Government that in order to maintain effective control over the Sovereignty, with a chronic quarrel between the Boers and Basutos and the former disaffected, a permanent force of 2000 men would be necessary. Under these circumstances the British Government determined to recognise the independence of the Boer settlements between the Vaal and the Orange River, and this determination was carried into effect under the Convention of Bloemfontein (Feb. 23, 1854). It was, perhaps, only natural that England's extremity should have been the Boers' opportunity; but when we remember that the Boers in common with the other European settlers benefited by the costly and laborious process by which the supremacy of the Europeans was at last established in South Africa, and that at this time their ultimate safety depended upon the presence of the British forces, it is

impossible not to recognise how entirely the Boers fought for their own hand to the utter exclusion of any consideration of common interests.

By this recognition of the Republic a new relationship was created between England and the Boers. Both of these conventions contained clauses, which made slavery illegal and provided that the natives should be treated in other respects with humanity. On the other hand, the British Government undertook not to make, or maintain (with one exception), alliances with any native chiefs outside the limits of the British possessions—the Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Natal. In other words, they had determined not to interfere with Boers or natives. In adopting this policy of non-intervention, the British Government hoped permanently to limit their responsibilities to the administration of their own possessions. And if that hope proved vain, and the neutral position thus adopted had to be abandoned, it was not the fault of the British Government. England at this period was thoroughly wearied of South Africa, and to interfere for interference's sake was the last thing she desired.

It is quite true that this policy of non-intervention was a mistake. It arose from a desire to escape responsibilities which properly belonged to England as paramount Power in South Africa; the hope on which it was based proved utterly vain, and by thus recognising the independence of the Boers, the British Government became a party to the dismemberment of European South Africa. But this does not affect the present question. In thus criticising England we adopt an ideal test. The England whom we upbraid is the mighty mother of nations, the home of political and religious freedom, the leader and chief of the race which collectively forms the greatest and most effective force for humanity and civilisation at work in the world. Judged by an equal standard of morality and political sagacity, the Boers must be prepared to answer far graver charges. If the truth must be told, it was the childish incapacity of these diminutive States, their selfish isolation from the common interests of the Europeans, and the mingled weakness and aggressiveness which they displayed in dealing with the natives, that compelled the British Government to reluctantly abandon the policy of non-intervention upon which it had deliberately entered in 1854.

By these conventions a new and more restricted relationship was created between England and the Boers; and the subsequent interferences of the British Government are interferences which were rendered necessary by a regard for the common safety, or the common interests, of the Europeans in South Africa. On this principle the British Government interfered between the Free State and the Basutos in 1868. After a long and exhausting struggle, which taxed its resources to the utmost, the Free State had at length compelled

Moshesh to submit. A strong Government could have afforded to deal leniently with the defeated party; but the only hope of peace for a State with a population smaller than that of a third-rate English town lay in the practical extinction of the Basuto people. In this strait Moshesh appealed for protection to the British Government. "Let me and my people," he said, "rest and live under the large folds of the flag of England ere I am no more." His appeal was heard, and the Basutos were proclaimed to be under the protection of England. The Free State Government proposed to confiscate all the low-lying and most valuable portion of the Basuto territory, and confine the tribe to the mountains. The Basutos, being thus deprived of land necessary for their subsistence, would have been compelled to disperse in search of fresh territory. This was a result which would have been dangerous to the peace of South Africa, and the British Government therefore interfered, and, finally, a boundary equitable to both parties was arranged under the Convention of Aliwal North (March 12, 1869). On the same principle, in 1871, British authority was proclaimed over Griqualand West, a territory which included the recently discovered diamond mines of Kimberley. The actual Diamond Fields district was obtained by cession from Waterboer, a Griqua chief, who claimed the country in question as against the Free State. It was afterwards found that Waterboer's title was bad, and a sum of £90,000 (with an additional £15,000 for railway construction) was paid by the British Government as compensation to the Free State. In this instance a technical injustice was done to the Free State; but if we look at the condition of Johannesburg to-day, we can hardly fail to admit that the principle of the intervention, the necessity for the administration of the miscellaneous mining community by the paramount power, is sufficiently justified.

In April 1877 British authority was re-established over the Transvaal Boers. The reasons for this interference, shortly stated, were these. The Boers were engaged in a frontier dispute with Ketschwayo; their Government was practically bankrupt, and had demonstrated its incapacity by its failure to reduce Sikukuni, Ketschwayo's "dog," a Kaffir chief who lived within its own borders. It was the opinion of competent persons that Ketschwayo could "eat up" the Boers, and that if he did so, his victory would effectually rouse the whole Bantu population, which was known to be in a highly disturbed condition, to general and concerted revolt against the Europeans in South Africa. The justness of this diagnosis is shown by the sequel. Ketschwayo transferred his quarrel to the British Government and threatened Natal. Four thousand British soldiers were required to destroy his power and break up the "man-slaying machine" into which he had converted his people. But before this was done a Zulu impi had annihilated a British regiment

by Isandhlwana. By the 27th of August, 1879, Zululand was finally reduced, and on the 28th of November a force, under Colonel Baker Russell, stormed and took Sikukuni's stronghold. After the Boers had been delivered from their enemies by British soldiers and British treasure, they straightway proceeded to agitate for the withdrawal of the authority to which they owed their safety.

On December 16, 1880, the Boer triumvirate raised the Transvaal flag in revolt. After repeated defeats inflicted upon small bodies of British soldiers, Sir Evelyn Wood was at length in command of 10,000 men massed on the slopes of the Drakensberg, and 10,000 additional troops had left England for the Cape. With this overwhelming force at command the British Government agreed to a cessation of hostilities on March 22, 1881; and the terms of this agreement were subsequently embodied in the Convention of Pretoria, by which (in July of the same year) the independent government of the Transvaal was restored. The terms of the Convention of Pretoria were modified by the Convention of London, which was the result of negotiations conducted by President Krüger in person with the (then) Colonial Secretary, Lord Derby, between the months of November 1883 and February 1884. The most important of these concessions to the Transvaal Government was the conduct and control of diplomatic intercourse, limited, however, by Article IV., which makes the Queen's final approval necessary for the validity of treaties concluded with foreign Powers other than the Free State. In making these concessions, the Colonial Office pressed for a definite and distinct understanding as to the western boundary of the Transvaal—a question which involved the control of Bechuanaland. The Boers claimed sovereignty over all the Bechuana tribes in virtue of the defeat of Moselekate by Hendrik Potgieter, in 1838. In putting forward this claim, they overlooked the fact that they fought this battle in alliance with a Bechuana tribe, the Barolongs, whose chief, Taoane, was the father of Montsioa. In 1868 President (M. W.) Pretorius issued a proclamation, in which he reasserted this claim, and declared the authority of the Transvaal to extend northwards to Lake N'gami—a claim which was at once resisted by the British Government on behalf of the natives. In the negotiations for the Convention of London, it was agreed that the western frontier of the Transvaal should be so extended as to include certain Bechuana chiefs who had recognised the authority of the Boers, and that the rest of Bechuanaland (including the country of the faithful old chief, Montsioa) should be constituted a British Protectorate. Accordingly, in May 1884, Mr. Mackenzie arrived in Bechuanaland as Deputy-Commissioner. But, notwithstanding this definite and equitable arrangement, President Krüger was unable to prevent the Boers who had effected settlements in the Protectorate from resisting the authority of the Commissioner,

and from attacking Montsioa's town. As the British Government, relying upon the promised co-operation of the Transvaal Government, had neglected to supply Mr. Mackenzie with a force by which the Queen's authority could be established, Bechuanaland relapsed into a state of anarchy. President Krüger then proposed to settle the difficulty in his own way. "In the interests of humanity" he "proclaimed and ordained" the contending chiefs—no word was said of the Boer freebooters—to be under the protection of the South African Republic, adding, with a touch of grim humour, that this proclamation, which extended his authority over territory which six months before he had agreed should constitute part of a British Protectorate, was subject to Article IV. of the Convention of London.

These events led to the last and most successful armed interference of the British Government with the Boers; the establishment of British authority over Bechuanaland by Sir Charles Warren in 1885. I say most successful, for apart from the fact that the objects of the expedition—"to remove the filibusters from Bechuanaland, to pacify the country, to reinstate the natives in their land, and to take such measures as were necessary to prevent further depredations"—were carried out without bloodshed, a further object of great concern to South Africa as a whole, the maintenance of the trade route to the interior, was secured. At last the object for which Livingstone had contended for so many years almost single-handed against the Boers was achieved. "The Boers," he said in his address at Oxford, "resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country." The door to the interior of Africa was now open; and through this door Mr. Cecil Rhodes found his way into the vast regions now being opened up by the Chartered Company.

I suggested at the commencement of this paper that it would be found that England's interferences with the Boers were neither selfish nor oppressive. But I think the facts go further than this. They show that whatever grievances the Dutch farmers had while they were in the Cape Colony, they had no grievances in Natal; they show that the reason why the Boers refused to remain under the equitable system of administration which was then established was the desire to be free from British control in their dealings with the natives. They show that under the new relationship, which was created by the recognition of the Boer Republics, subsequent interferences were undertaken when the common interests of South Africa were endangered by the aggression or the inherent weakness of these Republics. They show that the view based solely upon those more recent and momentous interferences which have occurred since the development of South Africa under the stimulus of mineral discoveries—the view that England's interferences have been inspired by a belief in the material wealth of the country, that, in short, England has only

interfered when she has had some commercial object to gain—is untenable. It is not disputed that England's interests in South Africa are infinitely greater in 1896 than they were in 1866. But to the honour of England it stands written on the page of history, that from the first assumption of the government of the Cape of Good Hope, she has resolutely set herself the task of meting out justice between the conflicting claims of the colonists and the natives; that by assuming this attitude she rendered her government unacceptable to the mass of the original European inhabitants; but that in the face of the difficulties and the bitter opposition thus created, she again and again compelled the most stubborn of these European offenders to do justice to the coloured races whose champion and protector she was.

And how does this apply to the situation in the Transvaal to-day? We assume that the Colonial Office will make it its business to see that every obligation imposed by the Convention of London is honourably discharged. What more can be said or done?

There is no question here of any legal right, nor do I propose to put forward any such contention. But I suggest that the history of the relations of England to the Boers provides an answer to the question which has been raised in England and on the Continent—What moral right has England to urge the Transvaal Government to grant the reforms required by the Uitlanders?

England has the moral right which belongs of necessity to the Power to which South Africa owes its present material prosperity; she has the moral right of a Power which, in spite of errors and failures, has persistently held before it an ideal of just dealing between Dutch and English, between European and native. England is not asking the Boer to do otherwise than she herself has done. When responsible government was introduced into the Cape Colony in 1873, it was represented that by this course the control of the Cape Parliament would pass from the English to the Dutch, who formed two-thirds of the European population. This fact did not prevent the British Government from carrying out its just intention. And yet in this case it might have been argued that the majority were retrogressive, and that to give them the control of the Legislature would endanger the progress of the Colony. In the Transvaal the position is reversed. It is to the Uitlanders, who have established the gold industry, who already own more than one-half of the land, and pay nine-tenths of the taxes, that the State owes its present prosperity. In advocating the claims of the Uitlanders, England is not appearing in a rôle hastily assumed to meet the exigencies of the situation. We speak of the independence of the Boers, but we forget that this independence is limited by terms in the Conventions which touch the fundamental principle of the Boer economy, the refusal to recognise the equality of white and coloured men before

the law. England has seen her soldiers shot down and refrained from avenging them, but no combination of disasters has prevented her from requiring at the hands of the Boers the recognition of the civil rights of the natives. It is due to England's interference that the half-million of natives in the Transvaal to-day enjoy rights, which, having regard to the relative position which the Uitlanders and natives occupy towards the Transvaal Government, are at least as valuable as the rights which she now urges should be conceded to the Uitlanders. By this long-established, persistent, and disinterested interference on behalf of the natives, she has acquired a moral right to interfere on behalf of her own citizens which is as conspicuous as it is unassailable.

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

IS POVERTY DIMINISHING?

ECONOMISTS have never come to any close agreement in defining wealth, and it is to be expected that a corresponding divergence of meaning will appear in the converse term—poverty. In seeking to ascertain what answer can be given to the question, "Is poverty diminishing?" it will, however, be most convenient to begin by accepting that view of "poverty" which estimates it by the quantity of marketable goods represented by the income of the poor, or, in other words, by the purchasing power of the wages of the lower grades of the working classes.

If we possessed a system of statistics which enabled us to know exactly the variations of weekly income of the wage-earning classes, the proportion of that income which they expended upon different commodities, and the actual prices paid for these commodities, we should be able to estimate accurately the quantity of the necessities and conveniences of life which were available for each grade of workers. Then having affixed the term poverty to all real incomes below a certain level, we could exactly measure the increase or the diminution of poverty.

Mr. Charles Booth and his collaborators attempted this measurement for London, and succeeded so far as the available means of information allowed. Drawing the poverty line at 21s. as a fairly regular family income, they estimated that about 31 per cent. of Londoners were subject to "poverty," or just about one-third of the whole population, if the inmates of public charitable institutions are added to the list. This is the only direct measurement of local poverty upon any considerable scale which we possess. If this method could be closely and consistently applied to the whole country, we should then possess some direct measure of material poverty. But such knowledge,

though highly serviceable, would not, unless constantly repaired during a considerable term of years, inform us whether poverty was diminishing, or at what pace.

Since no such means of measurement are applied, how shall we account for the strong general impression existing in the minds of almost all sections of the educated classes to the effect that there is much less poverty than there was twenty, thirty, or fifty years ago? When I ask reasons for this belief, I am commonly referred to statistics of the decline of pauperism and statistics bearing upon the rise of wages and general improvement of the economic condition of the working classes. Let us examine the nature of this evidence under its chief heads.

First, take the statistics of pauperism, upon which the greatest stress is laid by public men anxious to maintain public complacency and avert rash measures of reform by presenting a fair show of rapid social progress. We are informed that, during the last forty years, there has taken place a large diminution not merely in the proportion which the pauper class bears to the whole population, but in the absolute number of paupers in the country. If we compare 1852 with 1892 (the decennial periods covered by the figures of the recent "Report of the Commission on the Aged Poor"), we find that whereas the paupers formed 50.9 per 1000 of the population in 1852, they had sunk to 25.6, or little more than half, in 1892. Many public men, and some specialists who ought to know better, quote these and similar figures of pauperism as satisfactory evidence of a reduction of poverty. Now, these general statistics of pauperism are utterly devoid of value for such a purpose. The satisfactory reduction in the proportion and in the absolute number of paupers consists almost entirely in the reduction of outdoor paupers. Now, the number of recipients of out-relief is notoriously affected to a large extent by the spirit and method of administration of the Poor Law by the boards of guardians. The modern tendency of many boards has been towards a stricter administration of out-relief, and some few, like Bradfield, Brixworth, and St. George's-in-the-East, have practically abolished out-relief.

No one in face of the evidence could deny that the reduction of pauperism is to a large, though quite immeasurable extent, due to this policy of boards of guardians. Mr. Davy, in his "Report to the Local Government Board," thus aptly sums up the case: "In fact, the rate of pauperism in the population in rural unions is now very much what the guardians choose to make it." This being so, to argue a reduction of poverty from a reduction of paupers is plainly fallacious. It might indeed be urged that one result of strict administration is to strengthen the economic position of the labourer by throwing him more completely upon his own resources and inciting him to press more energetically for a rise of wages. But no real importance can

be attached to such a tendency in face of the weight of evidence adduced by Mr. Chance and others to show "that wages do not in any way regulate pauperism."* If wages are not a determinant of pauperism then we are plainly disqualified from taking the decline of pauperism as any evidence of a rise of wages or of the standard of comfort of the classes from which the pauper population is drawn. Indeed, the argument that reduced pauperism is evidence of reduced poverty may be disposed of by a *reductio ad absurdum*. If all boards of guardians could be persuaded to follow the example set by Bradfield the number of out-paupers might be reduced to zero; but would any one propose to deduce from that fact the total disappearance of poverty? Without desiring to impugn the wisdom of the strict administrative policy, I contend that no value can be assigned to the results of such administration when adduced as evidence of a diminution of poverty. Mr. Loch and others, I believe, contend that they possess independent proofs that strict administration not merely has added nothing to the quantity of outside poverty, but has by its stimulative influence upon character wrought a general improvement in the economic conditions of the neighbourhood. But the quality and the character of the evidence adduced are quite insufficient to sustain this argument. It may readily be conceded that one effect of strict administration of the Poor Law would be to stimulate effort towards provision against sickness and old age in those whose nature contains any germ of forethought and whose condition makes saving possible. If we assume, as the advocates of this policy commonly do assume, that "sickness, incapacity, or moral defects" are the only causes of poverty, some importance might be attached to the efficacy of such a stimulus. But most of those best acquainted with the facts of modern industry are not prepared to assign "sickness, incapacity, or moral defects" as the principal direct causes of poverty, and are therefore unable to admit that the stimulus furnished by a strict administration of poor relief can enable most of the poor to provide comfortably for themselves. The direct evidence upon which Mr. Loch relies for his position is necessarily drawn from so small an area of investigation that it fails to convince any reasonable man whose mind is not already occupied by the individualist assumption that any man or woman, not physically or mentally deficient, can obtain a sufficient livelihood if he chooses to work for it. Again, admitting that the refusal of poor relief evoked certain forms of "saving" which* would not otherwise have taken place, or, in other words, that the fear of starvation altered their mode of expending their income (for that it led to an increase of income is incapable of proof), this is no valid evidence of reduced poverty. The more urgent necessity of saving, which implies a lowering of current expenditure, a reduced standard of con-

* "The Better Administration of the Poor Law," p. 55.

sumption, may very likely increase the strain of physical poverty. Even, if it could be shown that strict administration of the Poor Law increased the membership of friendly societies, this result, however desirable in itself, would be no evidence of reduction of poverty. Lastly, the argument that strict administration in one union will shift the burden of pauperism on to other unions is not met by showing that the pauperism in unions in close proximity to Bradfield and Brixworth is below rather than above the average. It is natural that some of the would-be paupers in Bradfield would shun that area of strict administration and seek the shelter of neighbouring unions, thus tending to raise the pauperism in these latter. But it is equally natural that the neighbouring unions should, partly owing to the educative example of Bradfield, partly from a perception of the danger which awaits them, adopt a somewhat stricter administration than obtains in the average union. Indeed the actual reduction of both out-relief and total pauperism in these neighbouring unions proves that they have not been blind to their own interests, and that if one result of strict administration is to drive pauperism from the more strict to the less strict unions, we cannot prove the efficacy of the Bradfield method of reducing pauperism and poverty by confining our attention to neighbouring unions. It must be understood that I do not impugn directly the contention that strict administration reduces both pauperism and poverty; though I do not believe its effect upon the mass of poverty to be considerable. But I do claim that we cannot argue directly from figures of reduced pauperism, which include out-relief, to a reduction of poverty.

Though administrative changes affect also indoor relief, they do so to a less extent, so that indoor relief may furnish some slight indication of the amount of poverty. Now, taking the same period which shows so large a reduction of total and outdoor pauperism we find that indoor paupers, so far from diminishing, have increased not only in absolute numbers but by a rate of growth somewhat higher than that of the population of the country.

In 1851 the number of indoor paupers was 114,367 or 6·3 per 1000, in 1891 the number was 186,607 or 6·4 per 1000. The following table will indicate the tendency of indoor pauperism to grow as fast, or slightly faster, than population in England and Wales.

| | Indoor Pauperism. (Mean for Year.) | | Population. |
|------|---------------------------------------|-----|-------------|
| 1851 | 114,367 | ... | 17,927,609 |
| 1861 | 132,236 | ... | 20,066,224 |
| 1871 | 149,200 | ... | 22,712,366 |
| 1881 | 163,374 | ... | 26,046,112 |
| 1891 | 186,607 | ... | 29,081,147 |

It might occur to some that this increase of indoor paupers was due in some large measure to the strict administration, which has

reduced the number of out-paupers. But this explanation is rejected by Poor Law authorities, and Mr. Chance considers it proved "that the restriction of outdoor relief, does not materially increase the number of indoor paupers." *

Summing up in a few words the evidence derived from statistics of pauperism, I claim to have shown that the reduction in the total amount of pauperism affords no evidence of a reduction of poverty, while the increase of indoor pauperism which is more valid evidence, goes to show that the proportion of the poor to the whole population is maintained.

Moreover, in considering the reduction of total pauperism we must bear in mind that the last forty years have seen an immense increase in those forms of public and private charity devoted to the care and maintenance of the poor and infirm, especially of children and the aged poor, many of whom must otherwise have had recourse to poor relief. The annual expenditure on public charitable institutions of this character is computed at £11,000,000, a sum considerably in excess of the total amount expended under the Poor Law in relief of the poor. This expenditure is of course greatly augmented by the growth of private charity, which, though we possess no means of measurement, undoubtedly increases every year and assumes part of the burden which otherwise would fall upon the Poor Law.

Those who adduce evidence derived from general statistics of wages, prices, working-class consumption and savings to prove the diminution of poverty, fall into a patent fallacy of averages. The statement that the average wages of the working classes have risen, or that the consumption of beef or tea per head of the population has increased, is of course quite consistent with an increase in the number or the proportion of the poor. No thoughtful person falls into the error here indicated; yet politicians often adduce such facts as convincing proofs that the problem of poverty is solving itself, and no small portion of our national optimism is indirectly based upon this kind of evidence. It is therefore worth our while to examine the chief heads of this evidence as to the general conditions of the working classes to see what light we can get in our inquiry.

Let us first turn to wages. The "General Report on the Wages of the Manual Labour Classes in the United Kingdom," just issued by the Board of Trade, is an interesting example of the way in which the public is officially instructed in the Labour question. Confining ourselves to the general results, we are informed that among male adult wage-earners "the result of this summary is to show an average rate of wages per head of 24s. 7d. per week, equal to £64 per annum, if the weekly rate were multiplied by 52. The similar tables for women, ^{and} boys, and girls, show averages of 12s., 8s. 11d.,

* "The Better Administration of the Poor Law," p. 124.

and 6s. 4d. respectively." Then comes the following summary, which ought, if correct, to afford some direct evidence of the condition of the poor paid workers :

Summary showing the proportion of Men, Women, Lads and Boys, and Girls, at different rates of Wages according to the aggregate numbers dealt with in the Table of Census of Wages.

| | Men. | Women. | Lads and Boys. | Girls. |
|-------------------|------|--------|----------------|--------|
| Half timers . . . | — | — | 11.9 | 27.2 |
| Under 10s. . . | 0.1 | 26.0 | 49.7 | 62.5 |
| 10s. to 15s. . . | 2.4 | 50.0 | 32.5 | 8.9 |
| 15s. to 20s. . . | 21.5 | 18.5 | 5.8 | 1.4 |
| 20s. to 25s. . . | 33.6 | 5.4 | 0.1 | — |
| 25s. to 30s. . . | 24.2 | 0.1 | — | — |
| 30s. to 35s. . . | 11.6 | — | — | — |
| 35s. to 40s. . . | 4.2 | — | — | — |
| Above 40s. . . | 2.4 | — | — | — |

Now, the effect of the Report is to convey to the public mind the impression that this is a fair and generally accurate account of the financial condition of the wage-earning classes, as a whole, or, at any rate, of the manual workers of the whole country. It is quite true that the wage statistics are not drawn from all classes of workers but we are informed that "the list of occupations itself shows that the tables are samples of the great mass of occupations." The public notice taken of this report shows that it is accepted in this spirit as a scientific index of the present condition of manual wages both as to the general averages and the distribution of the classes to which the various averages apply. That this is distinctly the impression Sir Robert Giffen desired to convey appears from the evidence he tendered to the Labour Commission, in which occurs the following statement in support of an estimate almost identical with that presented in the official report. "The table which I have put in shows the average rate of wages and the proportion at each rate in a great mass of employments, sufficient I think, along with other information, to warrant a classification of the whole working-class population, and to give an approximately correct idea of the aggregate working-class income."* In its final Report the Labour Commission accepts these estimates as applicable to the whole mass of labour, and bases many of its judgments upon their acceptance.

It is scarcely credible, though true, that, neither in the estimates laid before the Labour Commission, nor in the fuller statistics of the Board of Trade Report, is any account, direct or indirect, taken of the great mass of the lowest paid occupations. The final Report of the Labour Commission says: "Mr. Giffen estimates the average annual earnings of adult males engaged in labour to be about £60.

* "Parliamentary Papers," vol. xxxix, p. 422.

The average annual earnings of women he estimates to be, inclusive of those in domestic service, about £40; exclusive of those in domestic service, about £32." But, in forming this computation, the whole of the wages of out-workers and of small workshops are excluded, though there is overwhelming evidence to show that most of the lowest skilled and worst paid work in manufactures is done by out-workers. Casual labour of all sorts is excluded, for, as Sir Robert Giffen explained, "the people who do not come into regular employment, the casual people, would hardly come into returns of this kind."* Some three-quarters of a million of shopmen, paid on a rough average at some 20s. to 22s. per week, are excluded; the much lower paid female labour in shops does not enter into the calculation. Indeed, the whole of the vast and ever-growing labour of distribution in all its branches is entirely left out. The statistical basis of the computation of the income of "adults engaged in labour" is wholly confined to the highly organised departments of the manufactures, railways, mines, seamen, the army, navy, and public services, public institutions, domestic service, building trades, with a rough guess at agricultural wages. It may, I think, be accurately said that nearly all the lowest paid kinds of work are wholly left out of account. Nor is that all. There is grave reason to believe that the averages obtained from the trades which are included are excessive. The Board of Trade possesses no compulsory powers to obtain such information, and, since the bulk of its figures are derived from the voluntary communication of employers, supplemented, in some cases, by Trade Union Reports, it is pretty certain that the averages thus obtained are higher than would be the case if compulsory returns could be obtained covering the whole volume of the different trades. Employers who take the trouble to fill in forms giving full and reliable information as to the wages which they pay will belong to the best class of employers, who, both in respect of rate of wages and of regularity of work, are above the average. At any rate, the worst and poorest classes of employers, paying less than the standard wages, and conducting an irregular and precarious business, will not send in returns to the Board of Trade. No scientific average can be based upon voluntary returns. It is strange that Sir Robert Giffen should fail so utterly to recognise the patent defect of a voluntary return. Before the Labour Commission he was asked, "You have reason to believe that the 143,000, respecting whom you have returns (i.e., in the cotton manufacture), are a fair average of the 504,000, enumerated in the factory returns?" His reply is: "That is so, there being no selection in the matter. As the returns are taken quite impartially, there is no doubt that they represent the whole mass from which they are taken." Apparently he fails to see that, although there may be no selection of the manufacturers to whom the forms are sent by the

* "Parliamentary Papers," vol. xxxix. question 6887.

Board of Trade, there will be a selection before the forms are filled in and returned. Though the error here involved might not be large in the case of a highly organised industry, such as cotton, it would be much more considerable in the lower grades of the dressmaking, or even the building trades, where the proportion of employers who fill in returns is much smaller, and where there is much less uniformity of structure throughout the trade.

The direct bearings of these defects in the basis and method of the official "averages" upon the measurement of "poverty" will be obvious. If Sir Robert Giffen's statistics were sound we should know that just 24 per cent. of men workers in manual trades were getting less than 20s. a week wages, and that 26 per cent. of women were earning 10s. or less. But when we know that the method of inquiry excludes almost all the low-paid and irregular trades, we perceive that the official figures yield no information for our purpose.

Unfortunately, it is upon official evidence of such a kind that unofficial students of statistics are compelled chiefly to rely for their data. They, too, are not infrequently led into general conclusions based upon wholly insufficient premisses. A good example of this is afforded by the extremely ingenious and accurately reasoned-out comparison of the wages of the manual labourers in 1860 and 1890 presented by Mr. Bowley to the Statistical Society. Sifting most carefully the evidence from various official and unofficial sources, Mr. Bowley arrives at the conclusion that wages in money have risen about 40 per cent. since 1860. But though he speaks of his conclusions as having reference to "average manual labour wages," they really are confined to the wage changes of skilled workers alone. For Mr. Bowley is obliged by the very strictness of his method to take an even narrower basis than Sir Robert Giffen, and practically excludes all smaller manufactures, outwork, casual labour, domestic service, shop-labour, and the whole of distributive industry. He shows pretty conclusively that the average worker in the regular skilled trades enjoys a money wage 40 per cent. higher than in 1860. But his selected trades employ a smaller proportion of the total working population than in 1860, and we are certainly not entitled to assume that a corresponding improvement of wages has taken place in the low-skilled and low-organised branches of manufacture and in the distributive industries.

A rise of average wages derived from a full investigation of the field of industry would, of course, afford no direct evidence as to the amount of poverty, though we should probably be able to learn something of the lower deviations from the average, which would be of value. But an average which *ex hypothesi* excludes all reference to the poor can throw no light on our darkness. The utmost we can extract is a conviction of a general upward tendency of wages, which, arguing

from a certain supposed solidarity in labour, we may believe to have some force in the case of the mass of low-paid workers.

But if all have not equally benefited by the rise of wages, the fall of prices has, it is maintained, been of the greatest general benefit to all classes of consumers. Statisticians in reckoning the rise of real wages insist, rightly enough, in taking account of the fall of prices. So Mr. Bowley, basing his calculations upon Sauerbeck's index figures, shows that £72 in 1891 has the same purchasing power as £99 in 1860, and he imputes a corresponding rise of purchasing power to every shilling in the wages of all workers. "The rate of increase of wages is, therefore, not merely 40 per cent, but $\frac{111}{100} \times \frac{11}{10} = \frac{1221}{1000}$, that is to say, average wages have nearly doubled." This reasoning is not peculiar to Mr. Bowley, it is accepted and used by Sir Robert Giffen and most economists in computing changes of real wages. Yet I venture to say it is extremely fallacious to take the fluctuations of wholesale prices of selected articles found in Sauerbeck's system and to apply them to the retail prices paid by the working-classes. Sauerbeck's tables, though well adapted to express the fluctuations of price from the manufacturing and the trading standpoint, are defective in two respects when applied to the measurement of the interests of the consumer. In the first place, two prices which play an important part in the consumers' budget, the price of house accommodation and the price of labour, find no place in Sauerbeck's tables. The importance of this omission consists in the fact that while the prices of most material articles of consumption have fallen during the last thirty years, rent, travelling expenses, professional fees, and most direct payments for labour which enter into the consumers' budget, have shown a general tendency to rise. Even if the consumer gained the full 40 per cent. in respect of that part of his expenditure which purchases material commodities other than house accommodation, this gain would be partly offset by his expenditure upon the commodities named above, the price of which has risen. In the second place, no one believes that the fall of general retail prices has been commensurate with the fall of wholesale prices, which alone finds expression in Sauerbeck's tables. That most articles of material wealth are cheaper than they were in 1860 is indisputable, but that the general fall of retail prices amounts to anything like 40 per cent. is grossly improbable. Unfortunately, no sufficient statistics relating to the fluctuations of retail prices to those of wholesale prices during the last thirty years are available. But such fragmentary data of comparison as we possess indicate that retail prices have fallen considerably less than wholesale prices. Indirectly this position receives support from two considerations. The fall of manufacturing prices is chiefly due to a fall in the expenses of production following the greater economy of labour in machine processes. No corresponding economy

has yet been effected in the work of distribution. If, then, we admit the existence of a general rise of wages, applicable in some measure to most labour of distribution, the expenses of the distributive processes must form an increasing proportion of the total expenses represented in the retail prices of commodities, so that the 40 per cent. fall of the wholesale price of a commodity will be only represented by say, 80 or 20 per cent. of the retail price paid over the shop-counter. That a larger proportion of retail prices is represented by the expenses of distribution is indicated by the fact that a far larger proportion of the "occupied" classes of the country derives its livelihood from distributive industry than was the case thirty years ago. If this is so, we are not justified in concluding that any class of consumers obtains an advantage of 40 per cent. as compared with 1860 in the expenditure of its money-income.

When allusion is made to the fall of prices, as an important alleviation of the condition of the poor, another fallacy requires to be unmasked. No general figures, showing the effect of a fall of prices on the purchasing power of a sovereign, can be equally applicable to incomes of different sizes and expended under different circumstances. Even if it were admitted that a rich man's sovereign would purchase for him, in the normal course of his expenditure, 40 per cent. more than it would have purchased in 1860, it is not true that the poor man's sovereign will purchase 40 per cent. more. The proportion of a rich man's income devoted to the purchase of articles the price of which has greatly fallen, is far greater than the proportion of a poor man's income thus expended. Draw out a list of articles of which the cost of production and price have been greatly reduced, such as watches, pianos, leather and cotton goods, stationery, &c., you will find that whereas they form a considerable proportion of the consumption of the well-to-do, they play no appreciable part in the poor man's budget. Though the latter has some considerable gain from the lower prices of groceries, bread, and foreign meat, he spends little of his income upon other articles of comfort or luxury which have fallen most in retail price, while rent, fuel, dairy produce, vegetables, &c., most items of which have risen in price for the larger proportion of the poorer classes, who now live in large centres of population, swallow up a larger share of his income. In considering the effect of falling prices upon the purchasing power of a given wage a great deal evidently depends upon the size and habits of the family, and upon whether they are living in town or country. But, speaking roughly, one is bound to conclude that the increase in the purchasing power of a sovereign from the consumer's standpoint has been in direct ratio to the size of the income, the richest gaining most, the poorest least. In any case, the direct application of Sauerbeck's tables is quite unjustifiable. The evidence of fluctuations of retail price alone is valid, and the only

scientific application of such prices to the study of the real condition of any working-class involves a comparison of the actual budget of the working-family at different periods. The direct evidence produced from time to time by Mr. Leone Levi, Mr. Barnett, and by Mr. Gould and others in America strongly sustains the conviction that the poorer among the working-class families in cities have gained extremely little by the general fall of wholesale prices.

A mass of evidence, which is interesting and valid testimony of a rise in the general economic prosperity of the people, and in particular of an improvement in the condition of the working-classes, is commonly misapplied as strong *prima facie* evidence of a diminution of poverty. The imposing figure of £240,000,000, representing the funds invested in savings banks, registered friendly societies, incorporated building societies, registered trades unions, and certified loan societies, is adduced to prove that the workers have in recent years a large margin over and above necessary expenditure, which they are able to apply as "savings." Now, though a large proportion of this "capital" is doubtless the property of the wage-earning classes we have no means of ascertaining how large this proportion is. A great quantity of the money invested in the Post Office Savings Bank, not improbably the bulk of it, belongs to middle-class, and not to working-class, families. The same is true, though to a less extent, of many of the other important savings banks, while the mass of the loan capital, and no inconsiderable portion of the share capital, of many friendly societies and building societies does not represent the savings of the wage-earning classes. Even if all this capital were owned by the workers it would only represent about £18 per head of the actual wage-earners, or about 2 per cent. of the total accumulated wealth of the nation. As the matter actually stands, the testimony of these "savings" is almost worthless, and can at most be taken as one indication of the indisputable fact that a large proportion of the working-classes are better off, and more provident, than they were formerly. The same may be said of the voluminous information which statisticians produce showing the great increase in the consumption of grain, meat, tea, and other commodities per head of the population. These averages prove nothing directly about the income, and the consumption of any particular class, and cannot, therefore, throw any very clear light upon the condition of the poor. But though these statistics of wages, prices, savings, and consumption afford no such accurate and conclusive evidence as their quantitative form would indicate, we are not justified in rejecting them as wholly valueless for our purpose. When taken in conjunction they will be rightly held to furnish a strong presumption of an economic improvement, which is not wholly confined to one or a few grades, but is in different degrees appli-

cable to the whole community. In other words, the accumulated weight of evidence showing that the working-classes, as a whole, have improved their incomes and raised their standard of comfort is so great that, if an exception is claimed for any class, it seems to devolve upon the claimant of this exception to prove a case for exemption. Such evidence, I think, is not forthcoming. Not only can it not be proved that "the poor are getting poorer" in the economic sense of "poor," but it can hardly be denied that in some respects the actual standard of comfort of many who are still admittedly "poor" has risen, and is still rising. The general agreement of close and interested observers in this comparison of past and present conditions is far more convincing than the indirect and often misleading evidence of tabulated figures. Few, whose memory clearly compasses the last forty years, will be disposed to deny that in respect of clothing and housing, and even food, the mass of "unskilled" labourers and their families, so long as the wage-earners have work, are distinctly better off than they were formerly. Indeed, though the use of his statistical evidence is so disputable, the general conclusion stated by Sir Robert Giffen in his paper read before the Statistical Society in December 1889 may, with a single important qualification, be accepted as a reasonable summary:

"What all the figures point to is, that there has been a steady levelling-up among the masses for several centuries; that this improvement largely takes the shape of constant additions to the lower middle-class and the upper artisan-class; and that there is a residuum which does not improve much, and hardly, by comparison, seems to improve at all; but this residuum certainly diminishes in proportion, and probably diminishes in absolute amount, from century to century and from period to period."

It is the last clause alone which seems disputable in its application to recent times. If by "residuum" we mean the very poor, who do not earn by regular work a bare livelihood, but who are wholly or partly dependent upon public or private charity, there can be little doubt but that the proportion, and probably the absolute number, was much greater in the early decades of this century than now. But that there is any tendency discernible in recent times for the "residuum" to disappear, or even to diminish in absolute number, is extremely doubtful. The 100,000, or 11 per cent. of East Londoners, who represent the superfluity of working-class population, who form a real "residuum" in the sense that they are not wanted in our industrial system, are a factor whose existence is maintained by certain economic and social forces which show no signs of abatement. The extension of large industry and routine methods over new portions of the economic field, the organisation of different departments of labour to ensure greater regularity of employment for a limited number of workers, all the forces which make for a new industrial

order, are engaged in squeezing out weaker competitors for work, and in preventing others, who might qualify for regular employment, from doing so. On the other hand, the conditions of the ill-ordered life of large cities afford an increasing multitude of odd jobs, involving little skill or application, which are specially adapted to, and are partly created by, the feeble and irregular physique and character of the "residuum," and which give them a specious appearance of belonging to the industrial classes. Lastly, the improved sanitation of our cities, increased public provision against disease, free medical attendance, and charitable relief of various kinds enable a far larger proportion of the "residuum" to maintain a low order of vitality, and to rear children, than was formerly the case. For these reasons, it seems doubtful whether the "residuum" has been diminishing in recent years, either proportionately or in absolute numbers.

But, so far as actual command of some irregular supply of food, clothing, and shelter, the prime necessities of physical life, is concerned, even this "residuum" is probably a little better off than the persons who occupied the same position a generation, or two generations since. Although the increased congestion of poverty in cities imparts increased virulence to the disease, and renders it less easily amenable to direct individual treatment, in various loose ways some fragments of the vast increase of material forms of wealth due to improved methods of production have filtered down into the life of the poorest classes.

If, then, we took as a sole and sufficient gauge of poverty the actual command of commercial goods, we should give an affirmative answer to our initial question, whatever limit we assigned to the term poverty. But this conclusion by no means exhausts the inquiry. If we pass outside this objective "economic" definition of poverty, and still taking our stand upon purely physical considerations, include in our estimate all those material factors directly conducive to the maintenance of physical life, it is extremely doubtful whether we can say that physiological poverty is diminishing. There is much evidence to show that the increased command over "economic" goods has been accompanied, especially in the case of low-skilled workers, by distinct losses. An increasing proportion of the poor are denizens of the low and crowded quarters of the largest towns, engaged in indoor and sedentary occupations, breathing foul or exhausted air at their work and in their homes. The increased subdivision of mechanical and other routine labour, by throwing more of the strain of work upon a single set of muscles or nerves, not only makes work less interesting, but makes it physically more exhausting. This exhaustion, and the functional enfeeblement it implies, prevents the workers, on the one hand, from obtaining full physical use from the larger supply of food and

other consumables which higher wages place at their command; and, on the other hand, impels them to have recourse to artificial and injurious stimulants in their periods of leisure. The misuse of a large portion of their increased power of consumption by the lower grades of the workers is, in part at any rate, a direct and natural consequence of the economic conditions of modern town industry.

The loss of pure air, sunshine, and other "free" goods, and its effect on the physique of city dwellers, is not adequately compensated by hygienic reforms of town life itself, while the increased number and complexity of sensations impose a greater strain upon the nervous system. The nervous degeneration which thus accrues may perhaps be checked in time by further hygienic improvement of the town, and by a gradual readjustment between the nervous system and its changed environment. But meantime grave physical injuries arise directly from those very economic changes which have raised the economic condition of the great mass of the workers, and have probably reduced the quantity of purely economic poverty. When we reflect that the physical injuries of town life, attested by rates of mortality and impaired muscular activity, fall most heavily upon the poor, we shall see grave reason to doubt whether the modern conditions of industrial and social life are generally favourable to the physical vitality of the low-paid worker, or the "residuum," that is to say, whether he gets any net vital advantage out of the higher rate of real wages which he obtains when he is working. When we also bear in mind that each year a higher proportion of the workers are living in large towns, where the duration of life is about 15 per cent. less than in the country, and that the age of enforced retirement from regular wage-earning is, by reason of the strain of competition and the regulations of trade organisations, considerably earlier than it was formerly, and that an increased irregularity of employment is discernible in many or most trades, we may hold it doubtful whether the average worker of the lower order makes a total life-wage which is any higher than he made formerly. The conclusion applied by Mr. Charles Booth to the whole body of workers that "in one way or another effective working life is ten years longer in the country than in the town" has an important significance, when we remember that each decennial census shows a growing proportion of workers subject to the conditions of town life.

But without seeking to press these quantitative tests, the conclusion which I wish to suggest is this: that even if it can be shown that a substantial improvement has taken place in the real income of the lower grades of the working-classes which we call "the poor," we are not entitled to deduce a corresponding rise in their standard of physical life, but must set off against this gain of real income the

greater actual expenses of town life, the loss of certain physical advantages of country life, and the general injury inflicted by the strain of routine work and life in the towns. In fine, if we reckon in those elements of physical utility which are deteriorated by the very conditions under which the economic income of the poorer classes has been raised, we shall hesitate to register a judgment that there is among the poor any increased ability to maintain a wholesome physical life.

But the more philosophic measurement of poverty will take neither the standard of economic income nor of physical life. Real poverty is a subjective condition; it consists in or is measured by the number of felt wholesome needs which cannot be satisfied. When our means of attainment are inadequate to our desires we feel the pain of dissatisfaction. If our desires are rightly adjusted to legitimate objects of human satisfaction, to the attainment of a higher life, while the barriers of external environment and the influences they exercise upon the efficiency of effort disable us from any reasonable prospect of success, that disability constitutes poverty alike from the individual and the social standpoint.

This difference between felt wants and the power to satisfy them is genuine destitution, and the real danger of poverty in any state is measured by its amount. A German thinker has denounced the "accursed wantlessness" of the masses as the great inner obstacle of social progress. But if that criticism implies that all wants by furnishing stimulus to individual effort can force a way to satisfaction it is based upon ignorance of the economic structure of modern societies. Every inequality of economic opportunities, so long as it exists, implies the frustration of legitimate desires in those who suffer from the inequality. If the desires lie dormant, as they do in the most degraded conditions of society, no subjective or felt poverty emerges. But if desires are stimulated into activity, then the pressure of economic inequality provokes the pain of futile discontent. This is the peculiar danger of our recent civilisation. The modern means of popular education, our school system, the spread of cheap reading, our railways, and the growth of facile communication of every kind, and, most potent of all, the experience of new sensations and the stimulation of new ideas provided by city life, have constantly and rapidly enlarged the scope of desires of the poorer classes. We admit some increase of their income, but is that increase at all commensurate with the expansion of desires? Even if many of these desires are misapplied, their existence argues a discontent which, as the raw material of a true progressive force, clamours for wholesome direction. But such direction of public tastes, such elevation of public desires, is impossible, so long as economic obstacles stand in the way. We are not,

however, here concerned to discuss means of social reform, but merely to emphasise the dangers of such increased poverty which arise in a society where the direct and indirect education of new wants proceeds more rapidly than the increase in the means of satisfaction.

There can, I think, be little question but that the conditions of modern poverty, especially in large towns, with their abrupt dramatic contrast of wealth and want, have given fuller consciousness to the malady and have intensified the pain which is attached to it.

To sum up in a single word, it appears that whereas poverty measured in terms of income is diminishing, no net reduction of physiological poverty can be shown, while subjective or felt poverty is growing with the widening gap between legitimate human desires and present possibilities of attainment.

JOHN A. HOBSON.

JEAN BAPTISTE AND HIS LANGUAGE.

WHEN the French-Canadian came to lodge on British premises, we flattered ourselves he would soon become one of the family. We have been disappointed.

The truth is, Jean Baptiste never did come to lodge in our house: that is just our British way of putting it. We annexed his shanty to our mansion, that was all. But surely that was enough to make a John Bull of him?

No: Jean Baptiste is Jean Baptiste still. The storms of Progress have beat upon his hut for 130 years, and the air within is what it was a century ago. The force of our example, the sense of our superiority, the winsomeness of manner by which John Bull commonly insinuates himself into the affection of other subject races, have all been lost on the French-Canadian. He is more Catholic than the Pope, more French than President Faure. The red, white, and blue, which cross each other on the flag above his roof, re-arrange themselves in three broad stripes around his heart. When the bells of Protestantism are calling him to church, he is going home to dinner from Mass. While the commerce of the world is shouting round him in English, he chatters his little bargains in his mother tongue, and sings the *chansons* of his grandfather.

It is the language of Jean Baptiste more than his religion, more even than his blood, that keeps him what he is—the most interesting because the most resisting of all the human creatures we are trying to turn into Englishmen.

In case what I have said should seem too flatly contradicted by what I am going to say, let me remark that the foregoing assertions are true in general as the following are in particular. From our impatient point of view Jean Baptiste appears to stand like a rock

against the rising tide of Anglicification. To his anxious parents and guardians he seems to yield. "On!" cry we. "Back!" cry they. And neither we nor they think he is doing as we tell him. "Le cléricalisme, c'est l'ennemi," say the Gambettas in France. No, say Tardivel and his fellow-crusaders in New France, "l'anglicisme, voilà l'ennemi!"

On Midsummer Day, which being the festival of St. Jean Baptiste is the great national holiday of the two million Frenchmen in America, the commonest inscription flaunted through the streets of Quebec and Montreal is this: "Notre Langue, nos Lois et notre Religion." These are the three chief materials of that Chinese-wall which has shut the nineteenth century out of Lower Canada. Whether the twentieth century is to have any better luck will depend largely on the extent to which the mortar is picked out. Religion may be the stone of which the wall is built, and law the broken glass on top, but language is the cement that holds all together. It is easy to understand, therefore, how "l'anglicisme est l'ennemi," from the point of view of a French-Canadian nationalist: and all French-Canadians are nationalists.

From the dust-heap of unfulfilled prophecy I picked this specimen the other day: "Canada once taken by the English—a few years will be enough to make it English." The words were addressed to the French Government in 1759 by General Montcalm, who, in his camp at Quebec, was facing a probability that he could not hold Canada for Louis much longer. The English, he was kind enough to say, might wish to adapt their system of government to the varying circumstances of the countries to be governed, but the thing was impossible "because of their defective system of constitutions." "If England," the French General declared, "after conquering Canada, knew how to attach the country to herself by policy and advantages, if she did not interfere with its religion, its laws, its language, its customs, its old government, then Canada, separated by all these from the other colonies, would always be an isolated country. But that is not the policy of Britain. If the English make a conquest they must needs change the constitution of the country. They bring in their own laws, their own ways of thinking, their very religion, which they compel the people to adopt under penalty, at least, of losing their citizenship. In a word, if you are conquered by Englishmen you have to become English yourselves."

The brave but despondent soldier went on to draw a melancholy picture of these Anglicised Canadians in his prophetic eye—Anglicised, turned into politicians and merchants, infatuated with that pretence of liberty "which, among the people of England, often includes licence and anarchy. Farewell, then, to their sterling worth, their simplicity, their generosity, their respect for authority, their thrift,

their obedience, and their faith!" "I am so certain of what I say, the General concluded, "that I will not give ten years after the conquest of Canada before it is all accomplished."

Three weeks after that letter was written, and before it could be received in Paris, its writer lay dead on the heights of Abraham, and with him had fallen the sovereignty of France in America. The ten years that he allowed for the process of Anglicisation have been multiplied by thirteen, and the process has hardly begun. From the pan-Anglican point of view (if ecclesiastics will allow me to borrow the word) this fact almost justifies Montcalm's contempt for our "defective system of constitutions." But we have succeeded, at the cost of leaving Quebec a French and therefore an "an isolated country," in attaching it to ourselves by a bond which has stood a good deal of straining. Jean Baptiste was allowed to keep his own laws, to a very large extent; his religion, in a curious half-established condition which it may be worth John Bull's while to look at some day; and his language, to his heart's content.

Now and then, in early days, pan-Anglicanism in Canada was patronised by the British Government. On my table lies a long and eloquent protest, written seventy years ago, against a judge's ruling that English should be the only language used in the Canadian courts. The writer, Auguste Morin, lived to sit beside that judge, Mr. Justice Bowen, and to hear and decide cases in his native language without protest from any one. When responsible government was granted in 1840, the Imperial Parliament not only harnessed French Quebec in legislative union with English Ontario, but decreed that English was to be the only official language. This clause of the new constitution was a dead letter from the beginning, and eight years later it was withdrawn at the unanimous request of the French and English legislators of Canada. The official status of French was confirmed in 1867 by the federal constitution which now governs almost all British North America, and in the Province of Quebec the official position of the French language is distinctly stronger than that of English. M. Morin drew a pathetic picture of the poor French widow unable to get justice because she might not address the judge in the only language she could speak, and suggested that lawyers could not be trusted to do their best when pleading in a tongue unknown to their clients. Now that any man has a right to sue in his own language, Englishmen complain that they have to accept service of writs in French whether they understand it or not; and many an Englishman has become more impressed by the advantage of employing a French lawyer to plead before French judges and French juries than by the disadvantage hinted at by M. Morin. In many departments of the public service, too, there are far more

French officials than the proportions of the two races in population would justify. The freeborn Englishman who has occasion to be arrested would naturally like it best done by an English policeman; and he declares the humiliation to be needlessly deepened by the pigeon-English or the "V'nez donc" with which his lingering steps are guided by Connétable Jean Baptiste. There is no denying that a French-Canadian Alderman or Secretary of State would rather give an appointment to a man of his own race than to one of ours—especially as we acted on the same principle while we had the power. Unfortunately we have furnished them with a very convenient excuse, in the fact that for every English-Canadian who can speak French there are ten French-Canadians who can speak English. A knowledge of the two languages is essential in most public offices, and in many private positions as well. Even the English merchants of Montreal often have to pocket their prejudice and employ a French instead of an English salesman, simply because the one knows both languages, while the other only speaks that of a quarter of the citizens.

This very fact, however—the increasing knowledge of English among the French-Canadians—while it is an enormous advantage to them in a worldly sense, gives much anxiety to their pastors and the other watchdogs of nationalism. It is true, when Jean Baptiste goes home at night he leaves all his English at the office or warehouse—or nearly all of it. His wife can speak her mother-tongue and no other. His children go to exclusively French schools. Very few French-Canadians, high or low, have the least social intercourse with their English fellow-subjects; and of these few a very small percentage speak English among themselves. They have their own literature—all the literature of France, except what the priests forbid, and the works of a small but able band of native writers. Finally, they have numberless newspapers—generally a little deficient in "news," but rich in other kinds of fiction, devoting long columns of large type to prove that "*l'anglicisme est l'ennemi*." All this is true, and yet—and yet the thin end of the Anglicising wedge has entered and the thick end is following.

Sometimes consciously, but often without the least idea of offence against Littré, Jean Baptiste has added a multitude of English words to his vocabulary. Other words, which occur with variations of meaning in the two languages, he uses in the English sense; and often when his words are purely French his idiom is purely English. The watchful Tardivels may well be grieved.

When little Jean Baptiste goes to school his downward course begins. Like little John Bull he undergoes "*les terribles avanies dont la coventry est la moindre punition*," though little John Bull has a different opinion on the latter point. He plays a match—and

match he calls it, too. The other day I came across a still more curious act of involuntary homage paid to John Bull as Master of Sport. M. Philippe de Gaspé, whose "Mémoires" and "Les Anciens Canadiens" form the best introduction to the study of French-Canadian life, tells us not only that the heroes of his school-days learnt to "faire la boxe" from the English, but that a favourite French game of marbles called "la Snogue" was really an English invention known originally as the *last knock*!

When Jean Baptiste goes on his travels he takes a *ticket*, with a *check* for his baggage, and enters a train. (He used to go to the station in a *gig*, according to M. de Gaspé, but I never heard him use the word, though I know he patronises the *cab-stand* rather than the "place de fiacres.") "All aboard!" shouts the French guard. "All right," says the French passenger. I remember one day, going down from Montreal to Quebec, hearing the guard ask a swarthy *habitant* for his "billet." "Eh?" said he, puzzled. "Votre *tiquette*," explained the guard. "Oh! Je comprends. Le voici." I have even encountered a sentence like this, "Nous leur donnerons des *free-ticket*." Jean Baptiste will also tell you, if you desire such information, that the train consists of "douze chars et un engin," instead of "douze wagons et un locomotive"; but he still finds time to call the railway itself a "ch'min d'fer," having cut down the syllables from four to two.

I have heard M. Legendre, a member of the Canadian Royal Society, boldly defend before that august assembly the use of such words as "checké" and "checkage." But what would he say to his fellow-scribe who picks up such an Americanism as "sleeper"—the common contraction for "sleeping-car," or Pullman—and sends it forth as *slipcur* to masquerade as French? That, of course, is sheer audacity. But it must have been a mighty combination of audacity and ignorance which produced *wospaur* as the equivalent of horsepower. Compared to this, *pouvoir d'eau* for water-power is a very mild Anglicism.

The variations of English that we call Americanisms are not always freaks of the inventive Yankee genius. Many are simply survivals of the language spoken centuries ago by the undivided race, and the guilt of tampering with the philological ark, if guilt there be, is ours. But there is a third class of Americanisms, composed of words and phrases twisted from their former meanings, or borrowed from the Indians, or imitated from the sounds of wilder nature, or invented outright to describe things and express ideas peculiar to the new surroundings of the speaker. The French language, when it spread to the larger France over sea, was enlarged in the same way. For instance, the drifting of dry snow, which in Canada often resembles an American sand-storm, has come to be called *la poudrerie*. The word

raquette, used on both sides of the English Channel in its original French significations, means in Canada a snow-shoe—the offer of *soulier-à-neige* by philological purists being scornfully rejected by Jean Baptiste. The ice that forms early in winter along a river-bank is called the *bordage*, which the dictionaries declare to mean the “side-planks of a ship.” When the two strips of ice meet in the middle, they form *le pont*—often the only bridge available. In the early days, when the only passable roads were the rivers, Jean Baptiste invented the verb *portager* to describe the laborious act of carrying his canoe (often for miles at a time) along the shore when the stream was broken by *les rapides*, or over a height of land to get from one water system to another; and such place-names as Portage la Prairie, Rat Portage, are familiar to Canadians both east and west.

But even when Jean Baptiste has made or adapted a French word for himself, he sometimes abandons it for a word of English invention. For example: the myriad logs cut by lumbermen in the woods during winter are floated down stream in the spring and intercepted, when they reach navigable waters, by a long floating chain of tree-trunks, fastened at each end to the shore. In French this thing is “une estacade”; but Jean Baptiste has adopted the shorter English word, either under a veil of French orthography, as *bôme*, or even *baume*, or else in its naked English shape, “boom.”

It is in commerce that *l'anglicisme* naturally wins its greatest victories. In his Montreal office M. Jean Baptiste employs a *secrétaire privé*—not *particulier*, like his Parisian cousin—and, to make matters worse, this official must nowadays be a *typewriteur* (or *typewriteuse*, as the case may be) who increases the demoralisation of his native tongue with his “lettres typewritées.” Of course the French-Canadian merchant has to count his money in dollars and cents like his neighbours, and *cent* or *centin* long ago displaced *sou*. The obvious Anglicism *chelin* has gone out of fashion with the English shilling, and is only used (to represent 20 cents) by the old market-women and their contemporaries; and *piastre* is not yet translated into “dollar.” But *escompte* has already become “discount,” and *différence* has become “balance,” regardless of the fact that *balance*, like *baume*, is a French word with quite a different meaning.

Exactly the same tendency is noticeable in the realm of politics and law—though Jean Baptiste, like other Celts, is a born politician, he takes to the law as a duck takes to water, and inherits a language equal to any legal or political emergency. In the old times, when Jean Baptiste went vote-hunting “il monta sur le *hustings*.” Nowadays, I suppose, “il canvasse.” At any rate, “les *voteurs*,” and not “les *votants*,” are the object of his tenderest solicitude. If he wins the election, he enters a Provincial Parliament where nearly all the speeches are believed to be in French; but he talks without shame

of "les items" in a budget, "les licences" to cut timber, "les provisions" of an Act, letting the purists protest as they like that he ought to say "articles," "permis," and "dispositions." If an English member "promotes" the interests of his country, so does the French: *promouvoir* is his word. If the Englishman "anticipates" that the country will go to the dogs, Jean Baptiste *anticipe* the contrary, *prévoir* being much too correct for him. When a real Frenchman would say "j'approuve" or "je m'oppose à," the Bill before the House, Jean Baptiste says "je concours dans," or "j'oppose," literally translating the English idiom. If a charge is brought against him (as will sometimes happen to a politician in Quebec), he tries to "se clarier" like an Englishman, not *se débarrasser* like a Frenchman; and if he fails—well, he makes "des apologies" as well as he can, not *des excuses* of the Parisian kind. If the worst comes to the worst, he hands in "sa résignation" as they do in England, not *sa démission* as in France. I have heard of a French-Canadian senator who made a speech about "l'assumption" of a local debt, and had to be reminded that the word should only be used of the Virgin Mary.

An honourable judge, who can certainly not be accused of Anglo-mania, said in the course of a judgment the other day—"Il avait *sandwiché* les billets des plus petites dénominations entre d'autres." I am assured that Jean Baptiste as a rule rejects "sandwich" as too English, and innocently adopts *slice* as a French equivalent! The horror of Messieurs les Avocats may be imagined. And yet the gowned Jean Baptiste constantly anglicises his own words and phrases. If he has to enter a case for hearing "il l'entre"—il ne l'inscrit pas, as he ought. When the case comes on for trial he "adresse la cour," not "s'adresse à la cour"; his witnesses "prennent," not *prêtent*, the oath; and in the end you may hear him say that the judge has "disposé de la cause"—again turning good English into bad French.

I have said that in social and family life the French and English Canadians rarely come into contact. Still, from his official and business relations with John Bull, or from his perusal (more or less surreptitious) of English and even heretical newspapers, Jean Baptiste carries home the bacillus of Anglicism day after day till the infection is spread by the very ties of kinship and friendship. Besides miscellaneous words like *slipper* and *stud*, and such common phrases as *all right* and *how do you do* (the latter reappearing as "adidou" or "adidonce"), which are swallowed whole, Jean Baptiste adulterates his ordinary conversation with such Anglicisms as *loquet*, meaning his locket, and not, as a Frenchman would think, his door-latch; *estampe*, or *estampille*, for postage-stamp, instead of "timbre"; *basement*; *salle-à-dîner*, a variation from "salle-à-manger" not yet authorised by the dictionaries; *opérateur* for "télégraphiste"; *policeman*, or *les de-de-police*; *huile de castor*—perhaps under an impression that

the oil comes from the bodies of beavers; *sous* (instead of "dans") *les circonstances*, because the English happen to say "under the circumstances"; *prendre son part*, instead of "parti"; *payer* instead of "faire" a visit; and *passer des remarques*, for "faire des observations."

Monsieur J. A. Manseau has taken the trouble to compile a "Dictionnaire des Locutions Vicieuses du Canada." The first little volume, of 116 pages, is entirely devoted to the letter A, and of 500 words and phrases wrongly used 50 are Anglicisms. These include such examples as "acceptance," "accession" (of a sovereign), "accountant," "ammunition," "auditer," "average," and "appointer" (to appoint an hour), as well as various eccentricities of language already mentioned. In case M. Manseau finds it possible and profitable to continue his campaign against "that leech with a thousand mouths," Anglicism, he gives us a taste of what we may expect—"editorial, fun, loose, mean, rough, set, smart, and a host of others, the very writing of which sets our pen as well as our nerves on edge."

M. Arthur Buies, another of the most active leaders in this "guerre à l'anglicisme," rages especially against "that incestuous love of the passive which Canadians harbour"; and by way of example he quotes a newspaper paragraph beginning "Nous sommes informés de Washington." "J'ai été notifié du fait," instead of "le fait m'a été notifié," is another case in point. No symptom of anglicification could be more significant; for the Frenchman's persistent ingenuity in keeping all his verbs in the active mood, and our own affection (legitimate enough, in spite of M. Buies) for the passive, form the most striking difference in construction between the two languages. If Jean Baptiste twists his verbs from the French attitude into the English, he does it probably with a vague idea that the new way is more convenient than the old, not wholly from an unconscious or unreasoning spirit of imitation. There is not a doubt that he gains in brevity and simplicity by some of the Anglicisms that provoke the Tardivels and Buies to wrath. By saying *directory* in place of "almanac des adresses," he saves two words out of three. By calling his "pistolet à répétition" a *revolver* he saves six syllables out of nine. *Pas d'admission sans affaires* may be a very barefaced translation of "no admission except on business," but it is much more businesslike than "l'entrée est interdite à ceux que leurs affaires n'amènent pas dans la maison,"—the correction of a Montreal purist. At any rate, nothing better can be expected of an "entrepreneur" who calls himself a *contracteur*. Nor can you wonder at M. de Gaspé himself writing "a self-made man," when he can only translate it by the help of four times as many words—"un homme qui s'est fait lui-même ce qu'il est." But where is the gain of anglicising "passer-moi le

sucre" into *je vais vous troubler pour le sucre*? And when Jean Baptiste uses *aviser* for "advise" in the sense of "give counsel to," or says "*je partirai la course*," because "*partir*" happens to express one meaning of the English word "start"; or when he makes *marier* do the work of "*épouser*" as well as its own, his language becomes distinctly poorer. I have known a Montreal journalist, by-the-bye, so resolved to have nothing but French in his paper that he translated The Fertile Belt Company—"belt" being used to describe a stretch of land—into *La Compagnie de la Ceinture Fertile*, or The Company of the Fruitful Sash. And this reminds me of another Montreal journalist who was sent to represent the *Star* at a French meeting, and astonished the doorkeeper by saying he came from *l'étoile*. Of course, there are some English words that defy translation. They have to be taken as they are or left alone; and Jean Baptiste is not content to leave them alone. They include such words as "yacht" and "lunch"; and a French authority already quoted adds "humour," "knack," and even "gentleman." "*Le go-ahead des Américains*," this writer truly says, "*était lettre morte pour nous*"; and what French words could do justice to "*le formidable plum-pudding*, *ce géant des entremets britanniques*," or "*le punch brûlant, à double charge de rum*?"

Father Chiniquy, one of the most distinguished of French-Canadian writers and preachers (though now disowned by most of his countrymen for his attacks on their religion) startled us all by declaring a little while ago that French was being given up because Frenchmen found it easier to speak English. He was commenting on the reduction between the census of 1881 and that of 1891 in the proportion of French-Canadians to the whole population of Canada. This, he thinks, was not due to the southward exodus only, nor to the growing English immigration. It is partly explained, he says, by the fact that many families formerly returned as "French-speaking" can no longer be entered under that heading. This is probably true. Jean Baptiste's family in Quebec increases at a prodigious rate, and streams over into Ontario as well as into New England. The vanguard of the overflowing army, the straggling fringe of outposts, the isolated skirmishers pushing forward into the enemy's country, find that they have to speak the enemy's language. When they revisit the old home they carry the accursed acquisition with them, and leave some of it there to contaminate the speech of their younger cousins. "Everywhere in the United States," Father Chiniquy says, "the children of French-Canadians, as soon as they acquire the English language at school, give up the use of French, except to speak to their mothers. By this process the French must rapidly disappear. It is the same here. A little girl came to me this morning"—he was staying in Montreal—"sent by a parent who had heard me preach and had promised to

come and see me. She spoke to me in English for some time, and when I said to her 'Mais ne pouvez-vous pas parler français?' she replied, 'O mon Dieu, est-ce que je parle anglais?' There is a reason for this," the old Frenchman continued. "I read recently an article in a magazine about 'English the Universal Language;' but the writer did not know the true reason. I am in the midst of it, and I know. It is because they can express themselves with greater ease in English than in French." And M. Chiniquy went on to make the startling avowal—"When I write a book, and I have written many, I write it in English and then translate it into French. I find it more easy to do it in that way. Your expression is more direct, your syntax is more simple, and the sounds of your language more forcible. Listen!" And, springing to his feet, the old man shouted "Fire!" "There is some sound," he added; "what can we say in French? '*Peu*.' It is lost. You can say 'Ready!'—again in a most sonorous shout. "With us it is '*pret*': there is no sound. 'All aboard!'—with us it is '*embarquez*,' but you cannot hear it at ten feet. Yes, sir, the English is bound to become the universal language."

Now truly *pret* is a finicking, trivial sort of word; it makes one think of a dainty damsel "ready" to pay an afternoon call, rather than of a soldier ready to receive a cavalry charge. But when such a word as "ready" can be described as sonorous, the credit is due more to the lungs than to the language of the speaker. Even French becomes sonorous when sonorous lungs and throat have the speaking of it. The greatest of French-Canadian orators, the leader of her Majesty's Opposition in the Federal Parliament, is well described as "Laurier the silver-tongued," and as you listen to him you think Father Chiniquy is right. You can hear him, even at a distance, but—"there is no sound!" On the other hand, the ex-Premier of Quebec, the late Honoré Mercier, leader of the *parti national par excellence*, rolled out his full-bodied oratory in a deep, rich stream of sound. Perhaps we ought to crush our national modesty and accept the homage that Father Chiniquy brings. It may be that in a majority of cases there is more volume of vowel-sound in an English word than in its daintier French equivalent. But we cannot flatter ourselves that the exceptions simply prove the rule; there are too many of them. It is certainly not for sound's sake that Jean Baptiste translates "I for one" into *moi pour un*, when such rolling phrases as *pour ma part* and *quant à moi* lie ready to his lips.

This, however, is by the way. We may accept the general result of M. Chiniquy's experience, while failing to see the force of all his reasons; and, as he implies, it is in the United States that the anglicising process attains its highest speed. It is a remarkable fact, and one not generally known, that one-fourth or one-fifth of the

French-Canadian race has turned its back upon Canada, and is apparently turning its back upon French. Jean Baptiste gets even less encouragement to persist in "jabbering his lingo" under the stars and stripes than he got under the Union Jack. For once, in their ambition to hear their common language spoken by all the world, John Bull and Uncle Sam agree; and when Jean Baptiste flees from one to the other he only exchanges the frying-pan for the fire. He cannot even keep his own name. I regret to say that spelling is not a strong point with the average American, even on the familiar ground of his mother-tongue, and in the strange waters of a foreign language he flounders desperately. In an American town close to the frontier of Quebec, the newspaper reader observes with surprise that prominent citizens bear such extraordinary names as Gonyo and Shonyo, Gokey and Amlaw, Pelky and Shambo. He discovers on inquiry that these gentlemen have come from Canada, where their fathers and brothers are still known as Messieurs Gagnon and Chagnon, Gauthier and Hamelin, Pelletier and Archambault. In the same way, Beausoleil has become *Bosley*; Picard, *Pecor*; Asselin, *Ashline*; Lafontaine, *Lafountain*; Lamontagne, *Lamountain*; Lavoie, *Laware*; Ouimet, *Waumette*; Bousquet, *Buska*; Giroux, *Gero*; Hébert, *Abare*; and Dauphinais, *Duffano*. Compared with some of these monstrosities, such names as *Duckett* for Duquette, *Dufraîne* for Dufresne, *Patnode* for Patenaude, and *Trombly* for Tremblay, may pass with scarce a sigh.

Sometimes the victim objects. Generally he does not care. Often he is the author of his own degradation. Even in a Canadian city, it is said that an elector who announced himself at the polling-booth as "Mr. Bighouse," and found no ballot paper awaiting him, explained that when the register was compiled he had borne the name "de Grandmaison." This may be a returning officer's little joke; but if it is true Mr. Bighouse only followed the example of a crowd of his fellow-countrymen a few miles further south. When Jean Baptiste emigrates, so eager is he to be thought *un Américain* that he often translates his name into English before applying for naturalisation. The young Canaïen whose father vegetates in northern rusticity as François Labonté blossoms into American citizenship as Frank Goodness. His companion, Dominique Lafortune, "goes one better" and calls himself Washington Lucky. In the same fashion M. Dionne becomes Mr. Young; Boisvert and Vertefeuille turn into Greenwood and Greenleaf; Laliberté and Poisson are easily recognised in Liberty and Fish; and M. Poulin is known to his neighbours under the name of Colt.

The careless French immigrant is not allowed to extinguish his nationality without a good deal of plucking at his sleeve by the vengeful Canadian patriots. National societies, les Sociétés de St. Jean

Baptists, have been formed in most of the American towns where French communities exist. French newspapers are published, national conferences are held and addressed by Quebec politicians. The Roman Catholic bishops in the States, who are mostly Irishmen, are vehemently urged to appoint French priests for French congregations, and belaboured with scant respect for not doing so. In spite of all this, the French language in the Northern States is even less likely to resist the surging tide of Americanism than the French language in Louisiana. There it still preserves in part its official status, the Convention of 1879 having restored the right—abolished at the end of the Civil War—of publishing laws and judicial notices in French. But listen to this confession from M. François Tujague of New Orleans :

"In our homes, our daughters to a certain extent keep faithful to the language of their mothers; but our sons escape us. They rebel against paternal authority under the pretext that our grammar is too complicated," therein agreeing, with Father Chiniquy. "The beautiful speech of their ancestors they consider a foreign idiom which doubtless has its charm but whose utility in this country is questionable—one which it is necessary for hardworking people to neglect in favour of English, not having time to learn two languages. Such is the ridiculous notion of our sons, and, above all, of our grandsons."

This deplorable state of affairs is exhibited to the Frenchmen of Canada as an illustration of what they may expect if they allow the British flag to be hauled down. It is clear to M. Tujague that the language of Bossuet can only hold its own in French Canada if that country escapes annexation to the United States. No nationality, he declares, can long resist the dissolvent action of the great American crucible. M. Tujague is right. In the Canadian crucible not only is the mass to be dissolved both absolutely and proportionately greater, but the dissolvent chemicals are intrinsically more sluggish in their action. In the interest of the English language this is a pity. In the interest of Imperial unity it is a very good thing. We may be grieved to find that the two interests are antagonistic, but we cannot doubt which is the more important.

Unfortunately, from a British—fortunately, from an English—point of view, there is more evidence than I have brought forward to show that the dissolving process is surely going on even where the resisting mass is most solid. An independent French observer, writing in a Brussels paper a few years ago, said he found that

"in Canada, as in Belgium, those who know both languages condescend, partly from courtesy but also from interest, to admit the language of the minority as the language for ordinary use. That," he says, "is why all the people you accost speak English, creating the illusion of a people English by race. Ninety times out of a hundred, however, the question '*Parlez-vous Français ?*' is enough to bring out the answer, '*Si je parle Français ?*' Mais

je suis Français, mon cher monsieur, je suis Canadien-Français !' So much so that, after a few days' experience, you no longer stop to choose your language, but just speak English, certain in any case of being understood."

The same writer describes the Buies, Tardivels, and other anti-English crusaders as "returning from the battle, if not killed themselves, without having given the enemy a scratch." He ends by assuring the French-Canadians, who are so anxious to maintain the status of their language, that if they do not take care they will find themselves defending a *patois* which it would be hard to distinguish as either French or English. French-Canadians have often enough already been charged with speaking a *patois*, and visitors from their mother country occasionally complain that they can neither understand nor make themselves understood. This is either exaggeration or stupidity. Jean Baptiste commits all the crimes of tongue that I have mentioned, and more. How superlatively Parisian a real Frenchman would think the people of Trois-Rivières who made a public presentation to a neighbour for his *galanterie*—when his real achievement was not in love-making but in life-saving! But the Parisians might find a worse *patois* in their own country. The difference between their language and that of the long-lost Jean Baptiste is one of accent more than of words. The French-Canadian speech is thicker, coarser, and less finicking than the French. One of the most striking differences occurs in a multitude of words ending in "ais," such as *jamais*, *avais*, which are pronounced *jama'*, *ava'*, and so on, even by educated Canadians who write perfect French. When the ancestors of Jean Baptiste sailed from Northern France these words were spelt *jamois*, *avois*; and the pronunciation has not changed with the orthography. In some proper names, such as *Beauharnois*, even the spelling remains unaltered. The French-Canadian takes liberties with his consonants as well as his vowels, as will appear from a few of M. Manseau's sad examples: *a'oir*, *agrs'-ients*, *bi'n*, *anfin* (*afin*); *a'chante* and *i'chantent* (for *elle chante* and *elles* or *ils chantent*); *pramenez* *su' la rue*: *donne-moé-lé*; *c'est ane avartissement* *que l'bon 'ieu 'i en'oïye*! But, with all this, no one accustomed to the conversation of our French neighbours across the Channel need be hindered by an imaginary strangeness of speech from journeying to the inmost parishes of the Province of Quebec—a province full of rewards for the seeker after old-time ways.

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

ZEITUN.

I.

TO the north of Armenian Cilicia, where the long, majestic chain of the Taurus throws out winding mountain arms away from the Cilician Mediterranean towards the north, the mountains group themselves, radiating into smaller ranges. Among the crests of these, which are covered with snow during part of the year, are upland valleys lying very high. In one of these valleys, all surrounded with rocks and forest, is hidden the town of Zeitun, clinging to the slopes of a mountain side—a great amphitheatre.

The country around is of rare beauty: on every hand you hear the roar of falling torrents and the gay music of waters pushing their way; everywhere you see fresh and icy springs, like mirrors, vast forests clothing the breast of the mountains, great plane trees, ilexes, tall pines, and verdure which lasts all the year round in spite of the devouring heat of the sun. South of Zeitun is the little district of Kapan, and by its side westward the community of Fernouz, renowned for its convent. The inhabitants of these two districts are as brave, open-hearted and open-eyed as those of Zeitun: their scenery has great cliffs and precipices, as well as the overflowing woodland charm common to all the land.

This name, Zeitun, is dear to all Armenians. Dear to us, because it belongs to Armenian Cilicia, where, up to 1398 was thriving the Armenian kingdom which fell at that date under the yoke of the Seldjoudes. The last House of Armenian kings, that of the Roubinian, reigned in Cilicia for four centuries, establishing there their throne after the devastation of Great Armenia by Tartars and Persians, and while the greater part of Lesser Armenia was in the hands of the Greeks. Zeitun is dear to us because of its tradition of independence,

which tradition it keeps sacredly to this day. Zeitun is dear to us because, until 1862, its people were able, as much by their courage as by favour of their mountain site, to keep themselves in a state of semi-independence. Having their native princes yet among them, the people of their own free will generally entrusted executive power to them, assisted by the elders of the city, men well known to the whole country: but the laws were always made and proclaimed by the people themselves in general assembly. Zeitun is dear to us because by its semi-independence it held aloft (and after all, it does so to this day) the national flag of the Armenians. All through the present century it has victoriously resisted the attempts of the Ottoman Government upon this semi-independence, surviving as by a miracle, an oasis in the desert of the empire which is rendered barren by barbarous and tyrannous laws, as Sahara by its sand. These attempts had no success up to 1872.

At this date the Zeitunlis were driven to insurrection, and after a month's successful defence, had the misfortune to believe the fair words of the foxes of the Turkish Government and fell into the snare cunningly set for them. And this time they were forced to recognise their own defeat, and to see for the first time Turkish officials set foot and remain in their beloved city. But this humiliation was not all. The Government of Turkey saddled the town of Zeitun, which has nearly eighteen thousand inhabitants entirely Armenian, with a great fortress on the European model. This fortress is set at the only entrance, just opposite the town, on which for eighteen years have been turned the black mouths of its cannon, gaping and fierce, ready at a moment's notice to destroy the city and all its inhabitants should they grow so bold as to think of a new rising or even so much as of resistance. The events of the last four months in and around Zeitun have shown conspicuously and startlingly how not even this fortress, with its Krupp guns ever loaded, can avail against a people which, drenched in its own blood, decides to do all to defend itself, even to the end.

Yes, Zeitun is dear to the Armenians, and to-day, holding high and scathless our national honour in this terrible crisis—this woeful, bloody, undreamt of crisis through which the Armenian people is passing—to-day Zeitun is dearer to us than ever.

I remember that when I was yet a child I often heard this name of Zeitun when the verses of our best poets were recited, or stories told of the deeds of the Zeitunlis. Such verses are sung by Armenians on every opportunity—at every festival, and above all in these fearful times as a supreme consolation—alas! only as a consolation.

Zeitun is the country in which our dream of liberty has been

fostered and nursed, and the Zeitunlis are the heroes who bring the dream to life. Zeitun is the song of our hearts and in the Zeitunlis is our hope.

II.

What was the cause of this last rising or insurrection of Zeitun which began in the beginning of October 1895? Was it expected or not? Was it provoked by the action of the Turkish Government, or was it, as this same Government states, the result of ill-will on the part of the Armenians?

No one has yet forgotten the demonstration of last September the 18th, among the Armenians of Constantinople. It was organised both as a petition and a protest against the situation of the rural Armenians of Armenia, which situation was spoken of as one of "horror" by every one, from her Majesty the Queen and the Marquis of Salisbury down to the least of European journalists. For the organisers' own sakes the demonstration was bound to be of a pacific nature, and its object was to carry a petition to the Sublime Porte, requiring it to put a stop to the massacres, which, in spite of the intervention of some of the great Powers of Europe, still continued. In order to prove more fully that this demonstration had no warlike intent, it is enough to mention that the organising Committee of the Huntchak party thought it their duty to inform the Embassies of the six Powers at Constantinople, two or three days ahead, of the intended demonstration, and on the day immediately preceding it the Sultan's own Government was itself notified by the Committee of their intention. It has been made a matter of reproach since that those demonstrating carried arms, arms being assumed to indicate a hostile attitude. This reproach becomes too strange and ridiculous when one thinks a moment. Given a Government disposed to massacres and a Mahometan crowd with soldiers amongst them of the type of the murderers at Sassoun, the demonstrators could have done no otherwise than take this reasonable precaution.

It is known that by orders coming from the Palace itself, days followed in which the Mahometans slew the Armenians in the Sultan's very capital. Nevertheless, a very short time after the bloodshed, the Sultan was obliged to submit to pressure from some of the European Powers, and to grant (on paper, merely, it needs not to say) certain reforms. But, at the same time, something else took place, pointing only too plainly to all the later massacres, which began after this so-called concession on the part of Abdul Hamid. While signing with one hand, with the other he rubbed out; and by the mouth of his Ministers declared that he could not openly promise reforms to the Armenians and consent to carry them out, *without the risk*, by

that very act, of provoking profound discontent among the Mussulmans, who, in order to escape reform, *might* go so far as to massacre all the Christians in Armenia. In this cynical declaration the mean and horrible tyrant preferred rather to appear helpless before his own subjects (he—Caliph of the Mussulmans!) than to repress his personal resentment, Asiatic vindictiveness, and ill-concealed ferocity against the defenceless Armenians, who lay at the mercy of their innumerable enemies. And what Abdul Hamid predicted was not only prophetic—rather it was a direct suggestion and marching order, meaning this: “To have done with the Armenian question, let us have done with the Armenians.”

Another proof of criminal premeditation is the fact that the Central Government issued an order before the massacres had taken place, to make a thorough search in all Armenian houses, and to seize, not only arms, but *any common knife larger than a penknife*—thus elaborately to deprive the Armenians of any means of self-defence in case of need.

This snare (part of the policy of the Asiatic Reynard which is cherished and constantly practised in Turkey) was spread by the Sultan most sagaciously. He risked nothing for himself, being secure of the protection of Russia. This protection, so disastrous for the Armenians, Russia guaranteed him by the act of rolling the car of his Macchiavellian policy.

Such were the circumstances—the Armenians waking, morning after morning, to be murdered in thousands all over the Empire—such were the circumstances when, at the beginning of last October, the local governor of Marash (in the province or vilayet of Aleppo) sent to Zeitun the official Hadji Aslan, a Circassian, with an escort of *zaptiehs*, under orders to make a “perquisition,” or house to house search. The Zeitunlis, perfectly understanding what would be the end of such a visitation, and with the massacres over all Armenia before their eyes, definitely refused to submit to the rough requirements of the Circassian. The latter, disconcerted, retired next day to Bertous (a Mussulman district), and there got together over a hundred *Bashi-Bazouks*, and without loss of time attacked the Armenian village of Alabash, trying to burn it down. The Armenians had the courage to defend themselves. After this first attack, which failed, Hadji Aslan raised another hundred *Bashi-Bazouks*, and again, on October 6, attacked the village; but this time also the Armenians resolutely resisted and drove back the foe, dispersing them. On the 13th the Armenians of Alabash sent an express to the Zeitunlis asking them for help, as several thousand *Bashi-Bazouks* and regulars were about to fall upon them. The Zeitunlis, always brave, and ready to fight for their brethren, hastily organised a relief party, two hundred strong, which marched for Alabash. At Chakir Déré, where

the historic river Jahan receives the stream from Bertons, the Zeitunlis met the Ottoman troops and the Bashi-Bazonks, who were all encamped on the top of a hill near the Mussulman village Maashitli. The die was cast.

The next day at dawn firing began on both sides. The battle joined, lasting four hours without pause. Although their position was bad and the enemy eight times their number (there were two thousand Turks), yet the Zeitunlis both stood firm and gained new ground. There were more Turks than Armenians killed. Towards the end of the battle, while yet neither side prevailed, a messenger came into the Zeitunli camp to say that a large body of Turks and Bashi-Bazonks were preparing to attack the town of Zeitun.

Leaving one hundred of their comrades, the remainder of the Zeitunlis, night falling, hastened back; the other hundred that same night, attacked the Mussulman encampment and succeeded in putting the enemy to flight, after which first victory they also returned immediately to Zeitun.

Here the fight was already begun—bitter, bold, and decisive. Firing never ceased for a moment. Zeitun was beset by more than ten thousand men of the regular Ottoman troops and of Bashi-Bazonks. On this battle hung the fate of Zeitun. Our blood boiled. The thought of horrible martyrdoms of thousands of our innocents made every warrior tremble with rage. Before them and around them moved a mass of murderers—wild beasts, roused, savage, regardless of all but their thirst for blood, ready for any cruelty. In face of this terrible danger the Zeitunlis took the offensive, and detached bands to besiege on all sides the formidable fortress from which at intervals the cannon roared upon them. This struggle, as well as the incessant close fire of small arms on both sides, lasted more than fifty hours, after which, the Zeitunlis at last succeeded in driving back the besieging Mussulmans, and constraining the garrison in the fort, which numbered six hundred, to submit.

This took place on the 18th of October last.

The six hundred Turks became prisoners to the Zeitunlis, who took possession of the fortress with all its provisions of war and two Krupp guns. The same thing was done in regard to all the Turkish officials in Zeitun. The school building and bigger houses of the town were assigned to the prisoners. The national flag of the Armenians was floated on the top of the fortress; and the people for some days after this memorable victory held high festival. All the Turkish prisoners from the first day were treated by the Armenians as brothers.

To leave my story for a minute. In the report of the British Consul who wrote from Aleppo, it is stated that nearly two hundred prisoners had been massacred by the Zeitunlis. Upon this, all the anti-Armenian journals set up a moving chorus and redoubled

their onslaught upon the Armenians. If it is true, this deed of massacre, certainly I will not defend this kind of practice! But the fact is beyond doubt, that in all their victories the Zeitun people have habitually behaved with chivalrous generosity, whether towards prisoners or towards the conquered populations of Turkish villages. This being so, it is difficult to believe that the Zeitunis murdered 200 Turks who had already submitted. This massacring could only arise in case of a revolt among the prisoners. In any case, it is a bitter irony to accuse the Armenians of massacre after the human hecatombs, beyond all precedent and all parallel, achieved by the wish of the Sultan, and remaining not only unpunished but indirectly condoned by the attitude of European journalism towards the Armenians. A London evening paper speaks of these as "massacres," and terms Armenians "savages" who do not at all differ in point of fact from the Turks. This language is oratorical rather than truthful; but it should apply equally to certain European Powers who in their colonial wars often resort to slaughter, under quite different impulses from those of a handful of Armenians in the frenzy of their sorrow and their loss.

After their decisive and well earned victory the people elected a provisional government, composed of 16 members, four from each of the four quarters of the city; and a council of 40, to which each quarter contributes 10. They next organised a national guard to maintain order. Strange to say, perhaps, but up to the present time, ever since October 18, not a single case of theft, house breaking, brigandage, or crime of any kind has been committed at Zeitun. The food and necessary supplies have been distributed by the provisional government to the Armenian population and to the Turkish prisoners.

After these first victories of the Zeitunis, the strength of the besieging troops (Ottoman regular army and Bashi-Bazouk) which were drawn up anew round the Zeitun district and that of Fernouz, has gone on increasing till now the number is thirty or forty thousand.

All this information I draw from letters which I have received from Zeitun itself almost regularly; consequently I can answer for their authenticity. Also from the same source come the facts and the events which I am about briefly to set forth, together with their dates.

III.

I have said already that at the beginning of the month of October last the Turkish officers and military, aided and followed by Bashi-Bazouks, made attacks upon Alabash. On the other hand, the Armenian villages of the following districts became the scene of horrible massacres—viz., Dash-Oloug, Kokiason, Boundouk, Karidje,

Tavoud, Gueule-Ponnar, Dejirmen-Déré, Jamanus-Heik. At the requisition of the local authorities the Armenian inhabitants of these districts gave up the few arms they possessed to the Government agents, and solemnly declared their fidelity to the Sultan, thinking in this way to escape the storm of massacre which Turkish agents were menacing. But, it need not be said, these poor Armenians deluded themselves. After having thus disarmed them, the regular troops of Eridjik and of Kokissan, and a considerable number of Bashi-Bazouks, Circassians, and Kurds, under the command of Mudir Mehemed Bey, a Circassian, on the night of October 20, assaulted the Armenians of the districts above mentioned. The devastation, pillage, massacres, and cruelties they committed it is useless to describe: the European public, particularly the English, knows it well enough and, alas! too well.

The same night the Turks of the districts Dejirmen-Déré, and Kokissan, whom I have already named once, gathered in the Mussulman village Choukour Hissar, and arranged to attack Fernouz. In pursuit of their ends they began to burn several Armenian dwellings near Fernouz, whose inhabitants, aware of the great preparations, tried first to come to friendly terms with them. But the Turks were encouraged by this proceeding on the part of the Armenians, and began a fusillade, counting on the strength of their position in Choukour Hissar, which is a fortified place. The Armenians, though few, replied to the fire, and after more than four hours, during which the Turks lost seventy men and the Armenians only four, this position was captured by the Armenians, who, during the struggle, were reinforced by friends from Fernouz who came out to their aid. The Turks were sent flying towards the Circassian village Tchamourlou.

Massacres, devastations, violation of women, &c., were committed by the regular troops, or by the Bashi Bazouks, in the Armenian village Shivilki, belonging to the Kaimakamlik of Anderoun, as well as in the villages in the district of Yenidje Kale and Anapat. These horrors went on for six days under the command of a man named Yajj Ogli, a well-known brigand, though he was a public functionary. At this juncture Armenians of the village Thavoud, which is near Shivilki, and a small detachment from Fernouz, resolved to defend their brothers of Shivilki. They fought a battle with Yajj Ogli and his six hundred Bashi-Bazouks and succeeded in putting them to flight.

On October 29 the Turks of Nedir made a violent assault on the Armenian village Thelemelik. The villagers, aided by a detachment from Zeitun, defended themselves valiantly, and drove off their enemies in the direction of Marash.

On November 1 a body of Zeitun men, several hundred strong, set

off for Boundouk and Kapan to protect the Armenian inhabitants and their industry, which is very considerable—the keeping of silk-worms. In these two districts are a number of Turkish villages, the inhabitants of which, fearing to be punished for the crimes of the Bashi-Bazouks on their neighbours, the Armenians, offered submission and asked for pardon and protection; to which the Zeitun men, always generous, consented, and not a drop of blood was shed.

About this time news arrived that all the Armenian notables of the Kaimakamlik of Anderoun (or Andrine) had been shut up by the local authorities in infected places, that young girls were violated, houses and goods pillaged, &c. A detachment of 350 Zeitunlis straightway set off for Andrine, which is three days' journey from Zeitun. There, on November 3, began a fierce conflict between them and the Turkish combined forces, numbering 950. They were commanded by the Kaimakam (sub-governor) himself, by the Mudir and judge, Dourdon Bey, by Hadji Effendi and Yousouf Tchavoush. Although weaker in numbers, the Zeitunlis again won a brilliant victory, routed the foe, and arrived in the place exactly as the Turkish zaptiehs were about to fire the house in which the Armenian prisoners were confined. Setting them free (they were in a piteous condition, having had no food supplied for twelve days), the Zeitunlis collected together both these and all the Armenians—men, women, and children—of the country round, and sent them, and what property remained to them, in charge of a strong escort to Fernouz.

On November 5 some parties from Zeitun hurried towards the Yenidje Kale, Dounkalai, and Anapat districts, where the Armenian villages—four hundred houses altogether—were being stormed by the regular troops and by Bashi-Bazouks. But on the way they met the Turkish soldiers from Kertil and Nédir. Winning their way and continuing their march, just outside the Turkish village Keshirdje they met a fresh body of Ottomans, defeated them and arrived at Gaishli, which lies quite near the district which they were trying to reach, to deliver their brethren and three convents belonging to the Franciscan fathers. Father Salvator Lili of Cappadocia himself had written some days before to tell the Zeitunlis of the danger these convents were in, and had entreated them to go to their aid. (The Father was a Neapolitan of the province of Cappadocia, born in the village of Neutuno.) However, the Zeitunlis were yet struggling with the Turkish troops on their route, when there came up from Marash more of the regular forces (500 soldiers and over 1000 Bashi-Bazouks), which laid waste, overthrew, burnt down all the Armenian dwellings, as well as two of the Franciscan convents, murdering Father Salvator and the greater part of the inhabitants. These things took place at Moudjik-Déré.

Meantime, a band of the Zeitunlis arrived at Keshirdje, whence

they drove the enemy, passed on to Yenidje-Kale, where, raising a little help, with the two Franciscan fathers, a Spaniard, and part of the Armenian population, they directed their way to Fernouz. They had not long left Yenidje-Kale when the Turks fell upon the hamlet like a hailstorm and threw everything into chaos. Happily the massacre had hardly commenced when another body of Zeitunlis came upon the scene, having set out from Kapan to carry help to this quarter.

Then began a hard and terrible strife which lasted all day, from morning to nightfall, when the Turks began to yield, and at last, leaving their dead behind them, broke and fled.

The next day the Zeitunlis carried help to the three other villages of Armenians (containing more than one hundred and fifty houses) all belonging to the Yenidje-Kale district. However, the Armenians of Anapat and Donkakai, with their two hundred and fifty houses, were literally wiped out and every single inhabitant murdered by the regular Ottoman troops and the Bashi-Bazouks.

All this happened at Zeitun and its neighbouring districts from the 1st of October up to the end of November 1895 (Old Style).

Since this date I have had more details of the other battles, which have never ceased up to the beginning of this January. They have ended always in speedier victory for the Zeitun champions, and more and more crushing defeats for the Turks and Bashi-Bazouks, who are now in a deplorable state.

The rising steadily spread, although the people of Zeitun and Fernouz have at one time had to keep and to feed near twenty-five thousand Armenians from different parts of Cilicia, these having escaped the massacre in a state of entire poverty, their homes and belongings being completely ruined.

IV.

In order to arrive at any conclusion on the subject of the rising of the Zeitunlis, upon its character and its bearing, it is necessary to set forth here, in its general features, the part played by the Armenian revolutionary party of the Hunchak in the said uprising, as well as generally in the national Armenian cause.

Our adversaries, and principally the agents of the Turkish Government, have so distorted the tendencies, principles, and character of the organisation of the Hunchak party, that English opinion is tempted to regard this party, which is patriotic in the best sense, as the enemy of its people. Our adversaries try to show that we, the Hunchakists, are Anarchists, that we are opposed to law, fomenters of trouble, disorder, and massacre—in short, that we are criminals. To prove this myth they dig in the dust of the archives of the

Russian Embassy at Constantinople to find there "authentic documents." I know perfectly well that to find this sort of document, calling itself authentic, against the Huntchakists there is no place so good as the artificial archives of Hamid's Government, and again those of the Embassy named above. But as for me, who have not the privilege of visiting these archives, I would prefer to consult all the volumes of the *Huntchak*, the central organ of the Armenian revolutionary party, which has just passed into the ninth year of its publication, and ask to have pointed out to me one single line which is of an anarchist nature. I can, however, find for myself whole pages written *against* Anarchism.

In a pamphlet, published in English in London itself, nearly a year ago, I had an opportunity to expound the political programme considered most practical by the Huntchak party at the present day for the solution of the Armenian difficulty. This programme, far from being anarchist, certainly is very moderate in claiming for the Armenians only political rights of self-government, under a Christian governor, nominated and chosen for a fixed period by the great Powers. That is not, surely, an Anarchist's programme, but might in England be called a rather Conservative scheme; this is no destructive policy.

We love our people. We want them to have a respite, a breathing space. When European diplomacy proffered mediation the Huntchak party risked its influence by setting its face against any insurrectionary movement. And we may claim for it the credit of being successful. The terrible year which followed the Sassoun massacre, that year of unknown anxiety, unheard-of sufferings and provocation, has been endured by the Armenian people in heroic calmness and self-control. We would have hailed any real concession as inaugurating a new era, a prospect of peaceful development for our people. But we have nothing to wait for any more. Since perish we must, let us perish like men, fighting our enemy face to face, not, like cowards, turning our backs on them.

The Huntchak party has existed and acted for more than eight years. From the first year of its existence it included young men from the universities—doctors, lawyers, professors, writers, and journalists. These almost all belonged to the well-to-do, some to the richest, Armenian families, noble and well known in their own country. Europe was their educator in science, both political and literary, and the great writers of the Armenian nation had made them know their national history. Their hearts beat with ardent love for the people who groaned degraded beneath a yoke of the most shameful kind—Asiatic tyranny undisguised—forced to beg for very existence under the yataghan of the Kurd. Thus as ardent patriots, the Huntchakists strive to do their utmost possible for the good of the Armenian

people. They have displayed for years past and up to the present time a wonderful activity, inflexible energy, a capacity for the initiative, and inexhaustible resource. By their propaganda they have raised from the ground the nation's conscious dignity, probity, and natural courage, which were withering in the terror; they have spread large, generous, humanitarian ideas; in a word, they have regenerated Armenian intellect and *morale* in a few years. It is thanks to them and their work that the Huntchakist party has now for some years enjoyed the confidence of the Armenians and has a predominant influence over them. It is the representative of their political and social tendencies, and works for these.

The organisation of the Huntchak party is a secret organisation; it "conspires." It is needless to say why it is such, for it is more than clear that in Turkey it must be such to exist at all. At this moment its members are counted by thousands; it contains persons of every possible section of Armenian society, from the rich man to the peasant. It has ramifications in the whole of Turkish Armenia and in European Turkey, as well as in Europe and America. All these ramifications form a compact mass, acting under one direction and upon one line of general conduct, although all are not equally strong. Yet, during the years in which the party has grown to such proportions and such force, it has had much loss to bear. Hundreds of its members, whom the Ottoman Government's police have succeeded in arresting, have been—almost to a man—tortured, imprisoned, exiled, done to death; and fifteen have been formally condemned and executed.

The criminal tragedy which was to follow for some years in Armenia had these ill-omened beginnings.

But what was the *cause* of the appearance of "revolutionaries" on the Armenian soil? The cause was the conditions of the daily life of the people. Their life was one long suffering and pain; everything was degraded, commerce, industry, agriculture, education, thought, the entire life of the Armenian race. Here we have the natural causes of the revolutionary spirit. But this was not all.

Ever since 1878 there lay as a dead letter—dead to this day—the article of the Treaty of Berlin by which six great Powers of Europe recognised solemnly and internationally the pressing claims of the Armenians to a better existence; these Powers themselves took the responsibility for the introduction, "without further delay," of the reforms necessary to the Armenian Province. On the other hand, since 1878, instead of improving, the plight of the people has grown steadily more exasperating and intolerable. During this lapse of memory on the part of Europe the situation became as desperate for the Armenians as we see to-day. They began to murmur and to stir. The Huntchak party appeared, and took up the revolutionary move-

ment. It has cried aloud from its birth in the heart of a ceaseless struggle with the Government and the police of Turkey, and kept on steadily organising for a rising, directing its propaganda and agitating to this end. It has spoken the word for self-defence, for falling back on our own forces, for insurrection. Logically it could do no other-wise. Since the Armenian nation was left defenceless by Europe, which had no regard for its own promise—since that was clear—the right of insurrection became the sacred right of this enslaved race, and henceforth it had to trust alone to its own inner forces and its own despair.

Thus all this revolutionary movement rests on a claim which cannot be gainsaid by persons whose life is led under political conditions which have absolutely nothing in common with those of Turkey; who cannot deny sympathy with, much less condemn, these efforts and these deeds of the Armenians, hard-driven by natural necessity, by the irresistible "force of circumstances." It is a great injustice to reproach the Armenian patriots for what they did under the cruel knowledge of the certain approaching death of their people. Their conduct is but the logical guarantee of all human rights—the Armenian people's too—and among them pre-eminently the *right to live*.

After the demonstration of September 18 at Constantinople, worked by the Huntchakists, when the Sultan made that too meagre concession which we know, the organ of the party advised waiting to the end of the "comedy" of the Sultan's concessions, in order not to precipitate events, although the massacres at Constantinople drew from the hearts of the Armenian community a cry for vengeance. The intention of the revolutionists then was very peaceable. But suddenly, instead of the execution of the "reforms," came the horrible series of massacres which began with Trebizond, Baibourt, Erzeroum.

Meanwhile the European Powers, after having given so much hope to the Armenians, now wavered with their fleets in the waters of the Mediterranean, and remained there as idle spectators of the bloody show in Armenia.

In such a case, in presence of such great horrors, which came on the nation like thunderbolts at the very moment when they were expecting just the contrary—that is to say, the realisation of reforms (however futile they might prove)—in such a case, I say, how could the Armenians feel, think, and act? What remained to the revolutionary patriots, in whose name I have a right to speak?

We reasoned thus: We are pressed to the wall, and we have very little to choose from. We may submit, with the apathy of dumb creatures, to our fate, waiting the day when the Turks shall have satisfied their revenge, and growing sick of murdering, shall allow the cowed remnants of our race to drag on the low life, of hopeless slavery; or we may curse the day when we believed in the dream of

freedom, and in the possibility of being men and citizens, and throw ourselves at the feet of the White Tsar, in the hope that he may deign to put upon us his yoke, instead of that of the Sultan. If we do not wish for either, then we have to take our fate in our own hands. The only desperate means left to us is open rebellion. We know full well what this means for us in Turkey. But we have so little to lose! And we know from history that people who have been bold enough to risk their all have often won their cause in spite of overwhelming odds.

This was our reasoning before the Zeitun insurrection began, and it remains in full force up till the present time, the situation in Armenia changing from bad to worse.

Our cry, uttered in such a case, such a desperate case, came back to us echoed from Zeitun. Huntchakist comrades who were there and had their Committee, by the means and under the direction of the Huntchak party, took the decisive resolution to defend themselves to the last. With this cry those comrades (heroes that they are!) coming to the head of the movement—they, the Huntchakists, took the fortress and town of Zeitun, and many other districts, which the Zeitunlis have held for four months past.

V.

"What fate awaits the Zeitunlis? What will be the end of this victory-lighted insurrection? What issue will the great Powers seek to give to it, by means of their Consuls, who are at this moment at Zeitun in negotiation with the Armenians?" Such were the disquieting questions put before us at the moment of the negotiations for the surrender of Zeitun.

There is nothing more difficult than to be the judge of others, and yet this is a rôle which is played on all hands—a part used and abused.

Here is a most unhappy nation, this of Armenia. Persecuted, martyred, massacred by the Government of the Sultan and his savage hordes; a prey to the extremest poverty and famine; drowned in its own blood; betrayed by the great Powers, and specially by England—it is moreover subject to every recrimination, every insult, every unjust condemnation on the part of a great number of European journals. The last new ground for this is, that in the Report of the European Commission at Sassoun, it is said that the number of the Sassounlis massacred has been overstated. Yet no one has yet forgotten that the massacre at Sassoun bore such a character and was of such proportions that at first the number of slain might easily be misconceived in good faith, and in fact it was so misconceived, not only by the Armenians, but by the whole European press. What

part did the Commission play? Its duty was first to establish the character of the massacres, next the true number of slain, and to throw light upon responsibilities. It has only established the number of one general massacre, and does not deny that it was unable to arrive at it exactly. Thus, it believes the number killed to have been near a thousand.

Thereupon on all sides the anti-Armenian journals have begun to try out upon the exaggeration which went so far as six thousand, still more upon the figure repeated immediately after the massacre at Sassoun. It is heartrending that any civilised [European] journalist should stoop so low. Each human life is sacred, be it Armenian, German, or English, and when this human life is sacrificed unjustly, there should be no place for dispute over the corpse. If the lives so sacrificed count to twenty or a hundred, we dwell no longer on the number slain, at a time when there are none but victims. The capital point is that the massacres occurred. Because a thousand were killed at Sassoun, and not six thousand, the murder does not lose its significance and the responsibility of the Government for it is not diminished. This opinion is that also of the Commissioners. These thousand slain are victims of Turkish savagery. For this thousand also the great Powers must answer—they who actually eighteen years ago pledged themselves for the safety of Armenian lives.

But why go back to the massacres of Sassoun? In these few last months there have been tens and tens of thousands slain; and yet, on the eve of the twentieth century the Powers of Europe dare not, or will not, overcome the inhuman passions of a Government which they call a "sick man," or else "a putrefying corpse."

And now at this moment, from one day to another, we are in dread of massacres at and around the Zeitun district, such as have happened in other parts of Cilicia. The consuls of the European Powers have been there. What line did they take?

They urged the Zeitunlis, always in the name of an "honourable peace" to give up their arms to the Turkish Government, whose troops they had beaten regularly up to the last moment. This counsel could issue in nothing but the offering up, with hands tied, of all the people of Zeitun and all the 30,000 refugees who were sheltered at the time within its walls, to the ferocious vengeance of the Sultan, the Bashi-Bazouks, &c. Arms are the only guarantee against such a fate.

It was, therefore, a criminal error towards the Zeitunlis and their unfortunate *protégés* to think for a moment of disarming them the first. Further, the dangerous fortress, the cause of constant distrust and anxiety to the Zeitunlis, was to remain, together with a Turkish garrison and its cannon. Also the taxes were to remain—the crushing taxes, the payment of which is utterly out of the power of the

ruined people, already a prey to the contagious maladies which are wasting the country. It is true that, side by side with this, in the conditions of the Porte, it is declared that the Sultan will disarm the Mahometans dwelling in the valleys that surround Zeitun; that he will appoint a Christian sub-Governor (a Kaimakam); that he will introduce the famous administrative reforms promised (and signed by the Sultan) last September to all the Armenian provinces. Yes, all these tales have been once more re-told by Abdul Hamid; but where are the guarantees for the performance of his promises? *When and by what means* will he have them carried out? Where is the European control which, alone, can be offered as a serious guarantee? Is he not laughing—this Sultan—under the very nose of European, and above all, of English diplomacy, and showing that the latter is for ever useless henceforward at Constantinople, thanks to the cordial understanding between the two despots of the East? It seems that the Consuls received from their Governments certain very strange instructions; they (one supposes) were to try and restore everything to the point it stood at *before the insurrection*, exactly the point at which things became intolerable and caused the rising.

What concerns England is that this supposition comes near the truth. Thus, in a discourse recently pronounced, Lord Salisbury thinks, with the other European Powers, that the Sultan may perhaps do something for the Armenians *if he is let alone*. And the great Powers wish to let the Sultan alone, at the same time sacrificing along with so many Armenians the people of Zeitun also. It is evident that the Powers at this moment desire to hush matters up.

This strange hope of Lord Salisbury's seems but a fugitive empty word, by which the First Minister of the Queen completes a solemn avowal of the absolute defeat of his Eastern policy, in which, as to the solution of the Armenian question, he has before him great difficulties, chiefly created by that same policy. This from the mouth of Lord Salisbury, along with his whole speech, means nothing but the retreat of Great Britain from the Armenian question. Still, it is impossible to admit of the idea of return to the state of things before the siege. Such a relapse might bring on the gravest complications; the people of Zeitun would be placed in the very same case again in which the insurrection had become beyond all control. European intervention in the affairs of Zeitun should have had a character less cruel and less disastrous in its consequences, and juster, more impartial, more prudent. This intervention might have repaired the fault of European diplomacy through the whole terrible Armenian crisis. Europe cannot deny the right of self-defence to us, and particularly to the men of Zeitun, when this self-defence is recognised by every European nation and Government as a sacred law. Recognising this right, European diplomacy cannot exact submission pure and

simple from the Zeitunlis. It should be admitted that these men are right when they claim for Armenian Cilicia a Christian governor named by the great European Powers and under their direct control; the political reorganisation of the country; non-intervention from the Ottoman Government in local affairs, and a general amnesty, &c. But, by their unfavourable attitude to the Zeitunlis during the negotiations, the representatives of the Powers have given a last blow to the hopes that the Armenians placed in the great Powers; and by this same attitude the Zeitunlis have been forced to submit to the conditions proposed by the Porte.

It was more than high time, and there was no occasion more favourable for Europe, and specially for Great Britain, to give this bare satisfaction to a part of the Armenians, who had shown by their conduct that they had decided to defend their lives, goods, and most human rights, and by that fact were capable and worthy of a life more human and politically less enslaved and more independent. The Armenians expected from diplomacy this act of justice and reparation, which was due to them.

In view of this, the Armenian patriots, and with them the whole nation, are obliged to adhere to their purpose of self-defence, their patriotic revolutionary programme, the consequences of which may have a much more serious bearing than at present appears upon European interests. But for us the prospect is no longer terrible. Bathed in our own blood which is shed without redress, having seen all our national property burnt, pillaged, wasted, ruined—after having lost either by massacre or by misery, by cold or famine, hundreds of thousands of our countrymen, we Armenians have nothing more to lose. But, on the other hand, what we gain will be for our good.

AVETIS NAZARBEK,

Editor of the *Huntchak*.

THE IRISH PRIESTHOOD.

THE year 1795 was probably the most fateful in modern Irish history. It is impossible to magnify or overrate the influences that a series of political events which occurred that year have exercised on the destinies of Ireland. It was in 1795 that the Union between Great Britain and Ireland was finally determined on by Pitt. That year also saw the establishment in Ireland of two institutions as wide apart as the poles in inspiration and aims—the College of Maynooth and the Orange Society, which—as the fountain heads of two potent streams of antagonistic religious and political thought, that have now been permeating the people of Ireland for a century—have not attracted the attention they deserve from students of those complex Irish problems, political, religious, and social, which have vexed, and in all probability will continue to vex, British statesmen for many a year.

Maynooth College, the famous training college of the Irish priesthood, has just celebrated the centenary of its foundation. The institution was established in June 1795 by the Imperial Government, as an act of State policy, to secure and retain on the side of England in the management of Ireland the influence of the Catholic Church in that country. During the greater portion of the seventeenth century the Irish priests were compelled by the penal laws passed by the Irish Parliament against Roman Catholics to go abroad for their education. They were trained for the ministry in colleges at Paris, Lisbon, Salamanca, which had foundations established for their education and support principally by the French, Spanish, and Portuguese sovereigns. At the outbreak of the French Revolution there were as many as 348 Irish ecclesiastical students in Paris, out of a total of 478 on the Continent; and one of the results of that tremen-

dous social upheaval was the closing of the Irish College, and the dispersal of its students. The Irish Roman Catholic bishops naturally viewed this state of things with alarm, for it might mean at least a serious diminution in the supply of priests for missionary work in Ireland. They were desirous of having the priests educated and trained at home, under their own immediate control, but, though the legal ban against the education of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in Ireland had just been removed, to establish and support a college for the purpose was utterly beyond their financial means. They therefore approached the Government on the subject.

The Roman Catholic bishops at this time were all old men, of antique simplicity, judging from their various petitions and addresses to the Government, and their spirits were bowed and humbled by the operation of the penal enactments. The immediate predecessors of these ecclesiastics lived, as a rule, in France, or Italy, or Spain, and only ventured on rare occasions to visit Ireland to discharge their episcopal duties, when they resided, disguised, in humble farmhouses in remote parts of their dioceses, in order to evade the hostile attentions of the authorities. The bishops whose lot had fallen in better times, were, therefore, thankful to be allowed to pass their days in undisturbed obscurity in Ireland. They ascribed the improvement in their position, through the relaxation of the penal laws, solely to the good-will of the Government in London, and not to the influence of more liberal views in politics and religion operating on the members of both Houses of the Irish Parliament. They were, consequently, steadfast and consistent supporters of the British connection, as they declared in many addresses to the Throne. They held severely aloof from the movements of the time for the extension of political freedom and the social improvement of the people. They gave but a passive countenance, rather than an active support, to the feeble and spasmodic movement for emancipation within the Catholic body itself during the fifty or sixty years it was entirely controlled by a few influential members of the gentry, and before it passed, at the opening of the present century, into the more resolute hands of O'Connell and the Catholic merchants and shopkeepers of Dublin; they were hostile to the Society of United Irishmen, which was first founded to obtain Parliamentary reform (including the admission of Catholics to Parliament) by constitutional means, but had, under the influence of the French principles of the time, developed into a secret revolutionary society for the establishment of an Irish republic; and, later on, for the same reasons, they gave their unanimous support to the project of the Union.

When, therefore, Dr. Troy, Archbishop of Dublin, presented a petition in 1794 to the Lord Lieutenant (the Earl of Westmoreland) on behalf of the prelates of the Roman Catholic communion in Ireland,

praying the Government to establish and endow a training college for the priesthood at home, in order that—as the petition ran—“they may no longer expose their youth to the contagion of sedition and infidelity, and the country to the danger of introducing the pernicious maxims of licentious philosophy,” the Government were, for several reasons, ready to listen with willing ear to the scheme. Ireland was thoroughly disaffected. The revolutionary principles of the United Irishmen had permeated the middle classes; many of the gentry and aristocracy had also caught the contagion; and the small farmers and labourers—who formed the vast bulk of the population, and had their own secret societies for their own immediate agrarian objects—were in complete sympathy with the movement, not because of its high-flown sentiments of liberty, equality, and fraternity, for these things they did not understand, but because they thought it aimed at the overthrow of the landed class, to whom they ascribed all their social ills. The country was virtually ruled from Whitehall—notwithstanding the declaration of independence of 1782 with which the name of Henry Grattan is inseparably associated. The Irish Parliament was so venal that it was brought, by the distribution of patronage, completely under the control of the British Government; and Pitt, engrossed in his great struggle with France, and unwilling to be diverted by domestic troubles, was evidently inclined to concede even Catholic Emancipation, in order to stem the rising tide of popular disaffection in Ireland. Lord Fitzwilliam was made Viceroy on the understanding, as most historians now agree, that Catholic Emancipation was to be granted. He arrived in Dublin on January 4, 1795. On February 12, Grattan, by arrangement with the Viceroy, moved in the Irish House of Commons for leave to bring in a Bill for the admission of Catholics to Parliament. But, when intelligence of the new policy reached George III., he insisted on the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and on March 25, less than three months from the date of his arrival, that nobleman quitted Dublin amid one of the most remarkable demonstrations of national indignation and sorrow which the Irish capital has ever witnessed. Thwarted in this policy of concession, Pitt then determined on bringing about a union of the British and Irish Parliaments.

But, meantime, something had to be done to assuage the disappointed hopes of the Roman Catholics. It was determined to grant the prayer of the prelates in their petition to the Government in the previous year. Accordingly a Bill was carried by the Government through both Houses of the Irish Parliament with remarkable celerity, and without a single division in either House, voting a sum of £8000 for the establishment of a College for the education and training of the priests. It received the royal assent of George III. on June 5, 1795. The Act appointed as trustees of the College the

Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, all of whom were Protestants; six Roman Catholic laymen; the four Roman Catholic archbishops, and seven other Roman Catholic bishops; but the management of the College was practically left entirely to the ecclesiastics, and in a few years the judges were removed by Parliament from the Board of Trustees. An offer by the Duke of Leinster of a house and fifty-four acres of land at a nominal rent at Maynooth, about twelve miles from Dublin, and adjoining his demesne, was accepted, and on June 25, 1795, the College began its career with fifty students. At the end of the century there were 150 students on the rolls.

Within four years the Irish Parliament had voted by annual grants a sum of £35,000 for the establishment of the College. In 1799 the trustees petitioned for an annual allowance of £8000, at which sum they estimated the yearly expenses of the College; but a Bill to provide that amount, after passing through the Commons, was rejected by the Lords on the ground that the original intention of Parliament was to assist in the foundation of the College, and not to maintain it permanently. That year the College received nothing from the State. However, in the next Session, the Session of 1800, the last of the Irish Parliament, a sum of £8000 towards defraying the annual charges of the College for the year ending March 25, 1801, was voted in the Estimates. The annual grant was continued by the Imperial Parliament until 1845. It varied between £8000 and £9000. It came up every year in the Estimates for the Irish offices, and its rejection was invariably moved, but without success, by ultra-Protestant members, who contended that the taxpayers ought not to be compelled to pay for the propagation of the immoral doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church.

Before 1845 the number of free studentships in the College was 250, the value of each being estimated at about £25 a year. But in 1845, Sir Robert Peel succeeded, with the help of the Whigs and the Repealers, and against the vehement opposition of the bulk of his own Tory followers, in carrying a Bill increasing the annual grant to the very substantial sum of £26,360, and by making the grant a permanent charge on the Consolidated Fund, he did away with the yearly debate on the College in the House of Commons. It was this Bill, known as the Maynooth Improvement Bill, which led to Mr. Gladstone's historic resignation of the post of President of the Board of Trade, which he held in the Peel Ministry, because the proposals of the Bill were at variance with the views he had put forth in his famous pamphlet on "Church and State." He no longer entertained these views, he said; and as a

private member he supported the measure in its various stages through the House of Commons; but, with a super-sensitiveness not often found in political life, he feared it might be supposed, if he remained in office, that his change of opinion was dictated by interested motives. By this Act the number of free places in the College was increased to 500, £28 per annum being appropriated for the commons of each student, and 250 of the students in the senior classes received in addition an allowance of £20 a year each in money. In order to provide the necessary accommodation for this large increase in the number of students, the Act also granted a sum of £30,000 for the extension of the existing buildings and grounds. On the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1870, this annual grant of £26,360 to the College was withdrawn; and the trustees received as compensation a sum of £372,331.

The disendowment of the College has not led to any decrease in the number of the students, though the number of free places has been diminished by one half. In the centenary year of its foundation, there were no fewer than 620 students in actual residence, which is the highest number the records of the College can show. The trustees of the institution since 1870 are the four archbishops and thirteen of the bishops. Its chief officials consist of a president, a vice-president, three deans, a bursar, and sixteen professors. According to a Parliamentary return published in 1854, the salary of the president since the Act of 1845 was £594 12s.; of the vice-president £326 12s. 8d.; of the senior dean, £261; of the three junior deans, £241 each; and the salaries of the professors ranged from £241 up to £264. These salaries were, it will be admitted, low for such positions; but they may have been somewhat reduced after disendowment. Indeed, the stipends of dignitaries of the Catholic Church in Ireland are, as we shall see later, very modest. It is interesting to note in this connection, that down to 1827 the president got only 100 guineas; the vice-president 70 guineas, and the deans and professors from 50 to 70 guineas per annum. The number of free places now on the public foundation of the College is 250, estimated at £30 a year each, which are divided amongst the twenty-seven dioceses; and in addition to these there are sixty-six other free places in diocesan burses, founded since 1870 by bequests from bishops and priests. Nomination to the free places allotted to each diocese is in the hands of the bishop of the diocese. There is an entrance fee of £4 for all students, and the pension of students not in free places is £30 per annum. A sum varying from £8000 to £10,000 is yearly received in pensions.

The Irish priests are, as a rule, the sons either of farmers or of shopkeepers. As may be imagined, in so intensely Catholic a country as Ireland it is considered a great social distinction in these

classes, to have a priest in the family. There is no prouder boast for a parent than to be able to say, "I've a son a priest." One of the pious notions associated with the priesthood is that no man can take holy orders without having "a vocation,"—that is, that it can never happen by chance or accident; but is inevitably the result of a divine call or inspiration. In some cases, however, the choice of the calling is made by the parents for their favourite son—"the white-haired boy of the family,"—in his early years; but he must be a quiet, retiring, religiously disposed lad, or be fond of study, or must show above his brothers the possession of mental attainments.

Once the selection is made, the parents subordinate almost everything to their grand ambition of giving a son to the service of the Church. The boy gets the best place at the table, the warmest corner by the hearth. He is never asked or expected to soil his hands about the shop or farm, and is regarded by all the family with deep respect, affection, and even reverence. He is first sent to the diocesan college, a scholastic institution found in the chief town of most of the twenty-seven dioceses in Ireland, established by the bishop of the diocese, and conducted principally by priests, and after a few years there, he goes, as a rule, to Maynooth.

No student is received at Maynooth unless he is designed for the home mission (priests for foreign missions being trained at All Hallows College, Dublin), and has a recommendation from his bishop, and is at least sixteen years of age. The full course of studies in the college extends over seven years. The first year is devoted to "rhetoric," as it is called in the College, which includes English, Latin, and Greek; the second and third years are allotted to "philosophy," or mathematics, logic, and metaphysics; and the remaining four years to "theology," or canon law, and ecclesiastical history. There is a foundation known as "the Dunboyne Establishment" for the maintenance of about a dozen of the most distinguished students, who remain in the College for a period of three years beyond the ordinary course, in order to qualify themselves as doctors of divinity, or for professorships in the College. On an average, sixty students are ordained priests annually, which more than suffices to keep up to the strength of about 2400 the secular priesthood of Ireland.

The College is divided into two houses—the senior house, and the junior house; and the students of the two houses are not allowed to communicate with each other, except by permission of the dean. They take meals together, but at meals conversation is strictly prohibited. During meals, however, a student reads aloud a chapter from the Bible, a few passages from a historical work—Lingard's "History of England" being the favourite volume,—followed by some extracts from the Roman Martyrology. With the exception of fifty

students in the junior or "rhetoric" class, who sleep in double-bedded rooms, all the students have separate apartments, each being furnished as bed and sitting-room. The hour of rising is 6 A.M., and at 10 P.M. all lights are extinguished. The working day is thus divided—nine hours to study and classes, two hours to religious services, and five hours to meals, exercise, and recreation. The exercise consists principally of walking about the extensive grounds of the college. Hand ball seems to be the only out-door game practised; and all in-door games, such as chess, or draughts, or cards, are prohibited. On Wednesdays, if weather permits, the students take a long country walk together, accompanied by some of the deans or professors, but otherwise they are not allowed outside the grounds, and a breach of this rule is usually punished by expulsion. However, a scandal rarely, if ever, occurs. The moral character of the students is above suspicion.

The reading of the students, apart from their study of the prescribed text-books of the different courses, seems to be confined to a narrow compass. The College possesses a large library, mainly theological, ecclesiastical, and devotional; but only the students in the theological classes have recourse to it under the supervision of the librarian. The reading of the junior students is mainly devotional. Light literature, such as fiction and poetry, is not, to say the least, encouraged; and newspapers are prohibited. Nevertheless, the students manage to keep themselves acquainted with, at any rate, the varying phases of Irish politics, in which, it is hardly necessary to say, they take the keenest interest.

Life at Maynooth may be pleasant enough to these ecclesiastical students. Few of them break down under it; and one never hears it condemned in after years by the priests who have gone through the ordeal. On the contrary, they invariably regard the *Alma Mater* with the deepest reverence and affection. But, measured by secular standards, the studies seem dry and hard, and run too much in a few narrow grooves; the life laborious and monotonous, the discipline of a too strict and a too rigid character. Estrangement from even the innocent pleasures and recreations of life, during seven of man's most impressionable years, may, in one sense, be the fittest preparation for the celibate ministry of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland; but one cannot help thinking that the priests would be all the better suited for their office if, instead of an almost complete absorption in the spiritual aspect of the ministry, as the courses and the text-books shew, more attention were given at Maynooth to the secular side of life—to the inculcation of civic duties, to the study of sociology, and to arousing in the students an interest in schemes and projects, apart from politics, for the amelioration of the social condition of the Irish people.

The young priest, on leaving Maynooth, is appointed by his bishop

to the curacy of some parish of his native diocese. He is paid by the parish priest a half-yearly stipend; the amount of which depends on the "dues," or the voluntary subscriptions of the congregation collected at Christmas and at Easter, and the dues vary, of course, according as the parish is rich or poor. The stipend, however, is rarely more than £80 a year. In most instances it is as low as £30 or £40. Father Pat, therefore, finds it hard enough to get along in the beginning of his career as a priest, if he has not an allowance from his parents, or if fees such as 5s. or 10s. or £1 for assisting at a wedding or a funeral, do not often come in his way.

His principal duties as curate consist of celebrating Mass every morning and twice on Sundays and holidays, hearing confessions on Saturdays and on the eves of holidays, and attending to "sick calls"—or calls to administer the last sacraments to the dying—week about with his fellow-curates. "Confessions" and "sick calls" are the most arduous, unpleasant, and exacting of duties. On Saturdays and on the eves of holidays, he sits most of the day in the confession-box, listening to the sins of penitents, and cleansing them of all stain, by absolution, to fit them to receive the Holy Communion at Mass the next morning. The confession-box contains three compartments provided with sliding-panels. The priest sits in the centre compartment, and the others are used by the penitents, who await their turns in long rows outside. A priest told me once that three hours in the confession-box is one of the most terrible ordeals, morally and physically, a man can go through. I can well believe him. During the week the curate is on "sick call" duty, he is liable to be aroused out of bed at night and to trudge for miles over a dangerous bog or a bleak country-side, if he is attached to a rural parish; or to plunge into slums and back lanes, if the curate of a parish in a town, in order to give the consolation of religion to a dying soul. It frequently happens that there is no occasion for this sudden, untimely, and most unpleasant summons, for so great is the dread of the Irish peasant of dying without the ministrations of his priest, that on the first symptom of unwonted illness—on the first sudden and unexpected twinge of a colic—the cry of, "Send for the priest!" is raised in the family circle, and so many a time and oft the poor curate arrives, tired and weary, at his destination, only to find the dying soul he has come to comfort, in the soundest and healthiest of bodies, and without the slightest intention of leaving this best of all possible worlds. Can you blame Father Pat if, under these aggravating circumstances, having come to pray, he remains—well, not to curse, but to give the patient, what is called in Ireland, "a piece of his mind"?

A curate may be removed, and is often removed, by his bishop from one parish to another suddenly, unexpectedly, and without a reason.

being assigned—"translated," it is called in clerical circles—and he considers himself very lucky if he gets settled in a town. In the cities and towns of Ireland the duties of the "secular" priests—or priests of the diocese—are considerably lightened by the ministrations of "regulars"—members of Orders like the Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians—who number over five hundred in Ireland, and who, though outside parochial or diocesan jurisdiction, and subject only to their own superiors, relieve the pressure on the curates by saying Masses and hearing confessions in their own churches. In addition to this advantage, Father Pat in the town is a favourite in middle-class society, and dines out frequently. In the rural districts, in which the vast majority of the 2400 priests of Ireland are, of course, stationed, there is little society and less dining out.

The calling of a priest has, like every other calling, its pleasant side and its disagreeable side. But, taking it all in all, Father Pat's life, if narrow and monotonous, is at least leisured, and if, owing to his vow of celibacy, he is cut off from the pleasures of family life, he is, on the other hand, in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility as a bachelor. Worldly ambition, too, adds just a little zest to his sacred calling. He may aspire to a bishopric, although, as a rule, the Pope prefers to appoint a Maynooth professor or the president of a diocesan college to a vacant see rather than a priest in active parochial service. But there are several prizes in the way of "P.P.-ships" in every diocese, and one of these Father Pat is certain to obtain sooner or later. He naturally strives to secure a parish sooner rather than later. The bishop is the sole dispenser of the patronage of the diocese. The laity have no voice whatever in the appointment to any office in the Church. It is, therefore, essential that a curate should keep on good terms with his bishop, if he desires to improve his worldly prospects. The parish priests are not so dependent as the curates on the caprice, disfavour, or good pleasure of the bishop. A parish priest cannot be deprived of his parish unless for certain violations of the Canon Law. But should he fall under the censure of his bishop for his attitude in matters that do not come within the category of offences against the Canon Law, and should he refuse to make his submission and his peace, his lordship could disturb the serenity and repose of his living by quartering on him an unwelcome and expensive curate.

The incomes of parish priests from the offerings or "dues" of the parishioners at Easter and Christmas and from fees at marriages, baptisms, funerals, &c., vary considerably in amount, even within a diocese. Some parishes are worth only £150 a year; other parishes are worth as much as £600 a year. These figures probably represent the two extremes, though parishes of £150 are far more common than parishes of £600. The average income of a parish priest, exclusive

of the allowance to curates, runs from £200 to £300 per annum, which, compared with the stipends of Protestant clergymen, and even with those of Nonconformist ministers, is very small indeed. The "dues" are collected by different modes in rural and in urban districts. In country parishes, usually, the parish priest, on the Sundays following Easter and Christmas, sits after Mass at a table in the chapel with a book containing the names of the parishioners and the amount each contributes, to receive the offerings of his flock. In towns and cities the priests make a house to house collection of the "dues." The amount of the "dues" is, in the case of a farmer, fixed at so much per pound on the valuation of his land. Labourers pay 1s. 6d., artisans or clerks from 2s. 6d. to 5s., according to their wages; small shopkeepers from 10s. to £1; larger shopkeepers and the professional classes between £3 and £5; and the gentry contribute larger sums according to their wealth. The "dues" are in a sense obligatory, for Roman Catholics are bound by the laws of the Church, under pain of excommunication, to contribute to the support of their pastors. But as the "dues" are not as a rule oppressive, they are willingly and cheerfully contributed. In addition to the "dues," the parish priests also receive fees for the discharge of offices at marriages, baptisms, funerals, and for saying Mass for any particular object, such as for the repose of a soul, or for a blessing on some secular or religious undertaking. These fees also vary considerably, according to the position of the persons for whom the offices are discharged. A poor person may have a Mass said for 5s., while a rich person would pay 10s. or £1. Marriages in humble circles are performed for £1 or £1 10s., and in well-to-do circles for much larger sums arrived at by mutual agreement. In country parishes, where the "fortune" of the bride is known to everybody, the custom is to charge a fee of 5 per cent. of the dowry. Many parish priests in the country districts also add a little to their incomes by farming operations, such as letting fields to graziers or raising some stock on their own account. In former years, indeed, almost every parish priest was also a big farmer. He tilled his extensive acres largely by the gratuitous labours of his flock, and went to the fairs and markets with the produce, or with his cattle, sheep, pigs, or horses, and wrangled and higgled with the dealers over five shillings in the price. But priests are not now allowed by the bishops to hold more than twenty acres of land. Out of his income from his parish the parish priest has not only to pay the stipends of his curates, but has also to contribute a certain percentage of the amount to the bishop, for it is from such contributions by the parish priests of his diocese that most of the income of the bishop is derived. Parish priests, therefore, are not men of means. Many of them have but a bare sustenance; and of the vast majority it may be said that they have only sufficient to

maintain their position in social life. They have, however, little inducement to acquire means, even where it is possible to do so. They have no families to provide for, and are required to leave to the Church any property they may be possessed of at death. The incomes of the bishops also vary considerably. They run from about £600 in a few poor dioceses in the West of Ireland to about £1000 in dioceses in the more prosperous South and East. I do not think the incomes of even the Archbishop of Dublin, or of the Primate, the Archbishop of Armagh, exceed, if they reach, £1500 a year. These positions in the Irish Church are at least worth five times that amount.

In social life the priests are hospitable, jolly, and convivial, fond of comic song and merry jest. They all take a most cheerful view of things here and hereafter. They certainly follow the example of their famous prototype Father O'Flynn in not leaving the gaiety all to the laity.

You will also seldom meet with a priest in whose conversation, if religion be the subject, you can trace anything in the nature of cant or pharisaism. They are generally most affable and courteous to strangers, especially to heretical strangers, for though they may not love Protestants in the lump they always well and cordially receive the individual heretic; and having a most sincere tolerance and respect for all forms of belief, they will never in private circles introduce or even discuss the subject of religion in a controversial spirit. The favourite topic of conversation at a priest's dinner-table is politics, the Nationalist view being supported by the host with more or less vigour. As to Father Pat's hospitality, it may be rude and rough, but there is no mistaking its warm and generous whole-heartedness. The dinner in a country parish invariably consists of a roast turkey, a boiled leg of mutton with turnips, boiled bacon with cabbage, and potatoes served in their jackets. Claret is the wine principally drunk. It is only on very important occasions that champagne makes its appearance, but there is always a plentiful supply of the best Irish whisky and, if made in the district, of "potheen." Father Pat has, it must be admitted, a liking for whisky punch after dinner, in judicious moderation, of course, and his only other dissipation is a smoke—always a clay pipe, never a cigarette or a cigar. When a "suspended" or disrobed priest is met with in Ireland—and that very rarely happens—his misfortune is usually to be traced to drunkenness. There is never a lady in the case.

There is little literary activity amongst the priests. The only distinguished literary man which the Irish priesthood has produced during the nineteenth century is the Rev. Francis Mahoney (Father Prout), but the body look upon him rather askance, for he gave up the Church for literature, and is suspected of not having been quite orthodox in his religious views. Besides, he was educated abroad as a

Jesuit, the great learned Order of the Catholic Church; and therefore does not properly belong to the secular priesthood of Ireland. That body has always numbered between two and three thousand men of more or less culture and of considerable leisure; and yet the literature of Ireland, not to speak of general English literature, is not indebted to them for a single noteworthy contribution. Indeed, only a small fraction of the Irish priests have ever turned their thoughts to the making of books. They take an interest in historical, antiquarian, and archaeological objects, and the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy have been enriched by many scholarly papers by priests; but they seem to think that the writing of poetry and fiction—especially fiction—would hardly be consonant with their spiritual calling. Therefore, half a dozen volumes of poems and three or four novels represent practically the output of the Irish priesthood in imaginative literature during the century; and these volumes are not generally known even to book-readers in Ireland.

The secular priests are as undistinguished in the pulpit as in literature. It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the well-deserved reputation of the Irish race for eloquence, there is not one great preacher in the Irish secular priesthood. Hundreds of priests can, of course, deliver impressive sermons; but not one of them enjoys more than a local reputation as a preacher. Father Tom Burke, the great Irish pulpit orator, was not a secular priest, but a Dominican; and it is in the churches of the regular Orders, and not in the parochial chapels, that the art of pulpit oratory is cultivated to any extent. In the literature of theology the secular priests are also practically unrepresented. It is perhaps to their credit that, unlike the ministers of other creeds, they have refrained from flooding the market with volumes of indifferent sermons or painful controversial works on religion.

Their acquaintance with current imaginative literature is limited. They do not, as a rule, buy new books. Ireland, as a whole, is not a book-buying or a book-reading country—though in both respects it has wonderfully improved of late, thanks to the propagandist efforts of the Irish Literary Societies of London and Dublin; but the priests, probably, buy fewer current books and read fewer current books than any other class in the same rank of life, such, for instance, as the solicitors and doctors of the rural districts. Many of them have no acquaintance with the imaginative literature of the day—fiction and poetry—except such as may be derived second-hand from the reviews in Irish newspapers. A novel or a volume of poems must have passed through at least half a century of existence without having raised any question as to its moral tendency, before it is admitted into the unpretentious collection of books—mainly religious—which one sees in the sitting-room of a

priest's residence. Their favourite authors are, in poetry, Goldsmith and Thomas Moore, and in fiction, Gerald Griffin, the Banim's, and Carleton—all native writers, and from across St. George's Channel, Scott and Dickens. It is a rather limited selection, but then people of simple literary tastes, like the Irish priests, can be supremely happy with it.

It must not by any means be supposed that Father Pat is remiss in his spiritual duties as a priest. There is perhaps no better pastor in the world from the spiritual point of view. The people regard him with mingled feelings of awe and reverence and love. A good deal of this regard is no doubt inspired by superstition—by a dread of the supernatural powers supposed to be possessed by "God's anointed"; but, apart from that, Father Pat has secured for himself the warmest corner in the hearts of his flock by his excellent qualities as a spiritual pastor, as a friend when the soul is in need, as a consoler in sickness, distress, and misfortune. Many of the priests may lack social grace and culture; but they are eminently fitted for the spiritual duties which, as pastors, they have to discharge. Fine gentlemen are not needed for the hard and repellent services—as they appear to secular eyes—of the Catholic Church in Ireland. Father Pat's single-minded devotion to the duties of his office, and his keen interest in the spiritual needs of his flock, give him a surer title to the respect and reverence of the people than culture and learning. Besides, he is brought into intimate relations with the people all through life, but especially at its most momentous and solemn occasions. "Soggarth aroon" is the people's term of endearment for Father Pat, and one of the most popular of the peasants' songs asks :

"Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And on my earthen floor
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon !"

Regarding them as a body, the priests are indeed a very simple-minded, unworldly, and warm-hearted body of men, without craft or guile—though, according to their enemies, who know them not, these are their distinctive qualities—and they pass through their narrow, colourless, and self-sacrificing lives cheerfully and gladly, seeking no reward, so far as this world is concerned, but the esteem and love of their flocks.

The weak point in Father Pat's character as a pastor is the little he does towards improving the social life of the people. He denounces with tremendous force and sincerity the oppressions of the Government, and the rackrenting of the local landlord—on both of whom he

invariably places the blame, oftentimes most erroneously and most unjustly, for the miserable social condition of his flock; but unhappily there his efforts to improve the temporal lot of the community ends. He has not yet recognised what a powerful factor he might be in brightening the every-day lives of the people. The monotony and dreariness of town, village, and rural life in Ireland is appalling. The strained relations which, owing to unhappy but relentless economic causes, have existed for two centuries between the territorial gentry and the farming class have deprived Ireland of the elevating and beneficent influences of Lady Bountiful and the squire, which are so often visible in humble social life in rural England. There are no endowed village charities for the distribution of blankets, clothing, or food to the needy; no village benefit clubs for the aid of members in times of trouble, sickness, and death; no village greens for outdoor sports and pastimes; no village halls for concerts, readings and limelight entertainments during the long winter evenings; no social gatherings or excursions in connection with the Roman Catholic chapels. The priests could, by agencies such as these, impart some colour and variety to the dull and dismal social life of the peasantry; but, unfortunately, they seem to think it is no part of their duty, or else they do not know the way, which may, perhaps, be attributed to the narrow compass of their training at Maynooth. Some of them have tried to bring books, principally of a religious character, within reach of their flock through the medium of parish libraries. But, as a rule, there is nothing for the inhabitants of the rural districts to read—in addition to the weekly newspapers from Dublin—except trashy penny publications from London; and no recreation but surreptitious dances for the young, and visits to the wretched shebeens for the elder folk, despite the fulminations of the priests against these practices; while the destitute and the age-worn have no resort but the charity of neighbours almost as poor as themselves, or the dreaded workhouse.

It is often said that the expectations of the Imperial Government in establishing and endowing a college for the education of the priesthood in Ireland have not been realised. Edmund Burke, who took a keen interest in the project and urged it on the Government with all his powers of argument and eloquence, declared that the foundation of Maynooth College would mean "the salvation of Ireland from Jacobinism and anarchy." That glowing hope has, it is said, been woefully disappointed. Mr. Lecky, whose impartiality of judgment as an historian is universally admitted, contends in his "*Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*," that the Maynooth priests are, in many respects, inferior to the old priests who were educated on the Continent; that they lack the polish and breadth of intellectual view which the training in the colleges of Europe had lent to the priests of the early

years of the century ; while other historical writers, lacking, perhaps, the well-balanced mind of Mr. Lecky, have asserted without qualification that, thanks to Maynooth College, the priests are now, and have been for years, as a body, disloyal, Jacobinical, uncultured and illiberal. Contemporary writers undoubtedly pay high testimony to the character and culture of the old priests. There is no doubt also that during the disturbed and turbulent latter quarter of the eighteenth century, the influence of the priests with the people, so far as it went—and I do not think it went far, certainly to nothing approaching its extent and power in our own days—was, generally speaking, on the side of law and order. Indeed, Wolfe Tone, the greatest and most astute conspirator of the Society of United Irishmen, rejoiced like Edmund Burke, but for entirely different reasons, at the establishment of Maynooth College. In his more accurate and sagacious view, the priests brought back with them from the Continent, not the taint of Jacobinism, but the taint of conservatism, which induced them to set their faces against all agrarian and political movements amongst the people, and made them therefore the most formidable obstacle to the spread of his ideas ; and he was convinced that, if they were educated and trained in Ireland, they could not possibly resist the influences of their environment, which, according to Wolfe Tone, make, or rather made, for sedition and revolution.

Unfortunately it is as politicians, or rather as demagogues, that the Irish priests are best known to people outside of Ireland, and in that rôle they appear in anything but an amiable light. In the past, indeed, they were commonly regarded as knavish and designing apostles of sedition and social disorder to an unhappy community, whom with evil intent they kept in a degraded condition of ignorance and superstition. To me, impartially reviewing the history of the Irish priesthood, that opinion seems to have had little or no foundation upon the doings of the priests themselves, but appears to have been largely inspired by that hatred and fear of the Roman Catholic Church as a theological error and a menace to liberty, which retained for so many years a marvellous hold on the public mind of Great Britain. More tolerant and enlightened feelings towards the Roman Catholic Church now prevail amongst the British people ; but the priests are still regarded with some distrust and suspicion owing to the prominent parts they play in political movements in Ireland. This, however, is not to be traced to the influence of Maynooth College. It was Daniel O'Connell who first brought the priests into the political arena during his agitation for Catholic Emancipation a quarter of a century after the foundation of Maynooth. But sooner or later such a contingency was inevitable, Maynooth or no Maynooth. Circumstances political and social would have proved too strong for the conservatism of even the old foreign-educated priests. Sprung from the people, sharing the people's

opinions and prejudices, and depending on the people for their support, both the interest and the inclination of the priests naturally induce them to side with the people in every political upheaval, just as similar influences make agitators, also, of the Nonconformist ministers of Wales.

I think that if the truth were really known, it would be found that the priests, as a body, are really in Ireland, as in every other country, a great conservative force, and that they have controlled and checked, rather than inflamed, the excesses of popular agitation. Every priest educated in Maynooth College prior to 1870 took the oath of allegiance publicly in the court-house of Maynooth before the assistant-barristers of the county. That oath has been loyally kept. The priests as a body have always been firm supporters of the British connection. Revolution has been too often associated with the spoliation of the Roman Catholic Church and with deadly enmity to the Roman Catholic religion to be ever countenanced by the Irish priests. There were two attempts at rebellion against English rule in Ireland, in 1848 and 1869, known respectively as "The Young Ireland Movement" and "The Fenian Movement," before the disendowment of Maynooth. The leaders of both these revolutionary movements attributed their failure to the hostile influence of the priests. This of course is an exaggeration, both of the strength of the movements and the influence of the priests. Neither of the movements was very formidable, and both would have been crushed by the Government with the greatest ease, even without the moral support of the priests. But undoubtedly the opinions and sentiments by which those movements were inspired would have disaffected a far larger proportion of the people than they did disaffect, had it not been for the practically unanimous opposition of the priesthood. It may be said, however, that there has been only within the past few years a glaring instance of the unruly tendencies of the Irish priests and of their utter disregard for even the spiritual authority of the Pope of Rome. Were not the plan of campaign, boycotting, and other illegal and immoral practices of the recent land agitation strongly condemned in a Rescript specially issued by the Pope; and did not the bishops and priests, notwithstanding, continue to identify themselves prominently with the movement? That is quite true. But the Irish bishops who were called to Rome by the Pope to explain their conduct and the conduct of their priests, are said to have convinced his Holiness that it was essential, not only to the well-being of Roman Catholicism in Ireland, but to the interest of law, order and property, that they and their priests should still remain connected with the land movement. It was pointed out to his Holiness, probably, that the agitation was bound to go on, even without the priests; that, if the priests refused to have part or

lot in it, the only result would be the weakening of the ties which bound them to the people—a contingency to be avoided in the interest of the Church; and that, if on the other hand the priests continued to act as the local directors of the agitation, they would be able to keep it within proper bounds. The priests, therefore, remained in the movement, and undoubtedly restrained its excesses. It is true that they have often made an illegitimate use in politics of their spiritual power over the people. But it is also a fact beyond all question that the crimes and outrages, which stained the recent land movement in Ireland, occurred in districts in which the priests, from one cause or another—principally because they refused to identify themselves with the agitation—had lost their influence with the people.

Attempts are also frequently made to give to the Agrarian and Nationalist movements a religious or sectarian complexion; and the fact that on one side of the quarrel are, generally speaking, all the Catholics, and on the other all the Protestants, is quoted as a conclusive argument in its favour. But that fact is only a coincidence. Its explanation is that the masses are Catholic and the classes Protestant. It is to historic and economic causes, and not to sectarian animosity, that these movements—whatever else may be said of them—will be ascribed by the impartial historian of the future. The Irish priests have never preached a religious crusade. They are really a tolerant body of clerics. They certainly do not look upon Protestantism with that abhorrence with which Roman Catholicism is regarded by many ministers of Protestant sects. They have a sincere respect for all religious convictions; but as they think, rightly or wrongly, that the ministers of every religion should confine their ministrations to their own congregations, they are most hostile to every missionary effort and to every movement to which even the faintest suspicion of proselytism can be attached. If religious rancour prevails amongst some of the priests to-day it is a survival of the times when Ireland was the great field for the operations of the Evangelical movement, which had its headquarters in Exeter Hall, and which after the expenditure of vast sums of money, and the sacrifice of much zeal, time and even life, has not left the slightest impression upon the Catholicism of the mass of people.

The supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland will indeed never be in the slightest degree shaken, not to say overthrown, by Evangelical missions. That Church amply satisfies the spiritual temperament or religious mood of mind of the Irish people; and its beliefs and doctrines have rooted themselves too deeply into their convictions and affections, ever to be displaced for the doctrines and beliefs of another creed, by the distribution of Bibles and tracts or soup and blankets—the form which Evangelical effort in Ireland commonly

takes to-day—or by a revival of the public theological disputes and controversies of former years. The priests do not like these movements, but they do not fear them. What they, like the ministers of every dogmatic creed, fear, is the secularisation of education; and hence their efforts, in which they have the authorities of the Irish Church as allies, to bring about (much to Mr. John Morley's perplexity a short time ago) the denominationalisation of the National School system. It is probable that under Home Rule the aim of the priests in the matter of primary education—that is, supreme control of the training of the Catholic young—would soon be realised. They would also demand a State-aided Roman Catholic University; and would get it. But the Irish education question settled on these lines—as indeed it may soon be settled by the Imperial Parliament—no fear need, at least, be entertained, whatever else may happen under an Irish Parliament, that the priests would try to impose any disability on any Protestant sect, or confer any privilege on their own Church. They could not, if they would; for, of course, such a law would be in contravention of the provisions of any Home Rule Act, and would, therefore, be void; but I am convinced they would not, even if they could. The influence of the priests of other countries in politics and religion may be retrogressive, but the temper of mind of the Irish priests in regard to these most vital of human interests is liberal. It most certainly is not reactionary or negative. They are probably the most broad-minded body of Roman Catholic clerics in the world, which is due, in no small degree, to the potent influence for good in many things which, as was inevitable, the close contiguity of a great, liberal, and progressive country like England has exercised on Ireland.

MICHAEL M. DONAGH.

PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

(Concluded.)

XII.—EVOLUTION OF THE PROFESSIONS.

THE saying that we cannot put old heads on young shoulders figuratively expresses, among other truths, the truth that the beliefs which in youth result from small information joined with undisciplined thought and feeling cannot, until after long years, be replaced by the beliefs which wider knowledge and better balanced mental powers produce. And while it is usually impracticable to antedate the results of mental development and culture, it is also usually impracticable to arouse, during early stages, any such distrust of convictions then formed, as should be caused by the perception that there is much more to be learnt.

This general remark, trite in substance though it is, I am prompted to make *à propos* of the profound change which study of many peoples in many places and times causes in those ideas of social organization which are current—ideas entertained not only by the young but also by the majority of the old, who, relatively to the subject-matter to be investigated, are also young. For patient inquiry and calm thought make it manifest that sundry institutions regarded with strong prejudices have been essential institutions; and that the development of society has everywhere been determined by agencies—especially political and ecclesiastical—of characters condemned by the higher sentiments and incongruous with an advanced social ideal.

One in whom aversion to autocratic rule is strong does not willingly recognize the truth that without autocratic rule the evolution of society could not have commenced; and one to whom the thought of priestly control is repugnant cannot, without difficulty, bring himself to see that during early stages priestly control was necessary. But contemplation of the evidence, while proving these general facts,

also makes it manifest that in the nature of things groups of men out of which organized societies germinate must, in passing from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, have first assumed the form in which one individual predominates—a nucleus of the group serving as a centre of initiation for all subsequent steps in development. Though, as fast as society advances, and especially as fast as the militant type yields place to the industrial type, a centralized and coercive control, political and ecclesiastical, becomes less needful, and plays a continually decreasing part in social evolution; yet the evidence compels us to admit that at first it was indispensable.

This generalization, which we saw variously illustrated by political institutions and ecclesiastical institutions, we now see again illustrated by professional institutions. As the foregoing chapters have shown, all the professions originate by differentiation from the agency which, beginning as political, becomes, with the apotheosis of the dead ruler, politico-ecclesiastical, and thereafter develops the professions chiefly from its ecclesiastical element. Egypt which, by its records and remains, exhibits so well the early phases of social progress, shows us how at first various governmental functions, including the professional, were mingled in the king and in the cluster of those who surrounded the king. Says Tiele:—

“A conflict between the authority of priest and king was hardly possible in earlier times, for then the kings themselves, their sons, and their principal officers of state were the chief priests, and the priestly dignities were not dissevered from nor held to be inconsistent with other and civil functions.”

And again—

“The priestly offices were state functions . . . which did not differ at all in kind from that of commander of the troops, governor of a district, architect, and chamberlain. In fact, both kinds of office were, for the most part, filled by the same persons.”

And since, as Brugsch tells us, “Pharaoh’s architects (the *Mur-ket*) . . . were often of the number of the king’s sons and grandsons,” we see that in the governing group the political, ecclesiastical, and professional functions were united.

No group of institutions illustrates with greater clearness the process of social evolution; and none shows more undeniably how social evolution conforms to the law of evolution at large. The germs out of which the professional agencies arise, forming at first a part of the regulative agency, differentiate from it at the same time that they differentiate from one another; and, while severally being rendered more multiform by the rise of subdivisions, severally become more coherent within themselves and more definitely marked off. The process parallels completely that by which the parts of an individual organism pass from their initial state of simplicity to their ultimate state of complexity.

Originally one who was believed by himself and others to have power over demons—the mystery-man or medicine-man—using coercive methods to expel disease-producing spirits, stood in the place of doctor; and when his appliances, at first supposed to act supernaturally, came to be understood as acting naturally, his office eventually lost its priestly character altogether: the resulting physician class, originally uniform, eventually dividing into distinguishable subclasses while acquiring a definite embodiment.

Less early, because implying more developed groups, arose those who as exhibitors of joy, now in the presence of the living ruler and now in the supposed presence of the deceased ruler, were at first simultaneously singers and dancers, and, becoming specialized from the people at large, presently became distinct from one another: whence, in course of time, two groups of professionals, whose official laudations, political or religious, extended in their range and multiplied in their kinds. And then by like steps were separated from one another vocal and instrumental musicians, and eventually composers; within which classes also there arose subdivisions.

Ovations, now to the living king and now to the dead king, while taking saltatory and musical forms, took also verbal forms, originally spontaneous and irregular, but presently studied and measured: whence, first, the unrhythmical speech of the orator, which under higher emotional excitement grew into the rhythmical speech of the priest-poet, chanting verses—verses that finally became established hymns of praise. Meanwhile from accompanying rude imitations of the hero's acts, performed now by one and now by several, grew dramatic representations, which, little by little elaborated, fell under the regulation of a chief actor, who prefigured the playwright. And out of these germs, all pertaining to worship, came eventually the various professions of poets, actors, dramatists, and the subdivisions of these.

The great deeds of the hero-god, recited, chanted or sung, and mimetically rendered, naturally came to be supplemented by details, so growing into accounts of his life; and thus the priest-poet gave origin to the biographer, whose narratives, being extended to less sacred personages, became secularized. Stories of the apotheosized chief or king, joined with stories of his companions and amplified by narratives of accompanying transactions, formed the first histories. And from these accounts of the doings of particular men and groups of men, partly true but passing by exaggeration into the mythical, came the wholly mythical, or fiction; which then and always preserved the biographical-historical character. Add to which that out of the criticisms and reflections scattered through this personal literature an impersonal literature slowly emerged: the whole group of these products having as their deepest root the eulogies of the priest-poet.

Prompted as were the medicine-men of savages and the priests of early civilized peoples to increase their influence, they were ever stimulated to acquire knowledge of natural actions and the properties of things; and, being in alleged communication with supernatural beings, they were supposed to acquire such knowledge from them. Hence, by implication, the priest became the primitive man of science; and, led by his special experiences to speculate about the causes of things, thus entered the sphere of philosophy: both his science and his philosophy being pursued in the service of his religion.

Not only his higher culture but his alleged intercourse with the gods, whose mouthpiece he was, made him the authority in cases of dispute; and being also, as historian, the authority concerning past transactions and traditional usages, or laws, he acquired in both capacities the character of judge. Moreover, when the growth of legal administration brought the advocate, he, though usually of lay origin, was sometimes clerical.

Distinguished in early stages as the learned man of the tribe or society, and especially distinguished as the possessor of that knowledge which was thought of most value—knowledge of unseen things—the priest of necessity became the first teacher. Transmitting traditional statements concerning ghosts and gods, at first to neophytes of his class only but afterwards to the cultured classes, he presently, beyond instruction in supernatural things, gave instruction in natural things; and having been the first secular teacher has retained a large share in secular teaching even down to our own days.

As making a sacrifice was the original priestly act, and as the building of an altar for the sacrifice was by implication a priestly act, it results that the making of a shelter over the altar, which in its developed form became the temple, was also a priestly act. When the priest, ceasing to be himself the executant, directed the artificers, he continued to be the designer; and when he ceased to be the actual designer, the master-builder or architect thereafter continued to fulfil his general directions. And then the temple and the palace in sundry early societies, being at once the residence of the apotheosized ruler and the living ruler (even now a palace usually contains a small temple) and being the first kinds of developed architecture, eventually gave origin to secular architecture.

A rude carved or modelled image of a man placed on his grave, gave origin to the sculptured representation of a god inclosed in his temple. A product of priestly skill at the outset, it continued in some cases to be such among early civilized peoples; and always thereafter, when executed by an artisan, conformed to priestly direction. Extending presently to the representation of other than divine and semi-divine personages, it eventually thus passed into its secularized form.

So was it with painting. At first used to complete the carved representation of the revered or worshipped personage, and being otherwise in some tribes used by the priest and his aids for exhibiting the tribal hero's deeds, it long remained subservient to religion, either for the colouring of statues (as it does still in Roman Catholic images of saints, &c.), or for the decoration of temples, or for the portraiture of deceased persons on sarcophagi and stelæ; and when it gained independence it was long employed almost wholly for the rendering of sacred scenes: its eventual secularization being accompanied by its subdivision into a variety of kinds and of the executant artists into correlative groups.

Thus the process of professional evolution betrays throughout the same traits. In stages like that described by Huc as still existing among the Tibetans, where "the Lama is not merely a priest, he is the painter, poet, sculptor, architect, physician," there are joined in the same individual, or group of individuals, the potentialities out of which gradually arise the specialized groups we know as professions. While out of the one primitive class there come by progressive divergences many classes, each of these classes itself undergoes a kindred change: there are formed in it subdivisions and even sub-subdivisions, which become gradually more marked; so that, throughout, the advance is from an indefinite homogeneity to a definite heterogeneity.

In presence of the fact that the immense majority of mankind adhere pertinaciously to the creeds, political and religious, in which they are brought up; and in presence of the further fact that on behalf of their creeds, however acquired, there are soon enlisted prejudices which practically shut out adverse evidence; it is not to be expected that the foregoing illustrations, even joined with kindred illustrations previously given, will make them see that society is a growth and not a manufacture, and has its laws of evolution.

From prime ministers down to plough-boys there is either ignorance or disregard of the truth that nations acquire their vital structures by natural processes and not by artificial devices. If the belief is not that social arrangements have been divinely ordered thus or thus, then it is that they have been made thus or thus by kings, or if not by kings then by parliaments. That they have come about by small accumulated changes not contemplated by rulers, is an open secret which only of late has been recognised by a few and is still unperceived by the many—educated as well as uneducated. Though the turning of the land into a food-producing surface, cleared, fenced, drained, and covered with farming appliances, has been achieved by men working for individual profit not by legislative direction—though villages, towns, cities, have insensibly grown up under the desires of

men to satisfy their wants—though by spontaneous co-operation of citizens have been formed canals, railways, telegraphs, and other means of communication and distribution; the natural forces which have done all this are ignored as of no account in political thinking. Our immense manufacturing system with its multitudinous inventions, supplying both home and foreign consumers, and the immense mercantile marine by which its products are taken all over the globe and other products brought back, have been naturally and not artificially originated. That transformation by which, in thousands of years, men's occupations have been so specialized that each, aiding to satisfy some small division of his fellow-citizen's needs has his own needs satisfied by the work of hundreds of others, has taken place without design and unobserved. Knowledge developing into science, which has become so vast in mass that no one can grasp a tithe of it, and which now guides productive activities at large, has resulted from the workings of individuals prompted not by the ruling agency but by their own inclinations. So, too, has been created the still vaster mass distinguished as literature, yielding the gratifications filling so large a space in our lives. Nor is it otherwise with the literature of the hour. That ubiquitous journalism which provides satisfactions for men's more urgent mental wants, has resulted from the activities of citizens severally pursuing private benefits. And supplementing these come the innumerable companies, associations, unions, societies, clubs, subserving enterprise, philanthropy, culture, art, amusement; as well as the multitudinous institutions annually receiving millions by endowments and subscriptions: all of them arising from the unforced co-operations of citizens. And yet so hypnotized are nearly all by fixedly contemplating the doings of ministers and parliaments, that they have no eyes for this marvellous organization which has been growing for thousands of years without governmental help—nay, indeed, in spite of governmental hindrances. For in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, banking, journalism, immense injuries have been done by laws—injuries afterwards healed by social forces which have thereupon set up afresh the normal courses of growth. So unconscious are men of the life of the social organism that though the spontaneous actions of its units, each seeking livelihood, generate streams of food which touch at their doors every hour—though the water for their morning bath, the lights for their rooms, the fires in their grates, the bus or tram which takes them to the City, the business they carry on (made possible by the distributing system they share in), the evening "Special" they glance at, the theatre or concert to which they presently go, and the cab home, all result from the unprompted workings of this organized humanity, they remain blind. Though by its vital activities capital is drafted to places where it is most wanted, supplies of commodities balanced in every

locality and prices universally adjusted—all without official supervision; yet, being oblivious of the truth that these processes are socially originated without design of any one, they cannot believe that society will be bettered by natural agencies. And hence when they see an evil to be cured or a good to be achieved, they ask for legal coercion as the only possible means.

More than this is true. If, as every parliamentary debate and every political meeting shows, the demands for legislation pay no attention to that beneficent social development which has done so much and may be expected to increase in efficiency, still more do they ignore the *law* of that development—still less do they recognize a natural order in the changes by which society passes from its lower to its higher stages. Though, as we have seen, the process of evolution exemplified in the genesis of the professions, is similar in character to the process exemplified in the genesis of political and ecclesiastical institutions and everywhere else; and though the first inquiry rationally to be made respecting any proposed measure should be whether or not it falls within the lines of this evolution, and what must be the effects of running counter to the normal course of things; yet not only is no such question ever entertained, but one who raised it would be laughed down in any popular assemblage and smiled at as a dreamer in the House of Commons: the only course thought wise in either the cultured or the uncultured gathering being that of trying to estimate immediate benefits and evils.

Nor will any argument or any accumulation of evidence suffice to change this attitude until there has arisen a different type of mind and a different quality of culture. The politician will still spend his energies in rectifying some evils and making more—in forming, reforming, and again reforming—in passing acts to amend acts that were before amended; while social schemers will continue to think that they have only to cut up society and re-arrange it after their ideal pattern and its parts will join together again and work as intended!

HERBERT SPENCER.

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

TO many good Christians it may, no doubt, appear to be an impertinence to ask what is the essence of their religion. They are living in it, and know the help it brings them, and they see no reason to enter on an inquiry, the result of which may prove unsettling. And it may be thankfully acknowledged that, even when we are suffering from religious perplexity, there are ways in which we may assure ourselves of the vital truth of our religion without waiting till all our perplexities are solved. To make sure that we are in contact with the realities of our faith, and are not unwarrantably sheltering ourselves under its name, we have only to go to church and enter heartily into the simple actions which are done there. The rites of Christianity are older than its doctrines; and when we identify ourselves with the Christian congregation, we are "in the current." Even should we not understand the doctrine, or should we find it inadequate to our experience and our hopes, we yet find Christ, who is present wherever two or three are gathered together in His name, when we look upon the faces of our fellow-worshippers, and join with them in praise and prayer. Again, when we join in the good works which are part, at least, of the Church's liturgy, we approach most really and truly, the essence of the faith.

There can be no doubt, however, that most Christians desire not only to practise the actions belonging to their religion, but also to understand why they do so. Every one has some kind of theory of religion, and there are, perhaps, few who are not anxious to be assured that the theory they hold on this matter is a true one. What is Christianity? what is the central truth of it; does the practice of the religion correspond with the ideal of it, or is

the ideal very much higher and better? What does Christianity require us to believe, to do, to aim at? What is the gist of the matter, and who is the true Christian? These questions are incessantly being put, consciously or unconsciously, wherever there is any living thought and active conscience as to the things of Christ. The preacher has constantly to ask himself what ought to be put in the forefront of his message; the missionary has to ask himself still more anxiously the same question; and those who organise missionary effort feel it to be their duty to specify that feature of Christianity which is to be presented most prominently to the heathen, as its most vital and essential part. A perpetual discussion on this subject goes on in the more intelligent sections of the community; and the Church incessantly finds it necessary to declare what elements of the faith committed to her keeping are specially to be insisted on. The Church has to guard against attempts which are made, and constantly renewed, on the one hand, to narrow Christianity down to a special type of religious experience, and, on the other, to extend it so widely as to sever it from its historical root, and from the true source of its strength. The creeds, it is true, remain unchanged, but each generation has a new view of what is most important in the creeds, and the Church finds out ever afresh what the truth is which she is specially called to uphold.

At the present time, especially, the question of the essence of Christianity is brought in a very pressing way under our notice. In several departments of theology the inquiry has recently attained great prominence and urgency, what Christianity really and essentially is, and these discussions are not of an unimportant or ephemeral nature, but are undoubtedly destined to grow in volume, and to force themselves on the attention of all earnest minds. The inquiry as to the true nature of our religion is obviously a vast one, and is capable of being treated on a very extensive scale. This paper aims at no more than the suggestion of some of its more immediately important aspects. The first of these is connected with comparative religion. If Christianity is to be brought into the general study of religion, and to be compared in a satisfactory way with other faiths, a definition of essential Christianity is obviously called for. In the second place, it may be asked whether the definition thus required for the purposes of comparative religion is suited for the needs of those who are living in the religion and depend on it for their spiritual guidance and nourishment. That school of German theology which is at present most full of life and spirit—namely, the so-called Ritschlian school—is content with such a view of Christianity as recommends itself to the science of religion, and holds with apostolic fervour that only with such a view of it can the sources of Christian faith and enthusiasm flow as they should. We shall indicate the basis which is thus

recommended for our faith, and shall conclude by pointing out what appear to us to be its deficiencies.

I.

If the study of comparative religion is to be carried on not as a matter of external facts and of statistics only, but in a manner worthy of the historic and philosophic interest surrounding it, the question must be asked with regard to each of the great religions, what is its essential and characteristic element. Every religion which continues for some time in the world undergoes in the course of its growth various modifications, so that it presents a different appearance in one century from that which it had in the century before. And a religion which spreads far in the world, and becomes the faith of many lands and nations, necessarily assumes a great variety of forms. Amid all these differences of time and place the student is compelled to ask what is the underlying unity in the religion which is to be recognised in all its forms. Till this inquiry has been made with regard to the different religions no true or satisfactory comparison of them is possible. We may, indeed, forbear from this difficult inquiry, and content ourselves with a series of external observations. Such and such religions, we may observe, agree in having sacred books, in such a set of them each has a doctrine of incarnation, more or less refined, or a doctrine of redemption, and those of such a group agree in the practice of preaching as an aid to the religious life, or as an element of worship. Such an external comparison, however, does not lead far. It leads to a knowledge of the general laws of growth which all religions more or less observe, and it enables us to classify them in various ways; but it does not aid us in the appreciation of the peculiar genius of a religion taken by itself, or of the contribution made by it to the whole sum of the religious aspirations of mankind. We require to know the religions in a deeper and more intimate way, and must, if possible, specify in the case of each of them what is the germ out of which it grows, and what is the central line of its development from that germ. What is the essential part of it, we must ask; what is that element in it which is present in all its true and genuine forms? And what in these forms is accidental and belongs to the particular age and nation, or to the framework which every religion must assume in order to continue and rule, rather than to the special genius of that particular faith?

This applies to the case of Christianity also, unless indeed our own religion is to be withdrawn from the ken of comparative theology; a proposal of which we shall have a word or two to say directly. Christianity has passed through as rich a growth, and has had as

eventful a history, as any other faith : it has, therefore, worn widely different aspects in various ages. It has also spread widely, and in becoming the faith of many nations in north, south, east, and west, has adapted itself to the character and requirements of each in such a way as to put on a great variety of forms. When we are asked to compare Christianity with any of the religions which it superseded, or with any of those now existing beside it in the world, must we not, in order to do so in a manner at all satisfactory, inquire first of all what Christianity itself is? In a scientific discussion we are not entitled to assume that the faith and practice of the Western Church alone is Christianity, still less that of the Church of England alone, or that of the Church of Scotland alone. The beliefs and rites of Italy are very different from those of England, and so, in another direction, are those of the Scottish Highlander, and many another very marked variation might be mentioned. All of these alike call themselves Christian, and the name cannot be refused to any of them. Is there then a unity in all these forms of Christianity, and in what does that unity consist? What is the essence of this religion? What is the central fact or view, out of which all this bewildering variety of forms has sprung, and with which we must assume that they are all to some extent inspired? Till we have answered this question any comparison we institute between our own religion and others, must be quite inconclusive and ineffective. Our argument must be vitiated by the fatal flaw that we are using a term which we have not defined, and using it in a sense which our critics, *i e*, all those belonging to other faiths, and the great majority of those holding our own, are likely to call in question.

We might, it is true, make up our minds not to include Christianity in our survey of the religions of the world ; indeed, it is urged in many quarters that this is the right course to pursue. A Christian student of comparative theology at least, we are told, ought not to include his own religion in that study. But it is impossible thus to isolate one religion, even though it be our own, and stands, to our eyes, far above the rest, as it is much nearer and much dearer ; nor would it be to the advantage of our religion that it should be kept apart from the study of the world's worships. To except Christianity would be to deprive that study of its crowning interest and value, and to degrade it to an inquiry into mere antiquities and curiosities far removed from our own thoughts and lives. We see at once, when the proposal is stated, how impossible it is, and how unworthy of Christianity it would be, to keep it thus apart. We may be sure, moreover, that if the friends of our religion do not bring it into comparison with others, its enemies will certainly do so, and to its disadvantage.

Comparative religion then requires us to say what we mean by

Christianity. In pursuing this science we must seek our definition of Christianity according to the same method as that which is observed in other cases. Now the method by which it is attempted to define the essence of a religion is as follows. First, there is the case of a national religion, which does not owe its existence to the definite action of a great personality, recognised as its founder, but is known to have grown up gradually with, and in the growth of, the nation. Here we start from the firm principle that the religion of a people expresses its deepest views, and most characteristic aspirations. We, therefore, inquire, in the first place, about the nation; we ask, to what family of the world's inhabitants it belongs, and what dower it brought with it originally from that family; we consider the land in which it settled, and the influence such a land might be expected to have on such a people; and thus we endeavour to understand, and to account for, the special character which distinguishes that nation from others. The character of the nation explains to us its religion, and helps us to understand the attitude it took up towards its gods, and the nature of the prayers and offerings it thought necessary to present to them. Now this process is only partly applicable to Christianity, but to a certain extent it has to be applied. To understand the differences between Eastern and Western Christianity, or between the worship which prevails to the south of the Alps and that of Northern Europe, or even between the religion of the Teuton and that of the Celt, some such process as we have described must be resorted to. The reason why Christianity has assumed such different forms in the various countries which have adopted it, is that no two nations are alike in their characters and ideals, and that Christianity had to adapt itself to a great variety of national characters, and to establish itself in the place of a number of different national religions. In each case it was inevitably coloured by the religion it supplanted. To understand the local differences of Christianity, therefore, we have to study the characters of the various Christian nations, or, which is almost the same thing, the nature of the old religions.

But Christianity is something more than a group of national religions. It shares with a small number of other faiths the distinction that it traces its origin to a personal founder. And the problem of a religion which was founded by a certain person is quite different from that of the religion which grew up imperceptibly with the growth of a nation. How do we proceed in this case to fix the essence of a religion which has spread far and continued long?

To do this is the office of literary and historical criticism. The books have to be examined which supply our information as to the life and teaching of the founder; they have to be placed in their true historical order instead of the traditional order in which they have

been arranged for purposes of edification; and they have to be tested in various ways. The attempt has to be made to separate the original historical facts which they contain from the additions made to them later by pious imagination. The acts and words from which so wonderful a growth proceeded have to be cleared as far as possible from the doubts and shadows which rest on all records of extraordinary occurrences in the distant past, and established as historically certain. It stands to reason that the germ from which the great and spreading plant of a religion sprang, must be sought at the very beginning of its history. It is there that the secret and mystery must lie which have wrought so powerfully in the world. To understand that secret and mystery we have to study the history of the founder; nothing else will help us. We must examine the nature of the ground in which he sowed his seed. We must ask what were the wants and the perplexities which weighed upon his countrymen and what attempts had been made before him to solve the problem of the time. We must study the person of the founder himself, and try to understand both how he came to be what he was, and how it was that his acts and words operated so powerfully. Nothing that takes place in the religion afterwards is nearly so important as this. This is the unity in the religion, which was there before any differences began to show themselves, and to which all schools and parties in it afterwards alike appeal. What the founder did and said and was, especially his acts of devotion, his prayers and observances, how he trained and encouraged his followers, how he bore himself towards unbelievers, and with what views he looked forward to the future of his cause, all these things have in the eyes of the faithful in after ages an inexpressible interest. They feel that the nature of their religion was fixed then and there. Even when far other considerations than these come to the front in its subsequent history, when it has come to possess a sacred canon and a hierarchy and a creed, and to insist on many a doctrine and many an observance of which the founder never dreamed, still his figure and his words dwell in the hearts of all believers; these constitute the power on which the stately sacerdotal system is built up; these are the standard of the religion, and if it is not acted up to, at least it can never be denied. What is plainly contrary to that standard, though supported by ever so high authority, and buttressed by vested interests which seem entirely unassailable, is felt to be a usurpation, and is doomed sooner or later to be changed.

The method, then, is clear, by which the essence of a personally founded religion must be determined. Very little reflection is needed to show that it is the only possible method. Only in the founder do all the lines of thought converge which exist in the widely branching religion. No words which are spoken in it afterwards can ever have

the same authority as his. When once the founder has lived his life and delivered his message, no radical alteration can afterwards take place in the religion without removing him from his place as its central figure and so destroying the enthusiasm by which it is nourished. The founder cannot divide his power with any other, or hand it over to any successor. He and he only has the words of life for all his followers; the essence of his religion is to be sought in him alone.

If there is any truth in the principles now stated, then we can be in no doubt to what quarter the student of religion must look for the answer to his inquiry as to the essence of Christianity. For the purposes of the science of religion at least, there is only one course open, and it is to go to the records of the life and teaching of Christ, as we go to the narrative of the life of Buddha to learn what is the essence of Buddhism, or to the early chapters (chronologically) of the Koran for the essence of Islam. And as in these cases so also in that of Christianity, we must not take the records as we find them, but must invoke the aid of criticism to sift and arrange them. An attempt has to be made to eliminate those parts of them which show vestiges of literary growth posterior to the lifetime of the founder, to trace the outline of the life as it actually happened, and to collect the sayings which can be shown to belong undoubtedly to the original teaching. Should it prove that these critical processes can be carried out successfully, and that they lead to results on which we can depend, there will be placed before us by their aid that which we must regard as the headspring of Christianity. Here we shall find Christianity in its earliest stage, before it threw out any variations, and before any doubt arose as to the purport of its message. It may be true, as an active school of critics contends, that many other causes besides the appearance of the Founder must have been at work in starting the movement; but, on the other hand, the story of the Founder could not have held the place it does did it not express in the most lifelike way the genius of the religion. Such is the figure, such the doctrine which all followers of the religion agree in recognising as their standard. When, therefore, we understand the character and teaching of the Founder of Christianity, we may disregard, as bearing on the question of the essence of the faith, the various types into which the original message afterwards branched out. This, though the apostles afterwards connected it with different kinds of doctrines, and though the Church in the moulding of her system may seem to have forgotten it, is the original truth of Christianity, which remains present in the religion even when it is most neglected, and which is always capable of being called to the front and of asserting its true place as the standard of Christian belief and practice, and the spring of Christian enthusiasm. To the science of religion, at least, the essence of Christianity is to be found in the Gospels only; it is Christ

Himself, living, teaching, suffering, dying. The life as there enshrined, and the doctrine, not as a set of loosely connected precepts, but as a unity—criticism can surely recover the unity which must have been there at first—as a view of life and a principle of life not only spoken in words, but expressed by the Founder's whole personality, and embodied and demonstrated in all He was and did; these must be the primary element of Christianity, the unity amid all its variations, and the source of its power. What comes later in the growth of our religion cannot be so important as this. However far-reaching and momentous later developments may have been in forming the beliefs of Christendom, these later growths cannot be regarded as primary. They are not the type; they belong to the variations of the type; they are not the essence, but the accidents of Christianity.

II.

We now turn to look at our problem from another point of view. Comparative religion, we have seen, looking at Christianity from the outside, and treating it impartially by the same method as it applies in other cases of the same kind, seeks to arrive at the required definition of our religion by taking the records of the Founder's life and teaching and subjecting them to critical treatment, so as to make out as far as possible the original facts and ideas from which the Christian movement sprang. Is this procedure suited to the wants of those who are not outside observers of Christianity, but are living in it, and who depend on it for their spiritual reassurance and nourishment? Must the definition of Christianity arrived at by comparative religion be left behind when we proceed to study our religion from within? Or must large additions be made to it; must we add to it various elements of Christian thought which are not presented to us in the Gospels and which only attained their development after the lifetime of the Master, at the hands of the apostles, or of the Church in later centuries? These, no doubt, are questions regarding which every Christian of intelligence has had his thoughts, and which are constantly coming to the surface wherever Christian men take counsel together, whether in pulpit, or press, or in ordinary conversation, as to the nature and the requirements of their faith. Nothing can be said on them which has not already occurred to every mind of average penetration. And yet much must be said about them still.

On the one hand, we must expect to be told that to regard the critical results of the study of the Gospels as furnishing what is to be regarded as essential Christianity is to assign to Biblical criticism a function which it cannot discharge, since criticism, if thoroughly carried out, is a negative rather than a positive science, and rather takes away what is dear to religion than affords to religion its material

and nourishment. The criticism of the Gospels in particular, it will be said, is in too unsettled a state, and embraces too many great questions which are still disputed, to allow us to hope that it can yield us the clear representations on which faith may rest. The relations of the Gospels to each other are not yet determined, the life of Christ is in great part quite unknown, and, where it is known, the true construction of the facts is much disputed. As for the words of Christ, they are recorded so differently in the different narratives, and so many words placed in His mouth are held by many scholars to be due to later growths of the tradition, that it is impossible to make a collection of them which can be regarded with confidence, or to draw up any satisfactory reasoned account of His teaching as a whole. All this will be said on the one side, not by sceptics, but by men of the strongest orthodoxy; and, on the other side, it must, of course, appear to many that a great deal of what is most essential in Christianity is not found in the Gospels at all. Archbishop Whately, the writer has heard from one who knew him, was accustomed to warn young men against expecting to find the Gospel in the Gospels. His way of thinking is not dead, but widely prevalent; an account of Christianity which is taken from the Gospels alone must seem to very many to be quite one-sided and fatally inadequate. It is a common experience, and one at which we cannot wonder, that when an attempt is made to draw up a statement of what may claim to be universally regarded as the original Christian truth, and when for this purpose the writer follows closely the words of the Master Himself and does not travel beyond the Master's own teaching, the cry at once arises from Churchmen and doctors of the faith that that is not Christianity, and that it is to degrade and insult our religion to state it in such a way. That, we say, is not to be wondered at.

I venture, however, to plead that we should not be turned back by such difficulties from at least considering what seems, at first sight, to be a reasonable course of procedure. Let us ask what kind of basis the believing Christian will have for his religion, if he should determine that it ought to be founded, at least in the first instance, on the Gospels, and on the Gospels critically treated. Only the salient points, of course, of such a faith can here be indicated.

We noticed the assertion that criticism, and especially the criticism of the Gospels, is not well fitted to furnish a positive basis for faith. It may be suggested that this objection is not so applicable to the present stage of the study of the Gospels as to some of its earlier stages, and that if historical facts are ever suited to provide the starting-point of religion, the facts contained in the Gospels as they are now coming to be known are eminently adapted to render us this service. It may, indeed, be maintained that the seed-plot of religion must always be sought in the ideal rather than the real, and that base

historical facts can never furnish the ideal element in which religion has its rise. It depends on the kind of facts that are in question. There appears to be no antecedent reason why religion should always take its rise in circumstances which are historically misty and obscure. Nor is there any reason why facts which are historically certain and plain should not carry us very close to the ideals which religion needs. If the facts of the Gospel history are being cleared of doubts and uncertainties, they will surely act not less, but more effectively, if in themselves they are of a nature to suggest the reality of spiritual things. And thus criticism, which in the first instance takes away what is dear to piety, may prove here to have more to give than ever it took away. All criticism sets out with questions and denials, and the criticism of the Gospels, carried on during the last two generations, certainly did so. But the ultimate aim of criticism is not to deny, but to build up, and the very negations with which it sets out tend, by awakening inquiry and showing the weak points of the traditional view of a subject, to bring about in time a positive and scientific construction, every part of which has been well tested, and may therefore be regarded with confidence. And it may be maintained that the criticism of the Gospels has now, in the main, passed through its negative stage, and is bringing into view a body of positive results for which the devout Christian may be expected, as soon as he understands their bearing, to be extremely thankful. We do not speak here of the Gospel of John, with regard to which all will probably agree that the process of determining the precise amount of historical fact it may contain is less advanced in its case than in that of the first three Gospels. Nor do we forget that many questions connected with the Synoptic Gospels cannot yet be answered. But few scholars will deny that the origin of these works and their relation to each other, as well as the main outlines of the story they jointly contain, and also the scope of the teaching of the Master, are much better understood to-day than they were thirty years ago. The comparatively new method of studying the three first Gospels in synopsis, comparing the order in which the matter is presented in each and the form in which the individual sections appear in each of them, that method is gradually bringing to light the simple story which underlies them all. We see far more clearly than we did formerly the first impressions made by Jesus on His friends and on His countrymen; we also see more clearly what He Himself thought of the work He had come to do, and of the extraordinary powers He found Himself to possess for the discharge of His mission. There is still, no doubt, much difference of opinion on many important points, such as the precise stage at which He came to recognise Himself as the Messiah, and the meaning of the title, "Son of Man," which He adopted. But the figure as a whole, and the story as a

whole, are becoming more clear and definite, and not less so under the work of the criticism of the Gospels. We know much better than formerly both the public and the inner life of Jesus, and the nature both of His acts and of His teaching. In such works as Holtzmann's "Commentary on the Synoptic Gospels" * and Wendt's "Doctrine of Jesus," † the new structure begins to be visible which the long and arduous process of criticism has been preparing. Of lives of Jesus the supply has in recent times been somewhat scanty, of such works, at least, as are written with due regard to critical knowledge; and those which were written a quarter of a century ago were based on critical positions which are now for the most part abandoned. When a new life of Jesus comes to be written by a scholar thoroughly equipped for the task and gifted with the necessary sympathy and insight, it will be found to tell a simpler and a more interesting story than that of either Renan or Keim, not to speak of the confused productions written in our own country. The incidents will be sketched more firmly, and the inner processes in the mind of Jesus will be traced more adequately than they have ever been. Like every great religious teacher, Jesus is made much more real by the new methods of historical study. He is brought much nearer to us; we understand much with regard to Him that was formerly obscure and mysterious, and the origin of our religion becomes, while not less wonderful, more convincing to our judgment, more irresistible to our sympathies.

It would obviously far exceed the limits at our disposal did we attempt to trace even the merest outlines of the life and teaching of Jesus as they are now coming to be known. All we can do is to notice a few points bearing on our present inquiry as to the claim of that life and teaching to be regarded as conveying to us the essence of the Christian religion.

One fact which appears more and more strongly, may stand first. There can be no greater error on this subject than that of regarding Jesus as a teacher only, or as one who propounded a new theory of the world or of human life, and trusted to the inner force of truth to bring about the victory of His doctrine. The apostles knew well that the religion they preached was not a word so much as a power. Jesus cannot be classed with the philosophers. If ever a philosopher founded a religion, which may be very much doubted, it was not He. It was not from the intellectual, but from the moral and religious sphere that those acts and words came forth by which He moved His fellow-countrymen and then the world. His whole life was rooted in religion, that is to say, in the sense of need, and in conscious intercourse with the Unseen Power by which the sorrows of men are com-

* "Handcommentar zum Neuen Testament." Mohr, Freiburg: vol. 1.

† Translated for T. & T. Clark by Rev. James Wilson.

forted and their deepest needs supplied. He felt, as others did not feel, the whole depth and intensity of the distresses under which His fellow-countrymen laboured: "He took their infirmities and bore their sicknesses." It was evident to Him how little remedy there was for these infirmities and sicknesses in the common religion of the day. Official piety made the way to God not easy but difficult for these weary and heavy-laden souls, and even when they tread most conscientiously the path marked out for them they found little comfort. Jesus undertook to remedy this state of things, not as a philosopher with a new doctrine which might bear fruit in a coming generation, but as a Saviour who was able to give rest and guidance at once, then and there. To ignore the practical side of His activity, and to judge of His doctrine as if it stood alone and might have been spoken by another and been associated with a different kind of life, is fatally to misjudge both the character of Jesus and that of His teaching.

It was in religion, moreover, that the salvation of which He spoke was to be found. The remedy He offered for all the ills of life, the permanent remedy (for the cures he wrought furnished at the best but a transient alleviation), lay in religion, in that life towards God in which His own days were spent, and which brought Him peace in all His temptations and afflictions. Others might share that life with God, and He summoned them to do so. The kingdom had come and every one could enter it and live with God as child with father. This was the pearl of great price which a man might do well to part with all he had to purchase. In this kingdom all who should enter it would find a happiness which would amply compensate them for all outward ills and sacrifices; all mourners would find comfort, all hunger and thirst would be satisfied; then those who put forward no claims would find that all their wishes were fulfilled. To bring to men these highest comforts Jesus came forward. He appeared as one filled by a higher Power, and spoke and acted like one of the old prophets, but as a greater than they, strength in His arm, fire on His tongue. He declared that which He knew Himself, but that also which He knew to be open and accessible to all, as the sovereign remedy for all the evils under which men labour.

And thus it was that Jesus became the Founder of Christianity. To found a religion is to bring to men afresh the conviction of the reality and the nearness and the help of God; and he is the greatest religious founder who does this in such a way that the relation with God which he opens up will continue longest; who goes down, that is to say, most simply and directly to the needs which all men feel, and complicates his teaching least with details which belong to a particular place or time. Such a founder of religion we believe Jesus to have been to a degree far beyond all others. He grasped

the essential wants and longings of the human soul, and felt them Himself most deeply. And He was convinced, at the same time, of the reality and nearness, wherever these wants were felt, of the Heavenly Power which was able to far more than relieve them. That He conceived this intercourse with God in so broad and deep a way that it proved afterwards not to be limited to any particular race, and that He did not wrap it up in any form which might have made its acceptance hard, this shows how great He was, and how truly the saying was applied to Him that "in His name should the Gentiles trust."

All communication of religious impressions, it may be affirmed, takes place less by precept than by example. Of the teaching of Jesus, at least, this may be said with confidence. He taught nothing that He was not actually living Himself, nothing that He had not gone through so that He could state it as a fact of His own experience. He preached Himself; and the doctrine had power because it was seen to be not a mere doctrine, but a life of the greatest depth and intensity clothing itself in simple words. Those who saw and heard Him felt themselves to be witnessing an intercourse with God such as they had not conceived before, and true souls were drawn irresistibly to come near to that intercourse, and to enter it themselves. In urging His fellow-countrymen to have faith in God, and to recognise Him as their Father in heaven, to live with Him as His children, and to accept in all things His will, to look to Him for daily help where they most needed help, and confidently to expect His aid and consolation, Jesus did but call them to stand where He already stood, and to be as He was. Those who stood nearest to Him saw most clearly that this was so, and thus the spread of the religion to other lives took place less by intellectual conviction than by the force of personal example. New possibilities had been opened up to the early converts in their own lives, the attractive power of the Master Himself, combined with the new motives called to life in their heart, left them no choice but to follow Him.

As for the teaching of Jesus, that part of it at least which is not taken up with polemics, but with the moral and spiritual life, it is simply the working out of the position in which He stood Himself, and in which He called others to stand, towards God and towards men. What manner of persons must those be who are living in God's kingdom, and who look to Him as their Father in heaven, that is the principle theme of it. It tells of the spontaneous and unfettered piety which they must cultivate, of the urgent prayers they must employ in all their necessities, of the hard self-conquest they must aim at, of the unintermitted efforts they must make to advance, and not fall back. It also tells them what they must be in their relation with others, if they are the children of such a Father, how forgiving and how merciful,

how heedless of their own claims and rights, how considerate even of the weaknesses and prejudices of others, how patient, how humble, how bent on doing good, good always and everywhere, and never evil, under any provocation or any pretext whatever. In the Epistles and the Acts we can see, to a large extent, how the followers of Jesus understood His teaching, and in what ways they strove to carry it out in their daily habits and practices, and in their social arrangements.

The above sketch is, of course, most inadequate; but it indicates the manner in which the foundation of the Christian religion took place at the hands of the Saviour. It was thus, the historical treatment of the sources enables us to see, that the religion which dwelt first in Christ Himself, and the revelation of God which He brought, first passed from Him to others. It is little to say that the criticism which brings these results clearly before us is not negative or destructive. On the contrary, it makes the Gospels infinitely more interesting to us, and infinitely more full of religious substance, than they could ever be when we brought to our reading of them a theological system to which they must be made to conform. We feel afresh the mighty impulse which came through the acts and words of Jesus to the souls of His countrymen, and the awakening which He brought to pass in them of a new earth and sky, filled with thoughts and aspirations unknown before. We feel with them that God has visited His people, and each familiar word wears for us a new meaning. Those who have tried it are able to speak from experience of the eager interest the Gospel narrative awakens in classes of young men and women of ordinary education, when it is put before them in such a way as criticism can approve. By extracting from the Gospels the original story which underlies them and presenting, without *arrière pensée* of doctrine, the actual facts of the history of Jesus, and the unalloyed words of His teaching, they find that they wield a far mightier instrument than they ever had before for compelling men to take an interest in Christ, and for bringing them under the influence of His Gospel.

It is no doubt the case that Christians have always recognised the supreme authority in their religion of the Master Himself, and that His word has always been regarded as their law. There is nothing new, it may be thankfully acknowledged, in what we have here stated. No other authority has prevailed nearly so universally among Christian people as that of the Saviour Himself. In all ages of the Church and in all Christian lands it has been felt that the supreme appeal lay there, if only it were possible to have recourse to it; and the authority of the Saviour has been the basis on which every other authority that has ever prevailed in Christendom has professed to be founded. There is nothing new or unheard of in the statement that Christians must

ask in every matter which admits of such treatment. "What does Christ say? How would Christ have us act? In such and such a doctrine or rite or practice in accordance with the mind of Christ?" What is pointed out is that the words and the example of Christ are now placed before us more clearly and more certainly than they ever were before, and that, as the results of the criticism of the Gospels become more widely diffused, we may expect that this supreme tribunal of Christian people will be better known and more generally resorted to than it ever was before since the earliest Christian age. There is no excuse possible save ignorance for not resorting to it now. The confusions and difficulties which have impeded the spread of essential Christianity have arisen in large measure from the facts that the Gospels were not rightly understood and that their purport was obscured by views and considerations arising from elsewhere. Now that we are coming to know what the Gospels really contain, we are placed in a position in which Christians have never stood before since the second century, for deriving the inspiration of our religious life from the Master Himself, and for applying His laws to the affairs of our souls and of our daily conduct. We have obtained in a greater degree than our forefathers for many centuries, the opportunity of observing Christ's words and acts, and of coming in contact with Him, not through the medium of ecclesiastical doctrines and traditions, but in some measure as those did who "saw and touched and handled," the Word of Life. What they obtained from that contact, we also in a measure may obtain. If the effect was with them that they looked to no one but Him, and listened to no words but His, for their comfort and guidance, and that in doing this they felt themselves to be made partakers of the divine life He brought into the world, it may be well for us to drink of the same spring. The simple creed of the infant Church, that "Jesus is Lord," might possibly be enough for our creed. If to us as to them Jesus is the Messiah, who fulfils our best hopes and brings us into a divine communion and a heavenly kingdom, then surely we are warranted to believe that we possess the main qualifications of His followers, and that we have embraced what is most original, most universal, and most essential, in His religion.

III.

We have seen that, in order to institute a satisfactory comparison of Christianity with other religions, we require to go back beyond all the variations of Christian belief and rite to the unity which is to be found in the Founder Himself alone. And we have seen that, to those living in the Christian community, the Master Himself is the highest authority; and further, that the criticism of the Gospels, far from making His figure or His teaching less clear or less impressive, brings

Him much nearer to us, and makes it both easier and more necessary to consult Him. The essence of our religion then would seem, so far as we have gone, to be conveyed to us in the Synoptic Gospels. It is in these works that we learn what our religion was at its first inception, and what every genuine form of it must be, at least approximately. To be a Christian, accordingly, is to hear the voice of the Master as it may there be heard, to take up His yoke and follow Him, and to receive from Him His spirit, and walk in it, both in our life towards God and in our life with men.

But Christianity, as it now exists in the world, embraces a great deal more than this. The religion of Christ early surrounded itself, as every set of ideas must do which is to continue in the world and to rule over man's minds, with a set of institutions and arrangements, of which it may at least be said that the Founder had given no detailed instructions for them. Even in the New Testament we can see the beginning of certain growths in Christianity, which have little organic connection with the teaching of the Founder. The Church begins even there to acquire a constitution; functionaries of various kinds are recognised; a distinctively Christian order of worship appears; certain books of Christian origin acquire high esteem; and the creed of Christianity outgrows its earliest form, that Jesus is the Messiah, and contains further statements about Him. These movements, seen in germ in the New Testament, had afterwards a very extensive development; and in the end of the second century Christianity was fully equipped with an episcopal order of government, a liturgy, a canon of sacred books, and a creed, which, as Professor Harnack and our own lamented Dr. Hatch point out, gave the religion a very different appearance from that which it wore in apostolic times. What now claimed the attention of the Christian was not, as formerly, at least not to the same degree as formerly, the discipline of following the Master and living with the brethren in faith and love; his duty now consisted in obeying the bishop, observing the rites and services of the Church, and believing the statements of the creed. Especially on the side of belief, the change from primitive Christianity to Christianity fully formed, was very great. Dr. Hatch begins his Hibbert Lectures (1888) by pointing out the difference between the Christianity of the origin and that of the State Church in the fourth century, as illustrated by the Sermon on the Mount, on the one hand, and on the other by the Nicene Creed. Between the dates of these two forms of words Christianity has assumed the character of a philosophy in addition to that of a religion; the creed which the Christian of the Nicene period was taught to recite contains a view of the creation of the world, of the inner nature of the Deity, of the dealings of God with man through Jesus Christ, and of the future history of the world. The Christian, in professing this faith, does far more than express his attachment to

no other is essential. According to Hermann, Christianity ought to have no creed regarding anything but the inner religious experience which is produced by contact with Christ in the Gospels. So entirely is the ruling creed of Christendom rejected.

Dr. Kaftan is still more explicit. The earlier part of his book is taken up with a very able demonstration of the way in which Christianity was in the early centuries diverted from its true nature and prevented from speaking to the world with its own proper voice, by coming under the influence of Greek ideas and allowing itself to be turned into a philosophy. The religion consisted at first in conduct, and it ought never to have allowed itself to be turned into a system of knowledge. Nor was this terrible mistake, committed at the entrance of Christianity on its empire, made good, as other mistakes were, at the Reformation. The Reformation did not reform doctrine, as it might have done, nor revert to the simplicity of the ideas of Christ; and the consequence was, in Kaftan's words, that "Protestantism was loaded with a dogmatic which does not answer the purposes of the Evangelical Church, and which that Church must, sooner or later, discard." He finds that the philosophers, while seeking to preserve doctrine by showing it to be philosophically true, have accomplished its entire and total ruin. "Doctrine cannot again be built up in the Protestant Church; dogma cannot now be accepted by those who have a single eye to the truth of our religion. The sum of the whole matter is, that the proof of Christianity by doctrine has broken down"; by which our author means that the view of the world expressed in the creeds cannot now be accepted by educated persons as the keystone of their knowledge of the world, and that the Church, out of a regard for her own interests, ought no longer to uphold that system of belief.

Dr. Kaftan finds the essence of Christianity in the idea of the "kingdom of God," which was the burden of the preaching of Jesus, though it passed so quickly out of sight in that of His followers. In seeking thus to bring to the front of Christian teaching the unselfish social idea with which our religion came into existence, he may reckon on the sympathy of those, and they are not few, who are turning in this age from an individualistic to a more communistic mode of thought in morals and in religion. And many undoubtedly will welcome the attempt made by these German thinkers with such fervour to draw the inspiration of the Christian life from Christ Himself as He is found in the Gospels. But it is possible to agree with them very cordially in this view, and yet to hold that Christianity, to be a complete religion, must necessarily have what they deny it, namely, a creed dealing with various matters of belief besides those present in direct religious experience; and also that the growth of doctrine in the Church has been something more than a mere progress

of error. The repudiation of the creed by these theologians, it may be remarked, is intimately connected with the agnostic position, for it may be so described, which they occupy in philosophy. They are the sworn foes of idealism, and will not hear of any attempt to interpret the world by intellectual ideas. Thus they reject the interpretation of the world by the ideas of the creeds, and they insist that Christianity must not seek to interpret the world in a system of knowledge at all, but must restrict itself to the sphere of conduct and renounce the claim to authority as a theory of the universe. Theology, instead of being the mother of all the sciences, is to confine herself to the study of the phenomena of religious experience, and the dream of a unity of knowledge to be gained through religion is to be entirely abandoned. Thus the demand, so often made by writers from without, of whom our own Matthew Arnold is a notable example, for a Christianity without metaphysic, for religion without dogma, for a return to the system of Christ at the sacrifice of the doctrine of the Church, has been taken up by eminent professors of divinity, who claim to be the exponents of the one true and evangelical Christianity. And we are enabled to see to what issues that view of religion ultimately leads, what a divorce it involves between faith and knowledge, what an invertebrate religion on the one hand, what a surrender on the other of all hope of a unity of knowledge under a religious idea.

The writings of these German theologians would seem to indicate that unbelief of Christian doctrine has reached a more extreme point in Germany than it can yet be said to have attained in our own country. No public teacher of theology in Britain could propose such a desperate remedy as theirs for the estrangement of the educated world from Christian doctrine. We may indeed expect that the teaching of the Ritschlian school, a teaching of such earnestness and fervour, and so representative of many of the tendencies, both intellectual and social, of the present age, will appear among ourselves, yet we may trust that we shall be spared the rude assaults on the Christian creed, and the sweeping condemnation of the whole development of doctrine with which the German apostles have appealed to their generation. In this country, it may be expected, at least, that a theology will not find ready acceptance which makes a fatal severance between faith and knowledge; and that we shall continue to seek in religion not only inspiration for life but also a view of the world, and an explanation of the riddles of existence. Our religion must tell us not only how we are to feel, and what we are to do, but also what we are to think, else it must come short of what religion has always professed to afford, and must always be called on to afford, to mankind. No religion can live long in any country which acknowledges no Supreme Being; and the fact that the God of the systems of Hermann and Kaftan has no relation to the outer world, but

appears in religious experience only, is enough to warrant the expectation that their teaching will not become the basis of a working Church system either in their own or in any other country. For the rejection of this part of the creed, at least, an inevitable retribution is at hand. The world cannot do without the belief in a Being in whom all things have their unity, who is supreme not only in the soul and conscience but also in the world of external Nature, who is the source of the natural order as well as of the moral law. And there is more of the creed than this which we cannot readily dispense with, and which, though walking in the full light of science and of criticism, we may still hope to hold. If we find in Jesus Christ the supreme revelation of the great God, and know Him to have opened up a new and living way to the Father, we must be led to reflect on the relation He bears to God, whose highest purpose for man He has thus accomplished, and on His relation to man, whose deepest wants He has supplied; and we shall not find the statements of the creeds on these points unworthy of respect and sympathy. If we find that by the sweet self-surrender, of which the cross is the great symbol, Christ brings us from the position of isolation and resistance which is natural to us, to a position of membership of a divine family, and of willing acceptance of the yoke of law and of duty, and that in this change our sins lose their power to paralyse us, we must reflect on these facts also; and for the redemption, which we and millions of others have experienced in Christianity, we must acknowledge Christ as the Redeemer. And for other features also of religious experience we shall be led to seek expression, framing them in statements which we do not regard as scientific truths but as truths of religion. Religion cannot get on without stating in the form of outward facts the great truths of the inner life; it must have doctrines; that is a law not of Christianity only but of all religion that is to continue and to bind men permanently together.

But while Christianity, like every religion, must have a creed, that is not to say that the creed is to be regarded as having the same authority as the original facts of the religion. Creeds are a part of that general apparatus which every religion must assume which is destined for continuance; they occupy a different position from the specific facts and ideas which are the original treasure of the particular religion; and the vessel ought not to be allowed to take the place of the contents of the vessel. Creeds are means to an end; they are for the truth, to help it in a rough way to be stated and handed on; not the truth for them. The Christian creeds contain the expression of Christian truth in the form of outward facts, which the early Church with infinite labour arrived at. But, while we recognise that the early Church was imperatively called to provide the religion of Christ with some such vestment, and while we thankfully acknowledge

that the Church was not without higher guidance in this work, we cannot regard the creeds as possessed of any inviolable sacredness. They are the work of the Church; and the Church from time to time makes new creeds, articles of religion, or confessions of faith, which supplement, and in some cases all but supersede, the older ones. The Church which is alive and true to her duty must from time to time revise her creed, as new views and new applications of the truth appear. The present day, it is said, is not a time for any such work of construction. But the day will assuredly arrive when the Church, seeing her Master's face more clearly than she has ever done before, and with a simpler view of the work He accomplished for mankind, will feel irresistibly called to set forth in a new statement what she believes concerning Him. The starting-point is given us in the old yet ever new conviction that Jesus is the Messiah, and though the attempts we have described to build up on this basis a consistent scheme of Christian thought must be deemed to have proved failures, new attempts to do so may succeed. Constructive theology will awaken in this country also (signs that this will be so are not wanting) to the noble task of proving that in religion the unity of human thought and knowledge may still be found, and that Christ is made to us of God in this age also, not only righteousness and sanctification and redemption, but also wisdom.

In the meantime we judge that the essence of Christianity is Christ Himself, as He appears in the Gospels, the revelation He there makes of God and of the true way of approaching Him, His teaching how the children of God should live together, His life crowned by His death. If this is so, then no other part of our religion, even though it may be a necessary part of the working system, must be allowed to come between us and that which is most essential. This implies that dogma is not to be allowed to interfere with criticism; we must study the Gospels and the other parts of the New Testament in a position of perfect liberty, with a view to finding in them not a pre-conceived doctrine about Christ, but Christ as He actually was and taught and influenced His followers. It also follows that we cannot accept any doctrine which involves a different attitude towards God, or any other religious spirit, than that of which Jesus gives us the example; and that any doctrine of which this can be said must be marked by us for removal from the creed when the time comes. What is above all necessary for the continuance among us of a true and living Christianity is that, all hindrances being removed, the sheep should hear the Shepherd's voice. When they hear it, they will not fail to follow Him.

ALLAN MENZIES.

NATURE IN THE EARLIER ROMAN POETS.

SENTIMENT is the fairy moss, the silvery lichen, which grows on the old walls—not unfrequently on the tombstone—of interest. One cannot help feeling respect for the unflinching directness of the people that raised an altar to the god Stercutus. Those who laid the foundations of Rome's greatness grasped the fact that Italy is an agricultural country, and that if you look to the crops, the heroes will take care of themselves. Hence the permanent importance and dignity ascribed to agricultural pursuits in the early days of the Republic, and the favour and support accorded to the cultivator of the soil. Whoever knows anything of Italian agriculture must have been struck by the care with which the Roman laws of the old period provided against the very troubles which beset the modern land-owner.

He will certainly have personal experience of the mischief done by (1) *ladri campestri*, the petty thieves who live by small but constantly repeated depredations; (2) intentional damage in harvest-field or vineyard; (3) loss caused by goats and other animals which pasture in the lanes and acquire great agility in jumping hedges. The shepherds who lead their flocks from the plains to the mountains in spring, and from the mountains to the plains in autumn, manage to maintain them for several weeks in each season almost without cost. There are peasants, too, who keep two or three animals when their plot will only support one—for the rest they must trust to heaven. I have seen a sheep trained to take a hedge like a hunter. (4) Encroachments of neighbouring proprietors on any spot not often visited by the owner. The Roman law looked to all these cases. He who wilfully injured another's crops or cut them down during the night was punished with crucifixion, or, if he were a minor, he was con-

signed to the injured proprietor to work as a slave till the loss should be recuperated. A person who intentionally set fire to the fields or to the grain was burnt alive; if he did it by accident he was flogged. The theft of agricultural implements was punished with death. You had a right to kill any one who removed your landmark. Monstrous as some of these penalties were, the spirit which ran through such legislation was more consonant with rural prosperity than that which inspires the tender-hearted Italian juries who practically refuse to convict under any of the above heads because the delinquent is a *povero diavolo*, and what can you expect?

Besides the summary method placed in the hands of the proprietor of defending his boundaries, these were further protected by the god Terminus, whose temple was on the Tarpeian rock, and who was represented without arms or legs because he never moved. When it was proposed to build a temple to Jupiter on the Tarpeian rock, the other gods, who had their seat there, gracefully made way, but Terminus refused to stir. The country people on his annual festival covered their boundary stones with flowers and sacrificed to the god.

Wise, and in the highest degree civilised, were the Roman laws which promoted the opening of markets and fairs and prohibited any assembly that might interfere with farmers on market-days; which allowed liberty to the grower to get the highest price he could and discouraged monopolies; which kept the public roads both safe and in excellent condition, thus facilitating the transport of produce.

Then came the too easy acquisition of wealth, the importation of Egyptian corn, the multiplication of slave-labour, the increase of large holdings and the consequent conversion of much arable land into pasture. No attempt can be made here to gauge the effects of these changes on the Italian peasantry. We often read of the Italian peasant class being swept away, but if this happened, it showed a remarkable faculty for resuscitation. Perhaps a love of eccentricity made De Quincey argue that, "there was not one ploughman the less at the end than at the beginning," but his paradox may not be farther from the truth than the theory of wholesale extirpation. Enough peasants were left to be the chief transmitters of the old Italian blood which was to colour all the northern deluges and so to bear out Virgil's prophecy that the name of Italy would survive every conquest and that, by a fatal law, only those invaders came to stay who merged their own language and character in the native speech and birth-stamp of the people of the land.

Through all changes the idea remained; the idea of the paramount importance and dignity of agriculture. The figure of the hero who, after saving his country, returned to till his fields, had taken hold of the Roman mind as the type of true virtue, and the quality of a nation's ideals is as important as the quality of its realities.

When Trajan made it a law that those who aspired to occupy public office must possess a third of their substance in land, he was wisely yielding to the influence of one of the continually recurring waves of popular opinion in favour of husbandry. However much the agriculturist was sacrificed, first to faction and then to despotism, this opinion never really altered. The taste for country things, of which all the Roman poets were in some degree interpreters, was built upon the national conviction of a national necessity.

The account given by Lucretius of the first steps of humanity was as good science as he could make it. No line, no word is thrown in for the sake of poetic effect; though the story is avowedly constructed by guess-work, the guesses are based on carefully weighed probabilities.

The type of his primitive man and woman is to be looked for, not among contemporary savages (who may have been descending all the while that we have been ascending), but among our fellow-creatures the beasts of the field. Each animal in its natural state follows the law which is fitted to perpetuate its species; it is not the enemy of its kind, it has its own method of keeping its person and its nest or lair clean; the males do not ill-treat the females; parents bring up their offspring even at a great sacrifice to themselves; those species in which the male is obliged to find food for the female after the birth of the young ones are mostly monogamous, and as long as the contract lasts it is faithfully observed. In the time of courting every creature seeks to be admired by its mate. Here are the materials which Lucretius used.

If, he says, the human race in its infancy had not, as a rule, respected the weak, and watched over the woman and the child, it would very soon have come to an end. He describes the discovery of language much in the same way as a biologist of the present day would do; all creatures make different noises under different circumstances; the Molossian dogs make one sound when they growl with fury, another when they bark in company, another when they howl in lonely buildings, a fourth when they shrink from a blow, a fifth when they tenderly lick and fondle their whelps, pretending to snap at them or swallow them up, and whining in a low, soothing note. Man, having a voice and tongue well adapted to language, soon developed a rude form of articulate speech. Then his education progressed rapidly. The pretty, winning ways of children were what first softened and civilised the wild human heart. Men learnt the uses of fire, of which a flash of lightning or the friction of dead branches was the origin; stone weapons were invented and animals were tamed; it occurred to one man to clothe himself in a skin, not, alas! to his advantage, for his fellows, filled with envy, set upon him and killed him, and in the struggle the skin was spoilt and rendered

useless to any one. So, perhaps, began human strife! Originally beauty and strength were what gave the chiefship, but, by-and-by, wealth began to interfere with that natural selection. Man applied himself to the vast undertaking of cultivating the earth; the forests retreated up the mountains, vineyards and olive groves and cornfields appeared in the plains and valleys. The great invention of how to work in wool substituted a better sort of dress for skins. At first men, doubtless, spun as well as delved, "since the male sex are far superior in art and ingenuity in whatever they turn their hand to," but the sturdy labourers jeered at their stay-at-home brothers, and called them out to help them in the fields: thus it was that women became spinsters.

About this time Lucretius placed his Golden Age, in which no privileged beings lead an impossible life, but real rustics taste the joys of simplicity. Here the real is beautiful, but it does not cease to be the real; there is as much reality in an arum lily as in a toadstool. In fine weather, when the young men had satisfied their hunger, they laughed and jested under the trees, dancing with stiff, awkward steps, and crowning their heads with flowers and leaves. Then they sang, imitating the liquid voices of birds, and they found the way to make music on a reed. The sweet, plaintive notes of the pipe were heard through all the pathless woods and in secret haunts and divine resting-places.

This generation, which had no empty cares nor emptier ambitions, could be called happy, if men could ever be called so. But of all writers Lucretius was most conscious of the elemental world-pain which none can escape. No day passes into night, no night passes into day, that does not hear the cries of the new-born infant mixing with the wails of the mourners by their dead. Nor is man alone in his sorrow; while the calf bleeds before some lovely temple, the mother, vainly seeking her child, wanders hither and thither through the wood, leaving the print of her hoofs upon the moist ground. Then she stands still and fills the air with her laments, and then hurriedly she returns to the stable to see if by chance it is not there. Nor do fresh pastures, nor the sight of other calves console her, for she nowhere beholds the loved form.

With the exception of Dante no poet has so contained descriptive power of Lucretius, or, perhaps, in the same degree, the art of choosing suggestive words. A few lines bring a natural scene or a person before our eyes so forcibly that no detail seems to be wanting. His similes produce the illusion of making a direct appeal to our eyes. Take, for instance, that of the flock of grazing sheep and frisking lambs scattered over the down "which in the distance appears to be only a whiteness on a green hill." Or take the portrait of the old countryman whom we all have met:

"And now, shaking his head, the aged peasant laments with a sigh that the toil of his hands has often come to nought, and as he compares the present with the past time, he extols the fortune of his father and harps on this theme, how the good old race, full of piety, bore the burden of their life very easily within narrow bounds, when the portion of land for each man was far less than now" (Sellar).

When we speak of Nature we are generally thinking of the desert, the Alps, the ocean, the prairie—Nature without man. This is what was rarely thought of by the poet of antiquity. Lucretius, almost alone, contemplated Nature as detached from man, of whose powerlessness he had a sense which was still more eastern than modern. He allowed, indeed, that a human being might rise to a moral and intellectual grandeur which exceeded all the magnificence and the power of external Nature. This great admission, clothed in words of singular solemnity, is contained in the passage in which he says that, rich and beautiful as is the land of Sicily, there is nothing in it so sacred, wonderful, and beloved as its philosopher—his master, Empedocles. But men in the aggregate, what were they? Specks, atoms. Was it surprising that they should have been seized with fear and trembling in presence of the shining firmament, the spiral lightning, the storm at sea, the earthquake; or that such sights should have inspired them with the idea of the gods? So these frightened children fell on their faces and turned their veiled heads to a stone; useless rites, idle actions, devoid of real piety, since real piety consists in viewing all things with a serene mind.

Man's business was cheerfully to accept his position as an atom. Even the awe which filled Kant when he looked at the starry sky would have been held by Lucretius to be a relic of superstition. He meant his teaching to console; life, he argued, which is full of so many inevitable ills, would be made more endurable were supernatural terrors away; but men preferred to keep their fears sooner than to lose their hopes. His conception of Nature as a living power, a sole energy informing the infinitely various manifestations of matter and spirit, was like some great mountain wall rising thousands of feet above us—grand but unfriendly. He excluded from it the spiritual passion which vitalised the later monism. He would have excluded emotion from the universe, but he could not keep it out of his own heart—a heart full of human kindness, sensitive affections, power of sympathy. The clashing of such a temperament with the coldest and clearest intellect that ever man possessed, was enough to work madness in the brain without the help of the legendary love-philtre. The total impression left by *De Rerum Natura* is that of the earth as a step-mother who grudges the bread which, with pain and grief and by the sweat of his brow, the husbandman seeks to extract from her.

The poetry of the Ego, lyrical poetry in its modern sense, sprang into life full grown with Catullus. Even his allusions to Nature are

personal; they are to Nature in its relation with his own state, his own feelings, as when he likens his ill-requited love to a wild flower which has fallen on the verge of the meadow after it has been touched by the passing ploughshare. Anacreon had written love-songs, and some poets of the Anthology had touched intimate chords that awaken perennial responses, but Catullus was the first to fling himself *tout entier* into his poetry for better, for worse; sometimes supremely for better, sometimes very much for worse. Favoured by an age when republican austerity had disappeared in republican license, and by a forgiving Caesar, he made poetry the medium of his loves, passions, friendships, joys, griefs, hates, spites; the impartial mouthpiece of what was highest and lowest in him. He was the first to be utterly reckless in his choice of subjects; one thing was as good as another as long as it moved him. He looked on poetry as a vent, not as a profession or as a road to fame. It is impossible not to suppose that most of his poems were improvisations. Could he have made his individual intensity general, he might have been the great tragic dramatist whom Rome never produced—as one may guess from the terrible “Athys.” He remained, instead, a poetical idler whose small amount of recorded work almost a miracle (the survival of a single copy) has preserved to sure immortality.

He was the first, if not to feel, at all events to express, the modern “wander madness,” the longing for travel for its own sake, the flutter of anticipation in starting for new scenes and far off “illustrious cities.” His fleet pinnace scoured the seas like the yacht of a modern millionaire, to end its days, at last, in the clear waters of the lovely lake to which its master returned with the joy in home-coming which stay-at-homes can never know, and which is the sweet, unmerited reward of faithlessness. Here, wedged in between the moist and leafy landscapes of Northern Italy, he found a glorified memory of the scenes he had left—the Sea of Marmora, the Isles of Greece. The same colour of the arid earth; the same silver olives, the same radiant light and sun, with waters still more translucently blue than those of southern seas. It is easy to imagine that the “all-but-island Sirmio” had been the Elysium of his childhood, his first glimpse of a southern fairyland, so that the charm of earliest associations combined with the delightful feeling of possession in rendering it so dear to him. He had gone there as a boy with that brother whose loss he was one day to mourn in helpless sorrow among the olives under which they both had played. The poem to Sirmio is the most ideally perfect of all “poems of places,” and the truest. The blue lake of Garda laughs to-day in its innumerable ripples as it laughed with the household of the young poet in joy at his return. Had critics and commentators lived beside its “Lydian waves,” they would not be surprised that the poet applied to them a term indicating a musical measure; on the

quietest day they lap the stones of Sermione with a gentle sound. Two thousand years are annihilated by Catullus' beautiful lines; they have the eternal novelty of Nature herself.

Between the Tiburtine and Sabine territories, not far from Rome, Catullus had another estate, to which he addressed some merry verses that show him in what was certainly his normal mood—gay and paradoxical, with a stinging tongue which he took no pains to control. For some reason he wished the farm to be known as "Tiburtine," and it made him very angry to hear it called "Sabine." The occasion of the verses was a visit he paid to it when, as he asserts he had been given a bad cold by having to listen to the terrible composition of an acquaintance named Sextius. Coughing and sneezing, he fled to his villa, doctored himself with nettle and basil, and was soon expressing his best thanks to the "Tiburtine farm" for making him well.

The two pretty poems to "The Garden God," attributed to Catullus, though there exists no proof that he wrote them, would hand down to us, were other record wanting, the memory of an essentially popular cultus which was never looked upon by educated people otherwise than as a harmless superstition. When Venus caused Priapus to be exposed in the mountains, ashamed of being known as the mother of such a fright, she closed the doors of heaven upon him beyond recall. He never became a proper orthodox god. Shepherds, however, were reported to have saved his life, and peasants set up his altars. At one time his worship seems to have been accompanied by gross licence, but it had lost this character among the Roman husbandmen of the republic. It retained indeed a crude symbolism. The lore of peasants is not all fit for ears polite, as would be remarked if everything that folk-lorists collect were published. The peasant tongue does not know—how should it know?—the virtue of reticence. But the uppermost feeling of the Roman ploughman for his garden god was a sympathy of the poor of the earth for the poor of heaven. Some sorry saints have got into the calendar by a similar mental process.

The Priapus of the Catullian poems becomes likable from his faithful care of the cot in the marshes, thatched with rushes, where the poor owners, the father and the son, thrive so well because of their piety towards their protecting fetish, whom they privately treat just as if he were a real god. Besides the little offerings of the earliest spring flowers, of green unripe wheat ears, yellow violets, pale gourds, fragrant apples, and purple grapes, a goat ("but say nothing about it") has sometimes stained its altar with his blood, notwithstanding the risk of offending the higher deities to whom the living sacrifice was reserved. Grateful for which attentions the garden god bids the boys be off to pilfer the rich neighbour, obligingly adding, "This path will lead you to his grounds."

It is possible that one other element entered into the cultus of

Priapus : some grain of the deep-rooted tendency to associate monstrosity with divinity, which seems to have begun with the syllogism—the monstrous is abnormal, the divine is abnormal, therefore the monstrous is the divine. Greece saved the western world from that awful heresy by formulating the great truth at the basis of all truth, that the divine is normal, is beauty, is law. But the natural man inclines to backsliding, and not even to this day in the regions that have inherited the light of Greece is the contrary opinion wholly dead.

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

THE CASE FOR AGRICULTURAL BANKS.

THE cry for the creation or extension, as the case may be, of "Agricultural Credit," with which, under pressure of protracted distress, a large part of the Continent is ringing, has sent its echo across into this country—an echo for the present still faint, and further enfeebled by characteristic British incredulity, but at any rate betokening awakened interest. Abroad, experience has long since dispelled all doubt. Agricultural banks, wherever established on the right lines, have proved unquestionably successful. In Germany they go on dealing out their millions with a liberal hand to the cultivators of the soil—at the present time keeping at least £25,000,000 steadily fructifying in borrowers' employment. Italy has, on a proportionately reduced scale, a similarly encouraging tale to tell. On the ground of such satisfactory experience it can occasion no wonder that Austria, France, Belgium, Roumania, Servia, are all striving to bring themselves economically into line with their pioneer neighbours. Our own farmers are at any rate beginning to open their ears to the tempting message of relief. The practice advocated is altogether unfamiliar to them. It is "foreign," and therefore, as a matter of course, suspect. But it touches the very spot on which recent inquiry has shown our own agriculture to be weak. The burden of the testimony generally given is, that what agriculture above all things lacks, what it *must* have, if it is to be once more set upon its legs, is adequate working capital.

No doubt, some people object that, since capital already invested in agriculture yields only a poor return, it looks like bad business to increase the investment. However, the evidence given before the Royal Commission makes it tolerably clear that money now employed in agriculture yields a bad return, generally speaking, because there

is too little of it. Wherever there is plenty—wherever the farmer can manure, feed, cultivate, hold over his produce, do whatever promises a profit, just as he pleases, without taking the condition of his pass-book into consideration—wherever he can give his crops that *last* dressing, his stock that *last* dose of cake, which, on the top of what is absolutely necessary, assures the largest profit—the return is not bad. I quoted only the other day the instance of a farm in Kent worked by a co-operative society at a good profit. That farm would in little time have ruined any ordinary farmer coming to it with his traditional £10 an acre—which, as a matter of fact, many farmers do not possess. To the co-operative society, cultivating the land intelligently with its big purse, the farm yields pork, poultry, fruit, vegetables, in profitable abundance. No practical agriculturist will be at a loss to recall many instances in which an additional sum invested—in manure for a field wanting in fertility, in stock when stock meant profit, in careful cultivation or perfected machinery—would have repaid itself, taken as a count by itself, very liberally. In the French Department of the Nièvre—where circumstances are so similar to our own that, to an English visitor's eye, the substantial tenant-graziers might be English farmers—a shrewd manager of the local branch of the Bank of France has contrived, within the space of ten years, to put into farmers' pockets about £1,000,000 of additional profits, simply by providing convenient credit, which has enabled them to stock their farms to the full. Similar instances might be quoted from elsewhere. Quite apart from all this, it is idle to deny that there is want of an additional command of money, so long as our farmers practically proclaim that want by practising credit wholesale in the purchase of goods not paid for in cash; so long as they stint their holdings, undermanure and understock; so long as they sell produce when the price is low, merely to raise money. Want of money is written large upon their whole economy. For such want, up to a certain point, credit is unquestionably an effective remedy—and a remedy operating in a particularly serviceable way, namely, by instilling automatically habits of business and businesslike calculation. You may fritter away readily enough money which is your own; you will be scrupulously careful not to jeopardise that which you know that at the proper time you will have to repay.

The occasional overdraft, the loan at present raised on character or on standing crops whenever the pinch becomes severe, is not in any way an equivalent to the credit here spoken of—credit corresponding to the drawing credit of the merchant or trader, without which no business could be carried on in our present time, and which makes the bill of exchange the merchant's currency. That banker's credit is asked only in an emergency, for a short time and a specific purpose, reluctantly and with something of a bad conscience. It is

asked only when a loss has actually been incurred, and so to some extent reflects upon the borrower's solvency—at any rate if it should be repeated. It is not the "productive" credit which, as M. Léon Say explains, is alone likely to prove profitable, and is therefore alone justifiable.

There is surely no need to argue the point further. We have in practice admitted it. There are landlords who actually help their tenants with advances in money, because they realise that this is for the good of their estate, and therefore of themselves. Colonel Clifton Brown tells me that on his estate in West Sussex he readily advances to his tenants the amount of their "valuations" as a means of providing them with additional working capital. He says of this practice: "In the hard times of the last few years it has enabled me to let all my ground satisfactorily." "The point I want to make out," so he goes on, "is that high valuations cripple the farmer when he enters upon his farm, and he is obliged to borrow the money and has nothing in hand to work with. That means, as I have said, that *farmers require more working capital than they possess.*" But it is not every landlord who can afford to lend. And certainly it seems open to question whether the landlord is quite the proper person to act as banker to his tenant. He might refuse. And then, what is the tenant to do? On all grounds, then, it appears desirable that if credit banking is to be done, it should be done by some independent person, or body, a body always in a position to lend, always accessible to the farmer—done as a matter, not of favour, but of business.

Agricultural credit has in practice proved so remarkably satisfactory that there can scarcely be any doubt that, if ordinary bankers could have discovered means of bringing it with safety within the lines of their own business, they would gladly have availed themselves of the opportunity for earning an additional profit. The difficulty is that they cannot. Even large capitalist establishments like the Bank of France and the National Savings Bank of Belgium have found it to lie beyond their power. The Imperial Bank of Germany, according to the testimony of its President, given not long ago in the German Parliament, advances to agriculture in a year something like £11,000,000. But to do this it has to step aside from its ordinary path of business and act through intermediaries who are in a better position to deal with safety with the borrower. For the question is not a question of money. Money is to be had for the buying. Neither is it a question of issue, as has sometimes been suggested. Issue banks have tried their hand at the work, and have had to abandon it. That is what Dr. Koch, the President of the Imperial Bank of Germany, very clearly laid down some months ago on the ground of established facts. All German issue banks which have attempted to combine agricultural credit with issue have been compelled to discontinue the former.

The lesson is corroborated by experience collected in Italy. The Italian law of 1869 gave to capitalist institutions special powers for issuing paper currency, to be employed in agricultural loans. There are now only two institutions which take advantage of this privilege. Between them they have not more than £120,000 of agricultural paper in circulation, and they find the business so unprofitable that they are not sorry to see the law repealed. The reason for all this is that, as Dr. Koch has rightly pointed out, an issue bank must necessarily keep its money *always realisable*, in order to be able to meet sudden calls. Its notes may come back to it at any moment, and must at once be redeemed. For keeping money realisable, however, agricultural credit is the worst possible form of investment, worse even than mortgages. The money is safe enough. There is a perfect unison of testimony on that point. To state one instance: on £6,400,000 lent out in fifteen years to a large number of agricultural borrowers, most of them Poles, and many so illiterate that it proved quite impossible to insist upon the usual formality of written applications, the co-operative Agricultural Bank of Cosel in Silesia has lost no more than £150. That is by no means an exceptional case. But there is no telling *when* the money will come back. It may come in a year, it may come in six. "*L'échéance agricole*,"—these are the words of M. Scotti, of the Agricultural Bank of Acqui, a man of exceptional experience—"n'est que nominale." On this ground alone, if there were no other, agricultural credit cannot be conveniently practised by issue banks, nor perhaps by any ordinary banks whatever. But there is another very serious objection, namely, the patent difficulty of providing suitable security. That is really the crux of the whole matter. The security must be personal, or the whole practice cannot be of benefit to any one. But what personal security is the ordinary farmer, what personal security is the small cultivator, the allotment holder, to give? His security may be as good as a millionaire's. The man may be thoroughly trustworthy, the employment may promise a certain profit. However, the capitalist has no means of judging of this. He cannot secure a sufficient hold upon his debtor. And without adequate security, obviously, credit must be out of the question.

The problem seems insoluble unless a new force can be called into action, qualified to bridge over the gulf which now separates Capital from Want, securing the capitalist without excessively embarrassing the borrower, and setting up a half-way house in which both parties can meet. Such a force has been found to exist in Co-operation. The agricultural banks, therefore, do not come into the field as competitors and rivals to ordinary banks. They come into the field as auxiliaries and feeders, committed to the task of breaking new ground for the other banks, ground which those banks cannot directly culti-

vate, and, by their intervention, of making that ground tributary to the great capitalist market, from which, of course, ultimately all cash must be drawn. That is their first, and, from our present point of view, their main task. But incidentally they may do something more, which is no less useful. They may keep much of the money which now becomes inconveniently lumped together in what Cobbett has called "wens," in the districts in which it was raised—decentralising, distributing, equalising the division of capital, and so accomplishing a good work which, in the opinion of the late M. de Laveleye, may go some way towards remedying one of our crying economic evils of the day: the over-population of towns and the corresponding depletion of villages. "L'argent fait pousser les hommes, comme l'engrais multiplie les champignons." So he says, in direct reference to the evil complained of, while speaking specifically of these useful banks. "Wheresoever the money is, thither will the bread-seekers be gathered together."

However, our main concern at present lies with the bridging over of the chasm which divides Capital from Demand. There is apparently only co-operation to do this. The Bank of France and the Savings Bank of Belgium have set up their *comptoirs agricoles* and *comptoirs d'escompte* in country districts, to act as local agencies—to no purpose. The German Government of Alsace has formed local credit banks richly endowed with public money—only to find their counters deserted. There must be some solid link to bind borrowers and lenders together, to create a common interest, which assures caution and supervision on one side, and honesty on the other. It is the same principle which has secured to Germany that best and safest form of mortgage credit, the credit of the *Landschaften* and *Ritterschaften*, which are really nothing more than co-operative associations of landowners, bound together by common interest and sufficient knowledge of one another. A co-operative banking society can pledge to the outside lender its collective credit, which sufficiently secures him. It can do this, because it can satisfy itself better than any non-co-operative banker, whom among its own members it may trust, because it can take sufficient security, and can effectually hold the borrower to his duty. That is, in brief words, the whole secret of co-operative credit banking. The more tightly the bond is drawn, the greater care is exercised in the selection of members, the more effective is the hold of the society upon its borrowers, the keener is the sense of responsibility and the vigilance aroused—the more useful is the bank found to be.

Evidently, in applying agricultural credit in this co-operative way, we have really two problems to grapple with. There are two classes of men to be helped, each differently circumstanced. For each of these experience has shown that co-operation may be useful, but for each

in a different way, by a distinct system, both systems being based on the same principle, but applying it in a different manner. Abroad, when people talk of agricultural credit, they think mainly of credit to be given to the *small* cultivator, the man corresponding to our allotment-holder or very small occupier. In his case money, with which to take up a share in the bank to be formed, is sure to be scarce. But this is the man above all others needing to be helped. In dealing with him the aid of men financially stronger than himself may be legitimately called in, provided that the help given does not take the shape of demoralising gifts. This it is which produces the stimulating interest peculiar to this form of credit, and which creates an ardent enthusiasm pushing the work along. The object kept in view does not in this case really stop at the supply of money. The task undertaken becomes co-operative in a wider sense, as being educational, helpful for other common work, and aimed at producing better men as well as better-to-do members. The banks, creating a bond of union which qualifies members to do more for their common and individual benefit besides merely raising money, and offering advantages which depend wholly upon election of a man by his fellows, have it in their power to preach to the heart through that most sensitive organ, the pocket, and so to reform morals as well as finances. That is the work which philanthropists prize the most, and which makes these banks so dear to governments and ministers of religion, that they count it a labour of love to encourage their formation. Germany now possesses close upon five thousand of these small banks, Austria some thousands, Italy and France some hundreds each, and Roumania and Servia at any rate their score or two. They are equally appreciated everywhere, and favoured by all to whom the well-being of a small agricultural population is of moment.

In banks of this type everything is necessarily small and humble. They could not flourish if their district were not so far restricted as to ensure that every member may know the other almost as a matter of course. For success depends altogether upon close touch, upon careful selection of members, upon the power of controlling the borrowers. The population should be a fixed one, not subject to rapid changes. It is not necessary that the bank should begin with any capital. Once the system is understood, the common liability of members will suffice to raise whatever funds are needed, and to attract local deposits. In Germany, the law of 1889 compels village-banks to issue shares, which are really only *parts sociales*; they are always very small, never exceeding fifteen shillings. In Italy, to the present day shares are dispensed with. Recognised honesty is all that is asked of the incoming member. As a rule, there are some wealthy members in the bank, as well as poor, to take their place by the side of the latter on an equal footing. There must

be no distinction between classes. But I know successful banks with no one in them richer than the poor parson, who could just afford to advance the £12 10s. required for taking up a share in the Central Bank of Newwied, which at once entitled the local bank to credit according to its merits. However, the presence of some wealthy men, to help with their credit, their experience, their better knowledge of business, is unquestionably a gain. Members, then, selected by their fellows in a small district, and accordingly entitled to be looked upon as trustworthy, pledge their credit collectively, raising money by such means. Liability is unlimited to outsiders—less as a means of procuring larger credit than as a stimulus to every man's sense of responsibility. Once a man knows that he may have to pay for his fellow member all ceremony comes to an end. Thus in this application the poison of unlimited liability provides its own antidote, which has proved effective to such an extent that there are really scarcely any losses incurred in these "unlimited liability" banks. But the liability is further safeguarded by fixing a maximum figure not to be exceeded in the bank's transactions. There is a small committee to administer, a somewhat larger council to watch and check the committee. Very much indeed depends on careful checking. All services are gratuitous, except those of the secretary or treasurer, who is allowed a small salary. A salary or commission might mean a bias to a man dependent upon the votes of his fellow-members. However, it is above all things desirable that safety should be scrupulously studied. Applicants for loans are required to state the object for which the loan is intended. That object must pass muster before the committee. Provided that it is judged legitimate, as promising a fair return either by production or economy, the loan is granted, on easy terms, for long enough to enable it to reproduce itself, in order that no other source of income need be taxed for repayment. But to the employment stated the borrower is rigorously held. As a rule he is asked to find sureties. Should he misapply the loan it is called in, and, if necessary, the sureties are made answerable. The bank, which asks nothing from incoming members, as a matter of course, pays them out nothing in return. Their gain is to consist exclusively in the convenience of cheap credit always open. Terms must be kept as low as can be. And whatever profits result are accumulated in a reserve fund to which no individual member is allowed a claim. It belongs to the bank. It may never be shared out. In exceptional cases it may be employed to make good deficiencies. These reserve funds grow up much faster than one would imagine. They become in course of time a firm basis of strength and solvency, enabling the bank still further to reduce its terms. The banks of this type have done really a marvellous amount of good. It is not ardent partisans, but cool and impartial observers, like M. Léon Say and Professor Dobrinsky, who describe their work

as perfect "wonders." M. de Laveleye praises them as warmly. They have raised the well-being of the small agricultural population, made these people thrifty and businesslike, materially lessened litigation, and rescued many a ne'er-do-weel from his evil ways, because without being honest he could not become a member, without keeping honest he could not remain one.

Of course these banks have at first had an uphill battle to fight. Who should lend to them before their system was understood? Now there is no difficulty whatever on this score, more especially since central banks have been established to form a supplementary means of access to the capitalist market. The Central Bank, being itself known to the large banks, can easily obtain credit from them, which in its turn it dispenses to the local banks, of whose merits it can judge very much better than non-co-operative institutions.

Surely there is room for such banks among ourselves, even though they should not contribute directly to the relief of what we generally understand by "agriculture." We have the allotment holder, the tenant of a small holding, men to whom the bare land is of little use, to whom a loan of money may make it very valuable. We have the village trader; we have the workman. Our law, though not particularly favourable to this form of enterprise, is sufficiently pliable to allow a very fair beginning. A guarantee fund will effectually help us over the first difficulties of raising credit. With the kind help of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies I have been able to draw up Rules which provide all that is wanted for the present.* When we shall have achieved good practical results we may ask for more law. On the ground of what I have written several little village banks have already been formed, which in their humble way are doing well. One of them is at Pembury in Kent; another is at Doneraile in Ireland. With respect to the latter, Mr. Anderson, Secretary of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, writes to me as follows: "The Doneraile Bank is doing very well indeed, and we are so much encouraged by the experiment, that we are determined to push the system wherever we find an opening." I have as encouraging testimony with respect to others.† Ireland wants such help if any country does. But there is ample room for it likewise in England, where it is gratifying to know that at the present time several more village banks are in course of formation. And I am more than glad to learn that the subject is attracting attention in India, where there is certainly need for some institution of the kind, to rescue the poor ryot from the grasp of usury. I have had applications for information from several influential bodies, whose spokes-

* "Village Banks: How to Start them; how to Work them; what the Rich may do to Help them." With Model Rules and Model Account Sheets added. P. B. King & Son.

† I give a brief account of what has been done in the *Economic Review* of April 15.

men profess themselves resolved to do something to propagate this useful, absolutely needed, form of credit in our great dependency, in order to put a stop to the usurers' extortions. The Government of the Presidency of Madras has, by order of Lord Wenlock, instituted a very comprehensive inquiry, which, being entrusted to a very capable and painstaking civil servant, Mr. F. A. Nicholson, has resulted, for the present, in a really valuable official report, which is worth all our English Blue Books on the subject put together, and which can scarcely fail to lead to serviceable action.

All this is good as far as it goes. But it does not help us in respect of what we usually understand by "agriculture"—the large class of farmers cultivating their land not in patches but in fields, the great producers of beef, and mutton, and corn, who are anxiously looking for relief, but to whom the modest parish associations of which I have just spoken are wholly unqualified to bring aid. In respect of such men the task to be accomplished is in essence still the same; only it calls for larger means, to bring about larger results. All that minute watching and attention which has been spoken of would be out of place. There will have to be more substantial institutions, commanding more ample resources, spreading their work over a wider area.

Co-operation is perfectly capable of supplying these, and has, in fact, done so with an effect which, in point of money made available, is considerably superior to that of which the humbler institutions just treated of can boast. It is a moot point whether these banks should, like the others, be purely agricultural, or of a mixed character. By far the larger number established abroad are of the latter type, dealing with an industrial population as well as an agricultural, and deriving additional strength from the wider basis secured and the variety of wants and resources enlisted, which mutually supplement and dovetail into one another. One of the main difficulties to face in agricultural credit banking is, to create a steady supply of funds which will permit lending for *long* terms. Now, a constant flow of commercial business, turning over the money rapidly, will, within certain limits, ensure such a supply. In a bank of a mixed type there is always sure to be some balance to spare. The larger banks referred to, it ought to be pointed out, are to a far greater degree business banks than the little village banks of which I have first spoken, which merely lend and borrow. They are banks engaging in every kind of ordinary banking business, discounting bills, granting cash credits, dealing generally in every class of credit. They may have to pass on their paper, in order to provide themselves with additional cash. A point making distinctly in their favour in respect of the supply of funds is, that they have in practice been found so remarkably safe that depositors go to them in preference to other banks, and large withdrawals of deposits are really unknown to them. There is no one in them who has the

remotest interest in speculating or incurring a risk. Their object is not dividend but cheap credit. Everybody, on the other hand, has a distinct interest in avoiding danger. For ourselves, among whom small depositors have recently passed through very painful experience, that peculiar merit of safety for deposits lodged is obviously a point of considerable importance.

Generally speaking, foreign agricultural banks have found the supply of deposits so steady and so ample—at the present time it is even excessive—that the simple precaution of making their long loans dependent upon renewal, from three months to three months, coupled with sufficiently careful inquiry into the borrower's and his sureties' ability to pay, at a pinch, at the time required, has been found wholly adequate to the necessities of the case. There are some other precautions frequently taken. Thus, banks will issue bonds for fixed, long terms, corresponding to our Exchequer Bonds and Treasury Bills. And they will sometimes keep a considerable amount of money invested in readily realisable effects, so as to ensure an available fund to be drawn upon in an emergency. There are purely agricultural banks—like those of Brescia, Mantua, Asola, subsisting by the side of industrial co-operative banks working in the very same district—which find such expedients amply sufficient as a safeguard. In our own case I cannot help thinking that, if we establish agricultural banks at all, some similar arrangement, the keeping agricultural and industrial lending generally distinct, will prove desirable. And it will be all the more practicable, because we shall probably approach our task with more substantial material resources to depend upon, and under less pressure than is at the outset felt abroad. But unquestionably the blending of the two kinds of business, such as is usual practically all over Germany and in the great Italian banks of Lodi, Cremona, Ferrara, Rovigo, &c., supplies an element of strength.

It may be well to point out, as bearing upon our British aspect of the problem, that these banks lend to *tenants* as well as to owners. It is sometimes thought here that the foreign practice is dependent upon the presence of *real* security, which may be mortgaged. This is a great mistake. Real security has been found distinctly inconvenient, and is therefore not favoured. And furthermore, it may be well to explain that these banks often advance very substantial sums. The Bank of Augsburg, which is mainly agricultural, and lends out its £1,000,000 a year, grants specific loans up to £1500 and has opened cash credits up to £5000. The cultivators of the fruitful plains of the Lodigiano are mainly tenants, and very substantial tenants to boot, farming their 800 acres or so, considering themselves every bit as good as their landlords, and coming to the bank for their loans of a £1000 and £1500. In Venetia, about Rovigo, cultivators, though less substantial than in the country of Lodi, are almost exclusively tenants.

Loans are granted for very considerable periods. A good man may practically always make sure that he will have his money for thirty months, renewable from quarter to quarter, and repayable by instalments of one-tenth at a time. However, every case is judged upon its own merits; and there are loans which have run without objection for ten, fifteen, even twenty years, on much easier terms as regards repayment.

Of course it is absolutely indispensable that the bank should satisfy itself that its security is good. For this purpose it has not quite the same means at its disposal as a bank of the other type. It could not live on its own business in a district equally circumscribed. Accordingly it cannot rely upon the same close knowledge and control among members, which in a wider area are of course wholly out of the question. As it happens, such very minute supervision is in its own case not really required, because no reasonable person would think of starting a bank of this sort on the principle of unlimited liability, which, moreover, under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, —manifestly the Act to apply—would in this country be altogether illegal. The German agricultural banks, as a rule, adhere to their own principle of unlimited liability, and find it a help in their young days—a hindrance in their old. The experience of the Italian banks shows that such an extension of pledge power is altogether unnecessary. The less liability a bank has to rely upon the more careful will it be to build up its credit upon sound management and publicity of accounts. In Italian banks, which thrive exceedingly well, the member pays a small entrance-fee, which is never returnable, and takes up a share, or a number of shares, of larger or smaller amount, and to that holding his liability is absolutely limited. There is, therefore, no occasion for any timid apprehension. There is no occasion for inquiring with the same minuteness into the object of the loan or for watching its employment with the same vigilance. It is enough if the bank makes sure that it has a trustworthy person and *bona fide* business employment to deal with. It can to some extent make sure of its member, because it first elects him. It can satisfy itself with regard to the *bona fides* of the application by inquiry. Of course, every application has first to be approved by the committee. According to the requirements of the case the bank will secure itself, be it by a convenient pledge of some sort (generally effects, not goods or produce), or be it, as happens in the vast majority of cases, by a surety or sureties. Thus, by the last-named means the bank sets up around the borrower the same circle of watchful, because interested, sentries, to which the Report of our Lords and Commons Committee of 1826 attributes the remarkable success attained in those days by Scotch cash credit, which is in principle the same thing as co-operative credit, only much less democratised and popularised. As a

matter of course, the borrower's own position and that of his sureties are reviewed from time to time, and accordingly the loan is renewed or not, and additional security may be asked for. To satisfy itself with respect to borrower and sureties the bank has, as has been found, quite sufficient means of information at its disposal. In the first place, its committee and council are so selected as to include trustworthy representatives from all parts of the district. In the case of tenants inquiry is generally made of the landlord to ascertain if the applicant is in arrear in his rent or not. In the Rovigo district it is very usual for the landlord to act as his tenant's surety. The large tenants of the Lodigiano will not condescend to ask this, and therefore find other sureties, and are all the more willing to satisfy the bank as to their sound financial position. Moreover these large banks have their local agents, or committees, or *succursales*, stationed within the district, not only to receive applications, but also to make inquiries and forward their information to the head office. It is the latter invariably which reserves to itself the decision upon granting or refusing a loan. The Bank of Lodi has six *succursales* planted around it. The Bank of Gotha, a very good specimen of its kind, has more than fifty local committees stationed all over the Duchy of Saxe Gotha, consisting of from three to five men each, trustworthy men, of course, who are paid by a small commission. These committees receive applications and deposits and forward both to headquarters, annotating the former, each member independently, and without knowledge of the others. The smallness of losses incurred in a long experience shows that this system works well. The Banks of Augsburg and Cosel meet the same want by appointing, not committees, but local agents, whose services the Bank of Augsburg, employing about 250 such, supplements by the addition of unpaid confidential advisers, generally men of position in their own locality, whose names are not publicly disclosed. The agents are paid by commission— $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.—which, small as it may seem, is found to serve as a sufficient inducement to lead them to work up their district well. Thus one man, of whom I know, has created in his own district, out of nothing, a business of from £32,000 to £40,000, which accordingly brings him in from £40 to £50 commission.

The safety with which these banks operate, and which is, so to speak, written upon their office doors—since everybody knows that they must to the best of their endeavour avoid risk—stands them in stead as enabling them to work with a comparatively small capital raised by shares, to which of course has to be added a substantial reserve fund steadily accumulating. To such fund all these banks attach particular importance, and they are all the better enabled to increase it, since in practice, if not in every case in their rules, they limit their dividend to a small figure and economise expense of

administration by relying to a great extent upon gratuitous work, which has never been found wanting.

The great lesson to be learnt from all this is, that here is an institution supplied which can with safety step in between the capitalist market and the agricultural borrower, satisfying capital, while helping the borrower, employing for the purpose comparatively moderate funds, adapting itself entirely to its borrowers' needs, to a great extent fixing the capital raised in a rural district in that district, and by all these means bringing a substantial measure of relief where relief is urgently needed.

It cannot be pretended that an agency of the same sort could not do much good among ourselves. And it can scarcely be argued that work by similar means is here *a priori* impossible. As a matter of fact, our law is even kinder in respect of these larger banks than in respect of the others. Under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act we can take power to do anything which is required. In brief, the materials for creating agricultural credit on co-operative lines are ready to our hand. Whether we will use them to assist our agriculture as our neighbours have assisted theirs must depend entirely upon ourselves. If we choose to do so, there is no serious obstacle in the way. However, the people who desire to benefit by the banks will have to create them for themselves. There is no one who can "give" them to them, as a candidate is reported to have promised during the last General Election that his party would do. I regret already to have to warn the public against bogus rules circulated, which profess to be "Raiffeisen," but really run directly counter to Raiffeisen principles, and smell strongly of politics. Banks adopting such a rule as that recommended by these political "sons of Sceva," which permits the election of honorary members, who are to come in as "superior persons," contribute annual subscriptions, take part in the management of the bank but *not be liable*, can neither be truthfully described as "Raiffeisen," nor can they possibly work, except as a political agency. The first and most essential requisite for a good co-operative bank is, that it should be based upon pure self-help. Landlords and capitalists may help. They may do much to set the institution upon its first legs. Even in doing this they ought, however, to be careful to secure themselves; for every departure from self-help must mean mischief. The main work must in all cases be done by those who require the credit themselves—by them and by those who, to secure it for their neighbours, choose to place themselves side by side with them, labouring loyally and unselfishly for a means of relief which, in the present condition of agriculture, one would think, ought to appear deserving of, at any rate, experimental application.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

IS THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD RATE TOO HIGH?

A GREAT deal has been spoken and written lately about the wild extravagance of the London School Board, and more particularly about the recklessness of certain members called Progressives. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, the Bishop of London and the Commissioners of Sewers, all join in the chorus. But it is more than doubtful, from their public statements, whether any of them have taken the trouble to find out what the rate really is, what it is spent on, and how it compares with other rates in London and elsewhere.

The School Board rate for the current year is $11\frac{1}{2}d.$ It will probably be raised $\frac{1}{2}d.$ next year,* and possibly another $\frac{1}{2}d.$ the year after. But the rate must not be confused with the expenditure. If the Government should decide to remit the rates on school buildings, the school rate will be diminished by $\frac{1}{2}d.$, and the other rates correspondingly raised. A similar windfall befell the last Board in the Fee Grant. The amount of the fees received from 1887 to 1891 varied from £116,000 to £121,000. The amount of the fee grant stands at about £200,000. Such windfalls may at any moment prevent a rise in the rate. A little less is taken from the rates, a little more from the taxes; but the yearly expenditure rises as before.

The rate, then, is $11\frac{1}{2}d.$ in the £. The working-man who pays 7s. a week for his rent contributes indirectly about $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ a week, or 15s. a year towards the School Board. The superior artisan or clerk who pays 12s. a week in rent contributes about 6d. a week, or 25s. a year. The shopkeeper paying £55 a year for his shop pays some

* The expenditure will rise this year by about £160,000, the income (excluding precept) by about £30,000. But in the latter half of the year we shall gain between £3,000 and £40,000 by the quinquennial revaluation. In the following year we shall gain the full benefit, probably between £70,000 and £80,000.

50s. a year, and the householder who pays £110 rent pays some £5 towards the education rate. The first two clearly lose nothing by the Board. Assuming that the whole rate falls on the tenant, which is at least doubtful, they would have paid as much in fees in 1870 as they now pay in rates, if they had found a school for their children at all. The hardship, such as it is, falls on the third and fourth classes, who pay their rates, and probably do not use the schools.

But even in their cases the burden is less than it is usually represented. The shopkeeper or householder whose rates and taxes come to 7s. or 8s. in the £ forgets that only a seventh or an eighth goes to the School Board, and the Vestries are not anxious to deceive him. On the contrary, they hold meetings and protest against the rise in the education rate with a zeal which prompts a member of the School Board to inquire into the rise in the other rates which these Vestries levy. What does he find? He takes the first Vestry whose protest stands on the School Board's agenda paper*—St. Saviour's, Southwark—and notes that its present rate is 6s. 2d. In 1886-7 its rate was 4s. 1d. In 1886-7 the School Board rate was 8·84d.; it is now 11·50d. The rate has risen by 2s. 1d., to which the School Board has contributed less than 3d. In the same period the Wandsworth rate has risen by 11½d.; the St. George's in the East rate by 11d.; the Bermondsey rate by 1s. 8½d.; the Stoke Newington rate by 1s. 4d. It is unlikely that any of these parishes have suffered by the equalisation of the rates; their other rates have risen from three to seven times as much as the School Board rate; and yet they unite in crying out on the School Board.

My object is not to criticise the rise in their rates. That would be absurd without knowing what new burdens have been laid upon them, or how their duties have been increased. I merely use their own argument for what it is worth. They forget the growth of the schools; they forget even that the education of the deaf and blind has lately been taken off the shoulders of the Guardians, *i.e.*, the Poor-rate, and thrown on to the shoulders of the School Board. Ten years ago, in 1885-6, the School Board rate was 8·64d. It is now 11·50d. It has risen by 2·86d.—*i.e.*, by almost exactly one-third. In the same ten years the rateable value of London has risen from £29,025,534 to £34,064,689—*i.e.*, by about one-sixth. The number of children in average attendance in Board schools has risen from 279,304 to 400,912. The number of children has increased by about four-ninths, and the total amount of rate levied† by about five-ninths. The difference represents partly the automatic increase in salaries,

* Referred to Finance Committee together with the others, after four months' delay, March 5, 1896.

† In this case the increase in the precept corresponds sufficiently closely with the increase in the yearly expenditure. The yearly expenditure for the year ending March 25, 1885, was £1,386,090; for the year ending March 25, 1895, £2,160,758.

rising according to a fixed scale, partly the "reckless luxury" of the School Board—manual training for boys, cookery and laundry work for girls, special instruction for the feeble-minded children, for the deaf, and for the blind.

Similar considerations apply to Mr. Forster's often quoted dictum that the school rate would probably be covered by 3*d.* in the £. Mr. Forster more than once guarded himself against prophecies. He spoke for the time and conditions he could foresee and estimate. Board schools, we are constantly told, were only to "fill up the gaps." If so, the cost would naturally depend on the size of the gap to be filled. In London, in 1871, there were 222,518 children on the roll of Voluntary schools. In 1895 there were 226,800 children on the roll of Voluntary schools, and 498,303 on the roll of Board schools. So late as March 1872 it was estimated that 103,000 school-places would "fill up the gap." In March 1895 the School Board had provided 483,103 places, and 58,692 further places were projected.

The rise then in the School Board rate is closely commensurate with the growth of the work, and compares not unfavourably with the rise of the other rates in London. How does it compare with the rates of other School Boards? On the eastern edge of London lie East Ham, West Ham, Low Leyton, Walthamstow and Wanstead. The rate in East Ham is 1*s.* 7*d.*; in West Ham, 2*s.* 4*d.*; in Low Leyton, 1*s.* 6*d.*; in Walthamstow, 1*s.* 5½*d.*; in Wanstead, 1*s.* 7*d.* But these are all districts containing a disproportionate number of the poorer classes. They are mere fractions of the organic unit which includes the City, Belgravia, and Kensington. Other parts could be quoted where the rate is correspondingly low. It is more to the point to look at the other big towns of England, and to see how their rates compare with those of London.

In Liverpool the rate is only 6½*d.* (Before the extension of Liverpool it averaged 5½*d.* for the last three years.) In Bristol it is only 7*d.*, in Manchester it is less than 6½*d.* But the conditions are not equal. Assuming that the difference in rateable value per head may be set against the difference in cost of living,* we must not forget to take account of the proportion of children taught with the money. Now in Bristol only 6·8 per cent. of the population are in the Board schools; in Liverpool only 5·6 per cent. In Manchester there are 8·2 per cent. Obviously with the same rate Manchester does more.

* This is an unconscious assumption in all comparisons simply based on the rates levied in various towns. It may roughly correspond with the facts, but the assumption is so large that no safe argument can be drawn from such comparisons. It is extremely difficult to estimate, for example, the comparative value of £100 or of £300 a year in London and in Birmingham. Clearly £100 a year offers a higher standard of comfort, a better position, in Birmingham than in London; but by how much? Every item of expenditure is affected, from the salaries of the Head-office staff to the cost of building of a school.

In London we find over 11 per cent. of the population on the rolls of Board schools, and a rate of 11½*d.* The proportion between the rate and the children taught is almost exactly the same as in Bristol. It is higher than in Manchester. It is lower than in Liverpool. The percentage of children taught at the public cost in London is more than double that of Liverpool: the rate is less than double.

We may tabulate the main School Boards of England in order to make the comparison easier.

| (1) Board. | (2) | (3) | (4) Percentage of (3) to (2). | (5) Rate in £. |
|--------------------|-----------|---------|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| London | 4,392,346 | 498,803 | 11·8 | 11·5 |
| Liverpool | 641,063 | 35,940 | 5·6 | 6·5 |
| Manchester | 524,865 | 43,100 | 8·2 | 6·25 |
| Birmingham | 496,751 | 56,709 | 11·3 | 11·3 |
| Leeds | 395,546 | 48,682 | 12·3 | 14·0 |
| Sheffield | 342,768 | 37,801 | 11·0 | 13·25 |
| Bristol | 228,139 | 15,818 | 6·9 | 7·0 |
| Nottingham | 226,658 | 28,652 | 12·6 | 13·33 |
| Bradford | 226,384 | 26,855 | 11·9 | 10·2 |

The result is curious. All approximate, and with one or two exceptions approximate extraordinarily closely, to a rate of 1*d.* for every 1 per cent. of their population which they have to educate. And London is one of the lowest. If the charge of extravagance is to be justified by these figures, it will not be on the score of superior luxury, as the Archbishop of Canterbury thinks, but on the score of inadequate school provision, staff, and facilities for advanced education; not of excessive outlay, but of insufficient return.

So much for comparisons. Comparisons are odious, and probably misleading. Let us rather look at the actual expenditure and see how far it is likely to diminish, how far to increase. In the last six years the expenditure has increased by nearly £600,000; and it is interesting to notice how little the figures justify the ordinary party recriminations. The rates levied may vary according to the balance brought forward, an increased Government grant, or the like. The yearly expenditure shows a steady growth, except where a year of compression is inevitably followed by a year of expansion, and *vice versa*.

* The figures for population are taken, except in the case of Liverpool, from the Registrar-General's estimates for the middle of 1895. The other figures were kindly supplied by the clerks of the various School Boards at the beginning of last February. They do not all cover precisely the same period of the year; but the discrepancy does not affect the result of the comparison.

For the year ending March 25, 1889, the expenditure was £1,568,722

| | | | | |
|---|---|------|---|-----------|
| " | " | 1890 | " | 1,702,969 |
| " | " | 1891 | " | 1,808,809 |
| " | " | 1892 | " | 1,872,518 |
| " | " | 1893 | " | 1,968,712 |
| " | " | 1894 | " | 2,083,565 |
| " | " | 1895 | " | 2,160,758 |

In the six years the expenditure rose £592,000, or roughly, £99,000 a year. All these six years Mr. Diggle was Chairman of the Board; but during the first three years, owing to the defection of the more independent members, such as Mr. Gent, Mr. Diggle lost control of the Board. During the last three years he had a large and obedient majority. During the first three years the expenditure rose £314,000, or about £105,000 a year. During the second three years the expenditure rose £288,000, or £96,000 a year. The yearly difference for the two periods amounts to no more than £9000 a year, almost exactly a quarter of a farthing in the pound.*

For the last six years the increase of expenditure has been fairly steady. Let us now see how the money is spent. We take the account of income and expenditure for the last half year just presented to the Board. We group the figures for greater clearness, and opposite each group, write the approximate percentage of the whole. Shillings and pence are omitted.

HALF-YEAR ENDED ON 29TH SEPTEMBER 1895.

| | £ | £ | |
|---|---------|-----------|------------------|
| Interest on Loans (sites and buildings) | 237,582 | | |
| Other similar expenses | 26,163 | | |
| | <hr/> | 263,745 | ... 23 per cent. |
| Head Office—Staff | 11,008 | | |
| Printing, &c. | 11,945 | | |
| | <hr/> | 22,953 | ... 2 " |
| Bye-Laws—Staff | 20,835 | | |
| Printing | 1,843 | | |
| | <hr/> | 22,678 | ... 2 " |
| Legal expenses | | 1,857 | ... 1 " |
| Salaries of teachers | 586,148 | | |
| Inspectors, pupil teachers, manual training, blind classes, cookery, &c. &c. | <hr/> | | |
| | 49,255 | 635,403 | ... 55.7 " |
| Books, &c. | | 31,627 | ... 2.8 " |
| Repairs to buildings | | 45,682 | ... 4 " |
| Fuel, light, water | | 19,689 | ... 1.7 " |
| Rates and taxes | | 46,488 | ... 4.1 " |
| Schoolkeepers' wages | | 29,750 | ... 2.6 " |
| Industrial schools | | 23,767 | ... 2.1 " |
| | | <hr/> | |
| | | 1,143,594 | |

* The period of the Board's life does not exactly coincide with the period of the financial years. The present Board was elected on November 25, 1894. The financial

The results are striking. 55·7 per cent. is spent on teachers' and inspectors' salaries, and 23·1 per cent. on loans; together 78·8 of the whole. Clearly, if any serious saving is to be made, it must be in these two items.

The latter may not unfairly be taken as the building account of the Board. The accounts for land and buildings are really paid out of loans, and the yearly budget is charged with the interest and the repayment of fixed portions of the principal, so as to spread the cost over a series of years. But this half-year the two accounts roughly tally: £272,508 was drawn from loan account for sites and buildings, and, as shown above, £263,745 was paid for interest and repayment of principal.

Nearly 79 per cent., then, of the whole, is paid for buildings and teachers' salaries. Only 21 per cent. is left, and of this 4 per cent. falls to rates and taxes. Loose statements have been freely made during the last few months suggesting that the heavy rate is due to extravagance in our office staff, and the like. Other critics have guarded themselves against wishing to reduce the staff or to build worse schools. It is only fair that such critics should definitely point out which items of the expenditure they hope to diminish and by how much. The figures prove conclusively that, however carefully every item ought to be scrutinised, yet it is only in the buildings and salaries accounts that any reduction could be made which would affect the rates. This is borne out by a comparison with other School Boards. Comparing the accounts of the London Board with those of other Boards where the expenditure per child is less, the difference mainly consists in these two items.

That the cost of school-building in London is high cannot be denied; and a special sub-committee is now considering whether it can be reduced. But one or two points must be remembered. The

year did not end till March 25, 1895. But the Board does not constitute its committees, nor set to work till the end of the year—i.e., owing to the holidays, the end of January—and hardly anything sanctioned then could be paid for before the end of the financial year. Forgetting this, some have tried to throw the responsibility for the increase in the expenditure for 1894-95 on to the present Board. Even if it were otherwise possible, a comparison of the expenditure for 1893-4 with that for 1894-5 shows that the increase was perfectly steady. In 1893-4 the total expenditure was £2,033,565; of this £1,397,588, or 68·7 per cent., was spent before December 2, 1893. In 1894-5 the total expenditure was £2,160,758; of this £1,484,297, or 68·6 per cent., was spent before December 1, 1894, when the new Board came into office. Not that I am specially concerned to defend the present Board. The Moderate party at the last election, in spite of a large minority of votes, secured a narrow majority of seats on the Board, and proceeded to fill the chairs of the great committees with its chief partisans; and it cannot now claim to be held free from responsibility because its members lack the vigour of the interest to attend the committees and sub-committees where the real work of the Board is done. The system which leaves one party to frame the policy and the other party to administer it, is singularly apt to secure inefficiency without economy. That so much good work is in fact being done is largely due to the action of General Moberly, Mr. Sharp, and a few other Moderate members, who in spite of bitter and constant attacks, have steadily refused to sacrifice the work of the Board to the exigencies of party.

cost of sites in London is enormous, and the cost of building is not unfrequently increased by the awkwardness of the site. The old schools were built more cheaply; but it may be doubted whether the Board has gained by it. Large sums, sometimes approaching the entire cost of rebuilding, are spent from time to time on repairing and remodelling old schools, and the outlay on building is so small compared to the cost of "maintenance," that it would be false economy to sacrifice the larger to the smaller. A part, too, of this cheapness was only apparent. The same building which on the 8 sq. ft. per child basis provided accommodation for 1000 children, now on the 10 sq. ft. basis provides accommodation for only 800 children. The price may still be only £8000, but the cost per place has apparently risen from £8 to £10. Again, a part of the increased cost, amounting to between £2 and £3 a place, is due to changes which, though they increase the initial cost, have been deliberately adopted as likely to prove in the long-run economical as well as effective. Such are the use of glazed bricks for the passages, corridors, and the dados of the class-rooms; the substitution of cement for mortar in building; and the provision of a complete heating-apparatus instead of open fires throughout the school. So, too, all our recent schools have been planned for enlargement, provide at once, that is to say, the increased hall, staircase, and cloak-room accommodation, which will be needed when the school is completed. The figures quoted to show the present cost of building often include the cost not only of halls but also of centres for cookery, laundry, and manual instruction, and even of centres for the deaf and the blind.* A deputation, including Mr. Huggett, has lately consulted the Education Department, and reports that no alteration is recommended in the plans of the schools; and it is commonly believed that the cost of school-building is so well known, and so accurately gauged, that the contractors' profits on London Board schools are small. The conditions of tendering are, no doubt, strict. The material is very closely watched, and the scale of wages agreed between the master builders and the workmen has to be paid. But there is a general feeling that it is both sound finance and sound

* *Deal Street School*, opened a month since, provided 1200 places, and cost £16,944, or £14 2s. a place. (The infants' department is still reckoned on the 8 sq. ft. basis.) The same building in 1873 would have been reckoned by the Board for 1320 children, and would have cost £12 15s. a place. Had it been built this year, and reckoned throughout on the 10 sq. ft. basis, it would have been counted for only 1000 children, and the cost per place would have been £15 14s. This includes three halls, a drawing class-room, offices, schoolkeeper's house, and playground; but excludes the cost of the site. *Conway Road School*, the tender for which is now before the Board for acceptance, will accommodate 1242 children on the 10 sq. ft. basis, and will cost £17 7s. a place; but this includes, besides the halls, drawing class-room, offices, schoolkeeper's house, and playground, a further sum of £589 for a manual-training centre built on arches, and £255 for extra depth of foundations. The inclusive cost of school-building is now between £16 and £17 per place. The cost, including only the erection of the building and superintendence, was at Lady-day 1895 £12 8s. 6d. a place, and is now on the new basis, about £14.

public policy to maintain these conditions. I do not anticipate, then, any considerable saving in the cost of our school-buildings.

With regard to the salaries of teachers—55 per cent. of the whole expenditure—three questions arise—the quantity of staff, the quality, and the pay. We may set aside at once the cost of inspection. The total cost is small—1 per cent. of the total expenditure—and in this respect London is admittedly and most unwisely parsimonious as compared with the thriftiest of her rivals. The quantity of our staff, again, is scarcely in dispute. The most hardened of our critics allows that the size of our classes is frequently a disgrace. Without appealing to such monstrosities as classes of 120 or 150 which may yet, though rarely, be found, classes of 60, 70, and 80 scholars to be taught by a single teacher are common everywhere. The attack is rather directed against the quality and the pay of the staff. As to the first, if it be a sin to use a larger proportion of qualified teachers and less child-labour, than most other School Boards, London must, no doubt, plead guilty. But it is a crime for which few will blame us, who profess the faintest care for education, and who know how little is implied in the term “qualified teacher.” The last charge is the essential one, and needs to be fully considered.

The Board had in its employ on March 25, 1895, 1236 head-teachers, and 7053 assistant teachers. Excluding old teachers in receipt of commuted salaries, and considering only those who fall under the Board's scale, there were 363 head-masters receiving an average salary of £258 16s. 11d., and 712 head-mistresses receiving an average salary of £203 18s. 5d. The highest salary that can be reached by a man is £350, and by a woman £300 a year. Until the vote of the last Board there were twenty head-masterships of exceptionally large schools—with over 500 scholars—that carried a final salary of £400 a year; surely not an exorbitant number of prizes to be held out to over 8000 teachers.

That these salaries are higher than those usually offered in Voluntary schools is obviously true; but it is only a part of the truth. The London Board has adopted a policy of large schools, most unfortunately, as I believe. Be that as it may, two results follow. There are fewer head-teachers, and those there are have far greater responsibility. A return furnished by the Education Department shows that, in August, 1891, in the Voluntary schools in London the principal teachers represented 31·25 per cent. of the teaching power, and the additional certificated teachers only 25·28 per cent., *i.e.*, there were more head-teachers than there were certificated assistants. In the Board schools the head-teachers were to the assistants as one to six. In other words, in the Voluntary schools every qualified assistant should become a head-teacher, and be a head-teacher most of his life. In the Board

schools not more than one in four of the qualified assistants could hope for a head-teachership.* But the return went further. It gave the average salary per child paid to the head-teacher of the Voluntary school and of the Board school respectively. The result was to most people both interesting and unexpected. In Voluntary schools the head-teacher received on the average 16s. per head, and in some cases a house as well. In Board schools he received 14s. 11d.

We turn then to the salaries of assistants to see what saving can be made, remembering that their total salaries are to those of head-teachers as more than three to one. The average salary of a male assistant under the Board is £128 12s. 7d.; of a woman £97 14s. 10d. After a five years' apprenticeship as a pupil teacher, and two years' training in college, the successful student enters the Board's service at about 22. If a man, he starts with £1 16s. 6d. a week, and rises in 12 years to a maximum of £2 19s. 7d.; if a woman, she starts with £1 12s. 9d. a week, and rises in 12 years to £2 8s. 1d. One teacher in four becomes a head. For the other three those salaries are the utmost they can hope for. Few, I think, will judge those salaries too high if we are to induce the best boys and girls of our elementary schools to enter the teaching profession and undergo the long and hard training of a pupil teacher and of a college student. For the first three years the pupil teacher is taught half the time and has to teach the other half; for the last two years he or she is taught a quarter of the time, and teaches for three quarters. In return the boy receives for the first year nothing; for the second and third years 5s. a week; for the third, 12s.; and for the fourth, 16s. a week. The girl receives for the first year nothing; for the second and third, 8s. a week; and for the fourth, 10s. a week. The two years in college are so much out of pocket.

Surely £2 19s. 7d. a week and £2 8s. 1d. a week for a man and a woman respectively, reached after five years' pupil teachership, two years' training, and twelve years' successful service—for the service must be successful if it is to count—is not too great a bribe to offer. Is it not too little? Do we not in fact find that the father of a fairly clever son (and we do not want the stupid ones for teachers), prefers to find him a place where his immediate pay is double and his prospects probably no worse. When this scale of salaries was fixed the chances of promotion were far better than they are now; the schools were not so big, and the proportion of new schools and consequent vacancies for head-teachers was far greater. Remembering this, and remembering that those of all parties who care for the schools are pressing for less "child labour," for more "training," and

* Assuming that an assistant's official life lasts forty years, and that a head-teacher's life as head-teacher lasts about two-thirds of that period.

even hoping to draw in a sprinkling of men and women who have not gone through the normal course of the Pupil Teachers' Centre; we must give up all ideas of reduced pay for assistants, and nerve ourselves up for the inevitable increase that must rightly come.

Nor is this the only increase which we must meet; sooner or later the present size of the classes must be reduced. A teacher may drill sixty or seventy children; he cannot teach them. He cannot help on the stronger ones; he cannot make allowance for and help as he should the weaker ones; he cannot think of each child as an individual "with a soul of its own." And if the size of the classes is to be reduced, the number of teachers must be proportionately raised, and we must be prepared to pay for them.

So, too, with our old buildings. "Wisdom and economy" alike urge us to improve them, even in some cases at the cost of rebuilding them. Nor can we long persist in overcrowding our old schools, because when they were built leave was given to put more children in them than we now recognise as healthy. Our present schools, besides sufficient and well-lighted class-rooms, provide halls; and one of the best acts of the present Board has been the decision to place all future infant schools on the seat accommodation. (The proposal was carried by a narrow majority: yet it only carried out the *unanimous* recommendation of the Royal Commission on Education,* by no means a "progressive" body.) But why should we recognise 10 sq. feet per child as necessary in our new schools, well-planned, well-lighted, and for the most part with good playgrounds, and not recognise the need in our old schools, ill-planned, ill-lighted, without halls, often almost without playground, and built for the most part in the very poorest districts? In the Tower Hamlets, for instance, the average size of the playgrounds is scarcely more than half the minimum size fixed by the Code of the Education Department.

Lastly, we must face the utter lack of "upper standard" teaching; teaching such as Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, and other towns provide for children whose parents can and will afford to spare them for an extra year or two. Such teaching is essentially elementary; it secures and completes the teaching already given; it does not start "secondary" subjects, except where the greed of Science and Art grants has led the schools away from their true purpose.† Such teaching is supported in the great cities of the North, not by

* Final report (c. 5485), page 62 and page 209 (7). The present Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's were among the signatories. I believe that the medical evidence given to the Commission on Poor Law Schools, whose report is still expected, emphasises strongly the special need of abundant space for young children, who require oxygen in proportion to the rapidity of their vital processes and to their incessant activity.

† Cf. especially the evidence of Mr. E. F. M. McCarthy, of Birmingham, before the Secondary Education Commission, vol. iii. pp. 42-61; and of Sir W. Hart Dyke, vol. iii. p. 514. For the opinion of the Commissioners, vol. vii. 3, § 44, pp. 143, 144.

"educational enthusiasts," but by sound business men, who care for their cities, and know that the future welfare of their cities depends on the intelligence and skill of the citizens. These are the men we need so much in London. We pay for being a metropolis by ceasing to be a city. The little pride Londoners take in London's schools reacts on those schools, and often we get little because we expect little. Who shall assess the value of a school or of a teacher? Some head-teachers are not worth half what we pay for them; some would be cheap at treble the price. The value of a school is measured not only by the amount of reading, writing, and arithmetic, or even of geography and history, which a boy learns, and maybe soon forgets, but also by the spirit which informs the life of the school; the unconscious order and cheerful obedience, the respect for others, the sense of honour and truthfulness that it develops; the habits of application and intelligence that a boy learns in the class-room; of pluck, unselfishness and coöperation that he learns in the playground. These he does not forget, and they go to the making of the man and the citizen.

But how can we expect these *untested* results if we take no more pride in our schools than now? Few realise the isolation of a school in a poor district; the patient, unflagging work which it demands of the teachers, day after day and year after year, unsupported often and unappreciated by those among whom they are working. Such difficulties are aggravated by the material defects of the schools. In the further north and west, and south and south-east the schools are new and attractive; and ratepayers who would otherwise protest against the unfair incidence of the School Board rate, send their children to Board schools, and get them a better education than that which previously cost them two or three pounds a term. If the classes were smaller and the school buildings better, more and more of those who now cry out against the Board would use the Board schools at least for the early years of the child's life, and save five or six times the amount of their rates. And their pecuniary gain would be the smallest part of the gain to the community. They would insist upon a higher and a truer standard in the schools. They would appreciate and stimulate the teachers' work. The school would be less the school of a class: its outlook and its sympathies would be wider, and its tone finer. The School Board itself might be improved. We might yet see a Board whose first thought was for the children, not afraid to spend money where money was needed, but determined to get full value for its outlay.

I do not believe that the School Board's expenditure can be seriously reduced. It will rise and it ought to rise. I believe that our expenditure on education has been the wisest and most profitable expenditure that we have ever made. More than a quarter of the

whole population of London have passed through the Board schools, and a sixth of the remainder are now being taught there. If at present we do not get all that we might in return for the money we spend, this is largely due to the ungenerous and unsympathetic spirit in which so many Londoners regard their schools.

G. L. BRUCE.

Member of the London School Board for the
Tower Hamlets Division.

THE EUROPEAN QUESTION.

THE European Question is to-day the Egyptian Question. It has often changed its name, according as the centre of disturbance has changed its place. It has lasted for thirty years under the same conditions. There is always the same antagonism and the same equilibrium.

The dominant fact is still the occupation of Alsace-Lorraine, because it has made a Franco-German alliance impossible. It was followed by the Triple Alliance, which has united in one group Germany, Austria, and Italy, with a manifest, though not avowed, preponderance in Germany. This alliance has been for France a heavy blow. One of its framers once said to me, "You complain of it, but it is your salvation. It was especially in your interest that it was made. You wished for a revenge which was tenfold impossible, and which would have ruined you. It is now not tenfold, but a hundredfold impossible. We have sheltered you from your own folly." I think he meant to say, "We have protected you from an act of heroic folly."

He was wrong in two ways. First, France has never been under any illusion as to the consequences of an immediate war. She has never looked for revenge except under conditions very distant, and through changes of ideas and interests rather than by war. At the time when the Triple Alliance was concluded the military forces of France had not yet been re-established. The injuries received in the war of 1870 were by no means healed. Our dear country still suffered in all her wounds and in all her memories. To impute to her thoughts of aggression was to suppose her more foolish than she has ever shown herself. It is true she had been mad enough to believe herself invincible. What nation would not be deceived as to itself and its relative strength by a long series of victories like those which stretch

from Valmy to the Russian campaign? Our pride was completely cured in 1871. That we were not discouraged is an honour to us; we were also enlightened and informed, and that, again, is to our credit. Cries of revenge were often heard, especially in the populous cities and frontier towns, but from whom? From the thoughtless and the ignorant.

These cries which come from the crowd are interpreted as signs of public opinion, but they are for the most part but a solace offered to grief and regret. The people bark; they do not bite. It must, however, be confessed that, until destiny inflicted on us so severe a lesson, there was a little rhodomontade in our national character. I watched from near at hand the forces which governed and really represented France during those difficult times, and I know how much the immense majority of the country dreaded war. The curb was neither at Berlin, nor at Vienna, nor at Rome; it was in Paris. We had no need to be safeguarded against a folly which did not exist.

The second mistake of the founders of the Triple Alliance was psychological. It lay in saying to us, "You are powerless and therefore you are happy." War is certainly a great evil, of which it is good to be cured; but impotence is also a horrible misfortune. The argument used against us was like that of the slaveholder who upholds servitude from notions of humanity, and in order that he may confer benefits upon the troop of slaves of which he has usurped the proprietorship.

And there was a third grievance. We were guaranteed against our own folly, but not against the ambition of our masters. German doctrinaires never ceased to insist that we were not sufficiently burdened and brought low. It was necessary, they said, to make an end of us while it could be done, and not to wait for a time when we should be in a position to resist. The Italians were all excitement. The recollection of the benefits we had conferred upon them weighed more heavily on their minds than the memory of Jena depressed the Germans. Threats of war came to us from all sides. Great Britain knows this, for she intervened to insist on peace.

We turned our eyes constantly to the Cabinets of St. James's and of Tsarkoe-Selo. We knew well that the greatness of France was essential to Europe; that the greatness of Germany was a menace to Russia. We hoped that England and Russia, in their common interests, would constrain both Germany and Italy to keep the peace. As to Austria, we knew her to be under the guidance of a wise and prudent Emperor. The Czar had uttered a great saying: "If war breaks out, I shall be the enemy of whoever provoked it." We lived on the faith of that speech, and, full both of anxiety and of courage, we steadily prepared for war, while we did everything consistent with honour to avoid it.

The splendid scenes of Cronstadt opened a new era in European

politics. History has nothing grander or finer to show. The Franco-Russian Alliance put an end to the overmastering domination of Germany. It did not put a new dominion into the place of the Triple Alliance; it erected a new force by its side. From that moment each nation was in a position to defend itself. The Triple Alliance still subsisted; the Franco-Russian Alliance counterbalanced it, and England remained independent and became the arbiter of peace. England attached herself to neither of the two European groups. She wished to preserve her neutrality in order to be able, in case of conflict, to take the side indicated by her interests.

In these circumstances peace seemed assured for some months to come; and what more could be desired? France postponed her grievances; Bulgaria obtained quiet; the occupation of Madagascar—an enterprise which brought us more toil than gain—led to no diplomatic incident. There was, indeed, one cause for anxiety, and indeed for shame, among the peoples of Europe—Armenia; but it was thought that that plague might be healed with the concurrence of Turkey. Suddenly there came upon us the terrible defeat of the Italians, who, fired with the desire of emulating the French in Africa, had tried to establish a colony in Abyssinia. We learned with grief, and even terror, that they had suffered a bloody reverse at the hands of a Sovereign who up to that time had been regarded as half savage, who knew nothing of European tactics, and was badly supplied with rifles and cannon. This disaster, coming on the top of the other political and financial difficulties of the Peninsula, extinguished for a time the power of Italy and threw the Triple Alliance into confusion.

No sooner had the news of these great events reached us than England began a crusade for maintaining the security of Egypt, and at the same time restoring the prestige of the Italian arms. The Emperor of Abyssinia, it was said, did not owe his victory to his own troops. They had, indeed, gone into the war, and had fought well. But the reverse would have been less striking without the aid of the Dervishes, who had displayed on the field of battle a courage and ferocity which were terrible to behold. What were these Dervishes?—a nation? a community of monks? or an army?

The Dervishes of Egypt, like the Marabouts of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, are first of all a religious order—Moslem monks; but they are also soldiers, like the ancient Templars. Their fanaticism is boundless. They make war from hatred of the Christian name and Christian civilisation, and for the pleasure of fighting, burning, and slaying. They do ill for the love of it; they are savage brutes with human faces. They are detached from all terrestrial things, even from life itself. They confound all calculations of

human foresight and military science. There are no enemies more formidable.

Their monastery is at Serhboub, or Djaraboub, in the oasis of Faredgha, on the frontiers of Tripoli and Egypt. Nominally they belong to the Ottoman Empire; but their chief, the Mahdi, has an army under his own orders, organised independently of the Turkish Government.

I will not say that the neighbours of these tribes have not suffered from their lust of domination and fighting; but it is a long step from that to the invasion of an important nation like that of Egypt. It is not easy to understand how this religious militia can have become a standing menace to the general peace. Some say it is because they have just acquired a taste for blood and rioting; but this story will not bear examination. If it were so, it would be well to strengthen the garrisons in Upper Egypt and station there some flying columns; but a regular military expedition, when both nations are at peace, is not so to be explained.

In France it is said—and it is believed both by the Government and the nation—that England is seeking a pretext for retaining indefinitely the occupation of Egypt. The danger from the Dervishes is at least very much exaggerated. The necessity of giving Italy an opportunity for revenge, which is the second motive alleged by the English diplomatists, seems a little too sentimental and fraternal. English policy is more selfish and material than that. Depend upon it, she is not working for the reputation of the Italians or the safety of the natives of Egypt, but for the maintenance and aggrandisement of her own influence. Attention is also called to the circumstances that England is proposing to raise an Egyptian corps, and that it is to be raised at the expense of the Egyptian Debt Reserve, of which three quarters of the creditors are French. Thus she uses French money and Egyptian soldiers to promote aims which are solely or almost exclusively her own. It is very clever; but it is not the interest of either Russia or France to lend herself to such a scheme.

What would be the most successful result of this expedition? The security of Lower Egypt would be restored. But is it really threatened? The prestige of the Italian arms would revive. But that has already come to pass. The Italians have fought fresh battles and have succeeded. Their misfortune has not dimmed the splendour of their arms, and no victories gained by their allies would restore their legions or their armaments. The result might be to confirm for a long period the domination of England in Egypt; that would be a heavy price for Europe to pay. Lastly, the expedition is a dangerous one. Has it been properly thought out or prepared for?

Oriental peoples are not organised in the same way as those of Europe. All European nations are centralised. They have one single head, a common law, an armed force, taxes regularly paid.

They form a single body, whose weight and power can be precisely estimated. In the East, on the other hand, where races are dispersed and are intermixed together without being confounded, the influence of a Government frequently extends beyond its geographical limits. The Sultan, as Head of the Faith, gives orders to Algerian and Tunisian subjects who are far from submitting to his political sway. On the other hand, he has in his very capital subjects who recognise his sovereignty, obey his laws and his will, and pay him taxes, but who are Greek in origin, religion, and race, devoted heart and soul to their ancient country. The Arabs inhabit Arabia. But we have fellow-citizens, French like ourselves, who are nevertheless Arabs. What are the secret ties which unite these scattered populations and render them capable of common action? So far as regards the lay population, it would seem as if there were nothing but common traits, common aspirations, common longings for domination or revenge. Their religious communities have more cohesion. We see them, live with them, and know them not. Abdel-Kader came too soon for them. They only see the conquest of Algeria; now that Europe is overrunning Asia and Africa, they perceive that for the ancient world the question is—To be or not to be? While the scene of the world's action is enlarging, and taking in a larger number of nations, relations between the conquered peoples are being secretly revived, and the new intercourse is kept up by the agency of the religious corporations. Everything in the East is asleep; nothing is dead. Be on your guard against the awakening. Reflect, above all, that if behind the curtain which to-day hides from us the great movements which are coming—if behind this curtain there are savages, there are also two or three civilisations of immense antiquity, ready to reconquer their ancient glories, and all the more formidable that after long resistance they have now condescended to use the weapons acquired from us. China has only to open her ports to become formidable at a stroke. Beware! The history of Europe is now and must for a long time be the history of Asia and Africa.

It is proposed to attack the Dervishes—their convents, their sacred city, their army. Who knows who may take up the challenge? The population of an Abyssinian village? Simply the community of the Dervishes? Accustomed as we are to our own monasteries and monks, we do not sufficiently remember the Templars, or the Knights of Jerusalem and Malta. We think of them as perished for ever, because they have disappeared from our Church; but they are to be found in the Church next door. The stroke which you deal at one point of this vast body will revive it. You begin your contest against it by wakening it up. You open a campaign in Abyssinia; and men are on the march against you from China to the Transvaal.

I do not wish to exaggerate. I do not say that this vast insurrection is certain. I will not go so far as to affirm that it is probable. I only assert that it is possible. This time neither the advantages nor the preparations are in proportion to the risks. Nothing is ready, not even the contribution of each nation in men or in money. Millions sterling, enough to ruin the Egyptian creditors, would be eaten up by the Christian army as a fire devours straw. Fifteen thousand, twenty-five thousand Egyptians, armed and drilled by the English, would be a mere squad against those millions of wasps. Fanaticism would be kindled among these semi-savages: would you find it in your army? Your soldiers are philosophers, civilised men, sceptics. You have more guns than the enemy; but they have faith and fury. Your convictions and your reasonings may sustain you at first; but when great nations shall rise up and rush upon you with transports of enthusiasm to which you are nowadays strangers, take care of your philosophers, for that which gives them force in ordinary encounters will then bring them nothing but weakness. With a Godless army one may conquer Madagascar, but one cannot fight a world.

This vision of a grand final war has occurred to some minds. We live in a time when we must expect the impossible. Fear has also been felt, though in another order of ideas, of an agitation caused or prolonged by the English. We are passing from tragedy to comedy; but in the domain of history the two come close together.

Why, men ask, do the English want this expedition? In order to make themselves necessary for a long time to come. Their interest, then, lies in prolonging the war. There are only three possible courses which it may take — a general conflagration, a raid, or a long agitation. Of a conflagration I have just spoken. A raid is not likely. It is not easy to carry out among a people like the Dervishes. We know nothing of them, except that they are divided into howling and dancing Dervishes. Both are fine soldiers. You may overwhelm them by numbers, but it is in vain: they will spring up again, for they do not fear death. Your raids are but victories of a day. The natural result of the object which the English have in view is a prolonged agitation. They need it, and they will have it. I humbly apologise to the English diplomatists; but on this side of the Channel they are compared to our accommodating Ministers who were obliged to hunt down Arton, but had a strong interest in not catching him, and who kept two packs of people employed upon him — a pack of prosecutors who barked at him, and a pack of negotiators who treated him with confidences and promises. I did not believe in the duplicity of our Ministers, and I do not believe in that of the English. But I must be frank, and I therefore describe the movements of public opinion even in its extravagances.

There is a certain art of fighting an enemy, and at the same time

in managing the contest as to enable a general to enjoy for a long period the advantages and favours of his command. This art is not at the service of you English; but the same result may be brought about by the natural course of events, without any use of skill. You frequently have agitations on your frontiers which are neither fictitious nor serious, but are persistent; which do not break the rest of your Ministers, but compel them to keep things on a war footing. The Dervishes would seem to be created expressly to give the opportunity for a long war, marked by not a few sanguinary tragedies, without going so far as extermination. They are ferocious; they are terrible in a hand-to-hand struggle; but they are not strong in numbers or in arms. Even in case of a general rising, I should call them weak in numbers, because they have no cohesion. The Marabouts have nothing in common with the fetish-worshippers of Madagascar.

Buddhism and Mahometanism differ profoundly from each other. The Dervishes operating in Upper Egypt would have for allies Abyssinians, who are Christians, and for enemies Egyptians, who are Moslems. They would recruit more marauders than fanatics. On the other hand, of marauders and criminals there would be plenty. They would come from all religions and all countries. The insurgent force would be constantly renewed.

There was a brief moment when it seemed that the Dervish war would become a diplomatic question. Since the British Government spoke of 15,000 men and two millions sterling, it was thought that they had made a careful estimate of the course and chances of the war. The two millions could only be granted by consent of the Powers who had guaranteed the Egyptian Debt and who were represented by a council. It was possible to act diplomatically upon this council, to dispute the reasons with England herself, and in other ways to protect Egypt. Russia and France, taking a good stand, have great power in a discussion. The illusion was soon over. What England wills, to do her justice, she wills with vigour and resolution. She had before her, on one side, the Franco-Russian Union; on the other, the Triple Alliance. The general situation of Europe was reflected in the Egyptian question as in a mirror. But there was this twofold difference—that England had taken her course, and that in a meeting votes are counted without reference to the forces behind them.

It is now said that the plan of this war is due to King Humbert. If that be true, I am glad of it. It is natural that it should have come from the King of Italy, and that England should have appropriated it. She has taken the responsibility of it too completely. France would breathe more freely if she knew that England had only accepted, and not initiated, the proposal.

In this first period, which I would call the diplomatic period of the question, the Cabinet of St. James's found itself in presence of M. Berthelot. Although the removal of M. Berthelot was an incident

of only secondary importance in the negotiations, it has been treated, especially in France, as momentous. It was brought about by a note published by the Havas Agency, which obviously came from M. Berthelot himself.

The public, impelled to cry out because they were displeased, pounced upon this note with some violence. They have accused it of want of tact. In fact, it was a mistake, and that was all. Some say that our Ministry have made three mistakes: in appointing M. Berthelot, a chemist, Foreign Minister; in letting him publish the note; and when they dismissed him, in replacing him by M. Bourgeois, who was responsible not only for the note but for all M. Berthelot's conduct.

I really do not know what the first objection means. M. Berthelot no doubt is a chemist, and a great chemist. Therefore, they say, he ought to have been Minister of Education. But why? The Education Minister is not Minister of Chemistry. Had M. Goblet, M. Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, M. Ribot, M. Spuller, M. Ferry, spent their lives in diplomacy? In what respect were they more competent than M. Berthelot? Is it that M. Berthelot had directed all the forces of his mind to chemistry? On the contrary, he is a Hellenist, a man of erudition, and more than that, he has very definite ideas on philosophy and politics. This chemist was a personal friend of M. Renan, with whom, I suppose, he did not pass the time in chemical discussions.

M. Berthelot's note was an imprudent step, because it was published without consulting Russia, our necessary ally, and because it haughtily refused what was certain to be presently accepted. That proves that M. Berthelot has not the ways of diplomacy; not that he does not possess its spirit. It has been alleged that he was right in all that he said, but wrong in saying it. It is also said that he complains of M. Bourgeois. M. Bourgeois disowns the note; it is clear, therefore, that he did not dictate it; but it may well be that he exchanged ideas with M. Berthelot similar to those expressed in the note. Some say it was a mistake to make him successor to M. Berthelot, because he was the real Minister, while M. Berthelot only held the title. No, it is not so. M. Bourgeois may have agreed with M. Berthelot; for my part, I think he did; but he did not guide him or impose his will upon him. M. Berthelot, for all his apparent mildness, has a will of his own, and a strong one. His fault lay in speaking too loudly and too soon.

For the present we must await events. Probably the Triple Alliance will be somewhat strengthened and revived by this incident. Italy will be in some degree reanimated and consoled. Russia and France will lose some little authority. England will return to her attitude of haughty isolation. She alone can gain—and she may gain much—from the expedition against the Dervishes; she alone has the chances of good fortune. You may congratulate your statesmen.

JULIUS SIMON.

EGYPT AND ISRAEL.

EVER since the days of Eusebius the relation of Jewish and Egyptian history has been sought for and studied. Theories innumerable have been started, have satisfied their adherents, and have fallen to the ground because based on hopelessly inadequate evidence. When the real history of Egypt began to be spelt out in this century, great were the hopes of its connection with the familiar story of the Old Testament. But few and late were the points of contact which could be solidly established. Necho, Tirhakah, So, and Shishak were identified, but little of their doings in Palestine are recorded. Of Shishak, the list of conquered towns showed many names known in Palestine, but no Jerusalem is amongst them, and the supposed "kingdom of Judah" is now known to refer to a small village, Yehud, belonging to the king. This year another connection has been found, in a part of a list of towns conquered by Tirhakah; but these are only borrowed from the lists of Tahutmes III., and thus here again there is no trace of the kingdom of Judah or Israel. So that we may shortly say that, although the geography of Palestine has been illustrated by the monuments, yet absolutely not a trace of the Israelites or Jews has been discovered in any form on the monuments. In this Egypt is far less gratifying than Assyria, where direct accounts of the wars with both the kingdoms of Palestine have been recovered.

A vigorous attempt was made to obtain some trace of the Israelites in Egypt, by excavations in the region which they occupied. Unfortunately, only the sites of temples and fortresses, occupied by the dominant Egyptians, can be readily submitted to examination. Possibly some obscure little villages or settlements might have shown some trace of the foreign settlers. But, as far as diligent research went in that district, the geography alone was cleared; Pithom and

Goshen were identified, but of any information about the Jews we were as much in the dark as before. Thus until this spring there has been no trace in Egypt to show that any descendants of Jacob ever existed. Had we no other material, we should never have suspected that any such people as the Jews were known in the ancient world, so far as the evidence of Egypt carries us.

This year, however, solid ground has been reached, though whither it will lead we cannot yet see. An inscription specifically naming "the people of Israel," and recording their defeat by King Merenptah, the son of Rameses the Great, has given us at once the only Egyptian mention of the race, and the earliest certain allusion to any historical connection with them on any monument or record outside of the Old Testament.

Last December, on my arriving in Egypt, M. de Morgan, the Director of the Department of Antiquities, most cordially agreed to my being permitted to excavate an important district at Thebes, containing most of the royal funerary temples. This permission was perhaps the most important granted to any student since the restrictions on miscellaneous digging; and the acceptance of such foreign co-operation with the Franco-Egyptian Administration of Antiquities is the generous policy of a strong man, who is so successful himself as to have no room for petty jealousies. Three months of excavation in this ground brought to light the sites of four royal temples hitherto quite unknown—those of Amenhotep II., Tahutmes IV., Tansert, and Saptah, dating from about 1450 to 1150 B.C.; another temple was identified as belonging to Merenptah, and two others already known—of Uzmes and Rameses the Great—were fully explored and fresh results obtained. With six of these temples we are not here concerned; but that of Merenptah contained the historical prize of the year.

When Merenptah came to the throne he found the kingdom of Egypt paralysed by foreign intrusion. The long reign of sixty-six years of the vainglorious Rameses II. (whom we take at his own valuation, and style "the Great") had been mainly spent in decay. Unlike the really great kings, Thothmes I. and III., the second Rameses had abandoned active life, and for thirty or forty years rested on a sinking reputation. When the thirteenth out of his hundreds of sons succeeded him, he found almost half the country absorbed by one of the many invasions of the Libyan races, to which Egypt has always been liable. The energies of the country were required to throw off the intruders; men and means for public works were not to be had, and monuments were expensive luxuries for such a State. In these circumstances Merenptah stole all that he could; and we might not blame him so much for this, had he not shown the most barbaric indifference to the splendid work of his predecessors. Where his grandfather, Sety I., had piously restored the monu-

ments and edited the inscriptions of past kings, Merenptah wilfully destroyed and defaced the most beautiful sculptures for the sake of the rudest commemoration of himself. Thus we find that when he required to build his funeral temple (as every king did, in order that his *ka*, or double, should be worshipped before as well as after his death), he set it just behind one of the most extensive and magnificent buildings then standing, and proceeded to destroy that for material.

Amenhotep III. (about 1400 B.C.), who was, perhaps, the most sumptuous of Egyptian monarchs, had left a glorious monument for his funeral temple, the only sign of which usually seen is the pair of Colossi, so celebrated as the Colossi of the plain of Thebes. These stood before the entrance, and far behind them stretched courts and halls, the beauty and size of which we can imagine from the contemporary temple of Luxor. Most brilliant statuary adorned the structure, and an avenue of immense jackals—the sacred animal of the god of the dead—led up to the entrance, like the rams, each guarding a statue of the king, in the avenues of Karnak. All this was standing intact when the ruthless Merenptah cast envious eyes on the material. The statues were first smashed to pieces, and laid down for the foundations of his temple; every portable block of sculpture was carried away to ruin; sphinxes were broken up, or laid in pairs, head to tail, under a column; a stele was trimmed down to go under another column; enormous blocks were taken and laid face down for the foundations of walls, their brilliant sculpture—as fresh as when first cut—being now visible below them; the jackals of the avenue and their bases were split into slices, and laid down in the ground. In every direction it is only too plain that the great temple was completely cleared of all that was portable, to form the foundations; while the walls were built of the great blocks of Amenhotep's masonry, and the brick store-chambers show his stamp on the mud bricks.

Amid all this destruction—as bad as anything ever done by Turk or Pope—there was one block which almost defied injury. For a great account of his religious benefactions, Amenhotep III. had selected a splendid slab of black syenite, penetrated with quartz veins. It stood 10 feet 3 inches high and 5 feet 4 inches wide, while its thickness of 13 inches of such a tough material prevented its suffering from a mere fall. It is the largest stele of igneous rock known, and was polished like glass on its exquisitely flat faces. The religious change of Amenhotep IV. led to his erasing the figures of the god Amen, and nearly all the inscription. But Sety I. piously re-engraved both the scene and inscription, and added that “the restoration of the monuments was made by *Mout-men-ra* (Sety) for his father Amen.” This noble block Merenptah stole and re-used; the face of it was set into a wall, and the back of it thus shown was engraved with a scene and a long historical inscription of Merenptah. It was afterwards

overthrown on the destruction of his temple, and lay flat on the ground without any damage but one small chip. The amount of inscription on it is almost without precedent. One side alone contains nearly twice as much as the enormous stele of sandstone still lying in the temple of Amenhotep, and both sides together contain about 6000 signs. The condition of it is perfect; not a single sign is defaced or injured; the scenes are complete, the faces of the figures as fresh as when cut, and the painting on the scene of Merenptah is as bright as if laid on yesterday.

We will now proceed to the translation of this inscription of Merenptah, which is thus rendered by Mr. Griffith. The earlier part deals with the repelling of the Libyan invasion :

PROTOCOL.

Year 5, month of Epiphi, 3rd day under the majesty of the Horus, the bull exalted in truth, the king Beloved of Amen, Ba-en-ra (Ram of Ra), son of the Sun Mery-en-Ptah (Beloved of Ptah), Hotep-her-maat, there was magnified valour, was exalted the scimitar of Horus the mighty bull who smites the nine bows (foreigners); and his name was placed for eternity, and his victories are spoken of in all lands, every land sees them; and the benefit is granted to be realised from the victories of him, even the king Merenptah,* the bull lord of valour, who slaughters his enemies, fair of face, the ram of valour when he charges.

THE DELIVERANCE.

The sun has come clearing the storm that was over Kemt (Egypt), causing Ta-mera (Egypt) to see the beams of Aten (the radiant sun), a mountain of copper (a great weight) has fallen from the neck of the people; he gives breath to the living who were stifled, he washes the heart of Ha-kaptah (Memphis) from their enemies, causing Ptah Tanen to rejoice over his foes, opening the gates of the walls that were fast-closed, causing his temples to receive their daily supplies.

DEFEAT OF THE LIBYANS.

King Merenptah, the One who establishes the hearts of hundreds of thousands and of millions, the breath enters the nostrils of those who see him who has pierced the land of Zahi (Phœnicia) in his duration of life,—he who placed eternal fear in the hearts of the Mashawan^a (Maries of N. Africa),—he who caused the Lebu (Libyan) people to retreat when it invaded Egypt, and there was great terror in the hearts of the land of Egypt. Their outposts that they (Lebu) had pushed forward they left them in their rear (by flight), their feet did not stay but fled. They abandoned their archers and their bows, the heart of their swift ones was weary with marching, they tore down their tents and cast them to the

* The full double name, as first stated here, is given in the places where we only repeat the portion "Merenptah," by which the king is usually known.

ground. The vile and overthrown chief of the Lebu neu, by grace of night, alone; there was no plume on his head, he ran away on his feet, his women were captured before his face, the corn of his food was taken, and he had no water to carry to make him live. The face of his brethren was eager to slay him, each of his officers was fighting his fellow, his tents were burnt to ashes, and all his goods became the food of the army. Every one in his country was ashamed, he hid himself; an evil fate deprived him of the plumes, and all of his city said of him, "He is in the power of the Gods the Lords of Memphis." The Lord of Egypt has made his name accursed, Maury (the Libyan king) is an abomination to Memphis, and his family one after another for ever. Ba-en-ra is set to pursue his children; Merenptah is appointed as a fate to him.

DEJECTION OF LYBIA.

He has become as one smitten, a proverb to the Lebu; one troop says to another among his mighty men, "Such has never happened to us since the time of Ra." Each ancient tells to his son, "Woe is to the Lebu, they have ended their life, one cannot walk in the country, their going has been taken from them in a single day, the Tahennu (N. Africans) have been burnt up in a year, Sutekh has turned his back upon their chief, their settlements have been captured by him; it is good to hide, one is safe in the dungeon."

SAFETY OF EGYPT.

The great Lord of Egypt is mighty, and victory belongs to him; he who receives his battle-charge has no heart left, he who enters his boundaries desires not to see the morrow. Verily Egypt hath been since the gods, it is the one daughter of Ra, and it is his son who is on the throne of the god Shu, son of Ra. The heart cannot devise evil against its people, the eye of every god watches against its injury; she (Egypt) it is that captures the rear of her enemies; a great wonder has come to pass in Ta-mera (Egypt) causing that her hand should take him (the Libyan) as a prisoner.

DIVINE ACCUSATION AND JUDGMENTS.

By the order of the god-like king, justified against his enemies before Ra, Maury (the Libyan), he who did evil, is accused to every god that is in Memphis, he has been judged in On (Heliopolis), the company of the gods has convicted him as a malefactor for his misdeeds. The Universal Lord has said, "Give the scimitar to my son the true of heart Merenptah, the ruler in Memphis; let On be avenged, let the cities that were shut up be thrown open; let him set free the multitudes that are imprisoned in every place; let him give offerings to the temples; let him cause incense to be brought before the God; let him cause the nobles to bring offerings in their hands; let him cause the poor to go through their cities with prayers to the Lords of Memphis for their son Merenptah, saying, 'Grant to him long life like Ra, may he avenge all that is wrong of every country.' Let Egypt be an inheritance for him and for his descendants for ever, for his strength is in

its people." Matuiri (the Libyan king), the despicable, base, overthrown rebel, came to violate the walls of the king; he (Ra) who was its lord arose, and his son in his stead the king Merenptah. And Ptah said, "Libya is collected, its wickedness shall return upon its head, give him (the Libyan) into the hand of Merenptah, cause him to vomit what he hath swallowed like the devouring crocodile." Behold the swift one shall overtake the swift, thou shalt catch him and know his might, it is Amen that shall conquer him with his hand, for he hath ordained for his Ka in Erment—the king Merenptah—that great gladness shall come to Egypt.

REJOICING OF EGYPT.

Joy shall come forth in the cities of Tamera, they shall tell of the victories made by Merenptah upon the Tahennu. How doth it (Egypt) love the valorous prince! How is the king magnified amongst the gods! How doth it adore its master! And the people babbled, "Come and walk afar on the road, for there is no fear in the hearts of men." The garrisoned forts are abandoned; the walls are thrown open; the messengers leap over the battlements of the wall, and cool themselves from the sun until the guards awake; the police lie in slumbers on their beats; the Bedawin of the marshes desire to pasture the herds, abandoning the cattle raids; no marauders cross the flood of the river; there is no shout of the sentinel in the night, "Stop! behold thou one comes, one comes in the name of others (with the wrong watchword); be good enough to go." There are no cries of men, "One has been robbed." For the cities are established again anew; he who ploughs for his harvest, he will eat it.

TRIUMPH OF MERENPTAH.

For the sun of Egypt has wrought this change; he was born as the fated means of revenging it, the king Merenptah. Chiefs bend down, saying, "Peace to thee"; not one of the nine bows raises his head. Vanquished are the Tahennu (N. Africans); the Khita (Hittites) are quieted; ravaged is Pa-kanana (Kanun) with all violence; taken is Askadni (Askalon?); seized in Kazmel; Yenu (Yanoh) of the Syrians is made as though it had not existed; THE PEOPLE OF YSIRAAL IS SPOILED, IT HATH NO SEED; Syria has become as widows of the land of Egypt; all lands together are in peace. Every one that was a marauder hath been subdued by the king Merenptah, who gives life like the sun every day.

The original has, of course, no separation into sentences or paragraphs; and the titles of the sections are added here to render the structure clearer.

The account of the Libyan campaign that we have here agrees closely with the long story given in an inscription at Karnak. It is there said that the Libyan king Marmaiu, son of Deid, came with various tribes, that have been identified with people of the Mediterranean—in short, a confederacy of the central Mediterranean races—and

occupied the land of lower Egypt up to above the Fayum. Ptah appeared in a dream to Merenptah, and ordered him to attack them. The chief fled, and the Egyptians took his silver and gold, and vessels of brass, his wives' ornaments, his thrones, his bows, his weapons, and all things which he had brought. About 16,000 of the invaders were slain, and 9376 made captive: nearly as many swords were taken, along with oxen, horses, goats, &c. The spoils were gold and silver vessels, swords, cuirasses, razors, and various vases, 3184. They set fire to the tents and remainder of the booty. This war is one of the greatest importance to our view of the early civilisation of Europe, as it shows the wealth and arts of the south European life at that time. Though we do not get further details of the Libyan possessions in this new tablet, yet there is a curious light on the public opinion in Libya, and the dejection caused by the defeat. The brethren of the king eager to slay him were probably the allied chiefs of other races; and the Libyans seem to have lost heart entirely, by the speech put into the mouth of an old man, about the insecurity of their land and the need of hiding. Within a generation they had renewed their strength, and were again bitterly defeated by Rameses III. The trial scene in heaven, where the king accuses his enemies before the gods, and receives their divine commission, is a bold stroke of metaphor, which even an Egyptian scarcely ventured on again. And the account of the security of the land is picturesquely given by showing the complete relaxation of discipline. The idea of an army kept at a constant pitch of efficiency was as foreign to the Oriental in those days as it is at present.

Lastly, we come to the most important passage of all to our views. The recital of the conquests of the king passes from Libya to Syria, and refers to a war of which very few traces have yet been recovered. Beginning with the Hittites in the north, the king next names Pakanana, which was a fortress of the Canaanites; this appears most likely to be the modern Deir Kanun, five miles south-east of Tyre, or else the village of Kana, a little further south-east. Next comes Askadni, which is not known in this form; and perhaps by error of the sign *d* for that of *l* it should read Askalni or Askalon. The following name of Kazmel is also unknown; and here again a very likely error of the sculptor may have confused two bird hieroglyphics, so that it should read Kazal, the ancient Chesulloth or modern Ikaal in the plain of Esdraelon, thirteen miles north-east of Tzanach. Yenn of the Amu, or Syria, is generally agreed to be Yamm, east of Tyre. Then comes the long-sought name of "the people of Israel," which is thus placed in connection with the north of Palestine. They were spoiled, and had no seed. This has just the same range of meaning as in English: seed being generally used for seed-corn, but poetically used for posterity, as we say "the seed of

Abraham." The Egyptian was very fond of alliteration and of verbal resemblances, and the pun here in view was that as Yezreel is "the sowing of God," the resemblance to Yisraël suggested that the people who were sown by their god had no seed left to sow. Probably Jezreel had its name owing to the richness of its harvests in the plain of Esdraïon suggesting a divine sowing. That the name here is that of the people Israel, and not of the city Jezreel, is shown by the writing of it with *s* and not *z*, and by its being expressly a "people," unlike the other names here, which are those of "places." Lastly, Syria has become as widows of the land of Egypt, a phrase which is rather difficult, unless there be a confusion between "of" and "in," which would then allow it to refer to the Syrian women being taken captive to Egypt.

When we come to consider the historical setting of "Israel being spoiled without seed," there are at least five different views possible. Which of these is more likely cannot be decided as yet; arguments will appear from deliberating on it which may help to clear the matter, though probably more monumental evidence will be needed before we can reach certainty.

(a) The first and most obvious view may be that it refers to the oppression of the Israelites in Egypt. As Merenptah is usually thought to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus, whose father commanded the destruction of the male children, Israel being spoiled so that it has no seed might be taken as a reference to this edict. But against this is the placing of the reference between the mention of Yenn (or Yannu, near Tyre), and the conclusion that Syria is widowed. This strongly shows that the Israel here referred to were already in Syria; and it would be hardly possible that after reciting the Syrian towns, he should turn to a Syrian people in captivity in Egypt, and then conclude with naming Syria as a whole. Yet the chance of this must be balanced against the possibilities of the other views.

(b) The next view may be that this refers to the twelve tribes in Palestine after the Exodus. Were there any trace of an Egyptian invasion in the Book of Judges we might readily grant this. But amid all the turmoil with local rulers around, there is no trace in the records of the south, west, or north of any Egyptian influence; had the twelve tribes been then in Palestine, they would have suffered this destruction by Merenptah, and the several subsequent campaigns of Rameses III., which extended over much of the country. The complete silence about any such attacks strongly shows that the invasion of Canaan was subsequent to the last Ramesside campaign.

But so far we are assuming, what is always tacitly supposed, that there were no descendants of Israel in Palestine between their migration to Egypt and the invasion of Canaan, which is so fully recorded. Yet a people who were so incessantly at feud with one

mother—the brethren of Joseph, of Aaron, of Korah, the slayers of Benjamin, the chiders of Gideon—are not particularly likely to have held together on all occasions, and never to have had family differences and separations. Such a “stiff-necked and rebellious” people could scarcely hold together for many centuries, and migrate to and fro as one body, without some split being likely to occur.

(c) There is then some possibility that a part of the Israelites remained behind in Palestine when the others went down into Egypt. That they roamed as nomads over the whole country is implied by their wandering from Hebron up to Shechem, and on to Dothan further north, on the edge of the fertile plain of Esdraelon (Gen. xxxvii. 14–17.) It is likely that the famine would not be so severe in that region as it was nearer to the rainless Egypt, and it would be very possible that some branches might remain in the north while the others emigrated.

(d) Another possibility is that a part of the Israelites in Egypt may have gone back again into Canaan soon after the famine. That they travelled there readily is suggested by the burial of Jacob at Machpelah (Gen. i. 13); and there is absolutely no evidence that they all remained in Egypt until the Exodus. That there was a continuity of tradition in Palestine during all the Egyptian period is strongly shown. Not only was the cave of Machpelah known, but the burial place which Jacob bought in Shechem is also said to be known (Jos. xxiv. 32). How many Australians or Americans would know in the absence of pictures how to identify ground bought eight generations ago in England? Can we suppose that the hostile inhabitants of Palestine would maintain such inconvenient traditions, and obligingly tell—to a race who came to destroy them—what rights the invaders legally had? Such an assumed knowledge of the old landmarks strongly indicates that some of the family remained, or soon returned, to keep up the local knowledge: and so far either of the hypotheses c or d is supported.

(e) There is yet another possibility of Israelites in Canaan. After the Exodus they prospected in the land, they wished to go up and occupy it, and they defeated the Canaanites in the south (Num. xxi. 3); the latter fact is just at the end of the wanderings, but it appears from Hormah being named then to be another version of the conflict soon after the Exodus (Num. xiv. 45). That a portion may have succeeded in entering Palestine directly seems not at all impossible; and Merneptah may have chased after them in revenge for the escape of the main body.

In considering these different views, the date of the Exodus and its relation to Egyptian history is a main factor. The principal consideration about this is the total absence of any references to any Egyptian invasions after the Israelite invasion. Had the Exodus

taken place in the eighteenth dynasty, as some suppose, there should be some mention in the Old Testament of the invasion of *Rameses II.*, which extended over *Moab*, *Judea*, and *Galilee*; of the invasion of *Merenptah* which crushed "the people of Israel"; of the invasion of *Rameses III.*, which went through *Judea* as well as the north. The silence about these striking wars makes it extremely difficult to suppose that the invasion of *Canaan* occurred until after the last raid of *Rameses III.* But the brief period thus left for the age of the Judges is generally supposed to be a difficulty in placing the *Exodus* so late. It is impossible here to enter on the details; suffice to say that by astronomical festivals the reign of *Merenptah* is fixed at about 1200 B.C. as its middle point: that the history of the Egyptian kings between him and *Shishak* well agrees with this date within a few years; that the genealogies of the Levites agree also within a few years of the same interval; and that the history of Judges, when carefully separated into its triple strands of north, west, and east, shows a complete history of each division of the country, covering just about the same period as indicated by each of the other methods. We are thus led to see that there is nothing inconsistent with history in placing the *Exodus* under *Merenptah*, as is usually supposed; and that so there remains no difficulty in accepting the obvious conclusion that the last Egyptian raid was over before the twelve Tribes entered Palestine in a body.

Such a position of affairs leads us to reject the hypothesis *b*, which I have stated; and the order of the inscription makes *a* also very unlikely. It is, then, to one of the hypotheses of a split Israel that we must rather lean; and of these the continuity of tradition in Palestine favours *c* or *d*.

There is also another consideration. The name of the city *Jezreel* is evidently important, the whole fertile plain of *Esdraelon* being named from it. Yet we cannot, for two reasons, take the city of *Jezreel* as being the reference intended by *Merenptah*, first, because the name is written with *s*, not *z*, and, secondly, because it is not a city that was destroyed, but a people that were left without seed. Yet it is not impossible that in *Jezreel* we have the capital of a northern branch of Israel that did not go into Egypt, this name having been adopted as a play upon the race-name of Israel; that such a branch, though smitten, survived, as we see *Jezreel* the first city of *Issachar* (*Jos. xix. 17*); and that it afterwards threw off the yoke of *Judah* and became the later kingdom of Israel (of which *Jezreel* was a capital); which differed so largely in its traditions and ways from its southern neighbours. Such a view is a possibility not to be overlooked, and has a certain historical continuity about it which is very fascinating. Which view is taken of this new light on Old Testament history must largely depend on the

anner in which the earlier books are estimated. I have here endeavoured to make the statements such as to be as little affected as possible by diverse opinions already existing. To those who attach the fullest value to every word of the books of Numbers, Joshua, and Judges, some of these hypotheses that I have named will be somewhat hard. To those who see in these books a collected body of various records and oral history, and already look on the migration to Egypt as but partial, there will not be much to choose in the probabilities on the Biblical side, and the argument from the dates of Egyptian history will have more weight. Far more positive information is needed before we can place the question of early Jewish history in a clear connection with the rest of the world. But we have now got one firm point in the midst of the great uncertainties which have hitherto beset the subject.

Two practical lessons, however, may be clear to the public: first, that if we are ever to understand history, in the Bible or out of it, the pick is our instrument and the ruin-mounds are our material; second, that it is by the exhaustive clearance of small sites which can be readily examined that we shall soonest reach our results, and leave the less to be destroyed by the ceaseless plundering that is always going on.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

ARMENIA AND THE POWERS:

FROM BEHIND THE SCENES.

ON the 13th of last December the British Ambassador at Constantinople sent Lord Salisbury the following appalling telegram :

"It may be roughly estimated that the recent disturbances have devastated, as far as the Armenians are concerned, the whole of the provinces to which the scheme of reforms was intended to apply ; that over an extent of territory considerably larger than Great Britain all the large towns, with the exception of Van, Samsoun, and Mush, have been the scene of massacres of the Armenian population, while the Armenian villages have been almost entirely destroyed. A moderate estimate puts the loss of life at 30,000. The survivors are in a state of absolute destitution, and in many places they are forced to become Mussulman.

"The charge against the Armenians of having been the first to offer provocation cannot be sustained. Non-Armenian Christians were spared, and the comparatively few Turks who fell were killed in self-defence.

"The participation of the soldiers in the massacres is in many places established beyond a doubt."

Four days later the British Ambassador at Vienna handed a copy of this telegram to Count Goluchowski, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and begged him to peruse it carefully.

"Count Goluchowski did so, and observed that the description is doubtless true enough, and very impressive ; but that, as he had already stated, there is nothing to be done but to wait and see if the Sultan will be able to carry out his promises and restore order. Every kind of admonition had been given to him, and his Excellency did not see what more could be said to him than has been already repeatedly urged. Intervention of any other kind must inevitably result in the further 'disaggregation' of the Ottoman Empire. But if Count Goluchowski rightly understands the situation, this is the last thing that the Powers desire. They know that unless the greatest precautions are taken Europe is threatened with the re-opening of the whole Eastern Question. Any further action will have the effect of

ing it; will, in fact, 'apply the spark to the powder.' A catastrophe would ensue productive of results which would be infinitely grave. He must therefore maintain that, lamentable as the condition of affairs in Anatolia undoubtedly is, there is nothing whatever to be done but to give the Sultan the opportunity of doing what he has engaged to do. The prospect is not a hopeful one."

A fortnight later the Austrian Minister received news of more horrors :

"His Excellency went on to deplore that, beyond making representations to the Sultan, the Powers can do nothing for the Armenians, of whom several thousands may now be computed to have perished by violence; while the rigours of winter, bringing famine, want of shelter and warmth—in fact, destitution in its most appalling shape—might be calculated to destroy many more before the return of spring."

This forecast has been too truly ratified by events. There is evidence that the number of Armenians massacred in cold blood to February was not less than 50,000,* while the addition of those who perished by famine and cold would raise the figure to little short of 200,000. Well might Count Goluchowski describe the prospect as appalling. But let us go on with his Excellency's most humiliating confession of the impotence of Christendom to stop, or even check, this carnival of horrors :

"In presence of this heartrending prospect, it is intelligible that numbers of humane people are revolted at the idea that Europe is powerless; and, regardless of consequences, would wish that action should be taken by some, or even by one of the Powers, to put a stop to the extermination of the miserable Armenians. But practical statesmen are bound to consider the situation from another standpoint."

And again the bugbear of the Eastern Question is conjured up to frighten timorous statesmen. But the ghosts of the slaughtered Armenians and of the victims yet to follow still haunt his Excellency's imagination, and he goes on again in the course of a fortnight to disburden his troubled mind to the British Ambassador, and to bewail the impotence of Europe :

"Count Goluchowski said that the prospect of the suffering through which the Armenians have passed, and which they have yet, in all probability, to undergo, is so terrible that pure humanitarians would naturally be prone to accuse those, in whose power they believe it to be to prevent such

* This is the calculation of Signor Monaco, who conducted an independent inquiry on behalf of the Italian Government. He calls attention not only to the fact, noted in the estimate of 30,000 testified by the great Powers, that that estimate embraces a limited area, but to the important consideration that the estimate stops at December, whereas there have been massacres on a large scale in many other places since then. Sir Philip Currie's suggestion that the object of the massacres was to destroy the majority of Christians in the districts to which the reforms were to apply is proved by a recent report of the Grand Visir to the Sultan, which assures his Majesty that his mind may now be at ease, "since a majority is everywhere assured to the Mussalman element."

miser, of heartless cruelty, or, at any rate, of cynical indifference. . . . No one can more clearly than himself perceive the horrors of the situation, nor feel more acutely the bitterness of the incapacity of Europe to ameliorate it."

But there it is again! the spectre of the Eastern Question, which can only be laid by letting the Sultan go on with his bloody work, even to the "extermination of the miserable Armenians." Count Goluchowski's helpless lament that "there is nothing to be done but to wait and see if the Sultan will be able to carry out his promises and restore order," looks uncommonly like that "cynical indifference" which he pathetically disclaims. He knew perfectly well that it was want of will, not of power, that prevented the Sultan from carrying out his promises. For it was the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople, as doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, who had, two months previously, accused the Sultan to his face of having ordered the massacres, and of not being sincere in his professed desire to stop them. Here is the stern message which Baron Calice, as the accredited organ of all the European Embassies, delivered in person to the Sultan on November 18, 1895:

"The only means of restoring confidence is to put a stop to the massacres, *which we are convinced the Sultan can do if he is sincere in his professions.* It is not for us to indicate the measures to be taken, but we venture to make the following suggestions:

"That the functionaries responsible for the massacres should be dismissed.

"That an inquiry should be held as to the participation of soldiers in the outrages, and the guilty be punished.

"That the orders recently sent to the Valis and military commanders should be published, and assurances given that previous orders have been cancelled.

"That a Hatt should be issued by the Sultan ordering his subjects to obey his wishes."

Here we have the Sultan himself arraigned at the bar of the Great Powers of Europe as the author of the massacres, and accused in plain terms of being insincere "in his professions" of desire to stop them. Yet the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, with these facts before him, says "there is nothing to be done but to wait and see if the Sultan will be able to carry out his promises." Surely one need not be a "pure humanitarian" to characterise diplomacy like this as "heartless cruelty, or, at any rate, cynical indifference." I believe that the annals of Christian Europe may be searched in vain for anything so abjectly humiliating, so entirely disgraceful, as this spectacle of the Great Powers of Christendom making so terrible an accusation against a barbarous despot who reigns by their sufferance, and then standing idly by while he goes calmly on with his work of extermination against a helpless and an innocent people. And the spectre which has smitten them with this ignoble paralysis—the

raising of the Eastern Question—is it so certain that they have laid it by their cruel pusillanimity? The event will show whether it would not have been wiser to grasp the nettle firmly instead of stroking it with the open hand. A mandate from united Europe would have extorted obedience from the Sultan without the firing of a single shot. The apparition of the fleets of Europe, or even of a moiety of them, at the Dardanelles, with orders to pass in case of continued contumacy on the part of the Sultan, would have sufficed. At all events, the Austrian Government was itself at one time an advocate of that coercive policy which Count Goluchowski deprecated some months afterwards. The explanation of this *volte-face* may perhaps appear as we proceed. It happens that I have been a good deal behind the scenes in this matter, and I now propose to put the public in possession of the salient points of the diplomatic history of the Armenian Question during the last eighteen months. The two volumes of Blue Books, which have been so tardily published, are necessarily far from complete, and I am able, without committing any one, to supply some important omissions. I am entirely unconnected with party politics in England, or elsewhere, and have no thesis to maintain. My sole motive is to place the public in possession of the leading facts, leaving them to distribute as they please the blame of one of the greatest tragedies of modern times, a tragedy which impartial history will characterise as the foulest stain as yet inflicted on the chivalry and manhood of civilised Europe.

The first thing to be noted is that the massacres which, in Lord Salisbury's phrase, have "made Europe pale," ought not to have taken the British Government unawares. They had been carefully prepared and organised for more than five years, and the British Government had been duly warned. Early in the year 1890 Colonel Chermside, then British Consul at Erzeroum, wrote that the cruelty and outrages inflicted on the defenceless Armenians were fostering a spirit of disaffection among the most docile and peaceable of the Sultan's subjects. In the same year Colonel Chermside's successor, Mr. Clifford Lloyd, of Land League fame, sounded a serious note of warning. "I am of opinion," he said, "that the question of protecting the Armenian peasantry from the attacks of the Kurds is of much greater importance than any other, and that if the Christians were shielded from the ever-existing apprehension of being pillaged and killed they would become a comparatively contented and prosperous people. All the Christians asked for was protection; but this was the one thing the Government failed to provide." And this failure was not due to ignorance or negligence or feebleness on the part of the Government at Constantinople: it was part of a deliberate policy, of which the object was to provoke the Armenians into some show of resistance that might furnish the Government with an excuse for massacring

them. "The Kurds," says Mr. Clifford Lloyd, "here, as elsewhere, openly declare that their action meets with the approval of the Turkish Government." Small wonder if their intolerable wrongs made the Armenians "protest"—the only form which the discontent of an unarmed peasantry could take. "I believe that the idea of revolution is not entertained by any class of the Armenian people. An armed revolution is, besides, impossible," for the Armenians had no arms except some old flint-locks here and there to protect their crops and flocks from birds and beasts. "Discontent or any description of protest is, however, regarded by the Turkish local Government as seditious, and a policy such as I described in a previous despatch is pursued, depriving the Armenian subject of every liberty for his person, and for which no justification exists."

The pillage and murder of the Armenians proceeded on an increasing scale and with more open connivance on the part of the authorities, as Mr. Clifford Lloyd reported faithfully to his Government, although many of his reports—and they the most damaging to the Turkish Government—have not been published. He died at his post, and was succeeded at Erzeroum by Mr. Hampson, who reported in the beginning of 1891 a forward stride in the Sultan's policy of massacre. This was the enrolment of the Kurds into a cavalry force of 30,000, which the Sultan honoured by calling it after his own name, the "Hamidié," and over which he appointed as officers the most notorious criminals and brigand chiefs in Asia Minor, including Hussein Agha, whom the British Ambassador denounced as "a monster," and the dry inventory of whose crimes fills a page and a half of a folio Blue Book. This man, after being denounced to the Sultan by the British Ambassador, was invited to Constantinople, raised to the rank of a pasha by the Sultan, and given the command of one of the Hamidié regiments. Chosen representatives of this Kurdish cavalry were invited to Yildiz Kiosk by the Sultan, *fêted* right royally, and then sent back to Armenia "to suppress," as they openly declared, "the Armenians, with assurances that they will not be called to answer before the tribunals for any acts of oppression committed against Christians."

The Hamidié cavalry obeyed their master's instructions with great fidelity, and the lot of the wretched Armenians went from bad to worse. Still there was no attempt at rebellion, and the tyrant of Yildiz Kiosk began to wax impatient. Emissaries of sedition were therefore sent to provoke the Armenians to an abortive rising, and members of Armenian societies abroad were allowed to cross the frontier and agitate against the Sultan's Government. But all this had little effect on an unarmed and cowed peasantry. One Damadian, in particular, an Armenian Catholic from Constantinople, went, in 1892, about the villages of the Sasun district on a mission of agitation against the Government. He easily eluded the futile efforts

which, for the sake of appearance, were made to arrest him. After nearly a year of this game of hide and seek, Damadian was arrested and sent to Constantinople, where, of course, he was immediately pardoned—a fact which speaks for itself.

What ought the British Government to have done in this state of things? The honour of England was more deeply concerned than that of any other Government in the protection of the Armenians. It was England which deprived them of the guarantees which Russia had provided for them in the Treaty of San Stefano. It was England, moreover, which had, in the Cyprus Convention, proclaimed to the world its intention to protect the Armenians. Yet the British Government, Liberal and Tory alike, did nothing to redeem the pledged honour of the nation.

But what could the British Government have done? It might at least have followed the example of Lord John Russell's Government in 1850, and of the Russian Government in 1860. In the former case Lord Palmerston called the attention of the European Cabinets to the danger to the general peace arising from the misgovernment of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, as described in Mr. Gladstone's Letters to Lord Aberdeen. The publicity thus given to the tyranny of King Bomba had more to do with the overthrow of his son than the invasion of Garibaldi. Similarly, Prince Gortschakoff's circular despatch in 1860, warning the signatories of the Treaty of Paris of the intolerable oppression of its Christian subjects by the Porte, roused the slumbering conscience of Europe, so that there was no opposition to the prompt intervention of France and England on the outbreak of the Syrian massacres soon after Prince Gortschakoff's timely warning. Abdul Hamid II. would not have dared to face the execration of civilised mankind, and his wholesale massacres would not have been. But instead of letting the light in upon the misdeeds and designs of the Sultan, the British Government did its best to screen them. It peremptorily refused to publish the reports of its own Consuls and the despatches of its Ambassador, and the nation was thus indebted to the enterprise of the press for the information which its own Government persistently concealed from it. And when the burst of indignation which the revelation of the facts occasioned forced the Government to act, it still took the course which of all others was best calculated to abet the Sultan in his fell designs. Two plans were open to the Government, either of which would probably have been successful. They might have appealed to a Congress of the signatories of the Berlin Treaty to join in compelling the Sultan to fulfil his treaty obligations towards the Armenians. Or they might have come to an understanding with Russia—which was then undoubtedly easy—for the pacification of Armenia. Instead of either of these obvious policies, they advised the Sultan to appoint a commission

of inquiry into facts of which they had already ample knowledge in the reports of their own Consuls. The Sultan was only too delighted to fall in with so obliging a suggestion, provided, of course, that he was at liberty to conduct the inquiry in his own way. France and Russia then agreed, somewhat frigidly, to join England in sending Consuls to watch the proceedings of the Turkish Commission. As England had taken the lead, Prince Lobanoff naturally inquired what the Government proposed to do after the Commission had reported, for "it was evident that something must be done." On being told that "the Commission was not proceeding as satisfactorily as could be wished,"

"His Excellency replied that he had never entertained much hope of a satisfactory result, and he doubted whether the perpetrators of the Sasun massacres would be brought to justice. In his opinion, however, the most important question to be considered was what was to be done when the Commission had finished its labours, and he sincerely hoped that some practical suggestion would be made."

But the British Government which originated this Commission had no suggestion to make, no policy to offer. Nay more, it meekly submitted to the indignity telegraphed by Sir Philip Currie in the following despatch:

"The Ottoman Government have published Decrees conferring decorations on the Mufti of Moosh, who is said to have incited the troops against the Christians, and on Zeki Pasha, the Commandant of the 4th Army Corps. The Mutessarif of Moosh, who protested against the massacres, has been dismissed. The appointment of the Commission has been officially notified in the Press. The notice states that the Commission is sent to inquire into the criminal conduct of Armenian brigands, and denies absolutely the truth of massacres."

Lord Kimberley telegraphed back at once "his surprise and pain" at this exhibition of effrontery on the part of the Sultan; considered it "so grave in its nature that her Majesty's Government must give it their serious consideration without any delay"; and promised to send Sir P. Currie "instructions after I have consulted with my colleagues, as the matter cannot possibly be left in this position."

Nevertheless, the matter was "left in this position," and Russia and France, recognising the farce of the whole thing, but being apparently reluctant to separate from England, intimated that they would now send vice-consular delegates, not consuls, to accompany the Commission. The British Government followed suit, and sent a youthful vice-consul, who had no experience in that region, to accompany the Turkish Commission. At the same time it urged the Italian Government to sanction the sham inquiry by sending a delegate to accompany the Commission. But Italy, who had agreed, on England's invitation, and before the scope and purport of the Commission had been officially announced, to send a consul with the

Commission, now refused to have anything to do with so palpable an imposture, and announced its intention to make an independent inquiry of its own.* The United States also, seeing that the undisguised object of the Commission was to screen the guilty and condemn the innocent, withdrew its previous sanction, and declined to have anything to do with it. The sanction of this monstrous Commission by Lord Rosebery's Government requires explanation, especially after Lord Kimberley's indignant despatch on learning that the intention of the Commission was to inquire into "the criminal conduct of Armenian brigands," the Sultan peremptorily declaring at the same time that there had been no massacre of Christians. Lord Kimberley took the decision of the Cabinet on the matter, with the result practically of sanctioning this outrage on the part of the Sultan. And when the foreign delegates, unable any longer to endure the gross travesty of justice with which the inquiry was conducted, washed their hands of the whole business and retired from the Commission, Lord Kimberley ordered the British delegate to resume his attendance.

Six months were wasted in this worse than bootless inquiry, and then a scheme of reform was offered to the Sultan for application in Armenia. Need we wonder that he doubted the sincerity of the reformers, and of England most of all, and refused contemptuously for three weeks to take any notice of the scheme? He might safely have sanctioned it, for without European control it was absolutely worthless. And he did sanction it after that period of tedious procrastination so dear to Turkish diplomacy.

Meanwhile the Liberal Government disappeared; and Lord Salisbury, seeing the worthlessness of the reforms as they stood, tried to make them effective by suggesting European control. But he was met by the reply that he was seeking to upset the policy of his predecessor, and his well-meant effort miscarried. In fact, the mistaken diplomacy of the Rosebery Cabinet began to show its fruits. Early in the negotiations an understanding with Russia in regard to Armenia was easy. The Government and people of Russia were still under the spell of that spontaneous outburst of British sympathy which the death of the Tsar, with its pathetic surroundings, had evoked, and which the genial diplomacy of the Prince of Wales—all the more effective from being unofficial—had intensified. Russia responded by promptly settling the question of the Pamirs in a sense satisfactory to

* The British Foreign Office made repeated applications to the Italian Government to send a delegate to accompany the Turkish Commission. But Baron Blanc emphatically refused, and gave as his reason that it would not only be futile, but mischievous in addition, to accompany a Commission whose action was officially directed to the justification of the Turkish functionaries and officers who committed the massacres, and to the fixing of the sole responsibility on "the Armenian brigands." The persistence of the British Government in an inquiry which was avowedly instigated by the Sultan to suppress the truth and propagate falsehood is inexplicable. This manly protest of the Italian Government does not appear in the Blue Book.

England. After the flagitious conduct of the Sultan, Lord Rosebery might have cancelled the Cyprus Convention with the approbation of all parties, and thereby conciliated Russia by removing a standing menace against her, however little likely to be ever enforced. It was much easier for him to do this than for the author of the Convention. The opportunity was missed, but another chance of conciliating Russia presented itself later. Russia was seriously alarmed by the collapse of China and the terms of peace extorted from her by Japan, and the Tsar's Government proposed a friendly understanding with England on the subject. I state what I know when I say that England might then have practically made her own terms with Russia alike in the Far East and in the Near. No alliance was sought, only friendly co-operation; and the Russian Government would have met the British more than half-way both in China and Turkey. This would certainly have been greatly to the advantage of England, and would have been infinitely better for Japan. But so far were we from profiting by the friendly overture of Russia, it was promptly rejected, and the British squadron in the Far East was strengthened. This was probably a fortuitous coincidence, but Russia interpreted it as a menace, and at once invited France and Germany to the partnership which the British Government had spurned. From that moment Russia suspected the intentions of England and adopted an obstructive policy in regard to Armenia.

It was thus a fatal mistake on the part of Lord Rosebery to form a Russo-Franco-Anglican group unless he was prepared to give Russia some substantial guarantee of England's amity; for by forming a Triple Alliance on Oriental affairs he inevitably roused the suspicions and hostility of the other Triple Alliance, as the event soon proved.

After the scheme of reforms had been offered to the Sultan the members of the Triple Alliance complained that they had not been consulted, and Count Goluchowski intimated to Lord Salisbury (who had just returned to power) that it would be more conformable to the Treaty of Berlin, and likely to be more effective, if the six Powers were to appoint a Commission of Surveillance for the application of reforms in Armenia. Lord Salisbury agreed, as, indeed, he could hardly help doing. But the result showed the fatal blunder made by his predecessor, either in not coming to terms with Russia in starting, or in not calling a conference of all the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin. Either plan would almost certainly have succeeded; but the policy which unfortunately prevailed was inevitably doomed to fall between the proverbial "two stools." Russia took alarm at the entrance of the Triple Alliance into any Commission of Surveillance in Armenia, and privately encouraged the passive resistance of the Sultan. Indeed, the scheme of reforms had already become an abortion. In the beginning of May 1895, an Ambassador at Con-

Constantinople wrote to the following effect to his Government: "The scheme of reforms presented by the three Powers," he said, "would be useless;" an opinion for which he gives his reasons. Lord Rosebery's Government, said this authority, proposed that a Governor or High Commissioner should be appointed for a fixed term, subject to the approval of the Powers, to superintend the carrying out of the reforms, after the precedent established for the Lebanon—

"a condition which the British Government had declared to be essential to the efficiency of the scheme. But this proposal was abandoned for the sake of keeping up the *entente* with France and Russia; which Governments, according to the information that reached the Porte, had expressed themselves rather sceptical as to the result of the reforms. And in truth it is plain that the scheme contains nothing which is not already the law of the country, but not applied, because not intended for home consumption, but for the purpose of silencing foreign Governments. Such laws, being opposed to the traditions of Islamic rule, will never be applied without foreign intervention. The Porte seems now to have obtained the support of Russia and France in rejecting the English proposal that the Governor should be appointed subject to the approval of the Powers."

Yet the British Government went on pressing on the Sultan a scheme of reforms which they had themselves thus reduced to nullity! An uncharitable critic might say that they were more intent on winning a majority at the impending General Election than on securing tolerable administration for the Armenians. I prefer to attribute their dogged perseverance in so inane a policy to that failure to grasp the situation which characterised their diplomacy from its inception to its close. And I regret that Lord Salisbury's loyalty to that fetish of diplomatists—continuity of foreign policy—restrained him from washing his hands of this *damnosa hereditas* and beginning *de novo*. A fresh start might have been difficult. But failure in overcoming the difficulty, and then an appeal to the conscience of Europe against the Powers, be they who they might, who were responsible for the continued anarchy in Asia Minor, would have been better than quiet acquiescence in so wretched a fiasco.

Lord Salisbury has been somewhat severely criticised for his menacing Guildhall speech, which has been characterised by some as a mere *brutum fulmen*, signifying nothing. The fact, however, is that Lord Salisbury meant business. His solemn warning to the Sultan of the "ruin" that threatened his Empire, possibly resulting in dismemberment, was no empty menace. A great Power had proposed a naval demonstration in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles, and it will probably be a surprise for England to learn that the Power which made that proposal was Austria. To conciliate Russia and France, it was suggested that the Powers taking part in the demonstration should pledge themselves not to annex any portion of Ottoman territory. France and Russia rejected the proposals. The other three

Powers accepted them, constituting a group of four against two. It was then proposed that the four Powers should go on with the demonstration; that the fleets of England, Austria, and Italy should pass the Dardanelles and dictate terms to the Sultan at Constantinople, deposing him in case of contumacy and appointing a successor. The German fleet was to be held in reserve, and join the other three in case of necessity. The English fleet went to Salonica, and the Italian fleet received orders to follow the lead of the British Admiral. So imminent at one time seemed the probability of action, that Admiral Seymour sent a message to the Italian Admiral to hurry him up. These facts explain two brief despatches in the second volume of Blue Books (p. 78), which are obscure as they stand. The first is from the British Ambassador in Rome to Lord Salisbury:

"I have the honour to inform your Lordship that I duly carried out your Lordship's instructions, as conveyed to me in your Lordship's telegram of the 23rd instant. Baron Blanc, Minister for Foreign Affairs, was absent from Rome at the time, but I have this day received a reply, a copy of which is herein enclosed, to the communication which I made him."

The gist of Baron Blanc's despatch is in the information that the Italian Ambassador at the Porte had received instructions "to support, in conjunction with the Embassies of Austria-Hungary and Germany, any steps which the British Embassy considers necessary or advisable to take." The meaning of this despatch is not a matter of inference, for on the 1st of last March, *apropos* of a speech by Mr. Goschen on England's isolation, a semi-official article appeared in the organ of Crispi's Government, in which it is plainly stated that

"the Anglo-Franco-Russian co-operation having failed, England addressed herself to Italy, Germany, and Austria-Hungary; and Italy replied that the three Powers were prepared to support any ulterior action that England might propose;"

and Baron Blanc's despatch in the Blue Book is referred to by way of confirmation. It was subsequently to this, I believe, that Austria made the definite proposal to which I have referred. Baron Blanc's despatch is dated October 26, and the article in the official organ says that "before receiving England's formal invitation, which was repeated at Vienna and Berlin," the Ambassadors of the Triple Alliance had received instructions to "support the action which the British Ambassador was understood to be contemplating." The official article adds that

"England having concentrated a powerful fleet near the Straits, Italy also sent a squadron, with open orders to co-operate with the English admiral when invited to do so, but not to provoke or anticipate the action of the British fleet."

The article is an explanation of Mr. Goschen's assertion that

England's isolation was not compulsory, since, as a matter of fact, she had refused offers of support from other Powers. It is confessed that the retirement of the English fleet to Malta on the refusal of Russia and France to agree to the proposed naval demonstration was a great disappointment to the Italian Government, which evidently believed the demonstration would be successful, and would be more likely to prevent than to provoke a general war. Russia and France, the Italian Government thought, would hardly court collision with so powerful a combination of naval and military force, but would, on the contrary, probably end in joining the demonstration.

Lord Salisbury is, I believe, no great favourite with Russia, which has never forgiven him the Cyprus Convention and the speech, eight years ago, in which he indicated Austria as the destined heir of the throne of Constantine on the Bosphorus. Yet Lord Salisbury has twice at least done Russia a signal service. During the Russo-Turkish war in 1877, when the sword of England would probably have turned the scale against the Tsar, it was Lord Salisbury who prevented Lord Beaconsfield from fulfilling the threat of his "three campaigns" speech. And if he had accepted the proposal to dictate terms to the Sultan from the decks of the most powerful naval force that ever floated on the waters of the Bosphorus, Russia would certainly not be the Power which would now be predominant in Constantinople. Another result, however, would have been that England could then have hardly avoided becoming an integral member of the Triple Alliance.

These are facts on which both France and Russia may profitably ponder. For the moment their triumph in Turkey seems complete. Yet it may prove a Pyrrhic victory. It is well in such matters to look ahead beyond the exigencies of the hour. There are elements in the Russo-French Alliance which do not augur well for its permanence. The union of an Orthodox autocracy with a Catholic republic does not look promising, and some ominous symptoms of future antagonism are already appearing. The Russian nation hugs its religion not merely as a doctrine but as an essential element of its patriotism, and the reception of Prince Boris into the bosom of Orthodoxy was made a *sine qua non* of Russia's reconciliation to Bulgaria. The French nation, on the other hand, claims to be "the eldest son of the Church" and the head of that Church has lately consigned both Prince Boris and his father to perdition; the former for being received, the latter for letting him be received, into the Orthodox Church. And the Roman Catholic "Patriarch of Antioch" has lately sent the Pope, as the most acceptable offering for the anniversary of his Pontificate, the joyful tidings of 8000 Orthodox Christians frightened into the Papal fold in order to enjoy from Catholic France the protection for which they had till now looked to Russia. A diplomatist at Constantinople wrote to his Government last October that "his Beatitude,

the Catholic Armenian Patriarch, in consequence of instructions received from the Vatican, has always shown himself, down to those events (Constantinople massacres), exceedingly lukewarm in the cause of his countrymen, to whom he has refused any support. He has maintained the most cordial relations with the Sultan, and his attitude is severely criticised among the Armenians." And well it might be. The Armenians who have accepted Papal jurisdiction are, in Asia Minor at least, but a fraction of the Armenian population; and "the Catholic Patriarch," therefore, took no interest in them. He was quite satisfied when M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, assured him "that his flock had nothing to fear, since it was only the schismatic Armenians who were aimed at," because they had no protectors, not being in communion either with the Church of Russia or of Rome. Chivalrous M. Cambon! Apostolic Mgr. Azarian!

I must refer, as bearing on the same point, to a curious and most instructive document which was lately drawn up for the information of the Sultan. About a year ago the Pope addressed an encyclical letter to the Bishops of the Orthodox Church, exhorting them all to acknowledge his jurisdiction, and promising them in return to sanction all their present usages and customs, including marriage of the clergy, their native liturgy in the vernacular, their distinctive vestments and ritual, &c. The Sultan, who has a keen eye for any novel departure among his subjects, gave orders that a committee of experts should report to him on the advisability of encouraging or discountenancing the Pope's propaganda. The report of this Committee is a very able document, and its conclusion, after an able analysis of all the facts and contingencies, is that it will be wise to encourage the Papal propaganda in every way. The permanent enemy of Turkey being Russia, and Russia's influence depending so much on her protectorate of the Orthodox population, that influence would decrease with the decrease of Orthodoxy in Turkey. This decision was made known at the Vatican, and Mgr. Azarian, the Patriarch of the small minority of Armenian Roman Catholics, was ordered to hold no intercourse with the Gregorians, who form the great bulk of the Armenian nation, and to cultivate friendly relations with the Sultan. We have seen the result in the French Ambassador's assurance to Mgr. Azarian, that "not a single Armenian Catholic, who was known to be such, had been hurt, the Armenian schismatics alone being aimed at" in the massacres. In M. Cambon's phraseology the "schismatics" are those who cleave to the ancient Church of their fathers at the cost of life, while "the Catholic Armenians" are the minority of seceders who have in recent times accepted the jurisdiction of the Pope. It is hardly an edifying spectacle to see this *entente cordiale* solemnised between the Mussulman Sultan and "the Vicar of Christ" over the holocaust of martyred Armenians. Nor did the interchange of good offices end there. While

Lord Salisbury's minatory language was still ringing in his ears and Russia had not yet covered him with her dangerous shield, the Sultan betook himself to the Pope for help.

"The Sultan [wrote a Spanish statesman in the month of last December] has made a direct appeal to Leo XIII. imploring him to put pressure on England and Russia to induce them to withdraw their demands about Armenia. The Pope is highly flattered, this being the first time that an Ottoman Sultan has put himself formally *en rapport* with the Holy See instead of through some Catholic Power acting as intermediary."

The Vatican propaganda has made considerable progress among the Orthodox population of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and has made no small inroads on the heretofore solid phalanx of the Bulgarian Church under the pressure of Prince Ferdinand and his zealous Catholic wife. Roumania, too, has recently yielded not a few conversions to the Papal fold. Russia's claim to a predominant protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Porte rests on her hitherto well-founded right to represent the creed of the large majority. Her abandonment of the Armenians, and her supineness in protecting even the Orthodox Christians of Turkey in the recent troubles, have seriously shaken her hold on her erstwhile *protégés*, as the conversion of 8000 Orthodox to Popery in the last six months, for the sake of French protection, shows. When these facts have filtered into the minds of the Russian people they may begin to think that the utility of the French alliance is somewhat one-sided.

Considerations like these can hardly fail to make reflecting Russians doubt whether the French alliance is likely to be very stable. When the inevitable distribution of the Sick Man's inheritance takes place—and the catastrophe may happen suddenly and soon—the Franco-Russian Alliance will hardly bear the stress and strain of clashing interests and aspirations. France claims a dominant influence in Syria, and Syria holds Jerusalem and its holy places, which Holy Russia would never suffer to fall into alien and heterodox hands. And these coming events are likely to cast their shadows considerably before.

The English people, on the other hand, are pretty well cured of their Russophobia, and it is hardly too much to say that if Russia had taken the lead in securing tolerable government in Armenia, the public feeling of England would have given her a free hand in Turkey, and would even have left it to others, more directly interested, to bar her way to Constantinople. The evil legacy of the Crimean war would have vanished, and Russia and England might in future have devoted their energies to the peaceful rivalry of civilising the vast Asiatic empires over which they rule.

There was a moment when Russia and France might have broken up the Triple Alliance. The Transvaal incident, skilfully used, might

easily have established cordial relations between England and Russia and France. Italy, which was getting weary of the burdens laid upon her by the Triple Alliance, would have gravitated towards England, and a combination would thus have been formed, without any formal alliance, which would have offered a better guarantee for peace than the present combination. But, just as Lord Rosebery's Government missed its opportunity when Russia invited its partnership in the Far East, so Russia and France now missed a chance, which may not return, of dissolving the Triple Alliance. The disaster of Adowa shook the Italian monarchy to its foundation, and there was a week during which it was a question whether Italy would not abandon Abyssinia and come to terms with France. Austria was alarmed, and Berlin likewise. Another disaster in Abyssinia, such as the capture of Kassala, with the certain massacre of its garrison, might upset the throne of King Humbert. There was no time to be lost. England was urged to prevent a revolution in Italy by a diversion in Egypt, which would at the same time avert a Dervish invasion as the certain consequence of the fall of Kassala. Italy was advised from Berlin to cultivate friendly relations with England, and was assured that, while Germany might seek her own ends as regards Russia, she would energetically support any agreement that Italy might make with England. The expedition to Dongola was the result. By opposing that expedition France and Russia forced Germany and Austria into open co-operation with England and Italy; and perseverance in their anti-English policy may turn the Triple into a Quadruple Alliance. That can hardly be their aim, for it is the simple truth to say that England could practically make her own terms as a condition of joining the Triple Alliance; and the policy of France, backed by Russia, is remarkably well calculated to bring about that result.

It would be a pity to close this survey of the Armenian imbroglio without one more example of the Sultan's amazing effrontery. An official of rank who was present when the Queen's letter was read to the Sultan last January, gives the following report of the scene:

"The Queen appealed to the humane feelings of the Sultan, and said that it seemed incredible that such crimes could be verified as those which were reported to have been committed in Armenia, and she hoped that the Sultan would put an end to them in consideration of the friendly relations always existing between the two crowns. The Sultan received this communication with a puzzled look and more than ordinary surprise. His Majesty replied that he had proved his profound repugnance to any effusion of blood, and that his troops had always endeavoured to avoid it. As to the rest, order was now restored throughout his Empire, except at Zeitoun, as to which he was waiting the result of the mediation of the Consuls. That the Sultan should keep up the pretence of this apparent ignorance and indifference is not surprising, seeing that the system now in vogue in Ottoman official spheres is that of simply denying that any grave events have occurred in the Empire. That which the Embassies consider worthy

of attention is the fact that England has now recourse to prayers and no longer to demands."

The last news from Constantinople, while I write, is that the Sultan has violated his solemn promise to the Powers to appoint a Christian Governor of Zeitoun, as one of the conditions of its surrender, and that he has again forbidden the distribution of relief to the destitute survivors of his massacres. His explanation that the appointment of a Mussulman Governor is only temporary is an expedient to gain time, in the hope and belief, hitherto only too well founded, that the Powers will get tired of remonstrating, and will acquiesce in accomplished facts. The next remonstrance will be met by the plea that the removal of the Governor would cause a disturbance. *Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra?* Surely it is time that the Powers should address that question with an ultimatum to the miscreant whom they have already branded publicly as an arch-murderer and liar.

A FRESH VIEW OF DEAN SWIFT.

SWIFT has been called by Mr. Leslie Stephen "the most tragic figure in our literature." He does, also, I think, dispute with Shakespeare the charm and the attraction of being as mysterious as he is seemingly well known to us. Surely, we say, the whole mind of our sovereign poet is spread out like a landscape before us in his plays. Yet we cannot tell what manner of man he was; Shakespeare remains a voice speaking mighty things, impersonal almost as the voice of nature in stream or cataract, an immense influence, not a familiar friend. In like fashion we know our Swift by heart, as children we have been delighted with "Gulliver," as politicians we read his "Examiner," his "Drapier's Letters," his correspondence with Harley and Bolingbroke; as students in biography we turn over with growing interest the pages of that "Journal to Stella," in which he lays bare his heart. And yet, the last word is Vanessa's, one of the truest ever written—"your thoughts," she cries out to him in her vehement style, "which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you." We feel in spite of the man's abundant speaking in verse and prose, in essay and allegory, the thick darkness wherein he has wrapped himself. He is sincerely ironical, a humourist even in solitude, a bitter judge of his own doings, and with this mark of the insane upon him that he lives in a world of fancy which is at once a delusion and deadly earnest. Between the speech of Swift and that whereby men converse with one another no common term seems possible. His plainest sayings are enigmatic; his dreadful silent laughter always leaves the audience wondering and perplexed. He has the appearance among literary men of a note of interrogation, mocking us with strange suggestiveness. At every turn in his life, in his character as a man, in his writings, we shall

find this to be true. Thus he abides, alone, severe, inexplicable, with satire on those firm closed lips of his, and lightnings in his looks, defiant, provoking—but still mad with pain, of the mind as of the body—when the eighteenth century opens. There he is first, nay, without a second, in the genius which he displays; an unrivalled spirit, but one whose qualities in such a time would promise him never an enduring success, but disappointment, failure, and ruin at the last.

This intensely prosaic man, austere and terrible, had in his life a love story, which is among the undying romances of the world—tender as the Veronese tragedy, and not less pitiful. I figure to myself the years of Swift as a stern ridge of rocks, beaten on by the everlasting surf; and in the clefts of them there is a tuft of wild sea-blossom—that is Stella. The dark Norse nature, scornful, rude, wayward even to madness, though not to folly, is here played upon by such summer lights and heart-inspired touches as if we were taken suddenly to the golden South. Not Antony and Cleopatra will outlive these names. But Mary Stuart has scarcely contrived so intricate a problem with her Bothwell and her casket-letters, as Jonathan Swift with his marriage, his relations to Vanessa, and the "violent friendship," which was all the love he professed for Stella. No mere sentiment could flourish in this disenchanter of existence, whose more than ascetic temperament—the antithesis of Greek feeling—made beauty not only as the proverb says, skin-deep, but a transparent foulness. Yet his so-called "friendship" would have burnt up the passions of most men, as if it were flame, and they poor lighted shavings. He worships the mind, the spirit of Hester Johnson; and he kills her. The woman cannot be resigned to such abnegation. What did it signify to *him*? We shall never know; but the tomb which, by Swift's desire, encloses them both, and which has that fierce epitaph above it, might well be inscribed with Shakespeare's lines:

"See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!"

For such an one to be duly weighed in the balances of criticism would never have been easy. How much less, if he were a politician that had changed sides, a clergyman of the school of Lucian and Rabelais—and if his biographers happened to be, like Orrery, ineane and trifling; like Sheridan, carelessly credulous; like Jeffrey, partisan; like Macaulay, enamoured of college rhetoric and Whig principles; like Thackeray, a good deal in haste, and strangely unacquainted with the particulars on which they were founding their indictment! Johnson belongs to another class, and so does Walter Scott. All these, however, agree in their tale; it is Swift's "legend," which the average man takes for granted, although much of it has been proved false, and some part remains debateable. In these last years, Swift, meeting

with more judicial students of his life and writings, seems to have been painted in colours that do not disfigure him as when the brush, rhetorical or political, laid them on thick and broad. Forster, Leslie Stephen, Craik, Churton Collins, are names which imply to us all respect, diligence, fairness, insight, and the sympathetic admiration we owe to piercing tragic genius, at once great and unhappy. Let me say now with Burton, "I light my candle from their torches;" and that my drift will, on the whole, be simply to indicate how little we can trust Macaulay and the popular reckoning, which he has flashed into epigrams not less brilliant than unfair.

You know that well-wrought sentence, describing the Tory pamphleteer of 1710: "In the front of the opposite ranks appeared a darker and fiercer spirit, the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover, a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race, a mind richly stored with images from the dung-hill and the leech-house." Remark that these jets of vitriol are thrown out upon Swift, not as invective, but as history. In comparison, Thackeray is mild. True that he calls the Dean "insolent and servile," "a bully and a coward," whose "servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence"; that Esmond "had no love for him," and made the blustering Irishman, with his harsh voice and overbearing manner, quail before his soldier's steadiness; that he pictures the Churchman as an outlaw with brains, an ecclesiastical Captain Macheath, who takes the road in hopes of capturing a "bishop's coach with mitre and crozier," and who "fires his pistols into the air with a curse," when it has escaped him. But this pretty story of Hounslow does not affect the English imagination like Macaulay's downright charges. It is not the Irish Macheath whom the public damns to everlasting fame, it is the "apostate politician," the "perjured lover," the "ribald priest." Are these accusations made out? Unless they will stand we had better, on behalf of truth and honesty, pass a sponge over Macaulay's page, and by far the larger part of Thackeray's lecture.

Now it appears to me that they will not stand. I speak as one that has read Swift with my own eyes, and for many years together. The verdict at which Mr. Craik and Mr. Churton Collins have arrived, after scanning the evidence and taking into account every document which may cast a light upon Swift's motives, conduct, and circumstances, is one that I believe no fair mind will be able to resist; and the conclusion which it urges upon us I consider much more likely than that this great man, whom the sight of oppression drove to madness, was "an awful, evil spirit," as Thackeray says, or "perjured" and "apostate" in his politics, his love, and his religion. The shortest way to bring out my meaning will be to sketch the salient features of his life. But I shall do so with the utmost rapidity; and in the

course of these remarks will submit my appreciation of it to the judgment of my readers.

You will remember that Swift was born in 1667, within eight years of the death of Cromwell; and that he ended his days, which were many and evil, in 1745, four years previous to the birth of Goethe. It is the least ideal period in England's story. By descent he was of the Yorkshire stock and the Midland—Norman on one side, on the other Saxon. He had nothing Celtic in his make or breeding. The best description of him would be Carlyle's favourite adjective, "Low Dutch." His blood was that of the untamable old Bearsarks—wild sea-rovers, with a spice of the devil in them; adventurous, taciturn, often mad; deep-feeling, odd, and gloomy; not punctiliously reverent towards their gods, and never quite Christian after the stately fashion which the Latin missionaries tried to cultivate among them. Swift was a Bearsark when he wrote all that grotesque fun about Lord Peter and Dutch Jack in the "Tale of a Tub," which reminds one of the "Flying of Loki." In Brobdingnag, we seem to be reading of the travels of Thor to Jötunheim; and the strange, cruel mocking of mankind which turns the last pages of Gulliver to mere rage and scorn, befitting the asylum rather than human converse, never had upon it Lucian's more polished smile—it is Hamlet in the rough; brutal, unclean, possessed by a sense of stifling physical degradation. All this, it seems to me, was in the man's veins and heart from the beginning. It is really what the critics mean, when they say with Thackeray, that Swift, by reason of his grip of reality, his native shrewdness, his perfect neatness of expression, and terse logic, was "eminently English." What, I say, are the splendid Elizabethans not English? How far from simplicity are the Shakespeares, Spensers, Bacons, Miltons, and the golden symphonies in prose of Jeremy Taylor, Burton, Sir Thomas Browne? Do we praise Shelley, De Quincey, Ruskin for their "perfect neatness"? No; but when the temper is such, as in Swift, then this downright, unadorned Northern speech will be the language suited to it—hard as iron, frost-bound, with dark fires in the depth below. They are a bitter people, these men of Norland, delighting, as none other known to me, in sharp wounding words; their laugh is cruel, and it does not spare kith or kin; it is Thor's hammer which brays and shatters, though it can also smite clean like a sword. The strongest feature in Swift is vindictiveness; he never forgives; if he hates a man, he has no pity. I seem to perceive in him a Ragnar Lodbrog, a Viking, cold in the fury of battle, relentless, and at times quite inhuman. Read his "Character of the Duke of Wharton," or his "Legion Club," there you will see what a Bearsark can achieve with satire and cunning, in language borrowed from the lowest pit. Of such great

emolument," we may say, quoting his own words, "in a stature of this vapour which the world calls madness."

Let us imagine the man, therefore, come of this undaunted stock, with a "somewhat whimsical and singular" ancestry, best shown in Thomas Swift, Vicar of Goodrich, who had been plundered, times out of number, by the Roundheads, during the Great Rebellion. Here is the seed of Jonathan's life-long hatred towards the Dissenters; and one explanation, besides his overbearing common-sense, of the *Hudibras* satires with which he flayed and rent in pieces the thing he disdained as "enthusiasm." Towards the Puritans he was always "ferociously intolerant;" but then, his family had borne from the saints not a little outrage and loss in the days of King Oliver. We must not delude ourselves with the fancy that this man of genius ever looked on the world with disinterested eyes. Personal motives mingled in his noblest actions; nor did he pretend to the unselfishness which we admire in certain of the world's heroes. He could not, I think, even imagine it. Was he likely, indeed, to run against patterns of high virtue in the decorous incapacity of Sir William Temple, the stolid dulness of Harley, or the brilliant, deceptive shallows of Pope and Bolingbroke? Morally speaking, the age of Anne was ignoble, its manners coarse, its standard confessedly low. Its religion was naught, or a simple "reason of State"; its politics an intrigue; its poetry elegant or indecent trifling; its measure of value, wealth and fame. Enthusiasm in good or evil was wholly foreign to the Whigs who brought in the Elector of Hanover, as to the Tories who schemed to keep him out. We may call it the age of accepted commonplace.

Nevertheless, Whigs held by the Constitution and believed in Locke, precisely because they had done with the chivalries and the enthusiasms; while Tories, if not merely belated—dull heirs of a faith which they entered into as little as they were disposed to rebel against it—having lost their king, were always raising the cry of "The Church in danger." Now, Swift never was anything but a Churchman; though not on the principles of a Hildebrand, yet on those which Thomas Hobbes had expressed with a grave calmness bordering on irony and concealing scepticism. But again, as fortune would have it, the unlucky Dublin scholar must live among Whigs like Temple, and endure the pang of his own disease—"neglected pride," old Johnson calls it truly. So keen an intellect, snapping all the threads of "Divine Right," agreeing with Hobbes in considering the natural man as a fool and a knave, but despising fanatics and Fifth-monarchy men, would conclude that the only safeguard against anarchy was Establishment in Church and State. He never could be a Jacobite; and as little could he support the Whigs if they meant "comprehension" of hot-headed republican Dissenters in a Church that had cast them forth. While the matter

remained uncertain, Swift wrote and acted on behalf of the politicians to whom he owed allegiance. But already, in 1704, he was doubtful of them. In 1710 he besought their help for the Irish Church, and found himself tossed between Godolphin and the Lord Lieutenant. An offer came to him from the Tories when all England believed that Dissent would invade the sanctuary once Test Acts were abolished, and Dutch Jack was permitted to "get upon a great horse and eat onstard." From the Whig Lord Berkeley—thanks, indeed, to Swift's own power of lampooning—our singular clergyman had extorted the miserably small livings of Laracor and Kilbeggan. But he owed the party nothing; their Church policy had always been to him detestable; they were playing a double game with him now; and why should he sacrifice his interest to principles which he did not believe in? Swift went over to the country gentlemen, whom he supported without wavering against the new race of the Stock Exchange and Gilbert Burnet's National Debt. He stood by the parsons and abhorred the Puritans. He voted in favour of peace when the angel-faced Marlborough was trading upon his victories like a money-grasping usurer. He felt attached to Oxford and hated Godolphin. And so he left the Whigs, openly, and for good and all. That was Swift's change of sides; but only a party-man, drunk with the wine of faction, will describe it as "apostasy," or charge him with ingratitude because he did not follow the leaders who gave him nothing, to the detriment of the Church, at whose table he was fed, and which he served with a life-long devotion.

Certainly Swift gained by the secession; yet here, too, it was the man's genius that brought him fame and influence, not any kindness his new friends had to bestow. Harley understood, as even Addison did not, the growing power of journalism; and this solitary from the wilds of Meath was an admirable, an unparalleled journalist; trenchant, bold, inventive, copious, skilful, above all, in concealing the art which he practised. Johnson, who failed as a pamphleteer, marvels that one so devoid of rhetoric, and seemingly the mere retailer of facts known to everybody, should have persuaded England to agree with him and have in a manner dictated the Peace of Utrecht. Could he have paid Swift a higher compliment? Men of whom I will venture to affirm that they are critics more largely equipped than Johnson, compare, if not "The Examiner," at any rate the "Drapier's Letters," to Demosthenes, and every one acquainted with the "Olynthiacs" will know their meaning. It is not the gorgeous eloquence of Burke, sweeping by like tragedy "with sceptred pall," that drives a people upon action; rather is it the plain, blunt, speaking, the strong insistence on "what you yourselves do know," of which Swift possessed the secret. He had, too, the power—a highly dramatic one as he made use of it—which demands of the audience no mental strain or scaring

fight, but more honesty. Now if there is one thing upon which Englishmen pride themselves (every nation has its favourite virtue, whether practised or only praised), it is uprightness of intention; and the absence of all except healthy prejudices. Swift—I am afraid Swift had learned how to play on this instrument and knew its stops; from the days of Sir William Temple. It is a curious reflection that so long as his demon, the piercing fancy which was the man, did not control him, none proved a more winning diplomatist. If he made enemies by nature, he made friends by art and counsel. His bluntness itself was deliberate; and in the memorable campaign which ended in routing the Whigs and bringing round the country to peace and Toryism, this Richelieu of the newspaper showed a courage equal to Marlborough's in the field, as well as an infinitude of resources—intellectual we must certainly call them, although sometimes less than honourable, which, had he lived in another time, would have raised him to supreme power. In Swift's brain there was more of the devising, nay, of the executive faculty, than in the brains of the whole Tory jante. While they listened to him they triumphed; when they disregarded his good sense and strayed into Jacobite plotting, they fell to pieces. The sudden but irretrievable defeat of the Tories, which left England Whig during a long generation, cannot be laid at his door. He suffered indeed with his party, and from the year 1714 lived in political exile; but the wise man who consorts with others not wise may look for this recompense. The years were past when a clergyman could hope to be Lord Chancellor, and Richelieu must be content in his banishment with the Deanery of St. Patrick's.

His demon I have called that genius, ironical and fierce in its negation of the finer human qualities, which had impelled him, at the dangerous age of thirty, to write the "Tale of a Tub." Philosophers now, as you are aware, incline to distinguish between the personality in us which acts on the surface, and that other, real but recondite, below the threshold, of which only passing gleams betray the existence. Swift appears to me like one that is continually being rent in twain by these hostile forces. The outward man is careful of his speech, reserved in his bearing, orthodox, moderate, clever at finess, observant of duties ecclesiastical; he would like to die a bishop. Unhappily for him, the inward man rages, foals, and pours out fits of fire upon the multitude whom he has just been charming; satire now puts decorum to flight; reason armed with scorpions lashes at every sort of convention; a hurricane of language, such as the yahoos of his later story would have delighted in, strikes the temple and its worshippers with indiscriminate violence; and the world has gained a classic, but Swift has lost his bishopric. What a strange bishop he would have made! How did the congregation which knew so many of his poems by heart, and perhaps relished a

kind of jesting, to us unspeakably odious, listen to his sarcasms with a grave face? Was he blind to the incongruity himself? He must have been so, or he never would have outdone Lucian, nay, thrown from him the fool's cap and jingling bells of Rabelais as a needless disguise, yet imagined that after opening such a window into the lugubrious depths of his spirit, men would be willing to see him in the highest place among their teachers.

He never did calculate, where sentiment was concerned, or the religious and moral instinct, what impression he made upon others. Politics apart, he was one of the loneliest men that ever lived—a Caliban turned philosopher, judging mankind from the Trinculos and other trash that he saw heaped up wherever human creatures came together. His lack of emotional sympathy gives the one solution I can find to that extraordinary puzzle—the relations in which he persisted with Stella and Vanessa. But grant so much, and let the universal railing on men and their superstitions which overflows his mighty satire be the proof, still he is not a “ribald priest,” or he is such with a difference. The wild demon that tears him has been held down from blaspheming the Church of England; early memories, inherited loyalties, can stop that furious mouth, which spits forth venom upon Papist and Nonconformist alike, and recoils from the very taste of “zeal” as though it were a deadly poison. The priest who profanes what he is bound to regard as sacred—he, indeed, may justly be thought ribald. In our day, too, a more subtle apprehension of the manner in which religion has grown up—a better acquaintance with primitive modes of conception touching these high subjects—forbids all except the very ignorant to employ ridicule as the test of truth. But during the passionate warfare of Catholic and Protestant, sarcasm was deemed as proper an instrument (and perhaps it belongs to the same description) as those fiery boots and carefully adjusted thumb-screws which no longer furnish aids to the conversion of the slow-minded. We are well rid of them. Yet candour insists that we shall not charge upon Swift, as ribaldry exercised to disparage his own beliefs, a mode of picturesque persuasion not absolutely unknown to Luther. It is burlesque out of place, not treason; and the Dean, who never went up higher in his Church, paid dear enough for it.

In fact, it ruined his prospects. “Those strange beasts called fools” took a Christian revenge on their assailant by pointing out that he was better entitled to “Rabelais’ easy chair” than to an episcopal throne. He could not be rewarded in the Church. Thanks to the Duke of Ormond, Swift became an Irish dean; but Ireland for him meant exile, solitude, endless unfruitful lamentation over a disappointed ambition. Perhaps, too, it lost Stella the place she longed for, and to which her loyal tenderness gave her so clear a right. Is

there, in literature, such a quaint, passionate, impromptu set of love-letters as the "Journal" which paints for us with minute and graphic strokes the political adventures of Swift in London? Stella was neither Whig nor Tory—her love was all her politics. But, as the way has ever been, the man spoke, and the woman listened. She would have done the same had Swift discoursed on "Shakespeare and the musical glasses," or on finding the longitude. Only once do we seem to catch her voice; when she asks, a little timidly, about the household in Bury Street—about Vanessa, who was learning her lessons from this, perhaps too attentive, schoolmaster. I doubt if he told either of them the other's story. But I do not doubt at all that his feeling towards Stella was the deepest that he ever knew; it did not change as the years went on; still less, I am sure, did it yield before the passion for Vanessa which has been so lightly ascribed to him. The evidence on both sides may now be read, and it will not justify the verdict of "perjured lover." Stella was a part of Swift's very self, *dimidium animæ*; he had watched her grow from childhood to the noblest, bravest, wisest woman his eyes had ever seen. And that "little language"—a sort of baby-prattle which those who have brought up children cannot forego, when the children themselves hardly remember it—how can we read its tender nonsense without perceiving the strange softness of the man, whose eyes fill, and whose accent loses its accustomed harsh decision, as he turns to this earnest-playful reminiscence of the old days? He might have married Vanessa; but he never could have forgotten the one perfect passage in his life, so fresh and innocent, so unselfish, too, at the beginning, and, on the side of Stella, beautiful in its complete devotion, a miracle—however we view its disputable elements—of self-sacrifice, crowned with death as with the stars of a northern midnight.

I do not think Swift ever cared for Vanessa; and I much incline to believe that he was never married to Stella. Cadennus had his weak points; he did not disdain to be adored; and Vanessa, poor thing, was vain and flighty. The wildness which she betrays in her letters can scarcely be matched, except in that amazing French-mediæval Latin correspondence of the Abbess Heloise, not to be rendered by any translation I have seen. But, to use the Gallic phrase, she was at the expense of it herself. One is reminded of the line, "Apollo flies and Daphne holds the chase," were it not that Apollo lingered a trifle too long to write verses which he had better have left unwritten. The chase went on for how many years? And how did it end? In despair on the part of Vanessa, in heartbreak and unwomanly degradation. Yes, it is a sad story; but one must not charge Swift with having acted as a deceiver, unless he was married long ago to another woman; then, indeed, it will be hard, though not absolutely impossible, to defend him. None can tell what

passed between the Dean and Vanessa during their last interview. Scott has given, but upon the merest hearsay, an account of it which, I suppose, we could all repeat, if called upon, by heart. Yes; but would either of these proud persons have torn down the screen that hid their misery, in such a case? Not Swift, we may be sure. And if Vanessa was thunderstruck with the news of a marriage fatal to her, why did she not publish that, as well as the poem she held in her possession? The scene is a fine piece of tragedy, and will always be told. But, like many another legend, it fades under close scrutiny into cloudland.

Almost as uncertain is the marriage with Stella. It was said to have been performed by the Bishop of Clogher, sometime in the year 1716, but without witnesses, in the deanery garden. Direct evidence for it there is none—neither document nor speech that can be traced back to Swift, or to Stella, or to the Bishop. Lord Orrery's assertion, Delany's acquiescence in Orrery's account, and rumours springing up, as they were pretty sure to do, from the known relations of the Dean and Hester Johnson do not amount to proof; and what else is there? The younger Sheridan gives it as from his father; but he is admittedly inaccurate, and we can scarcely pin our faith to his loose and untested memories. If Bishop Berkeley—the sound of whose mere name will always be pleasing in Irish ears—if that lucid and truth-loving man affirmed the marriage, there would be an end of disputation. But we have not his word; at first hand we have not even Mrs. Berkeley's word; all we know is from Monk Berkeley, who tells us that she told him that the Bishop told her that his friend the Bishop of Clogher had performed the ceremony. Now what would—I do not say a British jury, but—a man of the world decide upon evidence of this character? Would he act upon it? Is there solidity enough in these alleged proofs to warrant us in accepting as undoubted an event which seems not to have made even a momentary ripple on the current of Swift's life, or of Stella's? I will not venture to say that the negative is made out; but I would recommend to those who look upon Swift as a friend they admire and pity, and, despite his faults and his oddities, cannot help loving, the serviceable Scottish verdict, "Not proven." To Stella, it all signifies as little now as it did then—wife, or not wife, she gave herself for Swift in a manner so unflinchingly heroic, with such simple, sweet devotion as no woman, let her be of rarest human quality, will ever outshine. The pathos of it! yes, but the quiet splendour, also—the evening that goes down, silent, tranquil, with hardly the echo of a sigh, so still and calm it is, on a long day of exquisite sorrow. She had met, and recognised, and worshipped the greatest spirit that moved among men in her time; and he had loved, as such spirits do, with infinite fascination and melting speech, irresistible, utterly like him, and like no other man.

But this was the end of it—a "violent friendship," everlasting estrangement. Happily, Stella died before him. She was spared the anguish of those last seven years. Is it not altogether a story without a second? I know none to compare with it; and for sheer pitifulness it goes beyond whatever the stage has seen acted or fiction has devised. Let us name it "the Pessimist's love-story," and leave it so, complete in austere beauty, with childlike touches, full of pain, sweetness, gentle heroism, and the tears that consecrate our human tragedies.

For now we must change our key to themes more stirring, and, in their way, not less human, though they concern that abstraction, a people, rather than the single figures which move us most. No one will dispute Swift's genius; no Irishman will dispute his patriotism. I am far from suggesting that it was not mingled of many ingredients; but I do say that, as patriotism, it was pure and unalloyed. Of course, the man himself paints it all in black, but he chose to be his own devil's advocate, and to scoff at the "petty subaltern spirit" who, after dictating England's policy, was condemned "to live in a country of slaves." Who were these slaves? I pray you mark. They were not only the Jacobites, or the old and vanquished natives, sold into serfdom on account of their religious beliefs. Swift never gave these a moment's consideration. The slaves were that English colony which held the others down, but were themselves made an utter spoil, as he deemed, by the laws of England, their step-mother across the sea. He despised, he pitied, he fought for them. And he was the first man of high intellect and clear views that raised the battle-cry of "Ireland a Nation." Some sixty years later Grattan could exclaim that the Nation was an accomplished fact. Did he speak without warrant? There was something, indeed, yet to do, which Grattan would fain have wrought—the many strands were to be combined in one; ancient Celts and Normans, Cromwellians and Williamites, Catholics and Protestants were to recognise that they held in common a priceless inheritance, not the soil and the resources only of the island set among Atlantic breakers, but the spirit which made them—nay, which makes them still—Irish, and not mere transplanted English ruling over aliens. Such was the vision afar off which Swift, I do not say so much as imagined, but some germ of light was within him, as he argued for an independence that nothing else but this peculiar and unconquerable force, this essence or ideal, could in truth justify. When, in that ever-famous Fourth Letter, he boldly declared that "all government without consent of the governed is slavery"; when he took the still bolder step of claiming for Ireland an imperial crown, her own king, lords, and commons, her right to deal with the wealth and produce of the country as she judged for her own advantage, all these things implied a real, however obscure, presentiment of the part which Irish character

and Irish faculty had yet to play in the world. "M. B. Drapier's Letters" were not concerned merely with Wood's halfpence, as Thackeray fancies—and then holds Swift up to ridicule for defending a proposition "as monstrous and fabulous as the Liliputian island." Why did not Thackeray read what was before his eyes? And did he not know that the most effective controversialists have followed this method, beginning with some popular, even though petty-seeming grievance, in order to raise questions of the first importance? Cobbett understood this secret; so did Paul Louis Courier; and so, in quite another province, did Lessing. Wood's halfpence gave the open door through which the whole case of Ireland against England might be brought into court. The unhappy nation was bleeding to death from wounds inflicted, not by the sword, but by the mean and murderous pen of legislators at Westminster. To the war of confiscation had succeeded the war of tariffs. Trade, manufactures, the very agriculture of Ireland were to be deliberately ruined, that English commerce might thrive. On this subject all writers are at one—there is no room for dissension regarding the laws passed—though some who have not brought to it their best consideration may plead the false economic principles which were prevalent during the early eighteenth century. But to such apologists I would address one word. In my opinion, it goes to the root of the matter.

Swift, like the observant critic which he was of human inventions, and hating with a perfect hatred that "heart of man," deceitful and desperately wicked, of which he had had no small experience, saw that the only justification of government is when it aims at the good of the governed—and he saw, quite as clearly, that in its dealings with Ireland the English Parliament and the English Court did no such thing. The good estate, whether of Celts or Saxons, within the four seas, never entered into the preamble of any law, and was utterly foreign to the thoughts of those who made or enforced the law. If testimony be required for this assertion, the correspondence of Primate Boulter will supply it in abundance. I do not mean that charity was always withheld from the miserable. I mean precisely what I say, that Ireland—the colony as well as the conquered—was looked upon as a tribute-yielding province, which must never be allowed to grow prosperous. The war of economics, much more than the Penal Laws, accomplished Ireland's downfall. And it was to avert this unspeakable calamity that Swift wrote the fiery tracts and letters of Demosthenic power which his country will never forget while there is a living soul to read them. He struck full at the enemy; but it was not England's greatness, it was England's unrighteousness. She held the destinies of a people in her hand; by that simple fact she was bound to give them just laws, and so far as in her lay, to secure the well-being, the happiness, the civilisation of the millions that could

not resist, of the hundreds of thousands that were flesh of her flesh, and bone of her bone. She did, in every detail and on the largest plan, whatsoever was possible to make that nation poor, ignorant, miserable, and uncivilised. By the dispensation of Nature and Providence, she was its guardian; by deliberate policy, she became to it as a flame devouring its life and substance. Such is the indictment which Swift had in his mind when he published the "Drapier's Letters." He did not overcome the evil; it was too strong for him, but he showed, with incomparable clearness, where it lay. And the men of '82, as they stood, with arms in their hands, demanding freedom in legislation and in commerce, did but carry to a brilliant conclusion the premisses with which he had furnished them.

He could not, I know, himself lead them on to freedom, any more than he could foresee the birth of a democratic movement in America, which was to make the round of the world. Swift, in all things sceptical, had no gift of prophecy. Neither would Englishmen have changed their course for all his scathing satire. Truly, as Grattan tells us, the spirit of Swift overcame at last; but it was by the sword of Washington. Free America meant an enfranchised Ireland. For myself, I cannot divide these names. Standing before that last resting-place of Swift in St. Patrick's Cathedral, or lingering in the clear afternoon beneath the shade of the noble trees that beautify the slopes of Mount Vernon, who is there, with an Irish heart, but must feel that the names he has come to venerate are those of the true founders of his nation? With American Independence the new age begins. Henceforth the maxim which Swift has laid down, however often violated in practice, appears on the first page of every constitution, and will fix itself deep in the hearts of those who need its sacred protection most: "All government without the consent of the governed is slavery." I know what questions may be raised, but knowing them I affirm that this principle alone is worthy of men ruling over their fellows, and not over the beasts of the field. It is the recognition of reason as supreme above force; it is the great primal axiom, familiar to Christian legists, and when duly applied, as circumstances will permit, is the one sure condition, not only of freedom, but of peace and progress. Deny it, and you will condemn a whole population to ignorance, sloth, and despair; because, forsooth, you cannot persuade them to be of your way of thinking in religion. Forget it, and you will exploit and lay waste the colony which you have planted, on the ground, as false as it is ignoble, that if Ireland prospers England must take a deadly wound. Had the "consent of the governed" been obtained by righteous measures, conformable to the genius, character, and true interests of the people, we should now be spared the reading of a story which is one long condemnation of the attempt to govern

by brute force, and to degrade, corrupt, and exterminate "by due course of law."

Here, then, we may bid farewell to Swift, before that epitaph which, if it seems to cry out of the wall as with a voice of living anguish, tells us still to do our part, "*imitare, si poteris, strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.*" I will not dwell on the sad closing scenes—the popularity, the loneliness, the long disease called life, which, beset with the terrors of a threatened insanity, at length saw them turn to the cell and its awful accompaniments. Never was there such a dire prevision so dismally fulfilled. But the spirit within was unbroken. Let us be Christian enough to pass by the outward show, to take into account only what was done with choice and clear thought, to view the man, rather than his ineffectual shadow. To me it seems that he knew, as none other in the eighteenth century—as, perhaps, only Timon did, and Hamlet, if we search through our literature—the emptiness which marks all human creations, devices, achievements, when that eternal element, that power beyond our naming, is divorced from them. Swift was the supreme cynic, which is half-way to being a Christian. But he came only a few steps farther along the road. His love for Stella might have saved him; it was the pure, unselfish thing which, so long as he obeyed it, made him human. Next to such tender feeling, his eager, almost angry, benevolence strikes me as a token that within the hard rock lay hidden, as it were, a spring of kindliness. And his wrath, when he saw oppression weighing down a whole people—his efforts to rouse them, his dauntless courage, his championship of those who could not reward or even defend him—if these things have won him a name which the Irish race never will forget, is it not his due? Swift belongs to that Ireland which cannot perish; he is an immortal, like Goldsmith, Steele, Berkeley, Sheridan, Grattan, Burke, and those other illustrious men who, however varied their gifts, and though differing in principles or policy, have shed a light upon the world's literature. Take him, for all in all, he is the greatest of them, with a fancy and imagination, an ironical scepticism, a humour, wit, and rhetoric entirely his own, more forcible even than Montaigne, deeper than Rabelais, quenching in his volcanic fires the tempered light of Lucian—not, like all of these, playing with his own satire, but himself scorched and blasted with the flame in which he consumes imposture. Mankind admires, wonders at, perchance cannot like him; Ireland has taken him to her heart. And she has done well, for, be the future dark or bright, he was the first to give her good counsel, and to recognise that she also may claim her place among the nations; but that if she is to prosper as she ought, she must rely upon herself, and cultivate the resources which she finds in her own spirit.

WILLIAM BARRY.

ART AND LIFE.

I.

ONE afternoon, in Rome, on the way back from the Aventine, the road-mender climbed on to the tram as it trotted slowly along, and fastened on to its front, alongside of the place of the driver, a big bough of budding bay.

Might one not search long for a better symbol of what we may all do by our life? Bleakness, wind, squalid streets, a car full of heterogeneous people, some very dull, most very common; a laborious jogtrot all the way. But to redeem it all with the pleasantness of beauty and the charm of significance, this laurel branch.

Our language does not possess any single word wherewith to sum up the various categories of things (made by Nature or made by man, intended solely for the purpose or subserving by mere coincidence) which minister to our organic and many-sided æsthetic instincts, the things which affect us in that absolutely special, unmistakable, and hitherto mysterious manner expressed in the fact of our finding them *beautiful*. It is of the part which such things—whether actually present or merely shadowed in our mind—can play in our life, of the influence of the instinct for beauty on the other instincts making up our nature, that I wish to speak in these pages. And for this reason I have been glad to accept from the hands of chance, and of that road-mender of the tramway, the bay laurel as a symbol of what we have no word to express—the aggregate of all art, all poetry, and particularly of all poetic and artistic vision and emotion.

For the bay laurel—*laurus nobilis* of botanists—happens not merely to be the evergreen, unfading plant into which Apollo metamorphosed, while pursuing, the maiden whom he loved, even as the poet, the artist, turns into immortal shapes his own quite personal and

transitory moods; it is a plant of noblest utility, averting, as the ancients thought, lightning from the dwellings it surrounded, even as disinterested love for beauty averts from our minds the dangers which fall on the vain and the covetous; and curing many aches and fevers, even as the contemplation of beauty refreshes and invigorates our spirit. Indeed, we seem to be reading a description no longer of the virtues of the bay laurel, but of the virtues of all beautiful sights and sounds, of all beautiful thoughts and emotions, in reading the following quaint and charming words of an old herbal:

"The bay leaves are of as necessary use as any other in garden or orchard, for they serve both for pleasure and profit, both for ornament and use, both for honest civil uses and for physic; yea, both for the sick and for the sound, both for the living and for the dead. The bay serveth to adorn the house of God as well as of man, to procure warmth, comfort, and strength to the limbs of men and women; . . . to season vessels wherein are preserved our meats as well as our drinks; to crown or encircle as a garland the heads of the living, and to stick and deck forth the bodies of the dead; so that, from the cradle to the grave we have still use of it, we have still need of it."

The symbol is too perfect to require any commentary. Let me therefore pass on without additional delay to explain, in as few words as possible, why the Beautiful should possess such power for good, and to point out before entering into a detailed account of any of them in especial what the three principal moral functions of æsthetic emotion and contemplation may be said to be. And, first, for the *why*. Beauty, save by a metaphorical application of the word, is not in the least the same thing as goodness, any more than beauty (despite Keats's famous assertion) is the same thing as truth. These three objects of the soul's eternal pursuit have different objects, different laws, and fundamentally different origins. But the energies which express themselves in their pursuit—energies vital, primordial, and necessary even to man's physical survival—have all been evolved under the same stress of adaptation of the human creature to its surroundings; and have therefore, in their beginnings and in their ceaseless growth, been perpetually working in concert, meeting, crossing, and strengthening one another, until they have become indissolubly woven together by a number of great and organic coincidences.

It is these coincidences which all higher philosophy, from Plato downwards, has for ever strained to expound; these coincidences, which all religion and all poetry have taken for granted; and to three of which I desire to call attention, persuaded as I am that the scientific progress of our day will make short work of all the spurious æstheticism and all the shortsighted utilitarianism which have cast doubts upon the intimate and vital connection between beauty and

every other noble object of our living. The three coincidences I have chosen are: that between development of the æsthetic faculties and the development of the altruistic instincts; that between development of a sense of æsthetic harmony and a sense of the higher harmonies of universal life; and, before everything else, the coincidence between the preference for æsthetic pleasures and the nobler growth of the individual.

The particular emotion produced in us by such things as are beautiful, works of art or of nature, recollections and thoughts as well as sights and sounds, the emotion of æsthetic pleasure has been recognised ever since the beginning of time as of a mysteriously ennobling quality. All philosophers, beginning with Plato, have told us that; and the religious instinct of all mankind has practically proclaimed it, by employing for the worship of the highest powers, nay, by employing for the mere designation of the godhead, beautiful sights and sounds, and words by which beautiful sights and sounds are suggested. Nay, there has always lurked in men's minds, and expressed itself in the metaphors of men's speech—an intuition that the Beautiful is in some manner one of the primordial and, so to speak, cosmic powers of the world. The theories of various schools of mental science, and the practice of various schools of art, the practice particularly of the persons styled by themselves æsthetes and by others decadents, have indeed attempted to reduce man's relations with the great world-power Beauty to mere intellectual diletantism or sensual superfineness. But the general intuition has not been shaken—the general intuition which felt in Beauty a superhuman, and, in that sense, a truly divine power. And now it must become evident that the methods of modern psychology, of the great new science of body and soul, are beginning to explain the reasonableness of this intuition, or, at all events, to show very plainly in what direction we must look for the explanation thereof. This much can now be asserted, and can be indicated even to those least versed in recent psychological study, to wit, that the power of Beauty, the essential power therefore of art, is due to the relations of certain visible and audible forms with the chief nervous and vital functions of all sensitive creatures; relations established throughout the whole process of human and perhaps, even of animal evolution; relations seated in the depths of our activities, but radiating upwards even like our vague, organic sense of comfort and discomfort; and permeating, even like our obscure relations with atmospheric conditions, into our highest and clearest consciousness, colouring and altering the whole groundwork of our thoughts and feelings. Such is the primordial and, in a sense, cosmic power of the Beautiful; a power whose very growth, whose constantly more complex nature proclaims its necessary and beneficial action in human evolution. It is the power of making human beings live, for the

moment, in a more organically vigorous and harmonious fashion, as mountain air or sea-wind makes them live, but with the difference that it is not merely the bodily, but very essentially the spiritual life, the life of thought and emotion, which is thus raised to unusual harmony and vigour. I may illustrate the matter by a very individual instance, which will bring to the memory of each of my readers the vivifying power of some beautiful sight or sound or beautiful description. I was seated working by my window, depressed by the London outlook of narrow grey sky, endless grey roofs, and rusty elm-tops, when I became conscious of a certain increase of vitality, almost as if I had drunk a glass of wine, because a band somewhere or other had begun to play. Suddenly, after various indifferent pieces, it began a certain piece, by Handel or in Handel's style, of which I have never known the name, but which I have always called for myself the *Te Deum* tune. And then it seemed as if my soul, and according to the sensations, in a certain degree my body even, were caught up on those notes, and were striking out as if swimming in a great breezy sea; or as if it had put forth wings and risen into a great free space of air. And, noticing my feelings, I seemed to be conscious that those notes were being played on me, my fibres becoming the strings, so that as the notes moved and soared and swelled and radiated like stars and suns, I also being identified with sound, having become apparently the sound itself, must needs move and soar with them.

We can all recollect a dozen instances in which architecture, music, painting, or some sudden sight of sea or mountain, has thus affected us; and all poetry, particularly all great lyric poetry—Goethe's, Schiller's, Wordsworth's, and, above all, Browning's—is full of the record of such experience.

I have said that the difference between this æsthetic heightening of our vitality (and this that I have been describing is, I pray you to observe, the æsthetic phenomenon *par excellence*), and such heightening of vitality as we experience from going into fresh air and sunshine or taking fortifying food—the difference between the æsthetic and the mere physiological pleasurable excitement consists herein, that in the case of an impression, not of bodily comfort but of beauty, it is not merely our physical life but our spiritual life which is suddenly rendered more vigorous. We do not merely breathe better and digest better, though that is no small gain, but we seem to *know better*: under the vitalising touch of the Beautiful, our consciousness seems filled with the affirmation of what life is, what is worth being, what among our many thoughts and acts and feelings are real and organic and important, what among the many possible moods is the real, eternal *ourselves*.

Such are the great forces of Nature gathered up in what we call

the *æsthetic phenomenon*, and it is these forces of Nature which, stolen from heaven by the man of genius or the nation of genius, and welded together in music or architecture, in visual art or written, give to the great work of art its power to quicken the life of our soul.

I hope I have been able to indicate how, by its essential nature, by the primordial power it embodies, all Beauty, and particularly Beauty in art, tends to fortify and refine the spiritual life of the individual.

But this is only half of the question, for, in order to get the full benefit of beautiful things and beautiful thoughts, in order to obtain in the highest potency those potent æsthetic emotions, the individual must undergo a course of self-training, of self-initiation, which in its turn elicits and improves some of the highest qualities of his soul. Nay, in all true æsthetic training there must needs be—as every great writer on art has felt, from Plato to Ruskin, but none has expressed as clearly as Mr. Pater—into all æsthetic training there must needs enter an ethical, almost an ascetic element.

The greatest art bestows pleasure just in proportion as people are capable of buying that pleasure at the price of attention, intelligence, and reverent sympathy. For great art is such as is richly endowed, full of variety, subtlety, and suggestiveness; full of delightfulness enough for a lifetime, the lifetime of generations and generations of men; great art is to its true lovers like Cleopatra to Antony—"age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety." Nay, when it is the greatest art of all, the art produced by the marvellous artist, the most gifted race, and the longest centuries, we find ourselves in presence of something which, like Nature itself, contains more beauty, incorporates more thought, and works more miracles than most of us have faculties to fully appreciate. So that, in some of Titian's pictures and Michael Angelo's frescoes, the Olympia Hermes, certain cantos of Dante and plays of Shakespeare, fugues of Bach and scenes of Mozart, we can each of us, looking our closest, feeling our uttermost, see and feel perhaps but a trifling portion of what there is to be seen and felt, leaving other sides, other perfections, to be appreciated by our neighbours; till it comes to pass that we find different persons very differently delighted by the same masterpiece, and accounting most discrepantly for their delight in it.

Now such pleasure as this requires not merely a vast amount of activity on our part, since all pleasure, even the lowest, is the expression of an activity; it requires a vast amount of attention, of intelligence, of what, in races or in individuals, means special training.

There is a sad confusion in men's minds on the very essential subject of pleasure. We tend, most of us, to oppose the idea of

pleasure to the idea of work, effort, strenuousness, patience; and, therefore, recognise as pleasures only those which cost none of these things, or as little as possible, pleasures which, instead of being produced through our will and act, impose themselves upon us from outside. In all art—for art stands halfway between the sensual and emotional experiences and the experiences of the mere reasoning intellect—in all art there is necessarily an element which thus imposes itself upon us from without, an element which takes and catches us: colour, strangeness of outline, sentimental or terrible quality, rhythm, modulation or clang which tickles the ear. But the art which thus takes and catches our attention the most easily, asking nothing in return, or next to nothing, is also the poorest art—the oleograph, the pretty woman in the fashion-plate, the caricature, the representation of some domestic or harrowing scene, children being put to bed, babes in the wood, railway accidents, &c.; or again, dance or march music, and aphorisms in verse. It catches your attention, instead of your attention catching it; but it speedily ceases to interest, gives you nothing more, cloy, or comes to a dead stop. It resembles thus far mere sensual pleasures—a savoury dish, a glass of good wine, an excellent cigar, a warm bed, which impose themselves on the nerves without expenditure of attention; with the result, of course, that little or nothing remains, a sensual impression dying, so to speak, childless, a barren, disconnected thing, without place in the memory, unmarried as it is to the memory's clients, thought and human feeling.

If so many people prefer poor art to great, 'tis because they refuse to give, through inability or unwillingness, as much of their soul as great art requires for its enjoyment. And it is noticeable that busy men, coming to art for pleasure when they are too weary for attention or thought, so often prefer the sensation-novel, the music-hall song, and such painting as is but a costlier kind of oleograph; treating all other art as humbug, and art in general as a trifle wherewith to wile away a lazy moment, a trifle about which every man *can know what he likes best*.

Thus it is that great art makes, by coincidence, the same demands as noble thinking and acting. For, even as all noble sports develop muscle, develop eye, skill, quickness and pluck in bodily movement, qualities which are valuable also in the practical business of life; so also the appreciation of noble kinds of art implies the acquisition of habits of accuracy, of patience, of respectfulness and suspension of judgment, of preference of future good over present, of harmony and clearness, of sympathy (when we come to literary art), judgment and kindly fairness, which are all of them useful to our neighbours and ourselves in the many contingencies and obscurities of real life. Now this is not so with the pleasures of the senses; the pleasures of the

senses do not increase by sharing, and sometimes cannot be shared at all; they are, moreover, evanescent, leaving us no richer; above all, they cultivate in ourselves qualities useful only for that particular enjoyment. Thus, a highly discriminating palate may have saved the life of animals and savages, but what can its subtleness do nowadays beyond making us into gormandisers and winebibbers, or, at best, into cooks and tasters for the service of gormandising and winebibbing persons?

Delight in beautiful things and in beautiful thoughts requires, therefore, a considerable exercise of the will and the attention, such as is not demanded by our lower enjoyments. Indeed, it is probably this absence of moral and intellectual effort which recommends such lower kinds of pleasure to a large number of persons. I have said lower *kinds* of pleasure, because there are other enjoyments besides those of the senses which entail no moral improvement in ourselves: the enjoyments connected with vanity. Even if any of us could be sure of being impeccable on these points, we should not be too hard on the persons and the classes of persons who are conscious of no other kind of enjoyment. They are not necessarily base, not necessarily sensual or vain, because they care only for bodily indulgence, for notice and gain. They are very likely not base, but only apathetic, slothful, or very tired. The noble sport, the intellectual problem, the great work of art, the divinely beautiful effect in Nature, require that one should *give oneself*; the French-cooked dinner as much as the pot of beer; the game of chance, whether with clean cards at a club or with greasy ones in a taproom; the outdoing of one's neighbours, whether by the out-at-elbows heroes of Zola or the polished heroes of Balzac, require no such coming forward of the soul: they *take* us, without any need for our giving ourselves. Hence, as I have just said, the preference for them does not imply original baseness, but only lack of higher energy. We can judge of the condition of those who can taste no other pleasures by remembering what the best of us are when we are tired or ill: vaguely craving for interests, sensations, emotions, variety, but quite unable to procure them through our own effort, and longing for them to come to us from without. Now, in our still very badly organised world, an enormous number of people are condemned by the tyranny of poverty or the tyranny of fashion, to be, when the day's work or the day's business is done, in just such a condition of fatigue and languor, of craving, therefore, for the baser kinds of pleasure. We all recognise that this is the case with what we call *poor people*, and that this is why poor people are apt to prefer the public-house to the picture-gallery or the concert-room. It would be greatly to the purpose were we to acknowledge that it is largely the case with the rich, and that for that reason the rich are apt to take more pleasure in ostentations

display of their properties than in contemplation of such beauty as is accessible to all men. Indeed, it is one of the ironies of the barbarous condition we are pleased to call *civilisation*, that so many rich men—thousands daily—are systematically toiling and moiling till they are unable to enjoy any pleasure which requires vigour of mind and attention, rendering themselves impotent, from sheer fatigue, to enjoy the delights which life gives generously to all those who fervently seek them. And what for? Largely for the sake of those pleasures which can be had only for money, but which can be enjoyed without using one's soul.

Thus it is that real æsthetic keenness—and æsthetic keenness, as I shall show hereafter, means appreciating beauty, not collecting beautiful properties—means a development of the qualities of patience, attention, reverence, and of that vigour of soul which is not called forth, but rather impaired, by the coarser enjoyments of the senses and of vanity. So far, therefore, we have seen that the capacity for æsthetic pleasure presupposes a certain nobility in the individual. I think I can show that the preference for æsthetic pleasure implies also a happier relation between the individual and his fellows.

But the cultivation of our æsthetic pleasures does not merely necessitate our improvement in certain very essential moral qualities. It tends, as much, in a way, as the cultivation of the intellect and the sympathies, to make us live chiefly in the spirit; in which alone, as philosophers and mystics have rightly understood, there is safety from the worst miseries and room for the most complete happiness. Only, we shall learn from the study of our æsthetic pleasures that while the stoics and mystics have been right in affirming that the spirit only can give the highest good, they have been fatally wrong in the reason for their preference. And we may learn from our æsthetic experiences that the spirit is useful, not in detaching us from the enjoyable things of life, but, on the contrary, in giving us their consummate possession. The spirit—one of whose most precious capacities is that it enables us to print off all outside things on to ourselves, to store moods and emotions, to recombine and reinforce past impressions into present ones—the spirit puts pleasure more into our own keeping, making it more independent of time and place, of circumstances, and, what is equally important, independent of other people's strivings after pleasure. By which our own, while they clash and hamper, are no often fatally impeded.

For our intimate commerce with beautiful things and beautiful thoughts does not exist only, or even chiefly, at the moment of seeing, or hearing, or reading; nay, if the beautiful touched us only at such separate and special moments, the beautiful would play but an insignificant part in our existence.

beneficent goat had acted as Pegasus; and on its small back my spirit had ridden off to the places it loves. In this fashion does the true aesthete tend to prefer, even like the austere moralist, the delights which, being of the spirit, are most independent of circumstances and most in the individual's own power.

The habit of æsthetic enjoyment makes this epicurean into an ascetic. He builds as little as possible on the things of the senses and the moment, knowing how little, in comparison, we have either in our power. For, even if the desired object, person, or circumstance comes, how often does it not come at the wrong hour! In this world, which mankind still fits so badly, the wish and the realisation are rarely in unison, rarely in harmony, but follow each other, most often, like vibrations of different instruments, at intervals which can only jar. The *n'est-ce que cela*, the inability to enjoy, of successful ambition and favoured passionate love is famous; and short of love even and ambition, we all know the flatness of much desired pleasures. King Solomon, who had not been enough of an ascetic, as we all know, and therefore ended off in cynicism, had learned that there is not only satiety as a result of enjoyment, but a sort of satiety also, an absence of keenness, an incapacity for caring, due to the deferring of enjoyment. He doubtless knew, among other items of vanity, that our wishes are often fulfilled without our even knowing it, so indifferent have we become through long waiting, or so changed in our wants.

In a similar way, the modest certainty of all pleasure derived from the Beautiful will accustom the perfect aesthete to seek for the like in other branches of activity. Accustomed to the happiness which is in his own keeping, he will view with suspicion all craving for satisfactions which are beyond his control; he will not ask to be given the moon, and he will not even wish to be given it, lest the wish should grow into a want; he will make the best of candles and glowworms and of distant heavenly luminaries: moreover, being accustomed to enjoy the mere sight of things as much as other folk do their possession, he will probably actually prefer that the moon should be hanging in the heavens, and not on his staircase.

Again, having experience of the æsthetic pleasures which involve, in their sober waking bliss, no wear and tear, no reaction of satiety, he will not care much for the more rapturous pleasures of passion and success, which always cost as much as they are worth. He will be unwilling to run into such debt with his own feelings, having learned from æsthetic pleasure that there are modes of soul which, instead of impoverishing, enrich it.

Thus does the commerce with beautiful things and beautiful thoughts tend to develop in us that healthy amount of asceticism which is necessary for every workable scheme of greater happiness

for the individual and the plurality: self-restraint, choice of aims, consistent and thorough-paced subordination of the lesser interest to the greater; above all, what sums up asceticism as an efficacious means towards happiness, preference of the spiritual, the unconditional, the durable, to the temporal, the uncertain, and the fleeting. The intimate and continuous intercourse with the Beautiful teaches us, therefore, the renunciation of the unnecessary for the sake of the possible; it teaches asceticism leading not to indifference and Nirvana, but to higher complexities of vitalisation, to a more complete and harmonious rhythm of individual existence.

In such manner, to resume our symbol of the bay laurel which the road-mender stuck on to the front of that tramcar, can our love for the Beautiful avert, like the plant of Apollo, many of the storms and cure many of the fevers of life.

VERNON LEE.

A PLEA FOR RUSSIA.

HOW many are there of those who inveigh against Russian "perfidy" who have ever been to Russia or have even seen a Russian? In my own case, if chance had not taken me to a remote corner of the world, where a number of Russian officials and merchants were settled (temporarily, like myself), and if I had not been led to study Russian in order to kill time, I should never have visited Russia; and if I had never visited Russia I should never have modified my preconceived opinion of what the Russians were. I am therefore an exceptional case. I have had the unusual good fortune to live amongst Russians of the official and mercantile classes, to have studied Russian, and to have travelled all over Russia; and yet I feel myself ignorant. What, then, must be the condition of those who, at best, have only the same newspaper and book facilities for informing themselves that I have, and who have never had even my limited experience? I have never seen a single Russian except as above stated, and therefore I presume the vast majority of my countrymen cannot of their own experience know anything about that interesting people.

Before I enter upon my plea I will narrate an amusing incident, which is strictly true, by way of illustrating how international misunderstandings may arise, and how often the supposed "perfidy" and "diplomacy" of this or that country is simply the result of drifting, blundering, or accident. Instead of the Sino-Japanese conflict which has just stirred up the world, imagine a parallel complication in quite another corner of the earth, where Russia and several other great Powers were eagerly watching opportunities; where each one was suspecting the other of a "grab" policy; where none were prepared to take action; and where it is quite certain that most of the Powers

concerned had not yet even formed the embryo of a conception what they really wanted. A high official, anxious to do me a good turn, had resolved to recommend me for a subordinate post at a small town near the "centre of volcanic disturbance." He suddenly died, and his successor, not quite knowing what the deceased had promised, or how far the still higher powers would agree to his propositions, sent me to take up the post in question. My sudden appearance upon the scene naturally attracted attention; but I had no sooner got into my house than a telegram from a comparatively subordinate official arrived, ordering me to proceed elsewhere. Meanwhile the higher powers decided that the proposed post was not a public necessity, and my erratic movements caused quite a flutter amongst the diplomatic representatives, who in vain tried to cudgel their brains to find an explanation. The very last thing that any one suspected was a blunder pure and simple. My own reputation as a minor diplomat was immensely enhanced: I was regarded as a "dark horse" and a profound schemer, and the way was abundantly prepared for years of unfounded suspicions on both the Russian and other sides. A year afterwards another ridiculous event took place. An obscure clerk attached to one of the *chancelleries* made a mistake touching the armed force which, it was rumoured, a certain Power had paraded at a given spot. The rumour was correct, and if accurately repeated would have been of no importance whatever: rather the reverse; it would have proved a continuity of action and the absence of change on the suspected Power's part. The mistaken version was, however, telegraphed all over the world; imaginary armies and real fleets were moved by half a dozen Powers; massacres nearly took place; dreadful enmities were engendered between rival diplomats; more than one reputation was blasted; and to my certain knowledge the Russians, who were totally blameless in the matter, from the Czar downwards, felt bound to believe that they had been treated with perfidy. On another occasion I happened to be with the Russian *Minister* at a small European Court when a rumour reached us by telegraph that "there would be war; the Turks had crossed the frontier." The Russian Minister having just gone on leave, the *chargé d'affaires* (who was quite the average "smart" Russian) had every opportunity to make mischief if he chose; yet I was witness to the fact that he exerted his influence against the intriguers, who were, from the English point of view, working in Russia's favour. I have no desire to make mischief myself, even retrospectively, and therefore I do not say whether I am American or English, or whether, indeed, I belong to an English-speaking State at all, at least so far as the official posts I held were concerned. I merely state the facts as they will easily be remembered by those who were mixed up in the respective affairs.

Now, then, what has Russia done? Until a hundred years ago

the whole of Siberia was an unknown waste, the total population not exceeding that of the City of London. The wretched Samoyeds, Chukchi, Kamchadales, Buriats and Tunguses, who thinly populated certain corners of it, lived a life very little removed from that of brute beasts. Now all these peoples have the advantage of regular markets; many of them are Christians, though the Russians do not press their religion forcibly down the throats of foreigners. High-roads run from the Pacific to the Atlantic; official post-horses convey the traveller safely and cheaply from every town of the slightest importance to the main road joining Irkutsk with Nijni-Novgorod; steamers cross the Baikal and ply regularly up and down the Amur, Usuri, &c.; the new railway has already been opened as far as Tiumen, and will soon take us in six days from the Urals to the Pacific; the wretched Usbek khanates of Bokhara, Khiva, &c., which a generation ago were dangerous hotbeds of Mahometan fanaticism, unsafe for any Christian white man to visit, are now as mild as "sucking-doves." The barbarous Turkomans have been reduced to order; trade flourishes in the Samarcand region, and indeed all along the Turkestan and Chinese frontier; the Affghanistan and Pamir questions have been provisionally if not permanently settled, and Russia injures us in no way whatever.

As to her desiring a port free from the ice in winter, why on earth should she not have it? This, of course, is quite independent of the question whether the British naval position in the Far East is likely to be threatened by Russia's purchasing or seizing a port which would interrupt British communications in time of war. For purposes of her own, Russia has now a large fleet in Chinese waters; why, is no particular business of other Powers to question. Surely, as she has the fleet, it is reasonable that she should have some place to float it in. At present the Chinese have given her permission to winter her fleet in the bay of Kiaochou, on the south side of the Shan Tung peninsula; but there seems to be nothing to prevent the fleets of other Powers from going there if they choose. Besides, the Japanese still hold Wei-hai Wei on the north side of the same peninsula, as security for the proper carrying out of their agreements with China; and as Russia openly objected to one clause in the Shimonoseki treaty, and made a naval demonstration with a view to preventing the permanent occupation of Liao Tung by Japan, surely it is a corollary of Russia's first action on behalf of China that China should facilitate its completion in case circumstances require it. Could anything be more monstrous than the claim of another Power that the action of Russia's fleet in Chinese waters must be confined to the summer season? China has no fleet now. The German fleet is almost beneath notice. The French fleet has plenty of work to do further south. Unless the Russian fleet be at hand to see justice done to China, what is to

prevent the Japanese from demonstrating in the Gulf of Liao Tung whenever affairs take a turn against what they suppose to be their interests? Finally, Russia is a first-class Power, with a navy of at least the highest rank in the second class. Apart from the experiences she has had in Europe, where for two centuries she has been cooped up in the Baltic and Black Seas (in both cases frozen in as well), is it reasonable to expect a Great Power to consent to the self-effacement involved in confining her naval base to such a port as Vladivostok? Moreover, the audacious activity of the British admiral in 1886, when one fine morning the Russians awoke to discover that he had entered that naval harbour unobserved with a large squadron, and was quietly lying at anchor under their very noses, notwithstanding the supposed torpedoes which were guarding the entrance, was of itself sufficient to rouse the Russians from their lethargy, and to set them looking for a larger field for their naval evolutions than the coast between Nagasaki and Possiet. It is a perfectly fair diplomatic argument that if Russia permanently strengthens her naval base, we have an equal natural right to purchase or conquer counter-privileges for ourselves by, for instance, arranging with China, Corea, or Japan, for the transfer of an island or a harbour; but so long as Russia is cautious and sagacious enough only to stipulate for privileges which we also are at liberty, under the most favoured nation clause, to enjoy, so long is it silly to rail at Russian "perfidy"; it behoves us rather to exercise the same prudence in our own diplomacy, and to take quiet but firm measures to redress the lost balance, if lost it be.

How many people in England have studied the Russian character for themselves? I entered Russia for the first time by way of Teschen in Austrian Silesia, full of all the prejudices which I had been taught in my youth to harbour and cherish. When I first saw the booted officials, underwent their summary dealings with my passports and my baggage, and witnessed generally their absolute air of authority, I felt that my worst anticipations were about to be realised, and that I was in the land and the clutches of human ogres. But I soon found that, formalities once over, the Russian railway officials were excellent, kind-hearted fellows. I was particularly struck with the fact that they were as obliging to the poor as to the rich. None of the overbearing, boorish snappishness of the German (though I must allow that of late years even the Germans have improved); none of the peevish, impatient spitefulness of the French, or the arbitrary coldness of the American "conductors"; my experience was that the Russians had all the good qualities of the English—in which, of course, I include Irish and Scotch—who are universally admitted to be the most obliging of railway officials; and with this further advantage, that in Russia, "tips," though of course acceptable, are not a *sine quâ non*. I have been over every railway system in

Europe and America, and I unhesitatingly affirm that the Russian railway arrangements are ahead of them all, so far at least as the refreshment department is concerned. Halts of two minutes in every twenty, five in every hour, and ten or twenty every three or four hours, with ample time for "square meals," may seem excessive to some; but it must be remembered that all lines are single, so that in any case there must be delays for shunting and passing; distances are enormous, and appetites cannot be summoned at a moment's notice; business generally is not so urgent as it is in more populous countries. It must also be remembered that, though Russia will soon count her hundred million, yet her area is so great that this makes a very small number of persons per square mile. The greater part of Russia is a flat, scrubby, marshy, dismal plain, with towns few and far between. Accordingly, her railways are suitable for long distances: all the best and none of the worst points in the American system are there. Even the third-class carriages have a proper retiring-room, lavatory, and supply of drinking water. The prices at all refreshment stations are fixed by law; there is no delay, no bargaining; and the quality is good, especially that of the tea, which is served boiling hot, in tumblers, with lemon in place of milk.

At the time I was in St. Petersburg the Czar Alexander II. had only recently been assassinated, so, of course, suspicious characters (which all strangers, native or foreign, naturally are) were watched more closely than usual. But after once my passports had been exhibited, I was never interfered with in the slightest degree—and this holds good for the whole of Russia—until I reached Odessa, where the Governor readily acceded to my request (contrary to rule) to be allowed to depart that same day, without awaiting the usual lapse of three days for inquiries to be made. I was never asked a police question of any sort in the interior, was only once called upon to exhibit my passport, and everywhere found all classes of Russians to be the most good-natured, easy-going, obliging, and inoffensive people. Moscow and Odessa are as civilised in every way as St. Petersburg; that is to say, as to telegraphs, trams, newspapers, shops, hotels, and creature comforts generally; they are second only to Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna. Travellers must be prepared for a certain amount of roughing it in other towns; and unless they speak a little Russian they will certainly not enjoy themselves very freely. But Russia is not to be blamed for not civilising herself all in a generation. Two centuries ago Russia, only just emerging from a long period of Tartar domination, had barely succeeded in regaining that degree of settled and material civilisation which she had already acquired before the Mongol conquests began; but it must not be forgotten that, even in Elizabeth's time, in London itself, wattle houses were only just beginning to be superseded by brick and stone; roads

and straw by carpets; horn and paper by glass windows. The saying that "you have only to scratch a Russian to find a Tartar" may be figuratively true so far as the masses and their gross habits are concerned; but it is absurd to suppose for an instant that the Russians are anything but an Aryan race like ourselves. To this very day their numerals may almost be described as being good Sanskrit. Nor must it be forgotten that until Alexander II. freed the serfs, nearly the whole population consisted a generation ago of agricultural "villeins," much after the style of the conquered English of the eleventh century. But at present there is no country in Europe where more is being done by the Government for the development of the masses, the improvement of intercommunications, and the encouragement of trade. True, there is official corruption; but what was English public life a century ago? What was the conduct of voters a single generation back? How about the Panama scandals in France, and "lobbying" in the United States? The vice of spirit-drinking to excess is only too apparent in Russia; even the popes or priests are no more ashamed to be seen drunk than were English statesmen at the beginning of this century. But revenue considerations cannot be grudged to Russia by a nation which supports an opium monopoly in India, and which spends over £200,000,000 a year on its own drink. Moreover, the climate has to be considered; inhabitants of all cold countries, be they Mongols, Russ, Swedes, Lapps, Scotchmen, or Esquimaux, have all this failing. Finally, the recent crusade against the Jews of Russia was, put in more favourable language, simply a determined effort on the part of the late Czar to check the ruinous habit, growing in such alarming proportions, of mortgaging the *mujiks'* property to Hebrew liquor farmers. Persons who undertake the defence of a rival nationality are apt to be carried away and go to the other extreme. Therefore I will not deny that the Russians have their weak points. They are, comparatively speaking, a slovenly and grimy race, "of doubtful linen," although, as a matter of fact, they take more hot baths, man for man, than do the British people hot and cold put together, and their grime is largely owing to their calling, their poverty, and their climate. Practically, there are only two seasons, winter and summer, and summer is so short that there is hardly time to shake off sheepskins and take an airing before the bleak wind forces the *mujiks* to put them on again. The majority of Russians are tricky and untruthful, as is always the case with people who for centuries have been ground down by oppressors and left in a condition of crass ignorance. It is only fair to observe, however, that this characteristic tends to disappear in soldiers, seamen, and others who are subjected to regular discipline; in the now gradually rising *bourgeois* classes; and, generally speaking, in those handling civilised tools in any form, such as men of science, engineers, manufacturers,

the higher class of artisans, and so on. Still, it is foolish to attempt to deny the national defect: the utmost we can do is to palliate it by the reflection that, at all events, it is usually coupled by a good-natured, live-and-let-live, tolerant blarney, and deceives no man who has his wits about him. It is a fact that the Russians, as a race, are inclined to be procrastinating, unpunctual, forgetful, idle, and, in a word, unbusinesslike. On the other hand, there could not be a greater mistake than to suppose, as is generally supposed in England, that the average Russian is a truculent individual. On the contrary, the Russians are one of the gentlest and most inoffensive of peoples, in addition to which there is a natural and deep-seated earnestness, piety, and devotion of character, devoid of cynical sickleness, militant aggressiveness, or namby-pamby Mrs. Grundyism. There is something extremely natural and appropriate about Russian development, which leaves upon one the impression that a humble and timid race has just successfully emerged from a dark age of oppression and starvation; that it knows its own weaknesses and the poverty of its surroundings; that it eyes with emulous respect, without envy, the superior advantages of neighbouring peoples, and is resolved to plod on, wearily but manfully, until it obtains a share of these good things for itself. There is nothing of the self-complacent Yankee, the contemptuous "Britisher," the jealous, spiteful Frenchman, the greedy, underhand German, the haughty Spaniard, mean, treacherous Italian, or selfish Dutchman, about the ideal Russian. I do not mean to say that the above enumerated weak points are the essential characteristics of the peoples mentioned; nor do I assert that all Russians are free from these failings. I rather style them the points which a psychological caricaturist would select to express a popular emotion bred of race differences. There is nothing mean in the Russian thus psychologically caricatured; with all his dirty linen, unbusinesslike ways, chicanery, untruthfulness, forgetfulness, and corruption generally, he is friendly, unarrogant, kindly, loyal, full of dog-like gratitude, earnest, unshamed of his religion, doggedly patient and faithful, and never stingy or a coward. British military and naval officers invariably find their Russian colleagues, rivals, or enemies—as the case may be—"good fellows."

I do not conceal from myself that these characteristics of the main body of Russians are often conspicuously absent from the diplomatic body, that infinitely small minority—practically the same in all European countries—which pulls the strings of the international Punch and Judy show, or, as Sir Edward Malet puts it, represents the buttons of the garment of decency which covers or conceals the national jealousies and hates. Diplomats, clubs, dress-coats, official dinners, and all the paraphernalia of what is called "society" are almost exactly the same, whether you are in

Constantinople, Washington, or Paris. The masses have nothing to do with this phase of national idiosyncrasy or rather national obliteration. The ways of diplomats are everywhere the same. The taxpayer must not fondly imagine that their sole occupations consist in poring over blue-books or yellow-books, receiving spies in secret cabinets, copying acres of despatches, wrestling with champions in the lying art, and forming delicate combinations of policy. The average diplomat, be he Russian or English, is bored to death for half his time, more especially at the semi-civilised and humdrum Courts. His chief preoccupations are getting leave and killing time, making two ends meet, trying to get acting posts or "missions to report," and endeavouring to evade the unpleasant duty of copying as much as possible. The duties of diplomacy come, like a game at football, quite incidentally into his daily life, nor do the "diplomatic arts" he is instinctively impelled to use in order to win the game and gain "kudos," worry his conscience or harass his sleep any more than do the tricks of the football player. Outsiders are just as apt to exaggerate the unscrupulousness of the diplomat's efforts on behalf of his country as they are to over-estimate the importance of his calculations. To watch how the cat is likely to jump, how the ball is likely to move, take advantage of it, acquire renown and pleasurable excitement by winning the game—this is all. A smart thing may occasionally be done by unusual luck; but, after all, there is not much in diplomacy, and the Press of rival States is apt to excite its readers unduly by taking too serious a view of diplomatic perfidy. How many points of difference are there between Russia and Great Britain? So far as ninety-nine hundredths of the Russian coasts and Russian frontiers are concerned, none whatever. The trade with Russia is enormous: it may be subject to shackles which we don't like; but in what way do the Russians treat our traders less generously than do the French, the Germans, the Americans, or any other rival nation? Moreover, though we may grumble at the treatment our merchants receive in these days of our Free-trade, it must not be forgotten that our own Navigation Laws, Corn Laws, and Commercial Tariffs were very harsh, and jealously calculated against all foreigners until the Queen's reign. Personal points of difference there are none. Englishmen are always well treated in Russia; one hardly ever hears of official rudeness or breach of hospitality. Facilities have been readily granted to English missionaries to examine the gaols and the prison life; English or American explorers, such as Burnaby, Schnyler, and Younghusband, have been courteously received even in districts where no foreigner could reasonably be expected to go without exciting suspicion; Russian army and naval officers invariably get on well with their British colleagues; and Russian officials are always ready to stretch a point in order to humour the

persistent free-born Briton. What particular perfidy has Russia shown? The old story of Peter the Great's will and Constantinople is still there. Since Peter the Great conceived his ideas of vaulting ambition, we have annexed numerous Indian States, Burmah, Hong-Kong, a great part of Malaya, a million square miles in Africa, Fiji, and (to go to the Sultan's own dominions) in a temporary sense, Egypt. Has Russia been less gentle to the Turk than we have been? Has she appropriated more of the Sultan's dominions? Has she annexed more khanates in Central Asia than we have done kingdoms or principalities in India? Have not Khiva, Bokhara, Kokhand, and the Turkomans, improved vastly under her Christian rule? In what way has Russia's presence in Asia really injured our interests in India? Russia may want a port in Corea free from the ice. We ourselves should also be much the better off for a naval station farther north than Hong-Kong. But Russia, during the scare of 1885 consequent on the Penjdeh incident, never occupied any Korean territory as we did Port Hamilton. Russia, on the whole, treated China very justly and generously in the Ili question of 1880, nor has Russia attempted to take undue advantage of Chinese weakness in those parts since her defeat by Japan. Russia has made a very reasonable settlement with us in the Pamir region. Certainly the Russian Press is often full of virulent articles against Great Britain, but are not all the presses of Europe, the British Press included, in a chronic state of diatribe one against the other? The Russian Government, which is supposed to be so absolute, is only too glad to allow the Press full liberty in criticising foreign countries—if possible, to the advantage of Russian patriotic sentiment—so long as it will leave the Administration alone to deal with the urgent questions of the day at home.

There seems to be no reason whatever why we should not be friends with Russia politically, as we are socially, offering her a helping hand in every reasonable way, and making it to be her interest to lend us a helping hand too. Sooner or later the rotten Turkish Empire must go; the wonder is that Christian Europe has tolerated so long a barbarous Tartar tyranny in its midst. Russia had two centuries of Tartar experience under the grinding tyranny of the Mongols, and when the Turks have cleared out "bag and baggage" as a political Power, the wonder will only be why they were not driven away before. Of course, it is only as a political Power that they are doomed to extinction. The industrious Mussulman peasants will find as perfect protection under the Russian, English, or French flags, as do now the remnants of the Mongol hordes in Kazan and the Caucasus, the Cypriots, and the Moors. With a powerful Government at our head, and with six or seven years of steady popular support in prospect, there is no reason whatever why the whole Eastern question should not be settled in a dispassionate, friendly way, both with Russia and

with France. Nor is there any reason why Russia and England should not come to an understanding, with or without the co-operation of China and Japan, regarding the future of Corea.

To sum up, there is no ingrained hostility whatever between the Russian and the English peoples. Russian civilisation, though later than, and consequently behind the English, is doing as much for the improvement of Asia as is English civilisation. Life and property are as safe for Englishmen in Russia as for Russians in the British Empire; there is no political antagonism necessary. Though the unconditional presence of Russia at Constantinople or in Corea might threaten our commercial interests, there is no reason why a fair arrangement should not be come to, under which all Powers concerned may share proportionately in the settlement. The Press of Great Britain has, by the prudence and self-restraint of its utterances, placed itself and the country in a very favourable position in view of the Venezuela and Transvaal difficulties; it is to be desired that the asperities of national feeling, so far as they exist on either side in ignorance, may be gradually softened down by the practice of the same moderation in Russian matters. Such moderation and good feeling are certain to be reciprocated, and the result will inevitably tend to bring about that great *desideratum*, a thoroughly straightforward understanding between Great Britain and Russia.

E. H. P.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE AND THE TEACHING OF ST. PAUL.

AMONG the many arguments brought forward in controversy by the advocates of Women's Suffrage it cannot be said that a large proportion are drawn from the New Testament. Indeed, while some of the more eager partisans of the movement are content to disregard the teaching of the Apostles, the more cautious among their followers are avowedly haunted by an uneasy feeling of being ranged in direct opposition to the ideas contained in that teaching, and it can hardly be doubted that Scripture associations are still strong enough to keep at a distance many who, but for them, would have before now joined themselves willingly to a party of whose main object they thoroughly approve. And that which, perhaps, intensifies the reluctance openly to adopt opinions apparently contrary to the teaching of the New Testament writers is the knowledge that the most markedly conservative of these writers, in his view of the position of women, is the large-minded, eminently progressive Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul.

We all know the first impressions gathered from St. Paul's Epistles as to the duties and position of women. We rise from reading, or hearing read, 1 Corinthians xi. and 1 Timothy ii. with a vague idea that he preached the doctrine of passive submission of women to men, as to a superior in the scale of creation; that he discouraged not only all public and political activity of women, but forbade them to teach, and, more than that, even to learn, except from their husbands at home.* Moreover, it seems as if he based his views not so much on any direct commands of his Master, as on a very literal acceptance of the account in the Book of Genesis of the fall of man.† Hence

* 1 Tim. ii. 12; 1 Cor. xiv. 35.

† 1 Tim. ii. 13; 1 Cor. xi. 3.

not only those who are anxious to see equality of women with men in respect of political privilege, but all who welcome the desire shown during the last half-century for the education of girls, and for the removal of depressing social restrictions in their daily life, are unable to resist a misgiving that, if St. Paul were alive now, he would be found among the most rigid opponents of these and such-like ideas; and, if they allow their thoughts to dwell a little longer on the subject, they feel obliged to resign themselves to what is apparently the true state of the case—viz., that the England of to-day is following in the steps of other more precipitate peoples, and gaily abandoning the Scriptural precepts which for many centuries have been her main guide in the conduct of life.

It is the purpose of this paper to discuss, as impartially as possible, how far the teaching of St. Paul is in conflict with the spirit of the Women's Suffrage movement of to-day, and how far those of us who have a profound reverence for the great Apostle feel bound to a literal obedience to his precepts in this most interesting, and in many respects most difficult subject.

Now the first observation necessary to make is that the Apostle's teaching about women cannot be made intelligible unless it is taken in connection with the Rabbinical teaching in which he was brought up, and with the social customs of the time. And not only does the teaching, when so viewed, become more intelligible, but a great deal more fruitful also. Few problems of greater interest could be presented for solution to a Jewish scholar than to determine how far St. Paul remained to the end of his life under the influence of Gamaliel, and how far his vigorous and divinely illuminated mind shook itself free from the intensely material and narrow prejudices in which the training of a young Pharisee must have been steeped. But it seems to me tolerably evident that, on the subject of the position and conduct of women, he was, till far on in his life, more under the dominion of Rabbinical prepossessions than on any other subjects of which he treats in his Epistles. But, before bringing facts in support of this statement, a word must be said as to the method of handling the precepts contained in Scripture which is here indicated.

Some years ago the majority of English Christians would have been unwilling to make use of the researches of Jewish or other scholars in the contemporary life of Palestine in such a way as to detract at all from the binding force of each particular injunction contained anywhere in the Bible. It was part of the current theory of inspiration, to which the Church has never committed herself, that every sentence, in the New Testament at least, was of equal value, and derived in an equal measure from heaven; and to some pious minds of the present day it is something of a shock to hear of any apostolic

command having a basis in Rabbinical teaching, even though the fact cannot be denied. I have no wish to speak of this tone of mind with disrespect, or to imply, as many do, that because a different attitude is at present more fashionable, therefore the latter is sure to be right, and the former fit only to be regarded as a historical curiosity. But it is important to notice that, however strict and literal such a view of apostolic precepts may have been, it has never been *consistently* made the basis of conduct.

Take, for instance, the words, "I suffer not a woman to teach."* Have "Bible Christians" of the most rigid school ever gone so far as to discountenance mothers from teaching their children the Lord's Prayer because of this text? If they have not, it is because they have recognised that St. Paul must either have been denouncing a practice imperfectly denoted by the word "teach," or else that any sort of teaching was so repugnant to the social practices of the time that he regarded such an innovation as a breach of decorum, and contrary to the ideas of women's function which prevailed amongst the most God-fearing communities. If the disregard of the precept is not based on some such view as this, then it is simply arbitrary and practised because it is convenient. But if, out of respect for St. Paul, we fall back on the statement that he was speaking with reference to his times, or was denouncing something different from what we call simply teaching, then it is not only not irreverent but positively incumbent on us to go a step further and inquire what those social customs were, or what was the practice which the Apostle had in his mind; † in other words, as we are all agreed that certain precepts are to be disregarded in practice, all that is now proposed is to try and find a principle on which we do so. Anything, surely, is better than to go on professing a literal adherence to all the New Testament injunctions while, at the same time, ignoring some of them without knowing why.

It may further be remarked that if modern research has succeeded in placing some of the apostolic teaching in its proper historical setting, with the result of investing certain precepts with more or less authority than others, it has also been the means of establishing

* 1 Tim. ii. 12.

† There is little doubt that the teaching referred to was something of a public nature (cf. Eph. iv. 11, where a teacher is spoken of as a public minister, and Rom. xii. 7). Such a proceeding would have been the exception among Jews (cf. Ederheim, "Sketches of Social Life," chap. x p. 12, and Deane, "Jesus Christ," p. 81, 2nd ed.), and quite foreign also to the customs of Greek communities. A conjecture may be hazarded that the women converts who put themselves forward in this way were drawn from the class known as *Hetairai*, i.e., foreign women of every sort of character, good and bad, but free and unconventional in their conduct; often prominent in society and of brilliant accomplishments. If this class existed in St. Paul's time, some doubtless would have become converts. But the evidence is scanty (cf. Grote, "Hist. Gr." pt. ii. c. 48; Lecky, "Hist. Eur. Morals," ch. v.; Mahaffy, "Social Life in Greece," 2nd ed., p. 278, c. 12). There are some interesting remarks in Prof. Ramsay's "The Church and the Roman Empire," as to the freedom of women in Asia Minor (*Vide* ref. p. 494, 3rd, Ed.).

on a firmer basis than ever the incomparable universality of all the teaching of our Lord. The more distinctly we perceive that a supreme genius like that of St. Paul was hampered in some respects by his early training and by the social customs of his age, the deeper becomes our wonder at the uniqueness of the spiritual and ethical precepts of Christ, their marvellous detachment from all that was merely national and transitory, the ease with which they employ Jewish and Palestinian illustration while setting forth principles of world-wide application and eternal import.* This remark, it is true, is not strictly relevant to our subject, but it is useful as a reminder that any apprehensions which may have been felt as to the effects of "criticism" on the authority of the Apostles should be balanced by the fuller certainty which we have gained of our Lord's unapproachable supremacy as a teacher.

In drawing attention to the Jewish parallels to St. Paul's words on the subject of the relation of the sexes, I must rely to a great extent on the late Dr. Edersheim's interesting and learned work, "Sketches of Jewish Social Life in the Days of Christ," where the points of contact between St. Paul and the Rabbis are shown to be so frequent as to suggest the inference that a complete knowledge of their writings might enable us to explain nearly all the most obscure verses in the Epistles. We will begin with the most characteristic and startling of St. Paul's arguments. In 1 Tim. ii. and 1 Cor. xi. the Apostle supports his statement of the relation of woman to man, and of both to God, by a reference to the account of Creation and of the Fall of Man in the Book of Genesis. It will be at once seen that his argument presupposes a very literal interpretation of the ancient record, but not more literal than many readers of the Bible would postulate nowadays, and certainly not so literal and, so to speak, external as that employed by the Rabbis.

Let us compare the two. In the two chapters above mentioned the Apostle seems to conceive of a gradation; of man being nearer to God than woman, and from this he infers the duty of *subordination* (*υποτάγη*) as belonging to married women, and that of ruling the household as being the prerogative of the husband. The reason he gives for his belief is the historical fact recorded in Genesis ii. that woman was created for the man, not *vice versa*, and that sin entered the world through a woman.†

Now we should embarrass the subject with fresh perplexities were we to embark on the question of how far the prevailing modern view of the story in Genesis being the framework of a spiritual truth, would harmonise with this treatment of the Old Testament. In any case, the important question remains for those who take a

* This point has often been emphasised, nowhere more fully than by Professor Goldwin Smith, quoted in Bishop Westcott's "Historic Faith" (Appendix).

† 1 Cor. xi. 8, 9; 1 Tim. ii. 13, 14.

literal as well as for those who take a more allegorical view of the narrative: Why does St. Paul adduce the story as an argument at all? Granting that sin entered the world through a woman, is that a legitimate reason for advocating for all women a permanent position of subordination to men? No modern writer would say that it was. But such a handling of the Old Testament would have seemed liberal compared with the following:

"The Rabbis argue that man must seek after a woman, and not a woman after a man; only the reason they assign for it sounds strange. Man, they say, was formed from the ground—woman from man's rib; hence, in trying to find a wife, man only looks for what he had lost! . . . Similarly, it was observed that God had not formed woman out of the head, lest she should become proud; nor out of the eye, lest she should lust; nor out of the ear, lest she should be curious; nor out of the mouth, lest she should be talkative; nor out of the heart, lest she should be jealous; nor out of the hand, lest she should be covetous; nor out of the foot, lest she be a busybody; but out of the rib, which was always covered. Modesty was therefore a prime quality."*

It is pretty certain that this sort of teaching represents the general attitude of the Rabbis towards the Old Testament, and that St. Paul must have been brought up by men whose habit it was to base their rules of conduct and life on those strange verbal inferences from the Thorah. If this was so we may well be amazed, not at the deference the Apostle shows to such views, but at his superiority to them, and at his power of seizing on the kernel of the story when all his teachers (presumably) had been satisfied with the shell. Again, we can hardly understand the Apostle's injunction that wives shall learn of their husbands at home, unless we know something of the social regulations of the time. In the synagogues the women were rigorously separated from the men by a partition of boarding and gratings, the practice being justified by Zachariah xii. 11-14. Moreover, to make up for the deficiencies in their education,† women were admonished to encourage their husbands in the study of the law (p. 147). No doubt instances of well-instructed women, such as Eunice or Priscilla, did occur; but, in general, it seems that girls were rather left to take their chance, while the teaching of the law to boys was a primary part of all education and one of the first duties of a father. The women seem to have attended the synagogues in silence,‡ and to have been absolved from the obligation of saying certain prayers, Dr. Edersheim thinks, because of a wife being so far one with her husband that "his merits and prayers applied to her as well." Then, when we find St. Paul§ and St. Peter|| inculcating a general meekness and sobriety of life among women, we should remember that brawling and gossip in the streets on the part of a wife were sufficient

* Edersheim, p. 146.

† 1 Tim. ii. 11, 12.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 132.

§ *Ibid.* p. 81.

|| 1 Peter iii. 1-6.

grounds for a divorce; and the direction that women were not to usurp authority over men is paralleled by the Rabbinical saying, "Whoever allows himself to be ruled by his wife shall call out and no one will make answer to him."

Perhaps the strongest verse, however, in the Epistles is Eph. v. 22, "Wives submit yourselves to your husbands as unto the Lord," but it should be compared with Col. iii. 18, "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as it is fit in the Lord," and both, or at any rate the latter (as well as 1 Cor. vii. 39) may be illustrated by the Rabbinical dictum that men may marry for one of four reasons: for passion, wealth, honour, or "the glory of God," i.e., "in the name of heaven," or "for the name of God," "in God" and "for God." Again, the extremely difficult passage (1 Cor. xi. 1-10) about the woman keeping the head covered, is obviously based on Jewish ideas and customs in spite of the fact that the Epistle was addressed to converts largely composed of Greeks.* The covering of the head was a very strict rule among Jewish women, but this was not at all the case among the Greeks, at least in classical times.

So we find the Apostle here strongly enjoining a Jewish custom upon Greek converts, and supporting his words by reasons which could hardly be intelligible except to a Jew.†

Such parallels as these, and many more which might be quoted, seem to establish the fact that on this particular subject the teaching of St. Paul was not only tinged but saturated with Jewish ideas. Especially in regard to the duty of submissiveness to husbands he does not seem to have departed at all from the conventional opinions of the time. He borrowed the very expressions of the Rabbis, and like them justifies his approval of existing customs by somewhat recondite references to the Old Testament.

But an interesting question here arises: If there was such an unanimity among Jews as to the standard of conduct among women being one of weakness and modesty, how, it might be asked, are we to explain the honour in which characters like Jael and Judith were held? And as to a life of retirement, it can hardly be said that the notices in the Old Testament lay stress on its necessity. The instances of Miriam, Deborah, Abigail, the wise woman of Tekoah, Huldah the prophetess, and Esther, are quite sufficient to show that the appreciation by the Jews of patriotism, self-sacrifice, heroism, and power of expression on the part of women was as ample and unstinted as the most progressive modern reformer could desire. How is this to be reconciled with the Rabbinical maxims?

The answer is that the restrictive teaching of the Rabbis, like that

* Cf. vv. 6, 10; Ed. p. 154.)

† Dr. Edersheim seems to have no warrant in saying (p. 154) that these verses were addressed to Jews. Cf. 1 Cor. x. 32, evidently showing a mixed body of converts.

of St. Paul who followed them, seems so far as we can tell to have been confined to the duties of married women, and even of them only so far as their husbands were concerned. They do not appear to have contemplated as possible any definite professional contact of women with public life, but there is not, on the other hand, anything in their teaching which was directly contravened by patriotic action such as that of the heroines of the Old Testament. In short, while they vigorously emphasise the duty of woman's submissiveness in relation to the stronger sex, as to her relation to the State they say apparently nothing, and if the emergency was sufficient they would approve of a woman coming forward at the right time. There is indeed reason to believe that activity and prominence in good works would not have been condemned. St. Paul, at any rate, when brought into contact with ladies of influence at Philippi, in a country in which women took a more leading part in social life than among the Greeks,* so far from upbraiding them, confines his advice to the one point that they "be of one mind in the Lord."†

This is a very considerable qualification to be borne in mind by those who think that the writings of St. Paul breathe a spirit of simple antagonism to any such current of feeling as that which leads many thinking people to-day to advocate the extension of the franchise to women. But if it be felt that in his general view of the relation of the sexes, especially after marriage, he was completely out of sympathy with the modern desire for general equality, the point may be at once conceded. I would go further and say that those who are most passionately eager for the establishment of a general equality of opportunity, as Mr. Kidd calls it, would do well to ponder on the decided indications in the Gospel that, generally speaking, inequality is part of the divine ordering of the world; not as if such indications were merely to be railed at as old-fashioned, but on the ground that it is our business to do our very best to understand them. This, however, is beside the present subject. I do not deny that the writings of St. Paul on the subject of women show a spirit in many ways out of sympathy with our own; but I would assert with all diffidence, that knowing what we now know as to his bringing-up and social surroundings, his precepts on the relation of the sexes are not necessarily authoritative for us to-day.

Let us look at the matter from this point of view. We find that the divine Founder of our faith left behind Him a task of supreme difficulty and magnitude for His followers to perform. It was to impart the precious truths which they had received as to His person and His work, and, further, to point out the moral duties which were the corollary of those truths, and incumbent on the many

* See Lightfoot, "Philippians," p. 55.

† Phil. iv. 2.

and various peoples to whom the new teaching was to be given. The Lord Himself had given them the truths and had promised them the gift of the Holy Spirit to enlighten them as to their bearing on ordinary life; but He had abstained, evidently on purpose, from pronouncing a definite verdict on most of the social problems which were brought before Him. Had He done otherwise, it is perfectly certain that His words would either have been totally misunderstood by the people then living, or they would have ceased to be applicable to a quite different condition of society, 1900 years later in the history of the world. Whether this was the reason for His silence or not, we perhaps cannot say. But the result is, as has been already pointed out, that Christ's teaching is absolutely unique in the one great characteristic of universality. Now it was obviously impossible for the Apostles, considering the sort of problem which was given them to solve, and the condition of the different heathen people whom they were commanded to convert, to attempt to imitate the reticence of their divine Master on many pressing social questions. If they had done so, it is inconceivable that their teaching could have produced the effect which it did produce. For the sake of the heathen communities, sunk as they were in the foulest vices, and nearly deaf to the dictates of conscience in all that concerned the relation of the sexes, it was absolutely necessary for the missionaries to speak with the utmost plainness and decision. So in burning words which remain for all time a monument of excellent courage, insight, delicacy of mind, and nobleness of thought, the Apostle addressed himself to this task. Nothing could surpass the loftiness of his own ideal; but it is undeniable that in his injunction he ever bore in mind his convert's pitiable weakness of will, and so tempered his teaching as not to put before them a standard utterly impossible of attainment. If we think we have outgrown his precepts, we must at least recognise that he gave the Corinthians what was really the best thing for them, in putting before them the highest ideal which they could understand. And in his instructions to these mixed Jewish and Gentile communities, if he had anticipated a conception of the position of married women which did not dawn on the world for some 1750 years, he would have failed in helping them to act up to their lights, and would have left them in deplorable darkness as to the most important of Christian duties, those connected with the home life. And more than this: his own mental development would have been to us of an unintelligible and almost portentous kind; such abnormal aloofness from the age in which he lived would not have been a sign of the inspiration of the Holy Spirit which we could have recognised. It would have been a bewildering phenomenon to his contemporaries, and one in no way edifying to posterity; while, on the other hand, if, for reasons already stated, we refuse to admit that on this

question the Apostle was lifted out of the prevailing opinions of his age, do we not bring (into still stronger relief than before the grandeur of his mental illumination, who, though bearing to the end of his life the marks of Gamaliel's training, could yet be the Apostle of the Gentiles? The power of the divine inspiration acting on a human being is shown in its most impressive form when there is evidence of a wonderful but yet an orderly *growth* in power of character and width of view; and while to point out that on this one question St. Paul was a child of his time, is in no way to impair his authority as a teacher, it is only by recognising his limitation that we can truly appreciate the greatness of the convert from Pharisaism who could write the Epistle to the Romans.

There is, however, a broad and general objection which may be raised against the whole of this argument, and which demands some consideration at this point. It may be said that while the Apostle's words and metaphors are borrowed from Rabbinic writings there are indications of a deep-seated opinion in his mind as to the relation of woman to man which, for all that we can tell, was derived, not from his Jewish surroundings, but from a wide and comprehensive view of the facts of life. An attentive reading of 1 Corinthians xi. makes it pretty clear that St. Paul regarded man as standing nearer to God than woman, and as being the more immediate recipient of divine truth.* And this view might gain support not only from the precepts of the Old Testament, or from the prevailing ideas in Palestine in the apostolic eye, but from the evidence of history. St. Paul's conception of man receiving from God and woman receiving from man means, in plain language, that something of a *creative* power belongs to one sex and is wanting to the other; that whereas the faculty of making a beginning which we call genius has in all ages and among all the progressive nations of the earth been frequently shown by men, women's powers are those of receiving life and storing it; and that this broad distinction is an ordinance of Nature, and applies not only to physical but to mental attributes. Hence during the eighteen centuries which have elapsed since the words we are considering were penned, it is a singular corroboration of the Apostle's view that not in any of the arts, nor in literature, nor in science, have women been able to rise to the front rank; while in most of the fields of human intellectual activity their inferiority has been distinctly marked. Now, it is one thing to infer from a study of Rabbinical writings that St. Paul's ideas on this subject were those of his contemporaries, and therefore not entitled to more authority than those of other leaders of thought among them, but quite another thing to dissent from his broad views of human nature and history. Surely all deference to authority ceases entirely when we choose to discard opinions which

were formed in such a way by so great a teacher, and which history has so far confirmed.

It may be doubted whether the above representation of the Apostle's point of view does not "modernise" it to an unwarrantable extent. It is quite as probable that what is here taken as an opinion of women, based on broad facts of human nature, was in reality only the outcome of his Rabbinical training and early surroundings. But I am anxious to put both sides of this question impartially, and so to assume that his main idea, though it be only contained in one or two verses, was that which history has up till now justified. We may, then, remark that that, granting all this, and taking it in connexion with such a question as Women's Suffrage, we have no right to make inequality of endowment a reason for inequality of treatment; and there is nothing whatever in all St. Paul's writings which would justify any such action. Secondly, supposing his view of the distinction between the sexes to have been roughly what we have indicated, there is no reason to suppose that he would necessarily have objected in those days to a limited form of political activity such as is now being claimed. He would, doubtless, have objected to any social change which placed women in authority over men, or which required a violation of Nature's laws of diversity of function. But there is nothing in this claim which does require any such violation of natural law. Thirdly, as to the unwillingness which many social reformers might feel to accept any such estimate of women's position as that which we have ascribed to St. Paul, it should be noticed that, in spite of great differences due to lapse of time, this unwillingness must mainly be grounded upon a hope for the future. I mean that we had better admit, without more ado, that the past yields no answer to those who affirm women's intellectual powers to be inferior to those of men; but that, when we look on to the future, we may see some reason for expecting something more like equality between the sexes in this respect. For the first time in the history of our country women have careers open to them for which they are naturally fitted, and the barriers which have been for ages set up by social convention, obsolete legal maxims, and dread of change, are now at last nearly all overthrown. It will not be surprising if a great deal of cleverness and talent hitherto suppressed makes its way into public notice.

It would be foolish to grow warm over such an argument as this, which rests upon a prophecy.* Some of us are bold enough confidently to anticipate a very considerable change, and to fancy we already

* The argument is often wrongly stated, as if it were obviously true that women's intellects had suffered from hereditary feebleness. But, as soon as the hereditary principle is introduced, the question arises why the sons have not suffered equally with the daughters. All that can be said is that each individual instance of intellectual power among women has suffered from want of opportunity.

LONDON AS THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE.

LONDON has had many historians, and parts of London have had their special historians, but there are some phases of London history which have escaped not only elucidation, but even notice. It can hardly be said that the abstract question of London as the capital of England has escaped notice altogether, but it is the fact that some of the most important features of this position have been only just touched upon by one or two scholars like Freeman and Green, and except for this have been entirely neglected. The subject is no doubt principally of historical and archæological interest, but perhaps at no time has that interest been better worth drawing attention to than the present. People are interested in London as they have never been interested before; they are discussing its future constitution and looking forward to its future development and welfare; they are preparing to read its history under the guidance of Sir Walter Besant; they are helping to govern it with more vigour than has yet been shown; they are discussing the relationship of the old City of London to the larger city which has grown up around. And it happens that the historical and archæological evidence to which I am anxious to draw attention has an important bearing upon many of the questions which now engage popular notice in connection with the present condition and future development of London.

I can best approach my subject by stating it in the form of a question. How is it that London, being the capital of the Empire, does not contain within the City boundary either a residence of the Sovereign or a Parliament house? In other words, while all capitals, including the capitals of the two kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland, are, or have been, also the seats of government, containing the palaces of the Sovereigns and the meeting places of the Parliaments, London

alone of all capitals has the residence of the Sovereign, the Tower of London, just outside the City limits, and the Parliament houses at Westminster some distance outside the City limits. This peculiar position of the City is not so noticeable in modern times, because when one speaks of London as the capital, modern London is thought of, not the ancient City; but if we only carry our minds back to seven years ago, when what is now the "county" of London was not London at all, but simply a group of parishes united together for some common purposes, and known as the Metropolis; if we examine a last-century map, nay if we try to think of the London advocated by those who have argued against the report of the recent Royal Commission, we shall be able to at once realise that the capital of the Empire is not the seat of government. The reasons for this exceptional position of the City are to be sought for amongst the accidents of history rather than the records which chronicle the ordinary routine of events, and the search will take us back to the earliest periods of history and will deal with one of the most interesting problems in the origin and position of London during the making of England. Perhaps no contest has been more keen among English historians than that which rages round the question of the continuity of Roman institutions in our cities. Bishop Stubbs, Kemble, Freeman, and Green appear as uncompromising opponents to such continuity; Coote and Seeböhm stand alone almost among the first rank of historians in stating the case for the Roman origin of English institutions generally and therefore for municipal institutions in particular. On the general question of the Roman origin of English institutions I hold opinions entirely opposed to the theory of Coote and Seeböhm, and I mention this only to emphasize the importance which I therefore attach to the single instance in which I think it can be fairly taken as proved that Roman institutions have lasted down unbroken to modern times. That instance is to be found in London; the proof of it is connected with the unique position it holds as the capital of the Empire and yet not the seat of government.

We first hear of London in any important sense as a city of Roman Britain; the incoming of the Saxon conquerors is followed by nearly 200 years of unbroken silence, and it is this long period which has caused some historians to assume, rather than prove, that Roman London had altogether ceased to exist. But when the light of history is again shed upon this part of the newly made England, there is much to show that London had, to a large extent, preserved her independence as a place of commerce and civic organisation. The Saxon settlements appear all round her, and perhaps the little village of Charing, within a mile of her walls, affords the most significant testimony to the Saxon settlements round London, rather than in London. The Saxon conquerors appear as political masters of London

and introduced into her municipal life the folk-moot, which met in the open air on a piece of land near Paul's Cross is perhaps represented by the Common Hall of the citizen of the present day; many Teutonic customs which lie the municipal usages of mediæval times; many democratic institutions which appear throughout the Plantagenet rule, when the "common people" over asserted their right to take part in the municipal elections of the day. But both the settlements round London and the political lordship over London do not appear to have any Saxon origin. The *lex mercatoria* of Roman London seems never to have quite died out. In the court of the merchants there were always professional lawyers, and perhaps the most remarkable survival of Roman institutions in Britain is the practice of the old order of Serjeants-at-Law, who assembled in the nave of old St. Paul's Cathedral, each Serjeant having been allotted a special pillar in the cathedral at his appointment, where he met his clients in legal consultation, hearing the facts of the case, taking notes of the evidence, and pacing up and down. This is the exact parallel to the assembling of the Roman *jurisperiti* at early morn in the Forum to consult with their clients, and cannot be explained except by the theory of direct continuance of practice from Roman times.

Such, in the merest outline, is the substance of the evidence which proves the continuity of life between Roman and Saxon London. Elsewhere I have gone into the matter in some detail: * here all I am concerned with is to state sufficiently clearly what appears to me to differentiate London from other cities in Great Britain in giving her a distinctive and active life during the time in which the Saxon conquerors were making the land of Britain their future home. London, when the fight was over, was not altogether a conquered city. She opened her gates to Saxon chiefs; she accepted the overlordship of the new kings; she became part of the kingdom of Wessex, and then part of the kingdom of England; her place on the Roman road was always, as part of the Roman Empire, was changed for a place in English history, but all this did not ruin her early position as an unconquered city of the Roman Empire.

With this position to start from, the next point is to consider the position of London in relation to the English kings. Alfred is credited with restoring the walls to meet the conflict with the Danes, and in this act we have expressive, if silent, testimony to the importance of London. Its strategic value could not have demanded a wall of so great a circuit as the ancient Roman wall had been, and no doubt the wealth derived from successful commerce was of as great importance to a statesman of Alfred's prescience as the military

* See my "Village Community," pp. 43-52, 306-320.

position of the city. This indication of commercial prosperity is also the indication of continuity of life from Roman times. The Saxons had no commerce; and nearly all the trading of Saxon times was centred in London.

Up to this point we have considered merely the position of London as a Roman city in the midst of the English conquerors of Britain. The investigation now turns to the claims and acts of the citizens in connection with the kings of the English. The records are not, of course, complete on these matters of constitutional interest, but at all events it seems clear that while the English kings had their own archaic ceremonial at their installation into the kingship, and their own places, as at Kingston, for this ceremonial to be performed, when they became Bretwaldas of the entire empire they assumed some of the characteristics of the Roman emperors. And it is just at this stage in the history of English kingship that London appears to play an important part. Edmund Ironside was elected king by the Londoners, so were Canute, Hardicanute, Eadward, and Harold, and arguing backwards to the post-Norman events (which will presently be considered) it seems reasonable to conclude that this act on the part of London citizens arose from a successful claim to be considered as a quasi-independent State whose sanction was needed before the rights of kings elsewhere chosen could be allowed over London. If London took part in the election of Carausius and Allectus, as the evidence seems to indicate, she would have preserved the ceremonial and formulæ proper to the occasion, and would thus have been able to clothe their Saxon successors with a prestige not to be obtained from any other source. For the King of Wessex or the King of Mercia to claim authority as Bretwalda of Britain meant something outside the ordinary functions of Saxon kingship, and if London could provide the necessary forms and rites the Anglo-Saxon kings were sufficiently influenced by the relics of Roman imperial custom to avail themselves of the outward tokens of imperial power, and thus at the same time to acknowledge the exceptional position of London.

However meagre the Anglo-Saxon evidence may be from want of sufficient records no such complaint can be made of Norman evidence. It is clear that the Norman conquerors looked upon London as a quasi-independent State. William was not completely King of the English until the Londoners met him at Wallingford with a deputation, and the story of Stephen's election by the "Aldermen and wise folk who gathered together the folkmoot and these providing at their own will for the good of the realm unanimously resolved to choose a king" (*Cf. Green's "Hist.,"* i. 151-2) is one of great significance from the point of view which I am now stating. Freeman and Green have said all there is to say from the chronicles and from the scattered evidence about the rights of Londoners in the election of the early kings, and all that I am anxious to add is a word as to the relative

importance of this evidence. Nothing in the history of London and nothing in the history of Saxon kingship is account for such a claim being first made, being successful, being able by force of traditional, rather than continuing, to last through the Norman conquest. The place of the institution does not begin in Teutonic times, and such London seems to have acquired is not due to Teutonic

The original independent position of London with respect to the Sovereign thus confirms the evidence suggested by the Roman influences, and we may now see how its later history has been affected by these conditions. It is no doubt due to the importance of London that the seat of government was fixed in its immediate neighbourhood, and not at York or Winchester or Exeter; but what is it that has kept the seat of government outside the City and not in it? In the inexact style of modern literature we often hear of the capital, but seldom or ever does the writer mean the City of London. He means the area round the City more or less continuous with the new County of London. And yet, when it is proposed, as the instance of a Royal Commission, to translate the popular conception of London as the capital into actual fact; when it is proposed to endow the capital of the empire with the privileges of a city even at this late date in its history, the idea is looked upon as belonging to modern politics instead of an incident in municipal development. No doubt the reason for not making the City the seat of government originated in those early conceptions, arising from the antagonism between the Roman City and the Anglo-Saxon communities which surrounded it; no doubt this separation continued throughout mediæval times by reason of the jealousy with which the City was always regarded; but now that Roman and Anglo-Saxon origins are obliterated and the jealousy of the City has ceased, it seems that jealousy of outer-London, the seat of government, is going to operate to keep apart the two sections of the great capital of the English Empire.

It is worthwhile going back into the early history of Westminster to see if there are any constitutional causes for its position as the seat of government.

It is generally conceded that Edward the Confessor built the first royal palace at Westminster, the earliest document referring to this being the Charter by that king to the Abbey of Romsey, which was signed at Westminster, and witnessed by Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury. But there is another document which tells us of a prior history of Westminster before a palace was there. A Bull of Pope Nicholas II., inserted in King Edward's third Charter to the Abbey of Westminster, granted in 1065, has the following clause: "Et quia antiquitus sedes est." This has been translated the "seat of kings," in the same sense as we now use the word seat; and those who have

doubted the existence of a palace before the Confessor's time have hence doubted the authority of this Charter.⁹ But the "sedes" here alluded to was no doubt one of those stone monoliths at which great assemblies were formerly held, and which are familiar to us by the famous examples of Kingston in England, Scone in Scotland, and Tara in Ireland. Now the case of Scone has a very remarkable connection with that of Westminster by reason of the famous coronation stone having been removed from there to Westminster by Edward I.; but, by turning back to its history before the removal to Westminster we get, by comparison, a remarkable light upon the early history of Westminster. Thus, Robert II. was crowned on March 26, 1329, and on the following day convened the prelates, earls, barons, and nobles before him. "The king sitting, as use is, in the royal seat, upon the Mount of Scone" (*Rege sedente in sede regia*—Act. Parl. Scot., p. 181). Mr. Skene observes upon this in a foot-note:

"This 'sedes regia' must not be confounded with the stone seat which was used at the coronation only, and was kept in the Abbey Church, to which the name of 'Cathedra' is always applied. The royal seat here referred to was placed on the Moot Hill, and used when the king presided at a parliament or court of justice. It was on this seat on the Moot Hill that Robert Bruce was crowned in 1306 'in sede positus regali,' after the seat called the 'Cathedra,' or stone had been removed to England."†

Now, have we at Westminster any traces of a moot-hill on which was a stone seat for the king? There can be no doubt that such a stone existed, and that the Court of King's Bench, the oldest court of justice in the kingdom, is named therefrom. All the earlier kings down to Richard II., at all events, were first seated on the "marble stone" in Westminster Hall, and from thence they proceeded to the Abbey, where the ceremony of coronation was completed (see Stanley, "Memorials of Westminster," pp. 49-50), and Dugdale has drawn attention to this stone as the original seat of justice. The story is a somewhat long one to piece together from the fragments of history that have been preserved, but there is quite enough to prove satisfactorily that Westminster was an old meeting-place of the Witanagemot of the Anglo-Saxons, probably identical with "Cloveshoe," from which so many charters were issued and dated. The building of the Palace there by Edward the Confessor, the erection of the Great Hall by Rufus, and the subsequent tacit acknowledgment of Westminster as the seat of Government are all events which have their roots very early in English history, and which illustrate the early separation of the commercial from the constitutional capital of the Empire.

* See Dugdale's "Monasticon," 1817, i. 258; Hicken's Preface to "Literature Representative," pp. xxxvii, xxxviii.

† Skene's "Coronation Stone," p. 23.

That the monarchs gradually adopted Westminster as the residence might have been expected. It was to London what Holyrood was to Edinburgh. There are some obscure traces of an occasional royal residence in London besides that afforded by the Tower. Notow notices that the great house at Bridewell was at one time the palace of the king in the City, at all events down to the time of Henry III., and he also mentions the tower royal as "pertaining to the kings of this realm" before the reign of Edward I., and the names of two modern parishes of the City—namely, St. Michael Paternoster Royal and St. Andrew by the Wardrobe, are derived from ancient dwelling-places of the Sovereign in London. Westminster as a royal palace, therefore, was simply originally a country residence distinct from a town residence, but so intimately was the Sovereign in his early days connected with the government that Westminster Palace and Westminster Hall gradually became the seat of government and the residence of the Sovereign to the entire exclusion of the City of London.

So long as the separation of the City from the County of London remains as at present, so long will the anomalous position of London as the capital of the Empire be kept up. The capital is technically and constitutionally the City as bounded by the Roman wall and its adjacent wards "without the walls"; actually, and in fact, it is that larger area now endowed with county government, and only since 1888 entitled to the name of London. Even as a matter of constitutional law, the position of the two Londons presents remarkable features. The one London is the capital of the British Empire, but it is so in name only; the other London contains within it a city which is the seat of the Imperial Government and the *de facto* capital, the city of Westminster. The nominal capital is a city with little if any municipal constitution; the *de facto* capital is a city with no municipal constitution whatever. The area to which the name of London now properly applies is a county containing within it both the City of London and the City of Westminster; and though, by reason of its urban character throughout, it has absorbed both the cities which technically share the position of the capital, it is as the constitution of a county such as Kent, Surrey, or Yorkshire, and not that of a municipality. No doubt there are many considerations which need to be given to questions of this magnitude before they can be set right. But an appeal to history is always interesting if it be not convincing. To ascertain what constitutional position London has held in the past, to trace out the developments of this from remote ages to the present will possibly help us to realise how much there is still to learn from the most neglected of all subjects—namely, the early history of English municipal institutions.

LAURENCE GOMME.

THE PLAINS OF AUSTRALIA.

THE mammals of Australia, we are told, represent the early tertiary or cainozoic age, and it may, I think, be reasonably assumed that the land in which they dwell afforded, in its original condition, before it was brought under the influence of the white man, an excellent opportunity for estimating what the conditions of the earth was in other continents during the marsupial era, or before the evolution of the great ruminant families. Unfortunately the time has passed away when the great sedimentary plains of the Murray delta, which were perhaps more characteristic of the whole country than any of the existing deserts, might have been examined and reported on by scientific experts, and we can only form a very inadequate conception of their condition and appearance from the diaries of the early explorers and the recollections of the early settlers. It is on this last-mentioned evidence that I venture to base the hypothesis I have formed as to the means by which the original conditions of the Australian plains have been ameliorated. When first I went out on the plains, in about 1860, settlement had been going on for several years. What were called the "frontage blocks"—that is, the blocks of land about twenty-five miles square, having frontages to the rivers Murray, Murrumbidgee, Darling, &c., had been leased by squatters, and were more or less well stocked with sheep and cattle. The "back blocks," those having no water frontages, were generally vacant, and it was on these that I had an opportunity of seeing the country in its original state. The opinion expressed of this land by the older bushmen was that it was "rotten," "had no bottom to it," and that it would never be fit for occupation. To those who visit the plains now it would seem incredible that any such description of it could have been true. It is on those vast plains, once deemed "rotten" and unsafe for stock, that about one hundred millions of sheep are

now pastured, besides large herds of cattle and horses. The vegetation and appearance of the plains are faithfully portrayed by the early explorers. John Oxley, who traced the Lachlan river from the base of the Blue Mountains to near its junction with the Macintyre, said :

"The soil is tolerably good within a mile and a half of the banks. I rode five or six miles out, in hopes of finding some eminence on which to ascend, but was disappointed, the country continuing a dead level, with extensive swamps and barren bushes. . . . We were able to reach only a short distance from the spot where we stopped last night, having been obliged to unload the horses no less than four times in the course of the day. . . . The ground rather studded than covered with grass, and that only in patches, by far the greater part producing no grass at all. . . . Weather as usual, fine and clear, which is the greatest comfort, we enjoy in these deserts, abandoned as they seem to be by every creature, capable of getting out of them. . . . The true nature of the soil was fully developed by this day's rain. Being in dry weather a loose light sand, without any apparent consistency, it was now discovered to have a small portion of loam mixed with it, which, without having the tenacity of clay, is sufficient to render it slimy and boggy. . . . It was only on the very edges of the banks, and in the bottoms of the bights, that any eucalypti grew; the plains are covered with nothing but knapthallum; the soil various, in some cases red tenacious clay, in others a dark hazel-coloured loam, so rotten and full of holes that it was with difficulty the horses could travel over them. . . . We returned this day much of the same ground which we travelled over on the 28th ult. The horses were frequently up to their shoulders in deep holes, to the danger of breaking their own limbs, or those of their leaders or riders. There is a uniformity in the barren desolateness of this country, which wears me more than I am able to express. One tree, one soil, one water, and one description of bird, fish, or animal, prevails alike for ten miles or for one hundred." *

From this extract it will be seen that, as the explorer went farther and farther away from the higher grounds, the view grew more dreary. Oxley, however, attributed the softness of the ground to moisture. He was unable to realise that the ground could be "rotten" without being wet. Sir Thomas L. Mitchell, who followed the river Darling from its junction with the Warrego to the Murrumbidgee, gauged the character of the country more correctly. He says :

"All over these plains the ground was so soft, being quite clear of roots or sward, that the cart-wheels sunk very deep into it while it afforded no grass. It looked, nevertheless, to be excellent soil, although it lay naked like fallow land, for the roots of the umbelliferous plants which grew upon it had so little hold that they were easily set loose by the winds and lay about the surface." †

This description applied to Oxley's table-land, near where the town of Bourke stands now, and therefore in the cretaceous formation. When further down the river, he continues :

* "Journals of Two Expeditions into the Interior of New South Wales, 1817-18." By John Oxley.

† "Three Expeditions into the Interior of Australia, 1832-36." Vol. I. By Sir Thomas Livingstone Mitchell.

"The hills on the opposite bank at length fell behind, and we saw before us only a wide desert plain, where nothing seemed to breathe or move or live. . . . We now travelled over plains of a soft naked soil, which was most distressing to the animals, and even to the horses, and men on foot; in the general direction of the river these plains extended to the horizon, but the small hills were a peculiar feature not seen higher up. The tops of these were so soft and sandy that the carts sank deeper into them than on the plains, their base consisting of firm blue clay; it was my study to keep along the side of these hills as much as my route would permit, for in general it may be said that the best line for travelling through the valley of the Darling is along this edging of stiff clay, which is always to be found near the base of the red sand hills; these forming the limits of those plains of softer soil, which usually extend for several miles back from the river." *

Captain Charles Sturt, who first explored the Murrumbidgee river,† described the country as an inhospitable region, over which the silence of the grave seemed to reign, and when he reached the lower plains and was approaching that part of the river where the fine town of Narrandera now stands, he found the soil to be "so loose and rotten" that it was almost impossible to make any progress. He therefore sent his land equipage back to Sydney and proceeded on his journey by boat.

Although I can speak only of the New South Wales plains from personal experience, the evidence of other explorers proves that the plains in the other parts of the Australian continent are very similar in character to those of the Murray delta. E. J. Eyre's descriptions of the land in Eyre's Peninsula, South Australia, and inland along the Great Australian Bight to Western Australia, were very similar to those given of the New South Wales plains by Oxley, Mitchell, Sturt, and others. The principal difference, I think, was that the plains of the Murray delta were the largest, and contained the deepest deposits of sedimentary matter in the continent. It is unnecessary to refer to the journals of McDouall Stuart, Burke and Wills, Leichhardt, Sir John and Alexander Forrest, and other explorers. They all tell the same story of some beautiful, well-grassed country in the mountainous parts, with dreary, unoccupied, waterless wastes of desert stretching away as far as the eye can reach beyond the line of mountains. Ernest Giles, who crossed the continent from east to west, speaking of Captain Sturt, says:

"He described the whole region as a desert, and he seems to have been haunted by the notion that he had got into and was surrounded by a wilderness the like of which no human being had ever seen or heard of before. His whole narrative is a tale of suffering . . . and he says . . . at the furthest point he had attained . . . about forty-five miles from . . . Eyre's creek, now a watering-place for stock in Queensland: 'Halted at sunset in a country such as I verily believe has no parallel upon the earth's surface, and one that was terrible in its aspect.' Sturt's views are

* "Three Expeditions to the Interior of Australia, 1832-36." Vol. 1. By Sir Thomas Livingstone Mitchell.

† "Two Expeditions into the Interior of Australia, 1833-31." By Captain Charles Sturt.

only to be accounted for by the fact that what we now call excellent sheep and cattle country, appeared to him like a desert because his comparisons were made with the best alluvial lands he had left near the coast."*

It will be curious as well as instructive to compare this opinion on Sturt's report with what Mr. Giles himself says of the Great Victoria Desert in Western Australia :

"Although the region was all a plain, no views of any extent could be obtained, as the country still rolled on in endless undulations at various distances apart, just as in the scrubs. It was evident that the regions we were traversing were utterly waterless; in all the distance we had come in ten days, no spot had been found where water could lodge. It was totally uninhabited by either man or animal, not a track of a single marsupial, emu, or wild dog, was to be seen; we seemed to have penetrated into a region utterly unknown to man, and as utterly forsaken by God."

The consensus of opinion as to the dreary, barren appearance of the plains of Australia, by those who first saw them in all parts of the country, is remarkable, and the more so as we know that these plains, which lie nearest to the settled coast districts, are now talked of as the future granary of Australia, the soil which might, when the proposed irrigation schemes are completed, grow wheat enough for the world. But what is it that has caused this vast change in the plains of the Murray delta? Simply, I think, the trampling of sheep and cattle, and if this is correct, an examination of the plains which have not yet been trampled down may afford some idea of the vast amount of work performed unconsciously by animals in preparing the land, not merely for the use of man, but for the support of vegetation. The late C. S. Wilkinson, F.G.S., was of opinion that a range of mountains once stretched across Australia from east to west, or from somewhere about the centre of the Blue Mountains on the east to the western coast. This range has almost entirely disappeared by denudation. The material of which this range was composed has been slowly carried away by flood waters and deposited as sediment over vast areas, which now form the great plains in various parts of the continent. In other lands where similar deposits were formed, they were trampled down and consolidated, stratum by stratum, by herds of elephants, camels, llamas, buffalo, bison, oxen, sheep, deer, and other highly gregarious animals. In Australia the kangaroo was incapable of performing a similar work. The kangaroo is not gregarious to the same extent as the sheep or deer. Out on the plains only four or five are seen together even now. Before the advent of the white man with his flocks and herds the kangaroo only ranged in the neighbourhood of permanent water where the land was firm enough to support him. No doubt, when he was driven out on the rotten ground by dog or man, the great bird-like claw on his hind legs afforded a better support than the hoof of the sheep or bullock.

* "Australia Twice Traversed, 1822-26." By Ernest Giles. 1889. Introduction, page xxv.

The great strength capable of being exerted in the hind leg of a kangaroo would, also, enable him to extricate himself from a bog more easily than animals of a higher type of development. His short fore paws would be useful in "clawing" himself along over rotten ground. But kangaroos do not follow each other and make tracks, and this, I think, is how the sedimentary deposits of the Ganges, the Nile, the Amazon, the Mississippi, and other deltas, have been principally consolidated and compacted. It is impossible for any one, I think, to realise how very lightly sediment can be deposited by water without having seen land which has never been trodden upon. On the back blocks, which were unoccupied when I first went out on the plains, I have thrust a walking-stick its full length into what looked like the solid earth, and that without using any great degree of strength. The general experience among the bushmen was, that any sandy looking land where no grass grew was rotten, and to be avoided. A horse, bullock, or sheep, which stepped on this land, sunk up to his belly at once and had great difficulty in struggling out. Sheep, indeed, when full woolled were powerless in rotten ground, and each one had to be lifted out. I was informed that when the plains were first taken up by the squatters large numbers of sheep were smothered in the rotten soil. When I went on the plains there was no rotten land within twenty miles of the river, but further back than this I have more than once had my horse sink down suddenly or plunge in up to the shoulders as described by Oxley. When the country was in this condition I do not think it was flooded. The flood waters which came down from the mountains spread out on either side of the river, but they sunk through the porous earth and left their sediment resting lightly on the top. It was not until the whole surface of the plains had been thoroughly puddled by the hoofs of sheep and cattle that the huge floods now so common in these rivers of western New South Wales could occur. The flood waters, finding no resting-place on the surface, sunk into underground reservoirs, where they can be reached by wells or bores. In the "Report of the Royal Commission on the Conservations of Water," published by the Land Department of New South Wales in 1885, Lake Urana is spoken of as a permanent sheet of water covering about twenty-one square miles. In 1861 it was known among the settlers as the "Dry Lake." I may mention this as an illustration of the effect of the trampling of large herds of cattle and sheep, and I have no doubt that the dry plains of Western Australia, which are described in almost identical words by explorers now to those used by Oxley, Mitchell, and Sturt, of the delta of the Murray, will sooner or later be consolidated in a similar manner. I wish to suggest, however, that an examination of these plains by scientific experts before they lose their original characteristics will be very valuable. Hitherto the geologists have been contented to follow in the wake of settlement which has, in the first instance, been con-

fined to the high lands near the coast, and very little notice has been taken of the plains. No animals, no fossils, and very little vegetation, have been found on the plains, but it is just because they produce nothing in their original condition and become fruitful and fertile later that they require to be reported on. When Mr F. A. Weld was Governor of Western Australia, a visitor remarked to him on the sandy nature of the soil. "Yes," replied the Governor; "but it is sand that will grow anything if it gets plenty of water." Recent reports inform us that the Government of Western Australia is boring for fresh water at Coolgardie and elsewhere, and that it has been found beneath the dry salt lakes on the surface. In connection with this underground water, the report,* previously quoted, remarks:

"We cannot tell how far it does really extend to the south, but I have no doubt the underground water escapes into the ocean. That is proved by the underground channels which exist in the Mount Gambier district, where the water is said to run at the rate of from four to five miles an hour. . . . The late marine formation which underlies the alluvial deposits . . . contain abundance of water at depths varying from 200 to 500 feet. As, however, the overlying fluviatile deposits of this region are generally porous, it is not to be anticipated that water from the miocene beds will rise to the surface. . . . The subsoil is largely composed of impermeable clay, and no better holding ground for water could be desired. In case of newly excavated dams, from which water is found to soak away rapidly, pastoralists find that they may be easily puddled by the trampling of sheep, and in the second year form perfectly good holding ground."

But twenty years earlier strong doubts were expressed as to whether the surface could ever be made to hold water, and it was not until the subsoil of impermeable clay had been compacted and consolidated, by the galloping of animals, perhaps, that surface dams were constructed successfully. The first water on the "Old Man Plain" away from the rivers was obtained by well-sinking. Later on, when the surface had been puddled into such a consistency as to afford root-hold for grass, herds of cattle were able to gallop and thus consolidate the lower strata. It is worthy of note that there are no great sandy wastes in Australia like the Sahara of Africa or the Gobi of Asia. Neither are there any alkali or "bad lands," as in North America. The plains of Australia are, from the accounts given of them by explorers in all parts of the continent, singularly alike, and if the plains of Northern and Western Australia can be consolidated by the trampling of stock, as I believe those of the Eastern districts have been, the time is not far distant when the word "desert" may be wiped off the map of Australia, and the true character of its vast plains become more generally understood and appreciated.

GEO. E. BOXALL.

* O. E. Wilkinson's evidence—Royal Commission on Water Conservation. Sydney. 1895.

WANTED—AN ENGLISH BIBLE.

FOR many years newspapers and magazines, both religious and secular, have devoted innumerable pages to the discussion of the translation of the English Bible, and no possible consideration has been overlooked save that which is fundamental. Is it not curious that so many learned and vigorous articles should have been written by persons to whom it has never occurred to ask why we need a translation at all?

Obviously an English version is not required for the sake of scholars who are able to read and understand the original. It is not necessary to translate the Old Testament for the benefit of Canon Driver, or the New for the benefit of Canon Sanday. The labours of the translator are needed solely in the interests of the common people. His task is "to place the English reader as nearly as possible in the position of the reader of the original text."* Accordingly no words or constructions should be used in the translation which are not as familiar to nineteenth century Englishmen as were those of the original to the first readers of the actual text. They had no need to use a glossary, nor should those who read the translation. The meaning should everywhere be sufficiently clear without the assistance of commentaries, for the poor and uneducated, to whom the Bible was sent as much as to others, cannot afford to buy such aids nor have they the knack of using them. Special pains should therefore be taken to avoid obsolete words and words likely to mislead through change of meaning. Those who have been taught the classical languages—or rather those who have learnt them—will not be particular on this score. They are familiar with the fact of changes in word-meaning, they know the derivation of the words of Latin

* Bishop Westcott, Speech in Convocation, 1892.

origin in which such changes most commonly occur, and in any case they happen to be ignorant of the explanation they can easily find it out. But the average man is utterly helpless. He knows only such words as are current in the speech of the day, and has no conception of their ever having had any meaning other than the present. In books treating on theological subjects more than in any others, should this precaution be observed; for most theologians, who read, preach and write a technical vocabulary, have no notion how technical it really is.

Now, when the Bible is translated into some dialect of Malaysia or Central Africa, the rules just given are invariably followed. In 325 out of the 326 languages in which the British and Foreign Bible Society circulates, in whole or in part, translations of the Scriptures, the common intelligible speech of everyday life is the medium through which the thoughts of Isaiah or Paul are communicated to modern readers. The one exception is a not unimportant language, which is the mother tongue of many millions of people living in Great Britain and Ireland, the United States, Canada, Australia, and other places that can be found upon maps without much research.

At present the only versions of the Bible that are within the reach of the average Englishman are those known by the names of the Authorised and the Revised. Perhaps, however, it is an exaggeration to say that they are both within his reach, for the Revised Version is published at so high a price that many a cottager can barely acquire it in readable print by means of a long and painful economy. But even assuming that every one can read the Revised Version if he wishes, the problem of an intelligible translation is far from being solved. It contains such utterly obsolete words as "firmament" (Gen. i. 6), "daysman" (Job ix. 33), "bruit" (Nah. iii. 19), "divers" (Matt. iv. 24), "mete" (Matt. vii. 2), "halt" (Matt. xviii. 8), "husbandman" (Matt. xxi. 33). These words, of course, like all others, are perfectly intelligible when we have been specially taught their meaning; but a reader who had received a fair English education without lessons in the Bible would not have the slightest inkling of what they signify. But the result is likely to be more mischievous when we pass from words which suggest no meaning at all to those which suggest an erroneous one. Among these are "delire" (2 Chron. xxi. 20), "prevent" (Ps. xxi. 3 and cxix. 148), "fulfil" (Matt. v. 17), "doctor" (Luke ii. 46), "mansions" (John xiv. 2), "consent" (Acts viii. 1), "curious" (Acts xix. 19), "quick" (Acts x. 42), "quicken" (Rom. viii. 11 and 1 Cor. xv. 36), "mortify" (Rom. viii. 13 and Col. iii. 5), "constrain" (2 Cor. v. 14), "lust" (1 John ii. 16). Of the thirty-seven million inhabitants of England and Wales, not more than one million at the outside are aware that "comforter" means "strengtheners," or that "minister" is simply the Latin for "servant," but these words are allowed to remain in the Revised New Testament, though they

can only mislead. One might further complain of the retention of "suff-r" in Matt. xix. 14, of which passage Professor Beest truly says that "every mother knows that it prevents her from quoting these words of Jesus to her children as they stand in the Bible she uses," and of "ghost," on which the same expositor comments that "it is now only a meaningless algebraic symbol, which, joined to the adjective 'holy,' theologians have thought fit to retain as a technical term for the Third Person of the Divine Trinity," and that "it obscures the one conception which the word *πνεῦμα* in all its connections everywhere embodies." Each of the words quoted above is a real stumbling-block to the interpretation of the Bible by the uneducated, as would be discovered even by literary and theological critics if they would condescend to take a Bible class of ploughmen or servant-girls.

In some cases the Revised Version, as well as the Authorised, is guilty of sheer mistranslation. The rendering of *δοῦλος* by "servant" carries with it the associations of some one who is paid regular wages and can give a month's notice or go out on strike. This is not exactly the interpretation that would be put upon the original by the Romans to whom Paul's letter was addressed. By this mistranslation the startling significance of the apostle's use of *δοῦλος Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ* as his proudest title is almost entirely destroyed. "Devil" for *δαίμων* might also be condemned as incorrect and, in some passages, misleading.

In another matter the Revisers seem to have made hardly any attempt to carry out what the Bishop of Durham admits to have been their duty, namely, "to place the English reader as nearly as possible in the position of the reader of the original text." Words which in the course of centuries have acquired a special technical signification are allowed to remain as the equivalent of the terms which, at the time the books were written, had simply an everyday colloquial meaning. In reading Thucydides' account of the plague at Athens it comes oddly on one at first to find him using terms, such as pharynx, spasm, hæmatoid, which sound as though taken from the technical vocabulary of a modern physician. A moment's reflection, however, reminds us that in the time of Pericles these terms had no technical connotation at all. In the same way "gospel" is anything but a fair rendering of *εὐαγγέλιον*, or "bishop" of *ἐπίσκοπος*, or heresy of *αἵρεσις*, or even "church" of *ἐκκλησία*.

"The first thing that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out! Does the bishop know all about it? Has he had his eye upon them? . . . 'But that's not our idea of a bishop.' Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul's."†

* *Expositor*, Second Series, vol. ii., p. 1067.

† J. Ruskin, "Sesame and Lilies."

In many passages, of which Rom. i. 14, 2 Cor. iv. 6, may be taken as instances, there is a sensible loss through the distortion, for no reason whatever, of the emphasis as it falls in the Greek. In the passage last mentioned the emphasis would be most easily retained by turning the verse into two co-ordinate sentences connected by "but"; our translators, however, are afraid to write "but" anywhere unless there is a *δέ* or *ἀλλά* in the original. What would be said of such literalism in a translator of Plato?

One of the most serious faults of our English version is that, from beginning to end, its characteristic note is an archaic style which is entirely absent from the Scriptures themselves. Nine people out of ten, reading in the Gospels "ye" for "you," and "doeth" for "does," suppose that Jesus Christ, both in His discourses and in His conversations, was accustomed to use a stilted, unnatural speech, rather more quaint than the fashion of the Society of Friends. The "eth" ending might be retained for poetical passages, but elsewhere it makes the language much less direct and powerful. The letters of Paul, which were really letters after all, are made to read like the preamble of a trust-deed. All this helps to continue in the pulpit an antique dialect which confirms the belief of many that preaching has nothing to do with the nineteenth century. How common it is, for instance, to hear sermons in which the word "unto," now quite disused except in a few phrases, perpetually recurs; though the preacher would never think of telling a cabman to drive him first unto Sion College and then unto Charing Cross. Now I do not know a word of Pashtu, but I will be bold to say that the Afghan who reads the version just completed in that language will not have his understanding darkened, as is the fate of the unfortunate Englishman, by an obsolete vocabulary and an unnatural style.

And all these defects are found in the Revised Version, which, in all the points now discussed, is nevertheless an immense improvement on the Authorised. It has been severely—might not one say bitterly?—attacked, but usually for the very features which are most to its credit. Its cardinal fault is that it has made too few changes, not too many; that it has left undone the things that it ought to have done, rather than that it has done the things that it ought not to have done. It has been blamed for the Hebraism of "the footstool of His feet," where, at any rate, the literalism does no harm; but the same inconsistent critics commend it for retaining another Hebraism, "the valley of the shadow of death," which is positively misleading. It has been called pedantic for clearing away words that were unintelligible except to scholars, and substituting the speech of the market and the household. One of the most substantial gains, from the standpoint of the average reader, is the use of "love" instead of "charity," in 1 Cor. xiii.; but I saw this change condemned the other

day, on the ground that the new version brings blushing to the cheek of the young person when read in mixed Bible classes; and that it destroys the suggestion of an etymological connection with *χάρις*! The fact is that the Revised Version has really failed because it was not a new translation but a revision. It has met the usual fate of compromises. It satisfies neither those to whom the Bible is chiefly valuable as a treasury of rhythmical sentences, nor those whose first desire is to get at the exact meaning of the inspired writings. There is much force in Mr. Saintsbury's criticism that it is "constructed on very much the same principle as Davenant's or Ravenscroft's improvements on Shakespeare." What would be said of the low state of interest in classical studies, if a present-day English reader could not make the acquaintance of Thucydides or Tacitus, except in a modern trimming of a translation that might have been in the hands of Ben Jonson?

I can imagine the indignation with which these radical suggestions will be read—if they have the patience to get so far—by people to whom the Authorised Version is sacrosanct and irreproachable. It is curious to note how some men of letters fall into unintelligent and second-hand raptures whenever it is mentioned. One might suppose that no member of the Savile Club ever goes to bed without reading a chapter, and that we owe to its daily and nightly study the chaste simplicity of modern journalism. Much that is said of the "good English" of the Authorised Version is mere superstition. It is the cant of criticism, repeated without reflection from generation to generation. Some credit is undoubtedly due to it, taking it as a whole, for its "simple Saxon style"—though this is greatly marred by such Latinisms as "sanctify" for "make holy," and "mortify" for "put to death"—but its eulogists often overlook the fact that such simplicity as it possesses is chiefly due to the characteristics of the original. "A certain man had two sons." What admirable simplicity! Agreed: but, seeing that the original runs: *Ἀνθρώπος τις εἶχεν δύο υἱούς*, it is hard to see how anything short of a deliberate effort of acquired stupidity could make it anything else than simple. It would be amusing, if the confusion of thought were not so mischievous, to note how many of the most famous tributes to the beauty of the Authorised Version, Faber's for instance, are really unconscious tributes to the contents of the revelation itself. How strange is the notion that it is its literary excellence that has kept it in the affections of the English people for two centuries. It is an astounding delusion. As though the peace it has brought to thousands of weary hearts and troubled consciences came from the soothing charm of the rhythm! The fact is, that it has lived in spite of its style, not because of it. It is read and revered by the multitudes, not because it is an English classic, but because it is a message from God.

So supreme is the religious interest above all others, that the English people, with rare patience, have tolerated, for the sake of what is clear in its spiritual teaching, a translation that perplexes them again and again with unfamiliar idioms and other disturbing relics of a previous time. For the sake of the treasure, they endure the flaws in the earthen vessel that holds it. But our literary critics ignore all this, and say to the man whom the Gospel has rescued from vice and degradation, "Be not ashamed of the music of the English version, for it is the power of style unto salvation to every one that readeth."

So far from the Authorised Version being unassailable from a literary standpoint, competent judges, who have had experience in teaching, have complained that for literary purposes it is not as useful as the Revised. Professor R. G. Moulton has gone so far as to say,* that nothing worth calling literary study of the English Bible can be done in any but the Revised Version, which has transformed the Book of Job, for instance, from a collection of sacred conundrums into a drama at least as easy to follow as a drama of *Æschylus*. The beauties of the Authorised Version, he says, belong to the diction of individual verses, while if we seek the general drift of the passage we are forced to go to the Hebrew and the Greek to find out what our English means. Robert Browning, in reply to the question whether as a poet he did not prefer the older renderings, said he did not. The newer version seemed to have gained in faithfulness, and that, he added, never carried any loss along with it.†

On the whole, the case for the literary merits of the Authorised Version rests mainly upon the supposed excellence of its rhythm. "Charity suffereth long and is kind." What admirable rhythm we are told. There is nothing like it in the Revised Version. I hope not. I sincerely trust there is nothing in it to set one's head wagging to the tune of "Quadrupedante putrem," &c., or of the story which tells how there "was an old woman who lived in a shoe." It might have been supposed that any one, posing as an authority on style, would have been aware of the elementary fact that, in prose, rhythm that suggests verse is essentially bad. I believe that on the whole the rhythm of the Authorised Version is not superior to that of the Revised, but simply more familiar. As Mr. C. A. Vince puts it,‡ "We are in the habit of regarding the prose of the Authorised New Testament as rhythmical, chiefly because we are so familiar with it that in reading it we dispose the accents easily, without the hesitation and pains with which we read unfamiliar prose." He makes the interesting suggestion that, if a favourite psalm were read in the Prayer-book Ver-

* *Homiletic Review*, September 1892.

† *Bookman*, vol. I. p. 136.

‡ *Expository Times*, vol. III. p. 140.

sion and the Authorised to twelve members of the Church of England and twelve Dissenters, and they voted on the question of rhythm, all the Churchmen would vote for the Prayer-book, and all the Dissenters for the Authorised. Oliver Wendell Holmes pointed out, in the "Autocrat," that a poem needs to be "repeated aloud and murmured over in the mind's muffled whisper often enough," if it is to gain "such absolute solidarity that you could not change a syllable without the whole world's crying out against you for meddling with the harmonious fabric." "You may be sure," he added, "that, while the sheets are damp, and while the lines hold their sap, you can't fairly judge of my performances, and that, if made of the true stuff, they will ring better after a while."

And, after all, what does this question of rhythm come to when everything is said? What is actually meant when it is contended that one version is more rhythmical than another? In plain English, that it sounds better! It is more impressive from the reading-desk! No matter though earnest believers, whose supreme interest in life is to know the will of God that they may do it, are baffled again and again by words and phrases without meaning, and that a thousand helpful spiritual suggestions escape them through faulty renderings, let everything be sacrificed that their ears may be ravished by the majesty of "that blessed word Mesopotamia"!

After reading with some care the Letters of Paul in the original, I have not been struck by the excellence of their rhythm as a prominent characteristic. Indeed, the very choice of Paul as a writer seems to show that in the power of the Gospel literary style was meant to occupy a very subordinate place, just as the fact that the vocabulary of the New Testament was drawn from the colloquial language of the time* shows that it was intended to be essentially a "popular" book. It is not quite honest to wish to make the Bible appear to uneducated people as possessing certain literary qualities which it undoubtedly had not when first given. At any rate, excellence in rhythm or any other constituent of style should not be allowed to outweigh grave defects in translation. It would not be allowed to do so in the case of any other book. Imagine the *Athenæum* reviewing a new translation of the *Ethics* of Aristotle, and giving it high praise on the ground that, although the text was faulty and the vocabulary obsolete, the translator possessed a rare gift of rhythm!

There must be a great deal of fetish worship in our modern Christianity if we are content to permit the religious interests of the multitude to be sacrificed to the amusement of the philologist and the stylist. We have at last reached the conception that the Bible was not intended to teach us natural science. But many persons of

* As conclusively proved in Dr. H. A. Kennedy's "Sources of New Testament Greek."

influence seem still to think that the divine purpose in inspiring its authors was that one of its translations might be a possible text-book in the new School of English Language and Literature at Oxford. We have come to doubt whether the late Professor Huxley was the most capable man to expound the Bible; but it is heresy to deny that this is particularly the function of Professor Skeat. Indeed, if rhythm is the main thing, let us be consistent, and let the next vacant Chair of Exegesis be offered to Mr. Swinburne.

I wonder what Paul would have said on this question of translation, in which, as the Apostle of the Gentiles, he would surely have had some concern. We know how intensely he laboured that the story of the life and death of Jesus might become, not a literary classic, but the inspiration of the barbarian and the slave; how impatient he was of any pedantic obstruction set in the way of the teaching of the good news to the lowest and most ignorant in every land; how his ardent desire was that "the word of the Lord may run and be glorified." He would have said some plain things, perhaps, about modern Christians who, though they may themselves have entered the gate of knowledge, leave their brothers standing without. It is a remarkable instance of the irony of fate that his very letters should only be known in England to-day by a title so completely obsolete that it does not occur from beginning to end of the "Postal Guide."

In some respects the English peasant centuries ago had a better opportunity of understanding the Bible than he has to-day. He might be unable to buy a copy of his own, but when he had access to one it was more intelligible. The Authorised Version was good English in 1611 for the very reason which prevents it from being good English to-day. Its language was not the literary dialect of Elizabeth or James I., but the speech of the common people. Thus Thomas Fuller says of the translators: "These with Jacob have rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well of life, so that now even Rachels, weak women, may freely come both to drink themselves and water the flocks of their families at the same," reminding one of the desire of Erasmus that the day might come when the sacred books should be made intelligible to every reader, when "the husbandman shall sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, when the weaver shall hum them to the time of his shuttle, when the traveller shall while away with their stories the weariness of his journey."*

It would be difficult to over-estimate the stimulus that would be given to the religious life of our country if we had once more a Bible that was intelligible to the man in the street. It would save an immense amount of labour in teaching in both Sunday and day

* Quoted in Green's "Short History," c. 6.

schools. I would propose that there should be made, at intervals not exceeding a hundred years, a completely new translation of the whole Bible; a translation as new as that of an Aristotelian manuscript just discovered in Egypt. This would give an opportunity for utilising any fresh discoveries affecting the text—a side of the question which, though I have necessarily omitted its discussion here, has an important bearing on the efficiency of the Authorised Version—and would provide against misunderstandings caused by linguistic change. The Revision Committee should include a few members possessing an actual acquaintance with the daily speech of the peasant and the artisan. I have seen somewhere an opinion that the English of the Revised Version would have been much better if Matthew Arnold had been on the Committee. No more inappropriate name could possibly have been suggested. The man who is wanted to represent the interests of the English tongue is rather some one of the type of Robert Blatchford or Thomas Champness. This scheme would not destroy, or intend to destroy, the Authorised Version. Those to whom early association had made it dear, even in its enigmas, would still be able to read it as often as they liked. Nothing need interfere with its use as a text-book for the study of the development of the English language. Members of the Savile Club would still be permitted to give it an honourable place on their dressing-room tables. The Authorised Version will remain for all time, just as the Bishops' Bible remains for all time. But I hope that some among the leaders of the Churches will not pass unheeded this plea for a People's Bible; that the welfare of the many will no longer be sacrificed to the selfish pedantry of a handful of scholars; and that the time will soon come when the Englishman, equally with the Zulu and the Samoan, shall be able to read in his own tongue the wonderful works of God.

H. W. HORWILL.

influence seem still to think that the divine purpose in inspiring its authors was that one of its translations might be a possible text-book in the new School of English Language and Literature at Oxford. We have come to doubt whether the late Professor Huxley was the most capable man to expound the Bible; but it is heresy to deny that this is particularly the function of Professor Skeat. Indeed, if rhythm is the main thing, let us be consistent, and let the next vacant Chair of Exegesis be offered to Mr. Swinburne.

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It would be difficult to over-estimate the stimulus that would be given to the religious life of our country if we had once more a Bible that was intelligible to the man in the street. It would save an immense amount of labour in teaching in both Sunday and day

* Quoted in Green's "Short History," c. 6.

schools. I would propose that there should be made, at intervals not exceeding a hundred years, a completely new translation of the whole Bible; a translation as new as that of an Aristotelian manuscript just discovered in Egypt. This would give an opportunity for utilising any fresh discoveries affecting the text—a side of the question which, though I have necessarily omitted its discussion here, has an important bearing on the efficiency of the Authorised Version—and would provide against misunderstandings caused by linguistic change. The Revision Committee should include a few members possessing an actual acquaintance with the daily speech of the peasant and the artisan. I have seen somewhere an opinion that the English of the Revised Version would have been much better if Matthew Arnold had been on the Committee. No more inappropriate name could possibly have been suggested. The man who is wanted to represent the interests of the English tongue is rather some one of the type of Robert Blatchford or Thomas Champness. This scheme would not destroy, or intend to destroy, the Authorised Version. Those to whom early association had made it dear, even in its enigmas, would still be able to read it as often as they liked. Nothing need interfere with its use as a text-book for the study of the development of the English language. Members of the Savile Club would still be permitted to give it an honourable place on their dressing-room tables. The Authorised Version will remain for all time, just as the Bishops' Bible remains for all time. But I hope that some among the leaders of the Churches will not pass unheeded this plea for a People's Bible; that the welfare of the many will no longer be sacrificed to the selfish pedantry of a handful of scholars; and that the time will soon come when the Englishman, equally with the Zulu and the Samoan, shall be able to read in his own tongue the wonderful works of God.

H. W. HORWILL.

THE COLOUR-SENSE IN LITERATURE.

SOME years ago a discussion arose as to the evolution of the human colour-sense. It was alleged by certain writers that the more refrangible rays of the spectrum, especially green and blue, have only become clearly visible to man during the last thousand years, and Mr. Gladstone came to the front with the assertion that Homer, and the early Greeks generally, never clearly saw these colours. That discussion has been ended. There is now no doubt whatever that all races of men, concerning which any evidence can be obtained, have been acquainted with the same regions of the spectrum which we know. The colour-vision of savages, whenever carefully tested, is found to be admirable, as is also that of the lower animals, and there is no reason to suppose that so useful an aptitude ever fell into abeyance. It remains true, however, that while man's colour-vision has in all probability always been excellent, his colour-vocabulary has sometimes been extremely defective, even among ourselves to-day remaining very vague; * and it is also probable that at different periods and among different races, as well as among individuals, very varying colour preferences have arisen. That is to say that the question belongs, not to the region of physiology, but to that of philology and that of æsthetics. It is in this last field that I wish to pursue the investigation.

It seems fairly obvious that we may best ascertain and trace any evolution in colour preferences by the comparative study of imaginative writers who instinctively record the impressions they receive from the external world. A scientific æsthetic, on a psychological basis, has yet scarcely come into existence, and it is not easy to place

* In *Nature*, last year, a prolonged discussion was carried on as to the best means of remedying the gross vagueness and inaccuracy of our colour nomenclature.

one's hands on any careful studies in this direction. Some fifteen years ago Mr. T. A. Archer, in a defunct magazine called *To-Day*, published an admirable example of such investigation by determining the precise parts played by the various senses in the work of Shelley and Keats. More recently, in 1888, M. G. Pouchet published in the *Revue Scientifique* a short study of the colour-sense in literature which suggested my own more elaborate investigation. M. Pouchet approached the matter as a physiologist's holiday-task, and by taking a few pages from five authors, nearly all French, and noting the number and nature of the colour-words they used, he reached the conclusion that the predominant colour in literature is always red; but his data were too small and his methods too careless to carry full conviction. One more recent study may be mentioned as coming within the same group; in the *España Moderna* for March 1894, Dr. Thebussen published a paper on "Lo Verde," in which he showed, by a detailed though not numerical study, that Cervantes had a special predilection for green, making the eyes of Dulcinea *verdes esmeraldas*, going out of his way to clothe his favourite personages in green, and otherwise dwelling on this colour in a manner which was not common among his contemporaries; Dr. Thebussen further argued that there is a certain general repulsion to green. These are all the investigations into this field that I am acquainted with, and they are all on a very small scale.

I have selected a series of imaginative writers, usually poets, dating from the dawn of literature to our own day; and in considerable fragments of their works, sometimes their complete works, I have noted the main colour-words that occur, and have also noted how these words were used. I now present the chief numerical results, together with certain observations suggested by those results.

In the course of the investigation I encountered numerous fallacies and difficulties. And I do not pretend that I have circumvented them all, for it soon became abundantly evident that while certain interesting results could be reached along the lines I had marked out, this was eminently a case for remembering Aristotle's warning against a misapplied precision of method. I was careful to avoid the danger of taking too small a basis for calculation; I was also careful to eliminate any bias of my own, and, as will be seen, I have not been able to show that any one colour dominates imaginative literature from first to last. In some cases it is not easy to ascertain whether any colour at all is intended; this is frequently the case with the epithet "golden," a double-barrelled epithet such as poets love, and here each case had to be judged on its merits. A still greater difficulty was the limitation of colour-words: must every word with a suggestion of colour be included? In some cases, as with Shelley's constant references to flame, the answer would certainly affect the result. I

decided to neglect all rarely used metaphysical colours (such as "sapphire," "emerald," "sable," "argent"), the chief apparent exception being "golden," when used as a conventional equivalent of "yellow." Thus the colour-words to which my investigation applies are

TABLE I.

| | White. | Gray. | Red. | Scarlet. | (Crimson. | Pink. | Vermilion. | Rosy. | Yellow. | Golden. | Blue. | Azure. | Green. | Violet. | Purple. | Brown. | Black. |
|----------------------------|--------|-------|------|----------|-----------|-------|------------|-------|---------|---------|-------|--------|--------|---------|---------|--------|--------|
| Mountain Chant | 21 | | 2 | | | | | | 10 | | 15 | | | | 2 | | 28 |
| Woeing of Emer | 10 | 2 | 14 | | | | | | 1 | | 2 | | | | | | 4 |
| Wolsunga Saga | 7 | 2 | 10 | 2 | | | | | | 1 | | | 9 | | 2 | | .. |
| Isaiah, Job, Song of Songs | 5 | | 4 | | | | | | | 9 | | | 1 | | 1 | | 21 |
| Homer | 9 | 2 | 1 | | | | 1 | 1 | | 9 | | | 5 | | 5 | | 4 |
| Catullus | 21 | 3 | 5 | | | | | 4 | 7 | 5 | 2 | | 5 | | 1 | | 10 |
| Chaucer | 27 | 2 | 22 | | | | | 1 | 4 | 4 | | 1 | 11 | | 1 | | 13 |
| Marlowe | 9 | | 2 | 2 | | | 2 | 1 | 1 | 9 | 1 | 2 | 3 | | 5 | | 16 |
| Shakespeare | 18 | 2 | 19 | 1 | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 11 | 3 | 1 | 6 | | 4 | | 8 |
| Thomson | 2 | 2 | | | | | | 3 | | 15 | 5 | 1 | 14 | | 3 | | 26 |
| Blake | 15 | 2 | 7 | | | | 2 | 2 | | 17 | 1 | 1 | 49 | | 13 | | 31 |
| Coleridge | 41 | 12 | 20 | 2 | | | 7 | 8 | 10 | 32 | 33 | 13 | 46 | | 49 | | 26 |
| Shelley | 37 | 23 | 17 | | | | 1 | 1 | 3 | 7 | 5 | 1 | 23 | | 3 | | 1 |
| Keats | 11 | 4 | 6 | 1 | | | 4 | 6 | 1 | 17 | 5 | 1 | 23 | | 4 | | 1 |
| Wordsworth | 14 | 16 | 4 | | | | 1 | 5 | 8 | 10 | 7 | 4 | 35 | | 5 | | 12 |
| Poe | 2 | 2 | 5 | | | | | 3 | 4 | 4 | | 1 | 3 | | 3 | | 6 |
| Baudelaire | 17 | 2 | 10 | 1 | | | 6 | 13 | 6 | 8 | 13 | 11 | 15 | | 3 | | 52 |
| Tennyson | 36 | 10 | 21 | 2 | | | | 14 | 7 | 18 | 16 | | 24 | | 12 | | 18 |
| Rossetti | 20 | 19 | 33 | | | | | 9 | 1 | 45 | 14 | | 18 | | 2 | | 6 |
| Swinburne | 46 | 7 | 45 | 1 | | | | 1 | 2 | 27 | 11 | | 26 | | 9 | | 20 |
| Whitman | 31 | 11 | 24 | 4 | | | 1 | 1 | 11 | 1 | 10 | | 17 | | 2 | | 6 |
| Paer | 23 | 8 | 6 | | | | | 13 | 5 | 13 | 5 | 2 | 11 | | 3 | | 4 |
| Verlaine | 24 | 11 | 12 | | | | 4 | 13 | 5 | 13 | 5 | 2 | 11 | | 1 | | 21 |
| Olive Schreiner | 31 | 3 | 20 | | | | | 1 | 7 | 4 | 17 | | 3 | | 1 | | 8 |
| D'Annunzio | 11 | 1 | 13 | 3 | | | 14 | 3 | 1 | 7 | 3 | 7 | 5 | | 3 | | 4 |

white, gray, red (with ruddy), scarlet, crimson, pink, vermillion (with vermill), rosy (with roseate), yellow, golden (with gilded), green, blue, azure, violet, purple, and black. One might expect to see orange in this list, as a spectrum colour, but there is the same dislike of this

colour among poets which experimental psychologists have found among ordinary individuals; it scarcely occurs more than once to a thousand colour-words, and has been disregarded as a negligible quantity.

In Table I. my results are expressed in their crudest form. In Table II. I have simplified the main results by summing together the reds, yellows, and blues, omitting entirely gray, violet, purple, and brown, and for purposes of comparison bringing them all to percentages; in this table we obtain in the simplest form six colours—for white and black are colours from the present point of view—with which psychological investigation is mainly concerned. On the right of Table II. will be found enumerated the most predominant colours in each writer; on the left what I term his colours of predilection—that is to say, the colours he uses with special frequency as compared with other writers. Neither table shows the relative density of colour, though there would be some interest in ascertaining this; in general, it may be said that recent writers use more colour than earlier writers, and that a poet's early work shows more colour than his later work, but there are numerous exceptions.

The "Mountain Chant of the Navajo Indians"—written down by Dr. Washington Matthews in the "Fourth Annual Report of the American Bureau of Ethnology"—is not believed to be very ancient. But it is both highly poetic and very primitive. Colour is used copiously, usually as the repetition of a formula; it is evident that colour among the Navajos is highly symbolical; black, which occurs most frequently, stands for man, blue for woman.

"The Wooing of Emer"—translated by Professor Kuno Meyer in the first volume of the *Archæological Review*—is an Irish tale, written down in the eleventh century, but belonging to the sixth century. It is a peculiarly fresh and vivid picture of early Celtic life. We may note here for the first time the predominance of red and white. Red hair seems to have impressed this poet; but, apart from this, the same colour epithet is seldom applied twice to the same object; colour here is not used as a formula, it has been clearly seen; and, it is largely this characteristic which gives life and charm to the tale.

In the Icelandic "Volsunga Saga," as translated by Magnusson and William Morris, there is singularly little colour, though I have read the greater part of it from this point of view. Red predominates exclusively, whether as red blood, red gold, or more variously.

The Homeric figures are founded on an examination of the first three books of the "Iliad" in the translation by Dr. Leaf, who is thus responsible for the colours assigned. The preponderance of black is entirely due to the frequent reference to "black ships"; "white arms" and "golden hair" are also common; on the whole, the

* Including rosy and crimson; both these colours have some claim to be regarded as purples, but the poets have chiefly seen red in them.

fusion, and very frequently in conjunction, whether a fair face, a flower like the daisy, or wines. In the matter of hair he seems to have a predilection for yellow or "gilt."

Of Marlowe, I include the first two sestads of "Hero and Leander," the second part of "Tamburlaine," and "Edward II." In "Hero and Leander" there is much bold, vivid, rather careless colour; in "Tamburlaine" there is a marked decrease, and black is very prominent; in "Edward II." there is all but complete absence of colour epithets. This rapid movement towards a singularly austere and dignified style is significant of this rare poet. Many of the colour adjectives in his early work—"blushing coral," "silver tincture of cheek," "ivory throat," &c.—do not come within my lists. His few green epithets do not usually refer to vegetation, to which he was insensitive, though he was clearly not insensitive to more unusual green colour effects.

I have selected Shakespeare's "Sonnets" as his most personal utterance, and "Venus and Adonis" as a characteristic youthful poem, avoiding the plays, in which the colouring might be held to be largely of the scene-painting order. I believe this selection is fairly comparable with Marlowe's work. The "Sonnets" give very different results from the longer poem; they are much severer in colour, black and yellow predominating, while in "Venus and Adonis" there is a profusion of red and white, with very little black or yellow. It is easy to gain a view of Shakespeare's colour generally by turning to a good concordance such as Schmidt's "Shakespeare Lexicon." He appears, speaking roughly, to use red epithets about eighty times to fifty times that he uses green, if we exclude the numerous cases in which he uses green without any reference to colour. Shakespeare's use of colour is very extravagant, symbolical, often contradictory. He plays with colour, lays it on to an impossible thickness, uses it in utterly unreal senses to describe spiritual facts. Colours seem to become colourless algebraic formulæ in his hands. It may safely be said that no great poet ever used the colours of the world so disdainfully, making them the playthings of a mighty imagination, only valuing them for the emphasis they may give to the shapes of his own inner vision. In his use of colour Shakespeare bears witness to his belief in Prospero's philosophy, and counts the external world as but a gay, insubstantial fabric, a mere Japanese house set up over a volcano, and though he seems well pleased to live there, he is sometimes tempted to thrust his fist through the walls.

With Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" we are in the midst of the eighteenth century, with its cheerful sobriety of expression, far indeed from Shakespeare's bold and careless colour. Black here prevails enormously over white, and yellow is totally absent. The prominence of brown is remarkable, and reminds us that Thomson belonged to

the age which asked of its painters: Where is your brown tree? A significant fact also is the increasing prevalence of green.

Blake's case is interesting as that of a poet who was also an artist in design. His verbal colour (as represented in the little volume of selections in the "Canterbury Poets") is very personal and very characteristic of his work in design. Black and white, together with yellow (invariably in its vaguest form as "golden"), predominate. In his love of black he belongs to his age, but he evidently had a distinct predilection for it (as in his admiration for black eyes), although he is not absolutely insensitive to the value of strong colour; for instance, he speaks of the "crimson joy of the rose." Except, however, in the "Songs of Innocence," colour epithets are but sparsely sprinkled through his work.

Coleridge (if we consider nearly the whole of his poetic work) at once continued the eighteenth century movement in favour of green and united it with Blake's revival of yellow, bringing in at the same time, as his own contribution, a return to white and corresponding repugnance to black, which has ever since characterized English literature. Although, with his profoundly personal imaginative vision, Coleridge instinctively helped to change the prevalent colour-formula of his time, it must be admitted that his use of colour is rather commonplace. He clearly had no æsthetic joy in colour.

This cannot be said of Shelley (basing the observations on the *Canterbury Series* volume of selections), for his colour is profuse in the highest degree and he evidently enjoyed it keenly. Unlike most poets—and in this resembling his contemporary, Turner, in painting—he began with no special love of colour, but developed it with his general development. The chief character of Shelley's colour is that it is always mingled with light and movement; for him, as for Heraclitus, the world was a perpetual flux. His is "a green and glowing light, like that which drops from folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell." It is translucent colour, proceeding from some "inmost purple spirit of light," and he seems to be always looking through a rainbow-hued cascade. A curious feature in his use of colour is the evidently unconscious repetition of the same word within a few lines; the colour seems to flash before him and disappear. His colours are fluid, opaline, iridescent; in this again, as in the "Witch of Atlas," strongly resembling Turner's later use of colour; they make "a tapestry of fleece-like mist," or "woven exhalation underlaid with lambent lightning fire." No poet has ever used fire so extensively; "men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," he says; "each flame of it is as a precious stone dissolved in ever-moving light." He finds the semblance of flame in the unlikeliest places, even in water, for the dew in a flower is like fire; even in the solid marble, for the pyramid of Cestus is a flame. Everywhere he sees colour,

fused with light and in perpetual movement. The whole visible universe is "a dome of many-coloured glass," which "lains the white radiance of Eternity." Shakespeare had hinted that such was his conception of the world, but Shelley worked it out with a convinced sincerity and daring imaginative insight which seem part of the very texture of this fascinating personality whose fit emblem is the flame of the funeral pyre.

Shelley is interesting from the present point of view because his mind was, to a very unusual degree, of the visual type; he saw the world more than he heard it or felt it, the only other sense that is strikingly present in his work being that of smell. Keats's world (in "Hyperion," "Isabella," "Lamia," and the later short poems) is equally interesting but for a different reason. He is not what psychologists would call a visual. His conception of the world has a basis which is chiefly auditory and tactile, and in a lesser degree gustatory. To every poet, indeed, hearing should be the primary sense. It is the sensuous ear that he needs above all. He creates sound effects that appeal to the mind through the ear. That is a truism: it is well known how fond poets are of mouthing their own verse, and how they love to accentuate the rhythm to an extent which logical non-poetic people regard as extravagant. The poet's chief secondary sense is usually sight, which must always bulk largely even in the work of blind poets. But with Keats sight is relatively less prominent than usual. With him, touch, the most fundamental of all the senses, seems to possess a moulding force which is rare in poetry, and with him also that modified kind of touch which we know as taste has a somewhat peculiar prominence. Hence the concrete solidity of Keats's work, and its velvety, sapid qualities, characteristic of the man of whom the oft-quoted cayenne and claret story is told. One is struck at first by the luxuriance of Keats's colour. When we come to analyse it we find it is very largely verbal colour. His colour-words are not epithets of colours he has seen; they are words that have appealed to his ear, that he found in books and brooded over, vague, exotic colour-words that no one would think of using in the presence of actual colour. Keats shewed a miraculous mastery in the use of such colour-words; in the perception of colour he seems to have been a child. The one colour that he calls constantly by its simple name, and with genuine simple delight, is the colour that happened to be then most popular with poets—green. He seems to have loved the green of fields and trees with the enthusiasm of a city child to whom the country is "green felicity." For the rest he uses colour-words chiefly as symbols of joy. All his colour is joyous, for which reason he scarcely ever uses black, and no great poet is more licentious in the use of "golden" as a mere piece of poetic slang.

Wordsworth (in the "Recluse" and many of the best known shorter

poems) presents a colour scheme which is the extreme type of that prevailing in his day. Green and yellow predominate, as he might himself say, "like sunshine o'er green fields." He uses green twice as frequently as any other colour, usually as the almost mechanical attribute of the things he most cares for, and he has a special predilection for gray. Yellow occurs, chiefly of flowers, with a certain definiteness; but, on the whole, it cannot be said that Wordsworth, any more than Coleridge, was keenly sensitive to the joy of colour.

Poe's colour-scheme (as revealed in his principal poems) is peculiar but difficult to define. His, indeed, is a case which well illustrates the value of the numerical method in summing up and accentuating the characteristics of a writer's artistic vision. Yellow, violet, purple and black are the colours preferred by this very personal and original poet, and they curiously express his vision of the world. It may be added that, although he rarely elaborates colour-effects, his colour is precise and well realised, never merely conventional.

Baudelaire's colour-formula (in the "*Fleurs du Mal*," including some of the omitted poems), is also very personal, and somewhat recalls that of Poe. Its most conspicuous feature is the enormous preponderance of black; Baudelaire uses black as the symbol of horror and melancholy, but by no means always with repulsion; frequently in his hands its emotional tone is of complacency, satisfaction, even beauty. After black, red is the most prevalent colour, chiefly in the form of "rose," and nearly always with a suggestion of happiness; therefore he well summed up his own tastes when he wrote of:

"Le charme inattendu d'un bijou rose et noir."

Blue (little used by English poets) is also a colour of predilection with Baudelaire, chiefly with associations of happiness and peace.

Tennyson (in the greater part of the Golden Treasury selection of his lyrical poems) was a very great master of colour. It is clear that he possessed a keen delight in colour, together with marked colour-preferences, and he elaborates his effects with singular boldness, and more deliberate skill than had perhaps ever been applied to the matter before. It is Tennyson's distinction that in his work what may be called the normal æsthetic colour-vision is once more fully restored after the aberrations of two centuries. A lighter and brighter feeling for colour was now in the air. Tennyson had taken the place of Thomson, just as Constable had taken the place of Crome. Tennyson's predilection is for rich, deep, fully saturated colours. No poet uses crimson, and perhaps purple, with such brooding, sensuous delight. It is characteristic that he has a preference for the term *amber*, evidently feeling that, by its sound at least, it strikes a deeper base note than yellow. Tennyson loves "the gorgeous gloom of

evening over brake and bloom," and the colours of frosts, the crimson and scarlet of berries, the soft deep purple of plums, the rich gold of pears, the ruddiness of apples, "redder than rosiest health or than uttermost shame." Most English poets have sung of "golden" hair; Tennyson, in his love of pigment, prefers black hair, or, if not, it is usually "dark hair" or "deepest brown." His skill is shown not only by the alert avoidance of the excesses into which his predilections might carry him, but also by the deliberate art with which he escapes from conventional colour and heightens his colour-effects:

"It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea."

Swinburne's colour (in the greater part of the first series of "Poems and Ballads") is copious, but not elaborated, nor usually, perhaps, very clearly seen. With Swinburne the ear has not only been first, but all the other senses have lagged far behind. At times he tries to obtain impossible colour-effects by turning into colour channels words that have no normal colour association, like "subtle," and he dreams of lands where "the red rose is white," and where things that are white "shine as colour does." But on the whole his colour-scheme is very simple and restricted; he holds to the three staples, red, white, and yellow—usually as red lips, white limbs, and golden hair—and he has described his preferences in describing his own muse, "Madonna Mia":

"white and gold and red,
God's three chief words, man's bread
And oil and wine,
Were given her for dowry."

Rossetti's poems (in the complete edition of 1891) are peculiarly interesting as the work of an artist who was eminent as a painter and possessed a very fine feeling for colour. It cannot be said that Rossetti's colour in literature is a reflection of his colour in painting. He elaborates no gorgeous effects; crimson and purple only occur twice each, scarlet, vermillion, violet not at all. But he shows as fine a sense of the value of colour in poetry as in painting, perhaps a finer sense. He uses the simplest and clearest colour-words, like all the writers who have really seen colour, and he uses them rarely and strongly. He will repeatedly strike a colour harmony in the course of two or three lines with the seemingly casual felicity of intensely realized imaginative vision. It may be noted, as a possible exception to his preference for simple colours, that he only once uses yellow (of hair), though he so frequently uses golden, especially of hair (twenty-three times); hair indeed is for him nearly always golden, never black or brown. The really characteristic feature in his colour-scheme is,

however, the white. He uses it very variouly and optionally, preferably not as the conventional symbol of beauty but as the symbol of terror and dread. This may be seen very clearly in "Sister Helen," but it penetrates all his poetic work, and if we were to include his very frequent use of "wan," "pale," "gray," this tendency would be seen to dominate his whole imaginative work in literature. Rossetti has given the fullest imaginative expression to the latent northern feeling for white as the colour of dimly terrible things, the colour of the pale mists that enwrap the vague supernatural powers of lands that know little of the sun.

Walt Whitman was contemptuous of what he considered the feudal literature of Europe, but it can scarcely be said that his colour-vision at all events (in "Children of Adam," "Calamus," "Drum-Taps," &c.) differs markedly from that of Tennyson and his other European contemporaries. He likes strong simple colour, and the chief characteristics of his scheme are a dislike to the conventional "golden," leading to an unusual use of yellow, and also a predilection for black and for brown, the colour of tanned autumnal things, which in England we must regard as more characteristic of the past than the present. Green is not a predominant colour of "Leaves of Grass."

The interesting feature in Pater's colour-scheme (as shown in several chapters of "Marius") is its return to the classic type, with prevalence of white and yellow. The whole scheme resembles that of Catullus, save that in the latter there is greater prominence of red. That a writer should thus instinctively adopt the colour preferences of the age towards which he was attracted is another proof of the assurance with which we may usually rely on this test. In the emotional tone of the white which he uses so freely, as well as in its prevalence, Pater exhibits the classic feeling, the feeling indeed of all southern peoples, for the one touch of colour which the austere epicureanism of the Semitic preacher would allow was a white garment. Pater's insistence on white seems to come, as he would himself say, "from the lips of one who had about him some secret fascination in his own expression of a perfect temperance, as if the merely negative quality of purity, the absence of any taint or flaw, exercised a positive influence."

Verlaine in his "*Romances sans Paroles*," "*Sagesse*," &c., is in his use of colour a true child of the Ardennes, a lover of mist, of twilight, of moonlight, and although not insensitive to colour, his single predilection is for gray:

"Rien de plus cher que la charme grise
Oh l'Indécis au Précis se joint."

It may be noted that Verlaine's colour-formula, while remaining personal in its predilection for gray, combines the characteristics of the writers to whom he was chiefly attracted; on the one hand it

recalls Bandelaire's; on the other it is related to that of the English writers, especially Tennyson in his lyrics, with whom he felt a close affinity. He dwells on the borderland between day and night, when

"Au ciel pleux la lune glisse
Et que sonnent les angelus roses et noirs."

He uses the same curious *nuance* of harmonies in colour again and again in very unlikely positions.

In Olive Schreiner's "Dreams" white is again predominant, used with the southern emotional tone. The most remarkable feature here is the deficiency of green and the prominence of blue. There is no attempt to obtain atmosphere or harmony, but the colour is always very emphatic and clearly visualised.

The series concludes with Gabriele D'Annunzio's volume of poems, "Intermezzo." D'Annunzio is the most conspicuous among the younger Italian writers, and his colour-formula stands out as that in which—if we put aside the very primitive writers—red is most prominent, thus furnishing the climax of a movement which has been going on steadily for two centuries.

One asks oneself on looking at these tables: What do they mean? I have no wish to forestall the reader's own interpretation of them, but I may indicate one or two of the meanings which to me they seem to possess. Although a larger series would be needed to give full assurance, I do not think the general result would be affected.

There are three things, it seems to me, which colour in literature describes or symbolises: nature, man, imagination. These three cover the whole ground. The predominance of green or blue—the colours of vegetation, the sky, and the sea—means that the poet is predominantly a poet of nature. If red and its synonyms are supreme, we may assume an absorbing interest in man and woman, for there are the colours of blood and of love, the two main pivots of human affairs, at all events in poetry. And where there is a predominance of black, white, and, I think I would add, yellow—the colours that are rare in the world, and the colour of golden impossibilities—there we shall find that the poet is singing with, as it were, closed eyes, intent on his own inner vision. Wordsworth and Shelley belong largely to the first class; Chaucer and Whitman largely to the second; Homer, Marlowe, Blake, Poe, and Rossetti largely to the third. We cannot, of course, expect any great degree of precision in the matter. Green among the earlier writers is commonly used of garments; blue often refers to eyes and veins; it is chiefly by their tone that black, white, and yellow reveal the imaginative instincts; and red refers to human things in only about fifty per cent. cases in which it occurs. But the general tendency remains distinct.

Leaving the question of interpretation, we may consider the historical evolution of the colours taken separately. The æsthetic position of white has been fairly constant throughout. Black has varied irregularly, predominating in the writers of any age whose imagination is grave, sombre, and melancholy. Yellow has also predominated irregularly, in accordance with no single tendency, being associated sometimes with a sunny, sometimes with a jaundiced view of life, though it is most conspicuous in the poets of classic instinct. Red furnishes, on the whole, a very even curve; high among primitive writers, it sinks in the seventeenth century to rise again during the present century. According to Professor Earl Barnes, who has tested many hundred American boys and girls, a preference for red indicates a certain degree of maturity, younger children usually preferring blue. A love for red is evidently associated with the passionate and sensuous enjoyment of natural and human things, as in the "Wooing of Emer," in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Keats, Tennyson, and D'Annunzio. Blue, and especially green, furnish the most curious and instructive æsthetic history. It is obvious at a glance how the mistake arose that early man was insensitive to these colours; one or the other, or both, furnish not less than six *lacunæ* in the first five of the series. The savage rarely possesses words for either colour, and even the Greeks in the fourth century of our era had no specialised word for green. The things that we call blue they were content to call dark or black, so that for them the sky was of the same colour as dark hair; while the things that we call green they were content to consider yellow, the colour of honey.

The æsthetic vision of the Greeks included black, white, red, and yellow. In so remote a country as Brazil, von der Steinen found that only these same colours possessed distinct words among every tribe, though all tribes were able to distinguish blue and green. Even where blue and green epithets exist we find very strange anomalies. The natives of India deny that the sky is blue, in the sense that indigo is blue; they call it "sky-coloured." And the Chinese, while they distinguish blue from green perfectly, and have words for both, call the sky green. We have no right to smile, for it is only of recent years that the poets of this sea-girt island have discerned the colour of the sea. For Shakespeare the sea was green, as it was for Coleridge, and for most poets before Shelley.

The primary source of all these anomalies lies in the fact that primitive man had no uses for green and blue. The greenness of vegetation is of little concern in savage life, and it is only in vegetation that green ever becomes conspicuous. The colour of the sky and the sea, except when it becomes dark, is equally a matter of indifference to savages. Moreover, both blue and green seem to have been generally difficult to obtain as pigments; they are certainly seldom so

used by primitive peoples. Probably they were not sought after. The result was that, as green and blue were of little concern either in nature or in the arts of life, they failed to evolve any æsthetic feeling. When green begins to appear, at all events in English literature, as represented in my tables, it is usually associated less with nature than with man, as the colour of garments. It is so in the "Morte d'Arthur," and often in Chaucer, while even Marlowe's references to green are not to vegetation. It is in the seventeenth century that we first find trace of a conscious and deliberate joy in green with special reference to its symbolism of nature. This tendency was a by-product of the Puritan movement. The men who turned from courts and towns began to find pleasure in the country, and the predominant colour of the country became for them the symbol of that pleasure. There is something of this in Milton. In Marvell, who clearly possessed a keen delight in colour, it is well marked, and in a single couplet he has felicitously expressed this attitude of the æsthetic Puritan :

"Annihilating all that's made,
To a green thought in a green shade."

If we take Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" of lyrics and analyse its four parts, which roughly correspond to the last four centuries, we find that while in Part I. red comes first, in Part II. red and green are about equal. During the eighteenth century poets lived much in the country, and the deliberate use of green greatly increased. That Thomson represents and even exaggerates the type of colour-vision prevailing in his century is shown by Part III. of the "Golden Treasury," where we find that green is the most prominent colour, though closely followed by red, while black is as prevalent as white, a phenomenon found in no other century. Towards the end of the eighteenth century this æsthetic current towards green was reinforced by German influence which then began to affect English literature. In German literature there had long been a simple, instinctive pleasure in green things, the heritage of a people which issued from the forests. Even in "Faust" I find that green predominates throughout, followed at a considerable distance by red. Among the Slavs also, especially in their folk-songs, according to Veckenstedt, green abounds. This tendency was therefore at this time partly native, partly exotic. Wordsworth represents the climax of the green movement in English literature; in his hands the epithet becomes merely a label which the poet affixes almost mechanically to his literary baggage. If a love of green, as a writer with some claim to be an authority has somewhat absurdly declared, "heralds a laxity, if not a decadence of morals," the end of the last century was certainly such an age, and Wordsworth was its chief prophet. It was clearly impossible to go farther in that direction. Tennyson

performed the feat of incarnadining this multitudinous sea of green. He was the leader of a new movement. Not that Tennyson had any repugnance to green; on the contrary, he shows a distinct appreciation of it, and even follows some of the early writers in introducing green garments. But he evidently realised that for his immediate predecessors greenness had become a bald convention, and he exercises a certain research in obtaining his green effects. The type of colour-formula which Tennyson introduced, or re-introduced, is substantially that which still rules to-day.

The colour-type of the future can scarcely be forecast. It is evident, however, that the æsthetic value of blue has not yet been fully developed in English literature; and there are signs that the English-speaking children of sunnier skies will find new scope in weaving into their work the colour of the sky and the sea, and the ideas of infinity and depth which it most naturally symbolises.

Although I cannot claim to have put this numerical test of colour-vision into a final shape, there can be little doubt that it possesses at least two uses in the precise study of literature. It is, first, an instrument for investigating a writer's personal psychology, by defining the nature of his æsthetic colour-vision. When we have ascertained a writer's colour-formula and his colours of predilection, we can tell at a glance, simply and reliably, something about his view of the world which pages of description could only tell us with uncertainty. In the second place, it enables us to take a definite step in the attainment of a scientific æsthetic, by furnishing a means of comparative study. By its help we can trace the colours of the world as mirrored in literature from age to age, from country to country, and in finer shades among the writers of a single group. At least one broad and unexpected conclusion may be gathered from the tables here presented. Many foolish things have been written about the "degeneration" of latter-day art. It is easy to dogmatise when you think that you are safe from the evidence of precise tests. But here is a reasonably precise test. And the evidence of this test, at all events, by no means furnishes support for the theory of decadence. On the contrary, it shows that the decadence, if anywhere, was at the end of the last century, and that our own vision of the world is fairly one with that of classic times, with Chaucer's and with Shakespeare's. At the end of the nineteenth century we can say this for the first time since Shakespeare died.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

THE PROPOSED GIGANTIC MODEL OF THE EARTH.

M. ELISÉE RECLUS, the well-known geographer, in a pamphlet recently printed at Brussels,* has elaborated a startling and even sensational proposal for the construction of a huge globe, on a scale of one hundred thousandth the actual size. This is about one-third smaller than the maps of our own one-inch Ordnance Survey; and the magnitude of the work will be appreciated when it is stated that the structure will be 418 feet in diameter, so that the London Monument, if erected inside it, would not reach to its centre, while even the top of the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral would fall short of its North Pole by fourteen feet. This enormous size is considered to be necessary in order to allow of the surface being modelled with minute accuracy and in true proportions, so as to show mountains and valleys, plateaux and lowlands, in their actual relations to the earth's magnitude. Even on this large scale the Himalayas would be only about three and a half inches high, Mont Blanc about two inches, the Grampians half an inch, while Hampstead and Highgate would be about one-sixteenth of an inch above the valley of the Thames. It may be thought that these small elevations would be quite imperceptible on the vast extent of a globe which would be a quarter of a mile in circumference; but the visibility of inequalities of surface depends not on their actual magnitude so much as on their steepness or abruptness, and most hills and mountains rise with considerable abruptness from nearly level plains. All irregularities of surface are appreciated by us owing to the effects of light and shade produced by them; and by a proper arrangement of the illumination the smallest deviations from a plane can be easily rendered visible.

* Elisée Reclus, "Projet de Construction d'un Globe Terrestre à l'échelle du Cent millième." Edition de la Société Nouvelle. 1895.

Again, the slopes of mountains are always much broken up by deep valleys, narrow gorges, or ranges of precipitous cliffs, which give a distinct character to mountainous countries, thus producing striking contrasts with lowlands and plateaux, which, when brightened by appropriate colouring and brought to view by a suitable disposition of the sources of light, would give them any desired amount of distinctness.

It is proposed that the globe shall always be kept up to the latest knowledge of the day, by adding fresh details from the results of new explorations in every part of the world; so that, by means of photography, maps of any country or district could be formed on any scale desired; and for a small fee the globe might be available to all map-makers for that purpose. Such maps would be more accurate than those drawn by any method of projection, while the facility of their construction would render them very cheap, and would thus be a great boon to the public, especially whenever attention was directed to any particular area.

M. Reclus states the scientific and educational value of such a globe as due to the following considerations—(1) its accuracy of proportion in every part, as compared with all our usual maps, especially such as represent continents or other large areas; (2) the unity of presentation of all countries, by which the erroneous ideas arising from the better known countries being always given on the largest scale will be avoided; and (3), that the true proportions of all the elevations of the surface will be made visible, and thus many erroneous ideas as to the origin, nature, and general features of mountain ranges, of valleys, and of plateaux will be corrected. He has fixed upon the scale of one hundred thousandth for several reasons. In the first place, it gives the maximum size of a globe that, in the present state of engineering science, can probably be constructed, or that would be in any case advisable; secondly, it is the scale of a considerable number of important maps in various parts of the world; and, thirdly, it is the smallest that would allow of very moderate elevations being modelled on a true scale. He considers that even Montmartre at Paris and Primrose Hill at London would be distinctly visible upon it under a proper oblique illumination.

When, however, we consider the size of such a globe, nearly four hundred and twenty feet in diameter, it is evident that both the difficulties and the cost of its construction will be very great; and both are rendered still greater by the particular design adopted by M. Reclus—a design which, in the opinion of the present writer, is by no means the best calculated to secure the various objects aimed at. I will therefore first briefly describe the exact proposals of M. Reclus as set forth in his interesting and suggestive pamphlet, and will then describe the alternative method, which seems to me to be at once

simpler, less costly, and more likely to be both popular and instructive.

The essential features of the proposed globe are said to be as follows. Nothing about it must destroy or even diminish its general effect. It must not therefore rest upon the level ground, but must be supported on some kind of pedestal; and it must be so situated as to be seen from a considerable distance in every direction without any intervening obstruction by houses, trees, &c. But, in our northern climate, the effects of frost and snow, sun and wind, dust and smoke, rain and hail, would soon destroy any such delicate work as the modelling and tinting of the globe; it is therefore necessary to protect it with an outer covering, which will also be globular, its smooth outer surface being boldly and permanently coloured to represent all the great geographical features of the earth, so as to form an effective picture at a considerable distance. In order to allow room for the various stairs and platforms which will be required in order to provide for access to every part of the surface of the interior globe, and to afford the means of obtaining a view of a considerable extent of it, there is to be a space of about fifty feet between it and its covering, so that the latter must have an inside diameter of about five hundred and twenty feet. It is also to be raised about sixty feet above the ground, so that the total altitude of the structure will be not far short of six hundred feet.

M. Reclus adds to his general description a statement furnished by a competent engineer giving a general estimate for the erection of the globe, with some further constructive details, which are, briefly, as follows: Both the globe and the envelope are to be built up of iron meridians connected by spiral bands, leaving apertures nowhere more than two metres wide. The envelope is to be covered with thick plates of glass, and either painted outside on a slightly roughened surface, or inside with the surface remaining polished, either of which methods are stated to have certain advantages with corresponding disadvantages. The envelope being exposed to storms and offering such an enormous surface to the wind would not be safe on a single pedestal. It is therefore proposed to have four supports placed about 140 feet apart, and built of masonry to the required height of 60 feet. The globe itself is to have a surface of plaster, on which all the details are to be modelled and tinted, the oceans alone being covered with thin glass. In order to provide access to every part of the surface of the globe it is proposed to construct in the space between the globe and its covering, but much nearer to the former, a broad platform, ascending spirally from the South to the North Pole in twenty-four spires, with a maximum rise of one in twenty. The balustrade on the inner side of this ascending platform is to be one metre (3 feet 3 inches) from the surface of the globe, and the total length of the walk

along it will be about five miles. But as the successive turns of this spiral pathway would be about 20 feet above each other, the greater part of the globe's surface would be at too great a distance, and would be seen too obliquely, to permit of the details being well seen. It is therefore proposed that the globe should rotate on its polar axis, by which means every part of the surface would be accessible, by choosing the proper point on the platform and waiting till the rotation brought the place in question opposite the observer. But as such an enormous mass could only be rotated very slowly, and even more slowly brought to rest, this process would evidently involve much delay and considerable cost. Again, as the facility of producing accurate maps by photography is one of the most important uses which the globe would serve, it is clear that the spiral platform, with its balustrade and supporting columns, would interfere with the view of any considerable portion of the surface. To obviate this difficulty it is stated that arrangements will be made by which every portion of the spiral platform may be easily raised up or displaced, so as to leave a considerable portion of the globe's surface open to view without any intervening obstruction. In order that this removal of a portion of the roadway may not shut off access to all parts of the globe above the opening, eight separate staircases are to be provided by means of which the ascent from the bottom to the top of the globe may be made.

This account of the great earth-model proposed by M. Reclus clearly indicates the difficulties and complexities in the way of its realisation. We are required to erect, not one globe, but two, the outer one, to serve mainly as a cover for the real globe, being very much larger, and therefore much more costly, than the globe itself. Then we have the eight staircases of twenty-four flights each, and the five or six miles of spiral platform, wide enough to allow of a pathway next the surface of the globe and a double line of road outside for the passage of some form of auto-motor carriages. Then, again, the greater part of this huge spiral platform is to be in movable sections, which can be either swung aside or lifted up in order to allow of an uninterrupted view of any desired portion of the globe's surface. But even this will not suffice to get an adequate view of the globe in all its parts, and this enormous mass is to be rendered capable of rotating on a vertical axis. It is suggested that this rotation shall be continuous in the space of a sidereal day, and it is thought that it will be so slow as not to interfere with any photographic operations that may be desired.

But a little consideration will show us that, even with all these complex constructions and movements, and supposing that they all work with complete success, the main purposes and uses of the globe, as laid down by M. Reclus himself, would be very imperfectly attained.

The first point is that such a globe would correct erroneous ideas as to the comparative size and shape of different regions due to the use of Mercator's or other forms of projection. But in the globe as proposed no comparison of different countries, unless very near together, would be possible; and even if considerable portions of the platform could be removed, and the observer could be placed near the outer covering, at a distance of, say, 40 feet from the globe, only a comparatively small area could be seen or photographed in its accurate proportions. If we take a circle of 40 feet diameter as our field of view it is evident that all the marginal portion would be seen very obliquely (at an angle of 80° from the perpendicular if the surface were flat, but at a somewhat greater angle owing to the curvature of the surface), and would also be on a smaller scale owing to their greater distance from the instrument, so that the central portions only would be seen in their true proportionate size and shape. For ordinary views this would not much matter, but when we have to produce maps from a globe which is estimated to cost somewhere about a million sterling, and one of whose chief uses is to facilitate the production of such maps, a high degree of accuracy is of the first importance. In order to attain even a fair amount of accuracy comparable with that of a map on any good projection, we should probably have to limit the area to a diameter of about 10 feet, equal to about 190 or 200 miles, so that even such very limited areas as Scotland or Ireland would be beyond the limits of any high degree of accuracy. Larger areas, such as the British Isles, France, or Germany, would be quite beyond the reach of any accurate reduction by means of photography. As affording exceptional facilities for accurate map-making the globe would be of very limited service.

The second advantage to be derived from the proposed globe is stated to be the correction of erroneous ideas as to the comparative sizes of various countries and islands, owing to the fact of their representation in atlases on very different scales, while each country gives its own territories the greatest prominence. But a large part of this advantage would be lost owing to the fact that distant countries could never be seen together. That Texas is much larger than France would not be impressed upon the spectator when, after losing sight of the one country several hours might pass before he came in sight of the other, while even the various States of Europe, such as Great Britain and Italy, or Portugal and Turkey, would never be in view at the same time. For this special purpose, therefore, the globe would not be so instructive as the large wall maps of continents at present used in every schoolroom.

The third advantage, that the globe would admit of the varied colours of the surface being shown in their true proportions, does undoubtedly exist, and is very important; but even as regards this

feature, its instructiveness would be very largely diminished by the impossibility of seeing the contours of any considerable area in its entirety, or of comparing the various mountain ranges with each other, or even the different parts of the same mountain range. It may be doubted whether the relief-maps now made do not give as useful information as would be derived from a globe of which only so limited a portion could be seen at one view.

It thus appears that the gigantic earth-model proposed by M. Reclus would very imperfectly fulfil the purposes for which he advocates its construction. But this defect is not at all inherent in a globe of the dimensions he proposes, but only in the particular form of it which he appears to consider to be alone worthy of consideration. I believe that such a globe can be made which shall comply with the essential conditions he has laid down, which shall be in the highest degree scientific and educational, which shall be a far more attractive exhibition than one upon his plan, and which could be constructed for about one-third the amount which his double globe would cost. It would only be necessary to erect one globe, the outer surface of which would present a general view of all the great geographical features of the earth, while on the inner surface would be formed that strictly accurate model which M. Reclus considers would justify the expense of such a great work, and which, as I shall presently show, would possess all those qualities which he postulates as essential, but which the globe described by him would certainly *not* possess.

I make no doubt that the eminent geographer would at once put his veto upon this proposal as being wholly unscientific, unnatural, and absurd. He would probably say, that to represent a convex body by means of a concave surface is to turn the world upside-down, or rather outside-in, and is fundamentally erroneous; that it must lead to false ideas as to the real nature of the earth's surface, and that it cannot be truly educational or scientifically useful. But these objections, and any others of like nature, are, I venture to think, either unsound in themselves or are wholly beside the question at issue. M. Reclus has himself declared the objects of the gigantic earth-model and the educational and scientific uses it should fulfil. I take these exactly as he has stated them, and I maintain that if the plan proposed by me can be shown to fulfil all these requirements, then it can not be said to be less scientific, or less instructive, than one which can only fulfil them in a very inferior degree.

Before showing the overwhelming advantages of the concave over the convex globe for all important uses, I would call attention to two strictly illustrative facts. Celestial globes have been long in use, and I am not aware that it has ever been suggested that they are unscientific and deceptive, and they ought to be abolished. Positions seen on such a globe can be, and are, easily transferred to the

apparently concave sky ; while many problems relating to the motions of the earth and the planets are clearly illustrated and explained by their use. A concave surface suspended from the ceiling of a school-room would, doubtless, show more accurately the position of the heavenly bodies, but would probably not be so generally useful as the unnatural convex globe.

The representation of the earth's surface on the inside of a sphere has been tried on a considerable scale by Wyld's globe in Leicester Square, and was found to be extremely interesting and instructive. Before seeing it I was prejudiced against it as being quite opposed to nature ; but all my objections vanished when I entered the building and beheld the beautiful map-panorama from the central gallery. I visited it several times, and I never met with any one who was not delighted with it, or who did not find it most instructive in correcting the erroneous views produced by the usual maps and atlases. It remained for twelve years one of the most interesting exhibitions in London, when it was removed owing to the lease of the ground having expired. This globe was sixty feet in diameter, and it showed how grand would be the effect of one many times larger and admitting of greater detail, and of more striking effects by the view at different distances and under various kinds of illumination.

One other consideration may be adduced in this connection, which is, that even the outer surface of a huge globe has its own sources of error and misconception. It would perpetuate the idea of the North-pole being up and the South-pole down, of the surface of the earth being not only convex but sloping, while for the whole southern hemisphere we should have to look upwards to see the surface, which we could never do in reality unless we were far away from that surface. Again, we all know how the sea-horizon seen from an elevation appears not convex but concave. A convex globe, therefore, will not represent the earth as we see it, or as we can possibly see it ; and to construct such a globe with all the details of its surface clearly manifest, while at the same time we see the convexity and have to look up to some parts of the surface and down upon others, really introduces fresh misconceptions while getting rid of old ones. We cannot reproduce in a model all the characteristics of the globe we live on, and must therefore be content with that mode of representation which will offer the greater number of advantages and be, on the whole, the most instructive and the most generally useful. This, I believe, is undoubtedly the hollow globe, in which, however, the outer surface would be utilized to give a general representation of the earth as proposed by M. Recinus, and which would no doubt be a very interesting and attractive object.

I will now proceed to show, in some detail, how the concave

surface of a hollow globe is adapted to fulfil all the purposes and uses which M. Reclus desires.

We should, in the first place, be able to see the most distant regions in their true relative proportions with a facility of comparison unattainable in any other way. We could, for instance, take in at one glance Scandinavia and Britain, or Greenland and Florida, and by a turn of the head could compare any two areas in a whole hemisphere. Both the relative shape and the relative size of any two countries or islands could be readily and accurately compared, and no illusion as to the comparative magnitude of our own land would be possible. In the next place, the relief of the surface would be represented exactly as if the surface were convex, but facilities for bringing out all the details of the relief by suitable illumination would be immensely greater in the hollow globe. Instead of being obliged to have the source of illumination only fifty feet from the surface, it could be placed either at the pole or opposite the equator at a distance of two hundred or three hundred feet, and be easily changed so as to illuminate a particular region at any angle desired, and to render visible the gentlest undulations by their shadows. Of course, electric lighting would be employed, which by passing through slightly tinted media might be made to represent morning, noon, or evening illumination.

It is, however, when we come to the chief scientific and educational use of such a globe, the supply of maps of any portion of the earth on any scale, by means of photography, that the superiority of the concave model is so overwhelming as to render all theoretical objections to it entirely valueless. We have seen that on the convex surface of a globe such as M. Reclus has proposed, photographic reproductions of small portions only would be possible, while in areas of the size of any important European State, the errors due to the greater distance and the oblique view of the lateral portions would cause the maps thus produced to be of no scientific value. But, in the case of the concave inner surface of a sphere, the reverse is the case, *the curvature itself being an essential condition of the very close accuracy of the photographic reproduction.* A photograph taken from anywhere near the centre of the sphere would have every portion of the surface at right angles to the line of sight, and also at an equal distance from the camera. Hence there would be no distortion due to obliquity of the lateral portions, or errors of proportion owing to varying distances from the lens. We have, in fact, in a hollow sphere with the camera placed in the centre, the ideal conditions which alone render it possible to reproduce detailed maps on the surface of a sphere with accuracy of scale over the whole area. For producing maps of countries of considerable extent the camera would, therefore, be placed near the centre, but for maps of smaller areas on

a larger scale, it might be brought much nearer without any perceptible error being introduced, while even at the smallest distances and the largest scale the distortion would always be less than if taken from a convex surface. It follows that only on a concave globular surface would it be worth the expense of modelling the earth in relief with the greatest attainable accuracy, and keeping it always abreast of the knowledge of the day, since only in this way could accurate photographic reproductions of any portions of it be readily obtained. For absolute accuracy of reduction the sensitive surface would have to be correspondingly concave, and this condition could probably be attained.

I will now point out how much more easily access can be provided to every part of the surface of a concave than to that of a convex globe. Of course, there must be a tower in the position of the polar axis. This would be as small in diameter as possible consistent with stability, and with affording space for a central lift; and it would be provided with a series of outside galleries supported on slender columns, at regular intervals, for affording views of the whole surface of the globe. This general inspection might be supplemented by binocular glasses with large fields of view and of varying powers, by means of which all the details of particular districts could be examined. For most visitors this would be sufficient; but access to the surface itself would be required, both for purposes of work upon it, for photographing limited areas at moderate distances, and for close study of details for special purposes. This might be provided without any permanent occupation of the space between the central tower and the modelled surface, in the following manner.

Outside the tower and close to it will be fixed, at equal distances apart, a series of three or four circular rails, on which will rest by means of suitable projections and rollers, two vertical steel cylinders, exactly opposite to each other and reaching to within about ten feet of the top and bottom of the globe, with suitable means of causing them slowly to revolve. Attached to these will be two light drawbridges, which can be raised or depressed at will, and also, when extended, will have a vertical sliding motion from the bottom to the top of the upright supports. The main body of this drawbridge would reach somewhat beyond the middle point from the tower to the globular surface, the remaining distance being spanned by a lighter extension sliding out from beneath the main bridge and supported by separate stays from the top of the tower. When not in use, the outer half would be drawn back and the whole construction raised up vertically against the tower. The two bridges being opposite each other, and always being extended together, would exert no lateral strain upon the tower.

By means of this arrangement, which when not in use would leave

the whole surface of the globe open to view, access could be had to every square foot of the surface, whether for purposes of work upon it or for close examination of its details; and, in comparison with the elaborate and costly system of access to the outer surface of a globe of equal size, involving about five miles of spirally ascending platform and more than a mile of stairs, besides the rotation of the huge globe itself, is so simple that its cost would certainly not be one-twentieth part of the other system. At the same time, it would give access to any part of the surface far more rapidly, and even when in use would only obstruct the view of a very small fraction of the surface.

A few words may be added as to a mode of construction of the globe different from that suggested in the project of M. Reclus. It seems to me that simplicity and economy would be ensured by forming the globe of equal hexagonal cells of cast steel of such dimensions and form that when bolted together they would build up a perfect sphere of the size required. As the weight and strain upon the material would decrease from the bottom to the top, the thickness of the walls of the cells and of the requisite cross struts might diminish in due proportion while the outside dimensions of all the cells were exactly alike. At the equator, and perhaps at one or two points below it, the globe might be encircled by broad steel belts to resist any deformation from the weight above. A very important matter, not mentioned by M. Reclus, would be the maintenance of a nearly uniform temperature, so as to avoid injury to the modelling of the interior by expansion and contraction. This might be secured by enclosing the globe in a thick outer covering of silicate or asbestos packing, or other non-conducting material, over which might be formed a smooth surface of some suitable cement, on which the broad geographical features of the earth might be permanently delineated. With a sufficiency of hot-water pipes in and around the central tower, and efficient arrangements for ventilation, the whole structure might be kept at a nearly uniform temperature at all seasons.

It has now, I think, been shown that the only form of globe worth erecting on a large scale is one of which the inner-surface is utilised for the detailed representation and accurate modelling of the geographical features of the earth's surface; but as to the dimensions of such a globe there is room for much difference of opinion. I am myself disposed to think that the scale of 100000, proposed by M. Reclus, is much too large, and that for every scientific and educational purpose, and even as a popular exhibition, half that scale would be ample. The representation of minute details of topography due to human agency, and therefore both liable to change and of no scientific importance—such as roads, paths, houses, and enclosures—would be out of place on such a globe, except that towns and villages and main lines of communication might be unobtrusively indicated. And for

adequately exhibiting every important physiographical feature—the varied undulations of the surface in all their modifications of character, rivers and streams with their cascades and rapids, their gorges and alluvial plains, lakes and tarns, swamps and peat-bogs, woods, forests, and scattered woodlands, pastures, sand dunes and deserts, and every other feature which characterises the earth's surface, a scale of $\frac{1}{2500000}$ th, or even one of $\frac{1}{250000}$ th, would be quite sufficient. And when we consider the difficulty and expense of constructing any such globe, and the certainty that the experience gained during the first attempt would lead to improved methods should a larger one be deemed advisable, there can, I think, be little doubt that the smaller scale here suggested should be adopted. This would give an internal diameter of 167 feet, and a scale of almost exactly a quarter of an inch to a mile, and would combine grandeur of general effect, scientific accuracy, and educational importance, with a comparative economy and facility of construction which would greatly tend to its realisation. It is with the hope of showing the importance and practicability of such a work that I have ventured to lay before the public this modification of the proposal of M. Reclus, to whom belongs the merit of the first suggestion and publication. Now that Great Wheels and Eiffel Towers are constructed, and are found to pay, it is to be hoped that a scheme like this, which in addition to possessing the attractions of novelty and grandeur, would be also a great educational instrument, may be thought worthy of the attention both of the scientific and the commercial world.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

THE NEW EDUCATION BILL.

THE proposals now before the country in the Education Bill of the Government do not err in the direction of moderation. Not content with propounding a scheme for the organisation on a public basis of secondary education, the Government invites us to revolutionise our elementary system, and to reverse the whole policy of the Act of 1870. Hitherto we have been accustomed to suppose that, when important institutions had been established, and had built up round them an elaborate and working system, changes proposed would only affect details, and that Conservatism in this country would respect past legislation, and not assume the reactionary aspect of the Continental counter revolution. It is unfortunate that the present Government, although it is supposed to represent the alliance of moderate Liberalism with Conservative defence of the Constitution, has utterly disregarded more prudent counsels, and has propounded a scheme which may be satisfactory to those clerical forces, which cannot bear to see popular education slipping out of their grasp, and which will also please those who resent the expansion of popular instruction, and who would far rather see public money spent on military preparations and relief to landowners than in the improved education of the people.

It may be difficult to explain how the present Bill will work if it should become law. But there can be no doubt that it will severely hamper the growth of public education, and place its development under the control of the absolutely non-educational forces of local self-government. It establishes differential taxation in favour of private sectarian management, and discourages local effort by withholding public aid where local contribution is largest. It subsidises Voluntary schools out of the rates without giving the ratepayers a voice in their management, and, under the pretence of doing away with a too

minute system of public aid, it does much to supersede all central direction and organisation which for years to come must be one of the guarantees of progress.

So far as it introduces a local controlling financial power, that power is to be used not for the purpose of compelling remote and ignorant local bodies to improve their teaching, but for the purpose of hampering progressive local bodies.

It exposes the body which is to direct secondary education to all the drawbacks that must result from associating it with the controversies and feuds which characterise the politics pertaining to elementary schools, and it fails to evolve any order from the present chaos by omitting to organise throughout the country local authorities of suitable area which shall at once be invested with the necessary power to do in all cases what can now be done by School Boards where they exist.

While recognising the unsatisfactory character of the parochial School Board area, it does not in reality supersede it, but, so far as it provides a new area, rushes into the opposite extreme, and gives us an authority which, while suitable as to area for secondary education, is far too large for the purposes of elementary education. In short, it is a Bill so bad in its principles and essential details that no recognition of it should be admitted, and its faults do not admit of being corrected in committee after conceding a second reading.

Let us first examine the Bill as it bears upon elementary education:

It creates a new authority, the County Council. This County Council becomes, outside of municipal boroughs, through its Education Committee, the School Board of the future, wherever School Boards do not now exist. In municipal boroughs, other than county boroughs, the Town Council will in future become the School Board. But existing School Boards will lead a precarious life. They will apparently pass rapidly through a transition such as Madagascar has experienced, passing through dependence under a protectorate to extinction and absorption in the direct domain of the new authority.

The County Council is to act through a committee. But apparently, except in the case of Wales and London, the County Council has a free hand; it may or may not appoint outsiders, but probably the Education Committee must be a portion and not the whole of the County Council.

Thus we pass at once from a body elected for educational purposes to a body elected for non-educational purposes. Every one knows that municipal contests, and still more elections to rural county councils, do not turn at all on educational questions, and it is very unlikely that the addition of educational functions to the existing duties of a County Council will materially modify the considerations which will lead candidates to present themselves as electors to vote.

If the election of School Boards required modification by the abolition of the cumulative vote, the periodic replacement of the members and the enlargement of the area, these changes could have been brought about without the abolition of School Boards in principle, which is really the purpose and effect of this Bill.

Again, the area for elementary school government should certainly not be so large as the county. The parish is undoubtedly too small, though the commune is the usual unit on the Continent, where public education has been organised long before England. Still it must be admitted that the parochial area, both for administration and for the incidence of taxation, is on many grounds insufficient for producing the best educational results. The area, however, of the District Council would have been sufficient, and would have enabled us to secure (1) a sufficient number of competent representatives; (2) an area not too large for the members of the board to have some personal knowledge of the whole of their district; (3) a sufficient number of schools to educate the board by a comparison of their respective efficiency—and this is a most important consideration; (4) an area of taxation which would correct the undue pressure in any particular part, and would enable the board to deal fairly with the needs of the whole of the district.

The present Bill, however, proposes an organisation which can only be described as ludicrous. The County Council, say of Devonshire or Norfolk, becomes, through its Education Committee, the potential School Board for Devonshire or Norfolk. If hereafter any new parochial School Board is needed, the County Council committee will almost inevitably become the School Board; it may also, and probably will, take over the functions of many existing School Boards, and becomes the school attendance committee for all parts of the county not included in municipal boroughs or School Board areas. Nevertheless, the charge of enforcing school attendance is not to be defrayed by a general charge over the portions of the county under the administration of the County Committee, but is apparently to be met by special rates levied in the respective Poor-law unions or portions of Poor-law unions.

So, too, the School Board rate levied by the new county authority will be separate for each parochial School Board area, and separate accounts will have to be kept, and the county authority will have to sit for a quarter of an hour as the School Board for Black Acre, then as the School Board for White Acre, for Bishop's Stoke, for King's Stoke, and Earl's Stoke, and all the successive parishes it will have to administer. There is apparently power for the county authority, if it pleases, to convert these special rates into one general rate leviable in the parishes for which it acts as a School Board (Section 11⁽¹⁾) but *prima facie* the rates are to be separate.

*The importance of this question of the rate is apparent when we remember another important new provision of the Bill, that the County Council is to restrain the spending power of the School Boards.

If the maintenance rate in a district exceeds £1 a head, where it has not already done so, the School Board must get the leave of the County Council to spend more. Let it be noted that, so anxious is the Bill to cripple education, this supervising power is not given to the new county education authority, which will be, in time, more or less familiar with the needs of education; it is given to the County Council itself, in which all the members who care nothing for education, and who have not wished to join the Education Committee, will vote.

Nay, more. So anxious are the authors of the Bill to keep down education, that it is actually provided in the case of an urban sanitary district, not a borough, and conterminous with a parish, that whereas the Education Committee of the County Council will be the School Board for the district, the authority whose leave must be obtained before the cost of maintenance from the rates exceeds £1 a head will be the Local Board, and not the County Council. Any one who knows the type of speculative builder and others who frequently form a Local Board, will know what readiness they will show to consent to taxation for education. Moreover, their instincts of local patriotism will be enlisted against their new School Board. Fancy a populous urban parish in Lancashire of some 20,000 inhabitants whose schools are administered by the County Education Committee of Lancashire. That County Education Committee will plan the schools, determine their site, fix the number and scale of salaries of teachers, and generally make all the rules for the administration of the schools. On that education board probably not one resident from the town in question will have a seat, and yet, subject to the £1 limit for expenditure from the rates in maintenance, this external body will have the whole government of the schools. Is this local government? Is it not rather a caricature of local government? Where is to be found the natural correlation of taxation and representation? Another hardship is that the governing body will be largely, even preponderantly, elected by those who contribute nothing to this or any School Board. In many counties of England the bulk of the rural population who elect the County Council are not in School Board areas. Let the area of existing School Boards be extended by all means, but let the new area which furnishes the new governing body be an area sharing the burdens, and therefore equally responsible in feeling with the old restricted area.

No doubt some element of local management is preserved by clause 10, which enacts that in a rural parish half the managers shall

be nominated by the Parish Council and half by the County Education Authority. But this clause itself is full of absurdities. It says that the County Council shall delegate their powers of control and management; but who shall say how much this means? Does it mean the appointment and dismissal of teachers? This seems hardly consistent with the Act of 1873. Moreover, section 15 of the Act of 1870 is incorporated, which gives the School Board power to dismiss the managers. Is one body to appoint and another to dismiss? At any rate, management cannot include settling the salaries and numbers of the staff or any general rules as to qualifications which the county School Board may draw up. The clause would open the door to endless opportunities of friction and conflict. Again, in a county borough the Education Committee is to nominate the managers; but in any other borough, while an Education Committee must be appointed to act for the borough Council, yet the borough Council and not the Education Committee is to nominate the managers, and in an urban district which is also a school district the Local Board will nominate the managers. Can any one fancy the confusion and conflicts that would arise from such a state of things?

The fact is that the moment you give local administration to a body not chosen by those whose money they are to spend, you introduce a principle absolutely opposed to the history and principles of our local self-government; and all this is done to propitiate clerical opposition and to call into existence a new body which will supersede the hated School Board.

Let us pass for a moment from the County Council Education Committee as an administrative body charged with the local supply of elementary education to its functions as a superintending body over local elementary education, entrusted by the Government with the administration of the Parliamentary grant and the inspection of schools. Here everything is vague, but in this vagueness all kinds of serious possibilities are latent. Surely in the first place it is unsatisfactory that the spending and the supervising authorities should be the same. In the North Riding of Yorkshire the Educational Committee of the County Council may be inspecting the School Boards of Scarborough, Whitby, Thornaby and other popular centres, and at the same time they may themselves be the School Board for little towns like Thirsk, Malton, Northallerton, Pickering. Is it desirable that a body which is itself administering, and probably on a smaller scale and with less experience, should superintend and ultimately control the education of substantial towns?

Again, take the county boroughs. Is there any reason to suppose that the Town Council of Middlesbrough or of York is more fit to make rules under which the science and art and other grants of those towns shall be administered than the School Boards of the same

towns? Take Hull, a town where the School Board has worked at the lowest cost possible, and yet has done much in its higher grade schools for improving popular education. What has the Town Council of Hull done that it should be thought more fit to represent the interests of the ratepayers and the interests of education than the School Board of Hull, equally elected by the people?

Those concerned in education locally will be glad to see more intellectual light introduced in high places at Whitehall and South Kensington, but they may be excused if they doubt whether the twilight of the Education Department is not better than the outer darkness of such county boroughs as Wigan, or Stockport, or Birkenhead, or Canterbury. The zeal of a convert is proverbial; but the Vice-President had better pause before he adores that which he used to burn, and burns that which he used to worship.

Sir John Gorst, in his panic at the over minute supervision of the Education Department, makes a calculation that there are 32,000,000 blank spaces which have to be looked into by his officials. In their enumeration they have omitted one blank space so vast that it figures as a Sahara in the map of their intelligence—the blank failure to understand that it has for years been in the power of the Department to simplify without abdicating; to rely more, as they are beginning now to do, on inspection rather than detailed examination in determining the goodness of a school; to develop real local responsible educational authorities instead of relying on irresponsible volunteers, whose object, avowed by themselves, is not educational but denominational, whose first wish is not to create capable citizens, but devout and submissive Anglicans and Romanists; not to secure a school-master who shall perform an honourable, though humble, function for the whole community, but to obtain the unpaid services of an organist, Sunday-school teacher, and general ecclesiastical and parochial factotum. It is the pampering and preserving of a State-aided system under private, irresponsible management which has naturally led to the mechanical methods of the Education Department.

It may be necessary to point to one or two provisions of the Bill in order to justify the statement that it not only aims at the subordination, but at the extinction, of School Boards.

1. Henceforward there can hardly be any rural School Boards. Section 6 makes it almost certain that in future the County Council will become the School Board in rural areas. But section 6 seemingly makes it more difficult at once to call a School Board into existence. Hitherto, where the school of a village was closed the Education Department could, without notice, at once order the formation of a board. Section 6 seems in all cases to require the long routine of preliminary notices. The object of this, of course, is to do all that

can be done to perpetuate clerical management and to prevent the people from managing their own schools.

Section 7 makes it impossible hereafter in any borough to have an independent School Board.

Section 8 is to facilitate the extinction of School Boards by the transfer of their schools to the new authority. But that there may be no mistake as to the real object of the Bill, which is to prevent the extension of public management and to maintain and extend if possible private clerical management, these new county authorities are not made at once School Boards for the purpose of taking over existing schools. Under sub-section 2 of section 8, it is only after the necessary steps have been taken for the formation of a School Board in any district that the new county authority can take over a public elementary school under section 23 of the Education Act of 1870. If there had been a real wish to simplify and to secure what the framers of the Bill must be supposed to wish—the establishment everywhere of a proper local educational authority, the new county authority would have been declared to be the School Board for all those portions of the county not already under School Boards. Sub-section 3 of section 8 does not make the county education authority the School Board for its district—that is, for the county as a whole, but only for *the* district—that is, the district in which the school proposed to be transferred is situated.

Again, section 9 provides that where the Education Department declares a School Board in default, or declares that any School Board has not properly performed any of its duties under the Education Acts, the Education Department may constitute the County Education Authority the School Board. Was ever such arbitrary power bestowed on a Department of State?—practically on a Vice-President of the Council. If the School Board for London is at variance with the Department; if, to take an extreme instance, the School Board for London in any one of its 400 schools, in any one of its 1200 Departments, has not, in the opinion of the Department, properly performed its duties, which include minute observance of any one article of the Code, the Education Department may, by mere administrative edict, put an end to the School Board. If this were law, the School Boards of the country would live with the sword of Damocles suspended over their heads. Since James II. arbitrarily used corrupt and subservient judges to crush municipal liberty there has never been so sweeping a proposal. And even James' subservient judges were obliged to use the forms of law; but Sir John Gorst, armed with a little brief authority, proposes to hold the School Boards of the country in the hollow of his hand. Such a *régime* is fitter for the meridian of Moscow than that of London; and can it be believed that Parliament will so treat recognised legal representative bodies, the chief complaint against whom is

that they have done their work so well that denominational zeal cannot compete with them ?

Again, as evidence of the hostile attitude towards School Boards, consider sub-section 3 of section 12 :

"The Education Department, on the application of the Education Authority, or of a School Board, may, if they think fit, make an order, transferring to the Education Authority for any county, any school or department of a school within the county, maintained by a School Board, and providing education which, in the opinion of the Education Department, is other than elementary."

Here, too, "schools the property of a School Board may be taken away from the existing owners against their will. The words are not "on the application of the Education Authority and of the School Board," but either body may apply. There does not appear to be in the Bill any clause compelling the new authority to continue to maintain such a school after it has been transferred. Not only may the Education Department rob the School Board of a school, it may even rob it of a department of a school. There is no legal protection of a School Board in any definition of what is elementary.

The existing Education Acts define an elementary school as one in which the main part of the instruction is elementary, thus recognising that a part of the instruction may be more than elementary. If all the work in the standards be considered elementary, yet the Code provides that scholars up to fourteen years of age who have passed the standards are still recognised, and the school receives the Parliamentary grant for them.

The Free Education Act extended the age up to which the Parliamentary fee grant was to be paid to fifteen. This limit was granted at the instance among others of Mr. Chamberlain, who pleaded for the encouragement of the advanced instruction given in some schools. No doubt a technicality of the Act resulting from an amendment put in in the House of Lords has prevented the full benefit being reaped from this enactment, but the hindrance was not intended or seen by the Government when they accepted the amendment, and they are honourably bound, and certainly Mr. Chamberlain is honourably bound, not to permit new legislation to recede from the principles recognised in the 1891. It cannot be too much insisted on that classes beyond the standards which enable parents who are willing to keep their children at school up to 14 or 15 are not in any proper sense a part of secondary education, but merely a continuation and completion of primary education. The Bürger Schulen of Germany, which are elementary schools, give in their upper classes an education fully equal to what would be given in the best English elementary schools to the ex-VII. scholars. In France, besides the Écoles

primaires supérieures there are the "classes supplémentaires" in many ordinary primary schools. In England the growth of higher grade or upper standard schools has been recognised as supplying a want. These schools were approved by the majority of Lord Cross's Commission. Sir W. Hart Dyke spoke warmly in their favour before the Commission on Secondary Education, and warned Sir John Gorst against withdrawing them from the School Boards in the debate on the first reading of the Bill under consideration. These schools are year by year furnishing a better preparation for our pupil teachers, whom Sir John Gorst professes his wish to improve, and whose apprenticeship the new Code proposes to shorten. If an attempt were made to dissociate these classes from the elementary schools, out of which they have sprung, the result would be that the great mass of the scholars who now prolong their schooling would cut short their education. They would not go to secondary schools, where they would encounter higher fees, in some cases social inconveniences, and in all cases the inconvenience of a break in the course of their studies. Leaving as most of them do at fourteen or fourteen and a half, they would be presented with a truncated fragment of a new course of studies. Their ignorance of foreign languages would lead to their being placed in a class lower than they might be fit for on other accounts, and we should see a serious injury done to our elementary schools by their decapitation. Some of the teachers of the less good secondary schools are especially jealous of these upper standard Board schools and are anxious to keep down the elementary school lest its superior teaching efficiency should outweigh the social prestige on which these secondary teachers now rely for recruiting their scholars.

But the figures of the Education Department show that there has been no material increase in the age of scholars in the elementary schools; the proportion between thirteen and fourteen and over fourteen to the whole of the population is almost constant. The improvement has come in the numbers between eleven and twelve. These formerly were slipping away from school, owing to lax bye-laws and low standards of exemption; but now the schools are stronger, not in the scholars who have passed all the Standards and who are over thirteen, but in the scholars in the V., VI., and VII. Standards and those between eleven and thirteen. The Department no longer publishes figures of scholars in the various Standards, and for this statement's correctness readers must accept an assurance based on inquiries into figures in possession of School Boards. But as to the ages of children, the figures will be found on p. 6 of the Education Return for 1895, Table 1.

Where such an aim as against School Boards and in favour of private management and of denominational schools is manifest

throughout the Bill, it is natural that we should view with great suspicion the extreme vagueness with which the Bill is drawn.

Section 2 is absolutely unmeaning as a definite operative enactment, but it suggests a bias to those who are to administer the Act if it becomes law. "It shall be the duty of the Education Authority to supplement and not to supplant such existing organisations for educational purposes as for the time being supply efficient instruction." We are all familiar with this passage, quoted from the debates of 1870. We know that the great powers conferred upon School Boards were thought by Mr. Forster consistent with that statement. We know that he looked forward to the peaceful extension of School Boards and the ultimate substitution of public for private management throughout the country. We know, too, how, though Voluntary schools have doubled their accommodation and attendance since 1870, though they have been relieved of one obligation after another, though their contributions represent an insignificant part of the cost and in many cases have entirely disappeared, yet they go on repeating this phrase as if the practical working of the Act of 1870 had been a violation of this pledge; and now, with every private interest fortified by this platitude, encouraged to go to the Education Department to oppose all progressive education, we can but consider the insertion of these words thoroughly mischievous.

They will apply especially to secondary education. We do not have here any reference to the suitability as well as to the efficiency of existing schools. We have no estimate of the school provision required. We know quite well that when the Act of 1870 was passed there were many empty places in Voluntary schools, even where the school supply was far short of the needs of the population. One or two towns, such as Manchester and Salford, tried to avoid building schools till they had filled these vacant places; as a matter of fact, this idea of filling empty places was found a delusion, and School Boards had to build whether empty places existed or not. There are fewer empty places in the Voluntary schools of London now with 500,000 children in Board schools than there were in 1870 when there were no Board schools at all.

But if clause 2 is left in the Bill, we have no guide to the number of places for secondary instruction required. We know by experience that in education supply must generally precede demand, and that supply of good and suitable schools creates demand. But according to clause 2, a convent school without a conscience clause may be thought efficient, and if it has 100 vacant places may appeal against the opening of a girls' school in a town where most of the population are Protestant. It need hardly be said that a school of strongly marked denominational character will really only be suitable for those in sympathy with its teaching; and no conscience clause would induce

an English Protestant to think a school, whether Roman Catholic or under some advanced Anglican sisterhood, suitable for his daughters. Again, there may be excellent private schools at high fees; they may be efficient, but their suitability will have to be considered in determining how far a further school supply is needed.

It is a singular mark of the spirit in which this Bill has been drawn that none of the securities of the Education Act or of the Technical Education Act are introduced into these proposals for the organisation and public pecuniary support of secondary schools. And the absence of these securities makes the enactment of section 13 (1) the more dangerous, for by that section a local education authority may be forced to aid any school, however extreme in character, however unsuited to the locality; and under section 2 that school so aided may claim to keep out a more suitable school, even though the community desires it.

It should be remembered that in this Bill for the first time there is a discrimination in public grants avowedly hostile to School Boards. All Voluntary schools are to receive an additional four shillings a head; a very small number of Board schools are to receive a similar aid, and from that is to be deducted the aid they now receive. About 125 School Boards would be eligible to receive the special grant, and it is evident that the total grant intended to be given to School Boards is trifling, since the Voluntary schools would receive about £470,000, and the total new grant is calculated at £500,000. A few considerations will show how unjust and wasteful this new grant is.

First of all, it is supposed to relieve local necessity. The words of the Bill are, "for schools requiring special aid." Yet all Voluntary schools are to receive it, no matter what their circumstances. There are more than a thousand Voluntary schools with no voluntary subscriptions, and yet no obligation of any local effort is imposed before making this new contribution. In School Board districts there is a distinct security. There the new grant can only be paid in one of two cases: (1) where a rate of threepence in the pound yields less than seven shillings and sixpence a head on the average attendance; (2) in small parishes, where a rate of threepence yields less than £20. If it is desirable to help poor districts still further, let the same rule be applied to Voluntary schools—let them be required to show that they have raised seven shillings and sixpence a head by voluntary subscriptions, or that they have raised such a sum by voluntary subscription as a threepenny rate would yield. If this were done it would, at any rate, be shown that the intention of the Bill is to aid local effort. Again, this grant is to be paid to schools levying fees on the scholars. It is clear that the managers are not entitled to get further public aid where they contribute little or nothing, and continue to exact fees from the parents. The way in which difficulties

are thrown in the way of parents desiring free education, both by the Department and by local managers, shows that the Free Education Act has by no means been made as effective as it should be.

The Department reckons accommodation as available in Roman Catholic schools and in schools where buildings, equipment, and teaching are most unsuitable, and unless parents are willing to have their children forced into these schools, and possibly send them some distance from home, it is said that they must continue to pay fees, for they have no right to demand free schooling in the school most convenient to them.

Certainly, if this new special grant is to be used for the benefit of the education, and not for the further relief of managers, several conditions should be imposed: (1) that, as in the analogous cases of Board schools, the voluntary subscriptions amount to seven shillings and sixpence a head; (2) that the school is free; (3) that, at any rate, where the school is the one available school, for instance, where there is no other school in the county within a mile, there shall be some element of public management—say, two representatives of the Parish Council, two nominated by the County Education Committee, and three representing the former managers. Further, real securities should be taken that the money will really be spent in improving the education, and there should be adequate provision for this, which there is not in the Bill. Thus, in every case there should be a fully qualified head teacher competent to superintend pupil teachers.

The staff should be as liberal and well qualified as the average of the Board schools in the county. Probably other further conditions of efficiency will suggest themselves; and there should be power for the Education Department, from time to time, to add conditions—otherwise this grant will be used simply to lighten the burden of subscriptions which, in many cases, are already disappearing. In any case no preference should be given to Voluntary schools as such. At present, in spite of Sir John Gorst's unwarrantable attack on rural School Boards, the salaries paid in them are higher than in the corresponding Church schools; the burden is often heavy, but it has been in many cases borne cheerfully. Those who should have encouraged the people to a higher ideal of education, the clergy, are those who have specially sought to terrify rural parishes from forming School Boards by threats of the expense. But what justice, and what wise policy is there in two neighbouring rural parishes, in one of which there is a Church school, with a shrinking subscription list, and a cost per head of perhaps thirty-five shillings, to say to this one, You shall have four shillings a head additional grant? In the neighbouring parish, where there may be a rate of eightpence, or even of one shilling, and where the cost per head may be £2, the inhabitants are fined, because either

they had more public spirit than their neighbours and voluntarily adopted a Board, or because the Education Department ordered them to form a Board in consequence of the failure of the wealthy part of the parish to provide a Voluntary school. As a rule, in rural parishes there is much less difference in the wealth available per head than in the wealth forthcoming. Absentee owners, both private and corporate, often fail to pay until their property comes under the compulsory operation of a rate. This new proposal will be a premium on the refusal of the wealth of the parish to bear its share of the burden. The transfer of the school to a School Board will involve a loss of national aid to the parish of four shillings a head, or in the usual county parish of from £16 to £20 a year. If it is wished to penalise public management, and to fine the parishioners for managing their own schools, if the desire is to secure by Parliamentary legislation the decaying despotism of the squire and the parson, this proposed legislation is well designed for its purpose; otherwise it violates every principle which has hitherto been laid down in the legislation of this country. It may please the Bishop of London in his later days of reaction. It is contrary to everything he said when his utterances were freer and more determined by educational considerations.

One is tempted to ask, Where is the influence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who assured Lord Salisbury when he led the Church deputation that he was willing to have a certain amount of voluntary contributions made a condition of any public aid, who, in addressing an educational meeting at Dover, protested against the idea that the Church wished to lower education, or to cripple or hamper the School Boards, of whose work he said he was proud?

The Government is now guided by Mr. Athelstan Riley and by Viscount Halifax and the Dean of St. Paul's, and such other extreme men, to whom the idea of Protestantism or anything but the narrowest and most dogmatic teaching is repulsive, and who now are called into the secret councils and dictate the policy of the Established Church.

In order to test the hypocrisy of the professions by which this reactionary Bill is prefaced let us consider its enactments along with Sir John Gorst's attack on rural Boards for their parsimony.

The Bill does not enable the new County Authority to call on rural Boards to do more where their efforts and expenditure are insufficient. Its power is one only for restraint on expenditure, not for compelling further efficiency.

Why should the School Board for London or Leeds or Liverpool be called on to satisfy the Town Council or County Council that the requirements of education require increased expenditure? The School Board is elected by the same persons; but at the election of the School Board the electors had definitely before them the fact that they were choosing those who should manage their schools.

It is extremely probable that in the extreme desire to profess economy which characterises most municipal bodies, and having regard to the prominent place that the rate of expenditure occupies in the discussions at municipal elections, a Town Council will always seek to get forgiveness and oblivion for any sins it may have committed by parading the fact that it has refused permission to the School Board to spend beyond its limit. Suppose it were the other way, and any special expenditure on parks, recreation grounds, public baths, electric lighting, or any of the various forms of expenditure which arise in municipal life were submitted to the School Board for approval! The proposal would be ridiculous, but not more ridiculous than to let these local authorities, engrossed in sewage and paving, judge of the propriety of an expenditure which sets pupil teachers free from teaching during half their time in order that they may have more time for study.

If reason and precedent were to determine political questions, this enslavement of mind to matter would not move our apprehension; but the danger is serious, in the face of the large majority which the country, to save its political unity, gave to Lord Salisbury, and which he and the Duke of Devonshire seem about to use as fraudulent trustees for an alien purpose, in face also of the certain action of the mass of the Irish members, who have already destroyed the Liberal party, who have gone near to destroying the Parliamentary Constitution of our country, and who now, in alliance with clerical Anglicans and all who hate the growth of education, bid fair to destroy the system of public school management which was slowly making its way in the country and was fatal to their exclusive claims. So dangerous a conspiracy against freedom and light may win, but not, it is hoped, till every true Liberal has fought his utmost in opposition, and not without leaving an earnest and intense determination to keep on rousing the nation till they shall realise what it means to leave to private and irresponsible hands the education of their children, which should be their first duty and under their direct control.

There are some other points that need noticing in the Bill, equally bad in principle, equally impractical in application.

As to the rating of schools. Henceforward the rates on all schools are to be paid by the overseers in rural non-School Board districts out of the union rate; in School Board districts from the School Board area. Thus, the inhabitants of a School Board parish will pay the rates for the benefit of the whole union. The non-School Board parishes will have their school directly subsidised from the rates of the union, to which parishes having a Board school will pay in addition to the rate on their own schools. At present, Voluntary schools are generally rated at nominal sums, but they will now get substantial aid from the ratepayers. This will certainly be an additional reason why the ratepayers should be represented on the management.

In London rates will continue to be paid on Board schools and levied over the whole area of London; and similarly the whole area of London will pay the local rates on the Church schools. No precaution is even taken that the schools whose rates are paid are held in trust for public education, or that rent is not received for them. The fraud by which rent is charged for Voluntary schools is well known to the Education Department, but they have never done anything effectual to stop it. In many schools, by means of a charge for rent, not only has the 17s. 6d. limit been evaded, but the Sunday school is maintained at the expense of the day school. In some cases it is believed that money has been applied to entirely independent ecclesiastical objects. Thus, it is common in the West Riding for Roman Catholic schools to be owned by the bishop in trust for Roman Catholic Church purposes. The bishop lets the school to the priest, and in the accounts rent appears on one side, on the other a subscription from the bishop, and by the Bill this kind of school will have its rates paid at the expense of the community.

Section 25 contains a most dangerous power, which would enable a friendly County Council to build denominational schools at the expense of the rates. Thus, under this section a Roman Catholic bishop may make a charitable trust for the advancement of the Roman Catholic faith among the poor. Nothing is said in the section that the charitable trust must be for the purpose of public elementary education. He may then borrow from the County Council the whole of the money that he requires to build the school. This school may be quite unnecessary for the general education of the district, but may be desirable to meet the wishes of the local Roman Catholics. When the school is opened default may be made in paying the interest. The annual grant can not be attached for the purpose of meeting that claim, and even if it could the borrower may close the school. Then even if there be a School Board, the school may be unnecessary from the point of view of the School Board. The closing of the school may make no deficiency, so as to compel the formation of a School Board, or body acting as a School Board. There are no other persons but the Roman Catholics desirous of maintaining a school; the building cannot be sold in the open market. The bishop can therefore buy a building which may have cost £5000 for next to nothing. Even if the building were saleable in the open market, a school is not a building which would fetch any substantial price for any but school purposes. The section provides no collateral security, no margin on the loan, no effective power of recovery. There might just as well be a power to lend money on the security of the borough rate to build churches and chapels, with the obligation that if default is made the building must be sold for use as a church or chapel.

Besides, how is the County Council to compel the purchaser to

continue the building indefinitely as a school? They will have got on the sale what they can, and will have realised a dividend on a bankrupt estate, but the obligation to maintain a school is not a covenant that runs with the land and could be enforced. The whole proposal seems most inconsiderate, and yet is a most audacious invasion of the public credit for sectarian purposes—a means of supplying denominations with Sunday schools at the expense of the community.

There is another equally wild and wasteful proposal in section 26, that guardians may contribute to the expense of providing, enlarging, or maintaining a school if the expense has been incurred wholly or partly on account of children sent from a workhouse or boarded out. If there is need of further school accommodation in a district where the workhouse is situate, whether from the closing of a workhouse-school or from any other cause, a School Board can be, and by law should be, formed, and the workhouse will be rated and the property in the parish will be rated. No doubt it might be well to make the Poor Law Union the area for School Board purposes, in which case the whole area benefiting would contribute.

But this clause would enable guardians in a large town to pay for enlarging or building a school in some parish where they board out children. But a year afterwards the local committee may break up, the boarded-out children may be transferred elsewhere, and yet the guardians may have permanently contributed to the enlargement of this school which they will no longer use. Or Dr. Barnado may swoop down and outbid the guardians and capture all the houses which they used to use; and so, too, they may lose the benefit of the school to which they will have contributed. The further power for guardians to subscribe to the maintenance of such a school is also most objectionable, and raises at once the question of rate-aid for the maintenance of privately managed schools. This clause, like nearly every clause in the Bill, is full of reckless legislation, drawn apparently by those who had one aim, and one only, in view—how to subsidise and prop up private schools, how to stop any further School Boards, and suppress those that exist.

In reference to the audit of Voluntary school accounts, clause 5 provides at last for what has been long required. Security should also be taken, in accordance with the Act of 1870, for full publicity of all school reports and accounts. The recent restriction on publicity introduced by the new Code shows that the Education Department is ready to take away the right of access to these reports which now exists. Moreover, in dealing with Voluntary schools greater care will have to be taken to put down the various forms of fraud now practised, and which, when the Education Department detects, it does not take any adequate steps to punish. Thus, receipts are sometimes given for more salary than has been received; to balance

this a fictitious subscription is entered, and so the school gets credit for a larger subscription and so has defeated the restrictions of the 17s. 6d. limit. One ingenious fraud has been stated by the officials of the National Union of Teachers to have come to their knowledge, that the schoolmaster puts a large sum into the offertory and receives it back as extra salary. An Association of Church Schools for the rural deanery of Huddersfield recommended managers to enter books, &c., at the credit price and to credit the discount as subscriptions from the booksellers. Fictitious rents have been already noticed. When clause 5 is reached it is to be hoped that steps will be taken absolutely to stop the exaction of extraneous duties from teachers. It is intolerable that the salary of an organist should really be paid from funds intended for elementary education. However, nothing but a substantial element of public management in schools receiving Parliamentary aid will effectually stop what now goes on. The Education Department might at least, where it discovers fraud, disqualify the detected manager and publish his name in the yearly Blue Book with those teachers whose certificates are cancelled or suspended.

The new County Authority is to have the power to aid training colleges. Nothing is more deplorable than the way in which the Education Department ever since 1870 has shirked the important duty of seeing that there was provided an adequate supply of properly trained teachers to meet the enormous growth of our elementary schools. But the jealousy of denominational training colleges still stopped the way, and it is only quite recently that some slight addition has been made by means of day colleges associated with local university colleges. We want at least twice as much training college provision as we have now, to get back even to the proportion of trained teachers that existed before 1870. But, in addition to certificated teachers, our schools are flooded with ex-pupil teachers and women over eighteen, of whom a very experienced inspector said that the only educational qualification which they certainly possessed was that of being over eighteen.

What is needed is that the new authorities for higher education should be enabled not only to aid but to establish training colleges. Probably two or three County Authorities should combine for this purpose, as a good college requires a sufficient number of students. It is to be hoped that, when there are more opportunities of training, the course may be lengthened to three years.

Section 19 fixes the maximum national contribution in each school to elementary education in future.

It may be noticed that this is slightly below what a good school should receive now, apart from any grant for specific subjects or for pupil teachers.

Thus, no school started hereafter can get more than 20s. for senior

scholars, and 17s. for infant scholars. At present a good senior department easily gets from 21s. to 22s. or 23s. in the case of a department limited to upper standards, and many girls' schools earn an additional shilling for needlework. No doubt it has been a bad thing to stimulate the teaching of a large number of subjects for the sake of special grants. Yet it is to be feared that this new limitation of the grant, especially coupled with the new limit in school maintenance, will induce many School Boards to set before them a lower type of teacher and of teaching as all that they can afford to secure. Any one who has followed the policy of several, even among the larger Boards (it were invidious to name them in this article) could point to School Boards where this regulation will distinctly lower the teaching. It will—to use the exulting phrase of a leading Roman Catholic—clip the wings and claws of the School Boards: and the Bill is meant to do so.

Section 8 provides that the Government shall pay to each County Authority, if they agree together, a sum either not exceeding the grant paid in the twelve months ending July 31, 1896, or 29s., if the grant, including the fee grant, has not amounted to that.

Thus it is evident that the Local Authority will have nineteen shillings a head on the total attendance, including infants, to distribute. Taking the infants to be one-third of all the scholars, we have a total grant approximating to the maximum of £1 and 17s. for seniors and infants respectively, which individual schools are hereafter to receive. It is obvious that the working of section 3 along with section 19 must tend to put all schools, good or bad alike, on a dead level as far as regards Government grant, with this important reservation, that whereas the Board schools from their superior efficiency have hitherto received more than the Voluntary schools, henceforward the Voluntary schools are to receive four shillings a head more than the Board schools.

The effect of the two clauses together will be that in a town like Birmingham the superior efficiency of the Board schools hitherto will have obtained a credit for the town with the Education Department, whereby, while the grants to the Board schools will be cut down, the grants to the Voluntary schools will be largely augmented.

As to the repeal of the seventeen shillings and sixpence limit, it need only be repeated that if no new obligation to find some definite proportion of the cost from *bona fide* voluntary contributions be introduced, we shall rapidly pass to a state of things where, in many parishes, the community will find all the money, parents of all opinions will be forced to send their children, and the clergy of one denomination will have the whole management.

Section 27. This section introduces a serious innovation. School Boards must make reasonable arrangements for any kind of dogmatic teaching in their schools and so must other managers. The Education

Department is sole judge of what is reasonable. May that Department rule that the appointment of teachers of the religious opinion to be taught and the requiring them to give the instruction is reasonable, or must the teaching necessarily be given by outsiders? If the latter, there might not be much objection to the arrangement if it were part of a scheme that provided universally for schools under public local management, but what is wanted is not to break up the school into a group of conventicles but to secure that the local majority of parents shall obtain teachers and management which have their confidence. There are many rural parishes where the majority of the children attending the Church school are Dissenters, and yet in such a school the clergyman may advertise for and require a strong Churchman, a fasting communicant, one who will attend the daily service.

The advertisements that appear in the Church scholastic newspaper are most exacting in their requirements, and often the reticence of the advertisement is supplemented by searching private inquiries. The Roman Catholic says that in his school he requires the whole atmosphere throughout the school time to be penetrated with Catholicism. Schools for minorities such as the Roman Catholics are nearly always in populous centres and supplement the general schools of the nation. But what should be demanded is that the nation should come first and the sects should take the second place. Let us enfranchise the schoolmaster and the school, by making them the public servants of a wide local community, not the dependents of the clergy of any one denomination, with ecclesiastical duties first in the estimation of their clerical employer, while their public and lay usefulness takes the second place.

Some few words are needed on the proposals for the association or confederation of schools. Probably so long as private schools form an important element in our public supply they may be more efficient if associated than if working in isolation, and there should be no objection to reasonable combinations. But these combinations should be free. There is no distinct statement in the Bill that managers of any one school may at any time withdraw from the association. It is not clear whether indirectly through these associations the special aid grants may not be used as building grants. It should be made perfectly clear that annual grants and the balances carried forward from the income of schools are all necessarily applicable to the maintenance of the schools, and cannot be diverted or hoarded so as to use them for building purposes.

It is possible that in this hasty examination of the Bill some points may have been overlooked and some proposals may have been misunderstood. This article has been written away from England, and away from all books of reference on the subject.

But whatever errors or oversights there may be, the writer is well

assured that never have proposals been made more thoroughly reactionary, more hostile to education and to public self-government, more favourable to private, autocratic, and clerical domination than those which pervade this Bill.

The trifling proposal to raise the age of half-time exemption from eleven to twelve was one which all parties were agreed to last year, and which cannot be taken as a concession to bribe us to agree to the body of the Bill.

As to what concerns secondary education, the proposals are obscure, indefinite, and imperfect. The great question of secondary education should be treated in a separate Act, and not mixed up with the intensely polemical matters which form the bulk of the Bill now under consideration.

If the English working people allow themselves to be robbed of the national system which was slowly establishing itself among them, and was doing so much for their children, they will put back for years the date of their full intellectual and social enfranchisement.

E. LYULPH STANLEY.

Rome, April 13, 1896.

THE POLICY OF THE EDUCATION BILL.

IT is with real diffidence and much reluctance that I respond to the invitation of the Editor to write in the CONTEMPORARY on the Education Bill. There is nothing harder than in a heated controversy to be, or even to seem to be, sweetly reasonable; for where men feel deeply they generate heat in what they read as much as in what they write. And in this question we have both political and religious emotions raised to their whitest heat, and these, when mixed, form an explosive compound which no one can approach or touch with impunity. But where honest men differ neither side can be without its reason; and it is well that those who are for the moment the weaker numerically should state their case as variously and as cogently as they can. Now, to me, the significant thing is not the majority which the Government commanded on the Second Reading of their Education Bill; that majority was, indeed, immense enough to make its opponents feel as if they were attempting to arrest Niagara by force of argument, and it said not a little for their courage that they reasoned so stoutly in the face of a torrent which was too tumultuous to heed the reason or even to feel the necessity of meeting it by adequate counter-reasoning. But the significant thing was, as I have said, not the majority, it was what the majority did, or rather attempted to do—legislate on a question involving issues that statesmen may discuss but can never decide, because they underlie and determine all legislation and go to the very root of the happy and healthy being of the State. The Bill signifies that there has come upon us, in a new form and under altered conditions, the old question as to the function of the State in religion, and as to the modes in which effect is to be given to its will in the schools of the people. This is the real issue that is raised, though the special form it assumes is due

to our being governed by a Parliamentary majority rather than by a single sovereign will.

We must at the outset distinguish the policy of the Bill from its statutory provisions. These latter have a double value. They are agencies intended to fulfil certain functions in our educational system, but also means designed to realise certain ends which are other and more than strictly educational. It is this design of the Bill which we term its policy, and which changes it from an attempt at the statutory organisation of education to an attempt at the statutory maintenance and diffusion of a specific type, or specific types, of religion. That this is the real purpose of the Bill has, on the whole, been frankly recognised by its supporters; but there has not been an equally frank recognition of all that this involves. What has need to be considered is, the relation in which this policy will place the State to the consciences of its citizens, the sort of problems it will compel the State to deal with, the modes it will have to adopt, and the agents it will have to employ to carry out its will. If the policy which this Bill embodies be carried, it means that we are only at the beginning of a period of revolutionary legislation in religion, where the State will have to set its hand to the gravest of all conflicts, the suppression of the most sensitive yet obstinate of all forces, the tender conscience. We can agree to differ on questions of politics, whether national or municipal, patiently settling down to make the best of laws we do not heartily approve; but in the province of religion no defeat can be accepted as decisive and no victory be regarded as final. Hence, we may say, it is not the main provisions of the Bill which are feared so much as the policy which it is believed to embody, and the forces which have shaped the policy and governed the minds which have defined and defended it. The Bill is not one whose working it is easy to forecast, nor can the shape it may assume before it leaves the hands of Parliament be safely predicted. But one thing is certain, that while some of the most damaging criticisms on distinctive clauses and provisions of the Bill have come from those supporters of the Government who were best qualified by knowledge or experience to judge as to their fitness or value—notably Professor Jebb and Mr. Ernest Gray—yet we have heard from that side no criticism of its policy, and we may safely say that no changes which threaten to interfere with that policy will be allowed in either its structure or its provisions. It is, then, from the side of its policy, rather than of its provisions, that we wish to consider the measure, though we hope not entirely to overlook the fitness, or unfitness, of its provisions for their ostensible purpose.

Now, how may this policy be described? Thus: As almost the exact converse of that embodied in the Bill of 1870. Its policy was to establish a system of national education, though its framers recognised and even, by a series of carefully guarded and conditioned

grants in aid, encouraged to exist and work alongside it a multitude of voluntary or denominational schools. But the policy of the new Bill aims rather at substituting a denominational for a national system of education, both elementary and secondary; or, more correctly, at subjecting the national system to such burdens and disabilities as will make the denominational the easier and more welcome alternative. The means by which this end is to be attained are various—the supersession or belittling of School Boards; the hampering or impoverishment of Board schools; the increase of public expenditure in behalf of schools which are under private control, without any security for the continued private support of their friends or public representation on their managing bodies; an increase in the grants of public money to provincial authorities indirectly elected, with a decrease in the guarantees as to its economical and efficient expenditure. It has been frankly admitted and claimed that the Bill is a Bill intended not only to better endow Voluntary schools, *i.e.*, schools that are in the strictest sense as regards management private, but in the strictest sense also, as regards maintenance, public; but to make the working of School Boards, which are public bodies, more difficult, and the work of Board schools, which are schools publicly maintained and managed, more irksome and irritating, which means less efficient. This may seem a rather harsh description, but it can only do so to those who have read the Bill in kindly charity and not through the speeches of its sponsors and supporters.

Now, the really serious question needed to bring out the standpoint from which the measure is here regarded is this: What causes have created this policy? What forces have contributed to make it possible that such a Bill should be proposed 25 years after the attempt at a national system of education had been made? These causes are many, but it may be worth while to make an attempt, though only in an approximate way, at a partial enumeration and analysis of their origin and character.

It is well known that certain officials in the Education Department—and they must always, were it only because of their experience and permanence, be potent advisers of Ministers—have for long wished a change, now in one respect, now in another, now for this reason, now for that. The Senior Inspector of Schools, before the late Royal Commission on Secondary Education, was severe in his condemnation of certain School Boards and of the men elected to them, and he urged that County Councils were bodies better qualified on the whole to be educational authorities because likely to contain a larger number of cultivated persons, *i.e.*, men more interested in education and more competent to deal with it. In the Administrative Department School Boards have often occasioned great trouble and made permanent officials feel not only overburdened with their work, but also oppressed with responsibility for the decision of questions which they believed more

capable of a wise solution on the spot than in their central office. Then Town Councils and School Boards have also developed considerable mutual jealousies, which are more easily explained than justified. The Councils tend to despise the School Board as an anomalous body with an irregular and, as it were, illicit existence, not being in the strict sense representative of the whole community, but returned by the cumulative vote, which allows a fraction of the community to usurp the rights of the whole and encourages the faddist to romp at will through any policy that may be proposed for the common good, thus begetting an eccentricity in public life which drives to the poll the one-idea'd man and drives from it the grave and sober citizen who thinks only of the general weal. The Councils, too, resent being made the financial instruments of the School Board, levying a rate without any power to determine its amount, or to regulate or apportion its expenditure. And there are men who feel as if exclusion from the control of education were a reflection on the competence of the municipal mind to govern the city as a whole. And these causes of jealousy have been accentuated since the municipalities have themselves become in so many instances bodies with a distinctly educational function, administering the local taxation grants, building technical schools that duplicate and compete with the organised science schools of the School Board. Besides these special, more general causes have been at work. The people tend to get wearied with so many elections. Their expense is great, but the irritation they produce is greater. The difficulty of finding competent candidates increases in the very proportion that offices needing them are multiplied, while questions that lift an election up to a platform of principle and raise problems in statesmanship are things not to be picked up in the street. The whole process and spirit of popular election is depraved when any one is voted into any public body on mean issues by insignificant men. Then, too, the existence of rates is always a legitimate grievance, which is certain to be enhanced where there are various spending bodies which need not take the finance of each other into consideration, and so may easily make an expenditure which is economical and necessary in its single parts, yet extravagant as a whole. And as the expenditure on education is comparatively recent, as it has had to be proportioned to the work it had to do, to wit, building and organising schools fit to take their place in a national system, the School Board has seemed to many, even where it has been most efficient, a heavy burden on the patient ratepayer, who feels the immediate loss more keenly than the ultimate profit. Nor must we forget that in the breasts of many potent people disbelief in education amounts almost to a passion. They think it has disqualified the servant for servitude, the labourer for his work and station, the lower orders for the more menial tasks.

Now, these represent a concurrence of causes, perhaps singly insignifi-

cant, but collectively powerful. They are the irritations, the anxieties, the criticisms born of an experience large enough to show defects, but not long and rich enough to afford a vision of final results. We have to remember, which we do with regret but without astonishment, that there is the utmost difference between the attitude to popular education to-day and the attitude of thirty or forty years ago. Then national education was largely an ideal, a thing enthusiasts dreamed of, and hopeful philanthropists pleaded for, and philosophic politicians conceived as the condition of a people's progress, and the surest way to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But to-day men are fretted by the noise of the machinery which their own hands have built, especially as they have done it in the piecemeal and undesigned way of our all too practical intelligence; they are deafened by the voices of its engineers and attendants; they are wearied with the weight of its material; they are sick of the expense connected with its construction and repair. It is not a noble mood; but we would fain believe it to be transient, the mood of those who have attempted something and have found that it has involved more labour and expense than they dreamed of, and who have not yet come to see that they have performed a higher and more excellent thing than they had contemplated. And national education is not a thing that the nation can any more lay down; but must bear, and enlarge, and carry forward if it is to live. Ships are useless without men; an army is made by its soldiers even more than by its officers; and so the first and last line of national defence is represented by national education; for the strongest navy that was ever created, and the most efficient army that was ever disciplined, will not, under modern conditions, keep alive an insufficiently educated people. The real straggle for existence has passed from the high seas and the battlefields to the marts of the world. It is industrial competition which holds in its hand the issues of the future; and in this competition victory will go to the qualities which the school alone may not produce, but which cannot be produced without the school—skill and character. The pitiable fear of education in the farmer, or in the mistress who dislikes a too well-read servant, is in its essence the cowardice that would sacrifice the well-being of the State to the convenience of the individual; and as this is impossible to us, England must be prepared to spend whatever millions may be necessary on the education of her sons.

But all the causes we have enumerated would have done nothing by themselves to effect any radical change in our educational policy. They would instead have supplied the wholesome discontent and pungent, because interested, criticism needed for the perfecting and better working of our educational and administrative machinery. We improve and prosper all the more that we grumble so much. We have a sneaking kindness for the ills of which we most audibly complain, and things get mended by being roundly abused. And so

our people, left to themselves, would have come to believe that our national system of education, because of the greater efficiency it introduced into our industries, and the greater economy it secured in other and less beneficent sections of our public life, deserved more rather than less generous treatment at the hands of the State. But another force emerged, which changed the equilibrium and precipitated the revolution which is now upon us. What this force was no one who looks calmly at the situation can doubt: to put it frankly and bluntly, it was the clergy. There is no more remarkable phenomenon in our day than the birth and growth of the new clerical spirit; and by means of the education question this spirit has definitely and decisively stepped into the arena of civil life. Indeed, the Anglican clergy have undergone what can only be described as a transformation of the most far-reaching and influential character. It would lead us too far afield to inquire into the varied causes which have effected it, but as to its reality there can, we think, be no manner of doubt. The older clergy were more social than professional. They largely came of the gentry, they were in feelings and associations more lay than clerical, they lived the life and reflected the faults as well as the excellences of the society in which they moved, and cultivated more or less leisured and kindly habits. Now they are more professional than social, consciously constituting a distinct order, governed by ideas and ends of its own. "Apostolic succession" has become a faith which has affected practice and created the feeling in the clergy that they, as the basis and constitutive factor of the Church, have functions and rights that only the term priesthood can accurately express. And the modern form of the doctrine has given to the new clergy a sense of their independence of the State which the older men did not know. For Laud's divine right of the bishop was qualified by the higher divine right of the king; while the king was dependent only on God for his authority, the bishop was dependent on the king for his jurisdiction over the province which he ruled, and the right to exercise rule over his province. This he frankly recognised, and it was in harmony with the theory, both of Church and State, which Hooker had formulated, and which the history of their legislative relations only illustrates and confirms. The supremacy of the Crown and the control of the Church by the State is the rather rude and violent form under which the Anglican system affirms the place and power of the laity in the Church—that they constitute it and are the authority through which and for which the clergy are. But the theory of Apostolic succession has assumed a new form, and by its changed meaning is changing the practice of the clergy. It does not now seek its basis in the inter-relations of Church and State, or bishop and king, but rather in a history which makes the ecclesiastical order independent of the civil, tracing its rights to its own supernatural origin, the prior and superior authority of its source. No other conception

would have sufficed to qualify the clergy to do the work which they have essayed to perform. The "Liberalism" which Newman hated was simply the supremacy of a State, which was in the hands of the people, over a Church whose bishops it could make and whose bishoprics it could appropriate. With the foresight of genius, he seized upon the idea of an "Apostolic descent," which was the inalienable prerogative of the clergy in their own right, as the idea by which he could revive the slumbering energies of the Church, create the faith in its own divine order, in the efficacy of its sacraments, in the integrity and the truth of its faith. The inevitable effect of this idea, once it had fairly penetrated the clergy, was to transform them into a sacrosanct priesthood, the pillar and ground of the Church, the army that defined, guarded, and governed the whole domain of religion.

As a direct consequence of the intensity and completeness with which this idea has possessed and penetrated the clerical mind, we have the sudden and extraordinary development of those clerical claims which, though but lately mocked, are now coming to be felt and even feared as aggressive and controlling forces in the State. The claims which Englishmen used to regard as the exclusive and pernicious note of the Roman priesthood have become the familiar commonplaces of the Anglican; and the political action which we were accustomed to conceive as characteristic of the one priesthood is finding a correspondent expression in the political conduct of the other; and the courses and changes of the times have supplied them with the very occasions which were the opportunities needed for the exercise of their new energies and the embodiment of their new ideas. Thus while, on the one hand, their revived zeal breathed an intenser spirit into things ecclesiastical, enforced a more rigorous observance of ceremonies and attached a new value to those sacraments which a priesthood ever stands for; yet, on the other hand, their enlarged sense of their function in religion and its function in the State found an appropriate sphere in the field of education and the civil legislation concerned with it.

I need not say that I have no words to utter in reproof of the activity of the clergy in the work of education proper. I have seen it with admiration and have before now praised the devotion and frequent self-sacrifice with which it has been carried out. They have discerned the significance of the work, the largeness of the opportunity it offered; and they have availed themselves to the utmost of all the possibilities thus thrown in their way. They have perceived, not simply the worth of the school to the Church, but the function of the Church in the school, and they have laboriously built up by their own energies, though mainly at the public expense, what is so incorrectly termed the Voluntary system. I may think that their labours have stood in the way of a better system; I may believe that if they had not stood in the way the legislature would have been forced to create

local authorities on a larger than the parochial scale, which would have done for the rural districts all that the School Boards have done for the larger boroughs. I may believe that if the Anglican clergy had had in 1870 the statesmanship, the good feeling, the belief in the will and competence of their lay countrymen to deal with all the best interests of the schools, the religious included, of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers in 1872, we should have had in England to-day as universal and as generous a national system as they have in Scotland. But my feeling as to what would have been the wiser and more statesmanlike policy does not hinder me from recognising the skill and energy with which the clergy have served their less excellent schema. Yet the hour had come when the nation must be more liberal and accommodating to the Voluntary system, or it would break down through the insufficiency of the resources at its command; for the labours and the difficulties of the denominational schools increased in the very proportion that those of the School Boards became lighter by the Board schools getting better organised and growing more efficient. It therefore became evident that greater support must be obtained from the State. This meant that Parliament must be approached, that it must be persuaded to introduce legislation more friendly to the clerical and less friendly to the public schools; that more aid must be given to the one class and limits placed upon the expenditure and financial resources of the other class; in a word, that these Voluntary schools should have the advantages and privileges of being national while still remaining under private management. In order to meet these ends we had what may be called the forceful entrance of the clergy into the sphere of politics, with results not encouraging to the man who loves these two rare and beautiful, but easily tarnished, things, religion and education; for it means that we are entering upon a time when all our public life will be deteriorated and embittered by conflicts and collisions of clerical and anticlerical action, reaction, and counter-action. Upon the rightness or wrongness of the methods employed I pronounce no opinion; nor do I question the foresight or statesmanship of the policy which has so closely and indissolubly interwoven the interests of the clergy with the fortunes of a great political party. What I desire to direct attention to at this point are the grounds on which the agitation has been conducted to its present issue. These, stated in very bald but substantially accurate terms, were the necessity of control by the clergy to the maintenance of religion in the schools. The Voluntary system is the one that recognises this necessity, that allows scope for the exercise of the clerical functions, and therefore it must be strengthened and maintained. And the question has been argued with the curious illogicality of our race, which loves to disguise for its reason the things which, seen in their nakedness, the reason would disapprove. Thus, the truism, "parents have a right to determine the religious educa-

tion of their children," has been dinned into our ears by men who are straining every nerve to prevent the parents having any voice in the conduct of the school where their children are being educated. But arguments matter little where minds are made up. Acts are better, and it will not be questioned that the Church contributed by no means feebly to the majority of the present Prime Minister. And so we have a phenomenon, more continental than English, a Government in office which is largely clerical, and a Bill which deals with education in a fashion which, so far as it goes, satisfies the claims of the clergy, though it does not by any means go as far as they wish or as they mean yet to go. What we are face to face with is a policy which is to make the clergy the most permanent, the most widely distributed, and the most potent factor in the education of our people.

Now, it is from this point of view that the Education Bill must be judged, and all the more emphatically so since speeches, both in and out of Parliament, have revealed the minds of Ministers and their allies. We may put the matter thus: its provisions have been borrowed from several sources, but its policy has had only one source, the clerical mind, or the clerically-minded. There are provisions which can be traced to the recent Royal Commission on Secondary Education, though they have been conveyed over in a sadly mutilated and ineffective form; provisions that can be traced to the inspiration of the Department, to the interests of the Vice-President of the Council, to the manipulative genius of the Colonial Secretary, and to various similar sources; but they are all unified and organised by an idea which had its birth in the brain of an order rather than the mind of any single man. This idea is seen in the 27th clause, which certainly opens the Board school to the clergy, but by no means as certainly opens the clerical school to the lay or dissenting teacher. It is seen in the limit set to School Board expenditure on its own schools; it is seen in the permission to Voluntary schools to federate for the better appropriation and distribution of public funds; it is seen in the weakening of the central authority, and the extraordinary degree in which, against all the lessons of experience, local authorities are to be entrusted with national funds without any adequate national control. It is seen in the way in which local authorities are turned into local education departments, without the strong hand, the judicial mind, the trained intelligence, and the universal experience which has made the Department so potent in its administration, and placed it so high above the blandishments of local magnates, or the illusions of local interests. We have but to read these provisions in the light of the speeches of the Marquis of Salisbury to his clerical friends, and in their speeches to him, to find the purpose and inspiring spirit of the Bill. If these sources be carefully compared with the proposed legislation, its meaning and function will be apparent enough to all.

There is no point at which the mischievous character of the policy

is more manifest than in the proposed treatment of School Boards. I could have understood a Government which had the courage of its convictions saying, "We think School Boards have done their work; they have built schools and organised an elementary system, which has even, in their hands, developed a new order of secondary schools; but their work may be regarded as so far at an end. The system which they have constructed and started had better now be transferred to the Councils; they can administer it in the boroughs; and as so much technical and secondary education in counties is in the hands of their Councils, we can secure elementary educational authorities everywhere by giving over to them the care of education as a whole." There would have been some statesmanship in this policy, but there is none in the timid, yet vindictive, clause which subordinates, in a form at once so humiliating and paralysing to a public body, the Board to the Council. Election of School Boards by the town council in boroughs, and by select vestries in parishes, was certainly the original policy of the framers of the Bill of 1870; and to this proposal, so far as it concerned boroughs, the old Birmingham League was agreeable, though it argued that in other districts the election should be direct. Mr. Chamberlain has, with just pride, vindicated on the first point his own consistency. But, unhappily, consistency is not constituted by repeating twenty-six years afterwards the proposition we had made twenty-six years before. Times differ, and the same proposal is not, when the times have changed, necessarily the same. When the old League argued that Councils were the proper authorities to undertake the care and control of education, it was with the idea that the secular body would, if not secularise the education, yet keep it free from clerical or sectarian domination. It was to be as little a matter for the Churches as any other province or concern of civil life entrusted to the municipality. It was thought that the Councils would be strong enough to reckon with the denominations, and keep the ecclesiastical differences out of this as out of all the other questions and issues of their civil legislation and administration. The School Boards, on the other hand, were expressly designed to be kindlier to denominational differences; the cumulative vote—and against it the League did most distinctly protest—was introduced for the protection of minorities, *i.e.*, to prevent tender consciences being rudely handled both in schools and by their managers. History has amply showed how well the device has served its end. The line of cleavage which the cumulative vote allowed to be drawn was at first purely ecclesiastical, and, though it was used later to make room for other interests and other differences in the work and administration of the schools, yet, as the last series of triennial elections showed, it is to-day even more intensely ecclesiastical than it was at first. The working, then, of the system has only emphasised the difference between the mind of those who desired to make the municipalities supreme,

and the mind of those who desired through the School Board to secure room for differences and freedom for troubled consciences. Now it is evident that Councils cannot in 1896 be constituted local authorities on the same terms as in 1870, for a whole cycle of change has happened in the interval. The School Board elections have developed questions, formed associations, defined issues which were in 1870 altogether unknown and even undreamed of. Education as a whole, with all its questions, has become, in a degree not then anticipated, surrounded with all manner of religious passions and policies. It is inevitable that the substitution of the new Council for the old School Board does not mean escape from the ecclesiastical turmoil. It means that our civil elections shall become what our School Board elections have been, that in counties as in boroughs the clergy and the ministers of religion will be with all their differences to the front, now as candidates, now as supporters of candidates, now as critics of a policy, now as upholders of a policy assailed.

So long, then, as this question of denominational schools remains, there is no escape from our religious differences being carried over into civil contests, or from our elections becoming occasions for high debate as to the rights of Churches, the claims of the clergy, the use of formularies and the persons that are qualified to teach them. The humiliation of religion and the embitterment of our civil and political life seem to me the things which this Bill is most fitted to create. And all this in order to secure that the living clergyman have a sort of semi-legalised place as the test and standard of orthodoxy. There never was a more fatuous policy or a standard at once so arbitrary and so variable. It exalts the class at the expense of the nation, and means that Anglican priests are better guardians of faith and religion than the English people. And of all forms of personal controversy this, as to the rights and privileges of a special order, is the meanest and most miserable.

And, in these controversies, will not education be sure to suffer? It is a sensitive plant. It must be loved for its own sake in order to be loved and made serviceable to the people. If it ever becomes the battlefield on which sectaries contend for ascendancy, its character will be starved; its real function will be forgotten; its higher qualities and aims will get altogether ignored. The battle for the soul of a child is not good for the child, especially if fought over it and in face of it by those who ought by their own passion to redeem it from death. For my own part, there is nothing I so deplore in this whole controversy as the disaster it threatens to bring upon education and those we wish to educate. To save both ought to be the aim of every wise and Christian man; but neither will be saved if the question as to who is to say what Church shall control the schools, and in the interest of what creed shall they be managed, remains the question which burns in every constituency, and is fanned by all the sects.

For it is necessary frankly to recognise what this new policy really means and involves. "It is better to use plainness of speech, and to trace clearly the path along which we are being led. Parliament is being invited to become the *judex controversiarum*, and to make of the managers of the schools the endows so many subordinate *judices*. This is the real issue, and it is evident that certain Conservative speakers are prepared to accept it. But whither does it lead? The clergy are more and more resolved not to recognise any of the societies of what they term Dissent as in any degree constituting a branch or branches of the Christian Church. And the people termed Dissenters are more and more resolved not to recognise the professional claims, the sacerdotal functions, and the sacramental acts and practices of the clergy as warranted by the Christian Scriptures, or as justified by history. The difference between the two is not a difference which soft speech will modify or eliminate. It is a difference which goes to the root of their lives. It concerns two distinct conceptions of Christianity which have for centuries lived face to face on English soil. It would be hard to say which has been the more potent factor in forming the English character and shaping our English institutions. It is certain that, without elements which it owes to the so-called Dissenting Churches, neither the English colonies, nor the English State, nor the English people as a whole would be what they are to-day. It is certain that these same Churches kept religion alive in England at periods when the other tendency would have allowed it to die, or have actually contributed to its death. It is not possible that Churches with the strong convictions, with the historical antecedents and achievements of these so-called Dissenting Churches will allow themselves to be either extinguished, or unjustly treated, or subjected to new disabilities by legislation effected by any party, though backed by the largest majority ever known in Parliament. Now it is certain that these Churches, taken as a whole, read this Bill as the victory of a party whose beliefs threaten all that they hold as most true and reverend as most holy in the religion of Christ. They regard the priesthood which embodies and proclaims these beliefs as un-English as well as un-Christian, and will contend against them for patriotic as well as religious reasons. They are resolved not to allow here the divorce of the people from religion and their proper function in it, which has become the most conspicuous achievement of the clericalism of the Continent. And they are confident that the deepest convictions and the most characteristic qualities of the English people are on their side. Meanwhile they have been disciplined by centuries of conflict for the battle which they feel called upon to fight, and we may safely prophesy that the body least fit to win in such a battle is a majority in a Parliament freely elected by free men.

These things are not written in any spirit of defiance or militancy, but sadly, by a man who is very weary of the manner and more

violent ecclesiastical controversies. Yet whatever the pain, it is certain that there will be no backwardness in this battle. The policy of the Bill is under guise of local authorities which are no authorities, but only extemporised departments of a provincialised Civil Service, to secure a freer hand for a system which is in its essence a new Act of Uniformity. We all know what the Voluntary system means for the teacher; it means that the acts of worship and the Sacraments of the Church shall be used as tests of fitness for office. We all know how potent these tests are to create hypocrisy, how completely they fail to secure integrity of faith and conduct. And there are those who so revere the articles of religion and the sacred symbols and acts of worship, as to feel their use as terms for the tenure of office as an untold humiliation. But the more the nation comes to respect education the less will it allow its teachers to be treated with the disrespect which belongs to a uniformity so enforced. There is no condition of a good education so necessary as the good teacher; but there is nothing that so works against goodness in the teacher as the degradation of being the hired servant of another profession. When will our English people learn that the most effectual way of making education irreligious is to reduce the schoolmaster to the status of the clergyman's minister, if not menial? They have looked everywhere but in the right direction for the reason why the capable teachers so desert the Voluntary schools. The financial is only a solitary factor in the problem; there is another and no less potent, the irksome and irritating uniformity which their clerical superiors know so well how to enforce.

But there is a point where this Act of Uniformity can be still more rigorously enforced, and with still heavier penalties. It is the point where the sufferers may be the child the school undertakes to cherish and to teach, and the child's parents. This raises a subject about which I have said nothing, viz., the 27th clause, and on which I need not now say much. Mr. Chamberlain has, indeed, said that it was in principle and as a proposal exactly like the method pursued in Birmingham. One would have thought that the two things were throughout exactly the opposite of each other. The Birmingham schools are the property of Birmingham, opened by a public body on the same terms to all; the Voluntary school is a private school, opened on terms which will always be hard to prove, and in the really necessitous cases quite incapable of proof. And the terms were devised more in order to open the Board school to the clergy than in order to open the clerical school to the Dissenter. If this be thought a hard saying, then it ought to be remembered that it was first said, though perhaps in less explicit, but not less emphatic terms, by a highly esteemed clerical authority. But, altogether apart from these things, the 27th clause ought to be at once expunged. The objections to it are a multitude. It opens a door for the entrance of controversy and discussion into the school in the worst possible form. I have already argued that the only effective

way of giving parents control over the religious education of their children is to give them control over the school. Those who know the villages of England and the conditions of our humbler rural life know how cruel the action of this clause would be. On the one side stand all the wealth, and the culture, and the power of the parish; on the other side stands all the poverty and the dependence, often with only the chapel as the means of introducing the nobler feelings and an outlook above the sordid cares of time. The poor man's soul is as precious to the poor man as the soul of the rich man is to him; but to make the question of accepting a creed a question of bread and butter, of being content with the teaching and training of one's own child a question of employment or of want, is to degrade for the man the whole of life, and above all the religion and the Church in whose name it is too often done. It is difficult to speak here with due moderation. Those who have never felt the pain can little sympathise with the misery; but it is a point on which all who love integrity of mind and faith ought to be united. For my own part, I do not feel inclined to stand as petitioner for leave to teach my own religion to my own child at the door of a school which is maintained by rates or taxes levied as much on me as on the man who manages it. I deny the right of the State to compel me to occupy that position. If it forces my child into the school it ought to make sure that nothing in the administration of the school is unjust to my child. And let me add this further: There is nothing that a State can so little afford to be as unjust to the meanest of its citizens, and though it may not with its own hands do the injustice, if it places in any man's hand the power to be unjust it is responsible for the whole measure of his injustice. It seems to me as if the advocates of this clause had forgotten the most rudimentary elements both of civil justice and of religious liberty. To compel parents to ask leave to have their own beliefs taught in their own schools when others, no more citizens than they, have this liberty as if it were a right, is a thing that no plea in the name of religion can ever justify. It rests on an affirmation of privilege that the older and truer Voluntaries would have been the very last to allow, and by suffering in this respect their sons will learn to re-affirm their principles.

My limits have allowed me to touch only the fringe of the subject. I would willingly have been silent—for these controversies are not to my taste—had silence been possible; but one cannot see one's people dragged into so vain and divisive a course without lifting one's voice in protest. Religion and peace, social health and moral amelioration lie not in the way we are being driven; that way leads only through the wilderness of disputation to the sea of death. Would that all the people of God knew that where the Spirit of the Lord is there is Liberty, and where Liberty is there is Truth.

A. M. FAIRBAIN.

REMINISCENCES OF LORD BATH.

IN the premature death of Lord Waterford and Lord Bath, within six months of each other, the House of Lords and the Conservative party have sustained a greater loss than the world in general is aware of. It is true that failing health had for the last few years withdrawn both of them, to some extent, from active participation in public affairs. But they continued to exercise considerable influence in the counsels of the party. Lord Waterford was practically the leader of the Conservative party in Ireland, and his influence was generally exercised in favour of moderation. He was singularly free from personal prejudices and political animosities. Thoroughly honest himself, he was ever ready to give his political opponents credit for honest intentions. To the surprise of not a few of his political friends in Ireland, he entertained Mr. John Morley as an honoured guest at Curraghmore; and, much as he differed from Mr. Gladstone as a politician, he was far too large-minded not to recognise the greatness of the man. Strong Conservative as he was, too, he did not believe that loyalty to his party was inconsistent with taking an independent line when he conscientiously differed from the leaders of his party; and he never hesitated to practise what he believed. These qualities, combined with great abilities, high rank, and fine estate, made Lord Waterford a greater political force than appeared on the surface, even after the accident which disabled him for active political life.

In character and general tone of mind, Lord Bath was a very different man from Lord Waterford. But they had this in common, that neither ever held any position commensurate with his Parliamentary talents and territorial influence. Lord Waterford, I think, never held any office. Lord Bath held one or two subordinate offices early in his political career, and then dropped out of official life.

Probably this was partly due to his independence of character and his impatience of official trammels, but also in some degree, I fancy, to the entire lack of sympathy between himself and Lord Beaconsfield—antipathy would be too strong a word; the feeling on both sides was negative. No two characters could be more unlike. There was nothing in either that attracted the other, and they seemed to keep apart as if by instinct. In 1875 Lord Beaconsfield paid his first and only visit to Longleat, and Lord Bath said afterwards that he was "the dullest guest he ever had in his house; he hardly ever spoke." Undoubtedly Lord Beaconsfield could be most agreeable when in the humour; but he needed apparently the stimulus of congenial companionship, or of some end which was worth the effort. By all accounts, he was given to fits of taciturnity, and although he was known in his youth as a voluble and persistent talker, it was impossible to watch his sphinx-like immobility in the House of Commons, sitting with folded arms and seldom speaking, without feeling that silent meditation was more natural to him than speech and the turmoil of debate. And that seems to have been his own opinion. One of those who heard Lord Bath's remark on the silence of his distinguished guest was Mr. Richard Doyle ("Dickie Doyle"). "I believe," he said, "that talking was always more or less of an effort to Disraeli; and, indeed, he once told me as much. 'Circumstances,' he said, 'have forced me to talk a great deal, but nature intended me to be a silent man.'"

But whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that Lord Bath never filled the place in public life to which his capacity and position entitled him. He had read much, travelled much, observed much, thought much, and had a singularly retentive and accurate memory. I never heard him speak in Parliament, but I believe he spoke well. Lord Waterford told me more than once that he considered Lord Bath one of the best speakers in the House of Lords. He was certainly a good platform speaker; thoughtful, lucid, cogent. A thorough Conservative in politics and a good party man, he nevertheless took his own line even on critical occasions. He joined Lord Salisbury and Lord Carnarvon in disapprobation of Mr. Disraeli's policy on reform in 1867. He followed the same peers in supporting the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869. An Irish landlord himself, he supported Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill in 1881 as a necessary corollary of the Act of 1870. And he supported the Arrears Bill against his leader, and carried the majority of the peers with him. But the question on which he broke away from his party most completely, and almost alone among the peers, was Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy in 1876-1880. He threw himself heart and soul against the whole of that policy, whether in Turkey or in

Afghanistan. Wherever he had any influence he used it cordially against his party in the General Election of 1880.

But although his detestation of Turkish misrule made him earnestly desire the defeat of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, the completeness of the *debacle* alarmed him, and he expressed his fears in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, who replied, with Lord Bath's consent, in a form that might help to reassure the Conservative party—that is in the form of a letter published as an anonymous article in one of the monthly magazines. The nature of Lord Bath's misgivings and the drift of Mr. Gladstone's reply may be gathered from the first two paragraphs of this interesting article, the authorship of which need no longer be a secret :

"You have stated to me with the ability, clearness, and frankness, which all who know you would expect from you, the apprehension infused into your mind by the nature and extent of the present Conservative collapse. You think that, with a Liberal Ministry, a strong Conservative Opposition is necessary in our Parliamentary government. You anticipate changes in the franchise and in the redistribution of seats, such as will even extend that devastation in the party, which has been wrought by the elections just concluded. You think that property may lose its voice in the government of the country, and may be left at the mercy of the multitude; and that taxation may take such a form as to be highly embarrassing to the owners of landed property in particular. Upon the whole, you anticipate that Conservatism may be coming near the day of its annihilation.

"Although you may be termed an Old Conservative, while I am of a school of Liberalism not commonly esteemed to be backward or lethargic, I can at least assure you that you have not altogether mistaken your man in addressing me. If a Liberal deserves his name, it ought to be peculiarly his characteristic to be capable of projecting his care and his sympathies beyond the precincts of the party whose uniform he wears. On wider grounds, it is the characteristic of every sensible man to know that party exists only as an instrument for the benefit of the country, and that he has an interest in the character of his opponents only less vital than in that of his allies. The extinction, or extreme depression, of the Conservative principle and party would tend certainly to disorganise, and probably to demoralise, the Liberal party. Both progressive and stationary, or at the least stable, elements appear to be essential to the health of the body politic; and the two parties may be, not literally but generally, compared to the two oars right and left of a boat, by the intermixture and counteraction of whose forces she is propelled in a straight course. In a general way, then, I accede to your *thesis*, that a strong Conservative Opposition is needed for the well-being of a Liberal Government, and for the due and safe performance of its work."

We shall see presently how the danger to the Conservative party which Lord Bath anticipated from "changes in the franchise and in the redistribution of seats" was avoided; but it may be doubted whether any manipulation of the constituencies would have brought Conservatism "near the day of its annihilation." The Conservative

collapse of 1880 was succeeded by a Liberal collapse in 1886, repeated on a more disastrous scale in 1895. What the Parliamentary history of Great Britain seems to show, since the grant of household suffrage, is that the forces of Conservatism and Liberalism throughout the country are pretty evenly balanced, the pendulum swinging to one side or the other under the influence of some burning question or some menaced interest, or under the magnetic spell of a great leader.

This goes to show that there is for the present no prospect of creating either a Liberal or Conservative majority that can be relied upon beyond the existing Parliament. Gratitude does not count. Lord Beaconsfield imagined that the first household electorate would gratefully send him back to power with a majority of seventy, instead of which they gave his rival a majority of more than one hundred. Mr. Gladstone's offer to abolish the income-tax and reconstruct local government did not avail him at the polls in 1874; and it is probable that Sir W. Harcourt's budget did not gain a single seat for his party last year.

What, however, particularly struck both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Bath in 1880 was the fact that "the elections had been carried by the lower classes against the upper and middle classes in the towns, and in the teeth of the landlords in the counties. . . . Never, perhaps, did the peerage, never certainly did the landed gentry and the wealthy class at large, rally round Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington with as near an approach to unanimity as they have now rallied round Lord Beaconsfield. This phenomenon, one of the most curious of the day, waits historical explanation," which Mr. Gladstone proceeds in part to supply. He believed that the neo-Toryism invented by Mr. Disraeli—especially in the sphere of foreign politics—was largely responsible for the disaster of 1880. But "there is this consolation," he says, "for those now undermost in the great *palastra* of the day, that something in the nature of Toryism or Conservatism is not only an essential condition, but is also a large substantive constituent factor of our national life." "A monarchy as such is Conservative," and the popularity of the British monarchy increases its Conservative influence. The Established Church is naturally Conservative, and so are the military, naval, and legal professions, and the bulk of the Civil Service. So that the wonder is that "the daring host of the Liberals should ever have succeeded in storming" so strong a position. The Conservative party, therefore, has nothing to fear if only it revert to its better traditions and policy. It was the Conservative party of 1844 that Lord Beaconsfield denounced as "an organised hypocrisy;" "an epoch when it may be safely asserted that the Conservative party was at the zenith, perhaps, of its character; certainly of its prosperity." "It is in a return to that policy, Conservative yet Liberal, that Mr. Gladstone sees the safety of the

Conservative party. The following quotation from the article is interesting :

"This extraordinary victory has been won by the nation against an extraordinary man. The time probably has not arrived, and certainly my ambition is not bold enough to attempt a full or exact portraiture of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. He is too big for a little critic. He is passing, as others have passed, before the tribunal of history. He is not a man of mere talent, but of genius. The moment of his great downfall is not the moment for dwelling on the matters, grave as they may be, which will be put down on the wrong side of his account. This much is certain, that in some of his powers he has never been surpassed; and his career, as a whole, is probably the most astonishing of all that are recorded in the annals of Parliament."

Certainly the force of genius and indomitable perseverance were never more signally displayed than in Lord Beaconsfield's triumph over the apparently insuperable obstacles that barred his path to the goal of his ambition. The following authentic anecdote shows his own appreciation of the task that lay before him, and the method of procedure which occurred to him as the most likely to succeed. It shows also that his brilliant and sustained invective against Sir Robert Peel was not inspired by political animosity, or personal resentment, or affection for Protection, but was a skilfully arranged episode in the programme which this daring aspirant to the premiership of the British Empire, as the elect of the aristocracy of England, had sketched out for himself. Well did he earn the right to place under his gartered Earl's coronet the proud motto: *Forti difficile nihil*. Here is the anecdote:

When at the summit of his fame and power, he chanced to dine at a house where it fell to the lot of a daughter of the first Sir Robert Peel to arrange the table. She arranged that Lord Beaconsfield should sit at such a distance from herself as would make any conversation between them impossible. He preceded her into the dining-room, and when she reached her chair she found to her surprise and annoyance that he was seated by her side. He soon essayed conversation with her, and she answered as curtly and frigidly as courtesy would permit. At last he said: "Do you know that of all the public men of my time your father was the man I admired most?" "You took an uncommonly odd way of showing your admiration," she replied. "A very natural observation for his daughter to make," said Sir Robert Peel's assailant. "But consider my position. I was ambitious; but I was poor and friendless, and I belonged to a despised race. On reflection, I came to the conclusion that my best chance was to attach myself to the foremost man of the time. He was your father. I did my best to attach myself to him as a friend, and he spurned me. I was therefore obliged to attach myself to him as an adversary." There was not a tinge of cynicism in the explanation. It was evidently a simple statement of facts, with as little of

anything like personal feeling in it as there would have been in the description of a skilful move in chess.

One of the dangers which Lord Bath feared from the Conservative overthrow in 1880 was, as we have seen, "changes in the franchise and in the redistribution of seats." That danger he had himself no small share in averting.

In the summer of 1884 the House of Lords, on the advice of Lord Salisbury, threw out the County Franchise Bill. This led to an agitation in the country which was gradually taking the form of an attack on the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone's Government announced that the County Franchise Bill would be again sent up to the Lords in an autumn session; and a crisis seemed imminent, for even so moderate a statesman as Lord Hartington hinted, in a public speech, at the creation of Liberal peers to overcome the Tory majority in the event of the rejection of the County Franchise Bill a second time. The controversy went on with increasing heat and acrimony, and the autumn session opened in the beginning of November with all the omens of a stormy struggle. The controversy, in so far as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone were concerned, may be summed up in a few words. It was not to the County Franchise Bill itself that Lord Salisbury objected, but to the possible mischief contained in the Redistribution Bill which was to follow, and which, skilfully manipulated, might, in his opinion, "efface the Conservative party for thirty years." He insisted therefore on knowing the character of the Redistribution Bill before he suffered the Franchise Bill to pass. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, had no intention to deal unfairly with the Conservative party in the Redistribution Bill; but he believed that there was no chance of passing the Franchise Bill through the Commons in the face of organised obstruction—that was before the days of closure—unless the Opposition had such a strong motive for self-restraint as a Redistribution Bill *in petto* would supply.

The opposing hosts were thus facing each other when Mr. Gladstone announced in the House of Commons that he was willing to show his hand privately to Lord Salisbury. The two leaders had an interview that evening, with the result that a small committee of Liberals and Conservatives, under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury respectively, was formed to draw up a scheme of redistribution. The Franchise Bill encountered no further serious opposition, and it was followed by a Redistribution Bill which aimed at dealing fairly by all parties.

What caused this sudden transformation scene? The gossips said that it was due to the intervention of the Queen, who got the Duke of Richmond to arrange the interview between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone. But the gossips were, as usual, wrong. There was no intervention either of the Queen or the Duke of Richmond. A

gentleman unconnected with politics, whom I shall call Outis, took the liberty of writing on the subject to Lord Salisbury, with whom he had some acquaintance. He urged the danger of a conflict on such a subject between the Lords and the Commons, and made use of arguments which a less amiable man than Lord Salisbury might well have resented. Lord Salisbury, on the contrary, replied in a letter which explained his own position with admirable force and clearness, and which at the same time exhibited his character in so attractive a light that Outis felt a strong desire to bring himself and Mr. Gladstone together, believing that an exchange of views between them in private would speedily settle the difficulty. Failing this, he was anxious that the two leaders should at least understand one another, and should appreciate each other's motives. Lord Salisbury's letter was one which could not fail to strike a sympathetic chord in Mr. Gladstone's nature, and just because it was marked "confidential," and therefore obviously not meant for the eyes of a third party, Outis sent it for Mr. Gladstone's private perusal, with an intimation that he would tell Lord Salisbury what he had done, which he did forthwith. Mr. Gladstone's reply showed that Outis had not miscalculated the effect of Lord Salisbury's letter. The controversy has become ancient history; and, as there is nothing in Mr. Gladstone's letter which need not now see the light, I subjoin a copy of it in illustration of the spirit in which the two men meant to fight, if fight they must:

"I have read Lord Salisbury's letter with a great deal of interest and with considerable sympathy on important points. I have always believed, and expressed the belief, that he is not governed by personal ambition; and I agree strongly with him as to the unsatisfactory character of political life. There is something to which every heart must answer sympathetically in his remarks on his own qualities.

"It has repeatedly occurred to my mind of late that his judgment on a Redistribution Bill may be (in my view) warped from his using the lights of his personal experience in the House of Commons, with the very natural assumption that they are a safe guide to the present situation. But the fact is, that since he carried his very brilliant gifts to the House of Peers, a change which may be called fundamental has come in among us through the growth of business, in a measure, but mainly through the arts of obstruction. These arts it is not necessary for the leaders to practise. The vain, or obstreperous, or ambitious men, under a silent permission, do it all for them. The consequence of that state of things is that no very wide and complex Bill can now be passed in defiance of the Opposition. Hence flows my doctrine that we have not a chance for a Redistribution Bill unless the Opposition has some motive for treating us with mercy."

Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, while not suspecting Mr. Gladstone himself of any design to deal unfairly with his political opponents in his Redistribution scheme, felt that he was not entirely his own master, since even the strongest men in politics sometimes "have to carry out ideas that are not their own." It would not be

safe, therefore, in his view, to let the Franchise Bill pass till he got security for a fair Redistribution Bill.

All this made Outis still more anxious to bring Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone quietly together on this question, and he suggested to a Conservative peer of historic name to invite Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone to meet at his house in the country. Mr. Gladstone accepted the invitation and went; but Lord Salisbury was unable to do so. So that opportunity of settling the question without conflict failed. Outis, however, was still in occasional correspondence with Lord Salisbury on the subject, but without Mr. Gladstone's knowledge. For Lord Salisbury believed that any interchange of views between himself and Mr. Gladstone, however indirect, would be sure to leak out, breeding suspicions and resentments on both sides, and, therefore, likely to do more harm than good. Outis, however, was permitted to assure Mr. Gladstone that he had information which made it certain that Lord Salisbury would not allow the Franchise Bill to pass until he had indubitable evidence that the Redistribution Bill would deal fairly with his party. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, was most anxious to avert a second rejection of the Franchise Bill, as that would necessitate a dissolution, in which the question of the House of Lords would, in his opinion, take precedence of all others. In this crisis the writer of this article received a most able letter from Lord Bath, reviewing the whole situation. According to his information, the Conservative party was, in the mass, quite as anxious as Mr. Gladstone to avoid a dissolution, and Mr. Gladstone, he thought, was making a mistake in dealing with its leaders, who would probably be glad if "he played over their heads with the main body." After giving at some length his reasons for this advice, he added, with his usual modesty: "Please only communicate this in one quarter, and there only if you think it can be of use. I can do little good, and do not want to be thought to be trying to mix myself up in these affairs." I sent the letter at once to Mr. Gladstone, who acted on Lord Bath's advice that evening in the House of Commons. Within two hours of his short speech he had an interview with Lord Salisbury and offered terms, which the latter was able to accept. The closing of this dangerous controversy was thus mainly due to the wise intervention at a critical moment of the Marquis of Bath. Why should it be impossible to settle other controversies after the same fashion? If Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone could draw up between them in a private room a scheme of Redistribution which their respective parties deemed equitable, why could they not have dealt similarly with the Irish and other questions? The gain from such an arrangement would be immense all round, and the difficulty, I am persuaded, is not with the leaders on either side, but with the free-lances, camp-followers, and place-hunters.

I have instanced Lord Bath's action in the controversy on the Eastern Question in 1876-1880 as a proof of his honesty and political independence, and, I may add, of his generosity; for I believe that his contributions to the cause of the suffering Christians amounted to thousands of pounds. His conduct was the result of deep conviction, based on wide reading and personal observation. He had been travelling in different parts of the Turkish Empire just before the Crimean War, and had noted the devastation, iniquity, and cruelty which are invariable products of Ottoman rule. He arrived at the Dardanelles while the combined fleets of France and England, under command of Admiral Dundas, were anchored there, waiting for a favourable wind to take them to Constantinople. The Admiral begged Lord Bath to call on the British Ambassador as soon as he reached Constantinople, and tell him that the Anglo-French fleet was at the Dardanelles, and would proceed to Constantinople as soon as the wind permitted. On receiving the message, the Ambassador jumped off his chair and—apparently forgetting the presence of his visitor—walked up and down the room muttering to himself, "Ah! the fleet will soon be here. Once it's here there must be war. It can't be avoided. I shall take care that it is not avoided. I vowed to have my revenge upon that man, and now, by God, I've got it." This story I received from Lord Bath's own lips, with permission to publish it. Coming on the top of his own experience in Turkey, it confirmed his conviction of the impolicy and injustice of the Crimean War. Our policy with regard to Turkey since then was abhorrent to him. He believed it to be as foolish politically as it was morally indefensible. With such convictions it was inevitable that, casting party ties aside, he should strenuously oppose any Government which upheld Turkish rule wherever there was a chance of ending it. He travelled after the Russo-Turkish war through the emancipated provinces, and embodied his experiences in a little volume full of information and acute observation. The book is interesting and, but for its author's natural reserve and fastidious taste, would have been more so. He was an excellent *raconteur* and had a capacious memory, exceedingly well stored with anecdotes and miscellaneous information. He might have made a very amusing book out of his experiences in Turkey if his modesty had allowed him to put his conversations into literary form. *Inter alia* he had a number of good stories told him by the editor of an Arab paper published at Constantinople, and circulating widely through the Musulman world. The editor's principal difficulty was caused by the main source of his profits—his advertisements, which he could not get the bulk of his readers to understand. Some of his subscribers in the interior of Arabia wrote: "We don't care for the lists of things which you put in your paper. If you cannot fill it with news, then print poetry; but not a lot of things which don't

interest us." Others held him responsible for the quality of the goods advertised. A mollah wrote from the interior of India to complain that, on his recommendation, he had bought a box of Holloway's pills for one of his wives, and she had not been well since. For this he held the editor responsible.

Lord Bath was a man of wide and various reading. There are three libraries at Longleat—a valuable library which he inherited, and which contains some rare editions; the library belonging to the saintly Bishop Ken,* and a fine library of which Lord Bath was proud, not only because it was all collected by himself, but chiefly because he had read most of its contents. It is particularly rich in works bearing on the Musliman system in general and the Ottoman Empire in particular, and is probably unique in the fulness of its literature on the Eastern Question from the period of the Crimean War. Lord Bath, however, was not a man who kept his goods in his window. You had to know him pretty well before you discovered how able he was, or how well-informed. A keen politician, he was thoroughly conversant with the history of his own country. Though an absentee, he was an excellent Irish landlord,† and took care to have good agents to manage his Irish property. He dismissed a well-known agent because he could not imbue him with his own equitable and kindly feelings towards the tenantry. He was fond of metaphysical studies and theology, and was well able to hold his own in discussions of that sort. I remember a beautiful night in June, when he formed one of a party which included two distinguished men of letters, two distinguished painters, a witty and literary diplomatist, and Browning the poet. Before I had the privilege of knowing Browning personally I was warned against making his acquaintance. "He will disappoint you," I was told. "You will find him just an ordinary society man." Certainly Browning did not pose as a poet, or as anything in particular. He was well-washed, well-dressed, well-brushed, and talked well, and sometimes amusingly. This particular night he was singularly brilliant. He discussed poetry, ancient and modern, British and foreign; and I remember that he expressed a poor opinion of John Bright's critical judgments on poetry. From poetry

* "His charities to the unhappy of all persuasions," says Macaulay, "had been so large that his whole private fortune consisted of seven hundred pounds, and of a library which he had not been able to sell. But Thomas Thynne, Viscount Weymouth, though not a Nonjuror, did himself honour by offering to the most virtuous of the Nonjurors a tranquil and dignified asylum in the princely mansion of Longleat."—*Hist. iv.* p. 40.

Ken acknowledged this kindness more than once. In the dedication of his poems to Lord Weymouth he says:

"When I, my Lord, crushed by prevailing might,
No cottage had where to direct my flight,
Kind heaven me with a friend illustrious blest,
Who gave me shelter, affluence, and rest."

In the splendid park of Longleat there is a spot called "Heaven's Gate," which commands a wide and beautiful view. Tradition says that it was a favourite haunt of Ken, and that he composed his Evening Hymn there.

† Ken sold his Irish property after the Land League troubles.

he passed on to painting, then to the doctrine of evolution, and then to Plato's "Phædo" as an argument for immortality; to his "Républic" as a study in politics; and to his Dialogues in general as superb exhibitions of literary style. Browning's enthusiasm seemed to inspire Lord Bath, and I think he was allowed to be the best talker of the evening next to Browning. One of the guests having made a move towards the door, Browning looked at his watch, and finding that it was past two o'clock in the morning, he proposed that we should make a real Greek symposium of it, and continue the dialogue till breakfast.

Lord Bath was sometimes thought cold and haughty by those who knew only the outside of him. In reality he was one of the most simple and unaffected of men; but he was constitutionally reserved and shy with strangers. By no means insensible to the claims of birth and rank, few men valued less than he did the exterior trappings of a man when weighed in the balance against intrinsic merits. He was a charming host, and at his beautiful home in Wiltshire his guests, no matter what their differences might be in rank or political opinions, met on a footing of equality, and felt at home. The shyness, which sometimes was mistaken for hauteur, vanished amidst the genial surroundings of his family, and in the society of his friends. Yet I remember an amusing instance of it at Longleat. Soon after the marriage of the Duchess of Albany, she chanced to be spending a few days quietly at a house some miles distant from Longleat. Her hostess drove her over unexpectedly one afternoon in August to see the place. There happened to be no one at home except Lord Bath, his second daughter (then a young school-girl), and a visitor. Lord Bath, I believe, had never met the Duchess before, and after the first formal greeting and an expression of regret for the absence of Lady Bath, there was an awkward pause. At that moment a loaded hay-cart passed, some way off, opposite the room, and the silence was broken by the Duchess gleefully asking Lady Catherine Thynne, "Did you ever jump on a hay-cart? I used to be so fond of jumping on a hay-cart when I was your age." The spell was broken, there was a laugh, and conversation went on without any more shyness.

Describing the Duke of Monmouth's progress through Somersetshire and Devonshire in 1680, Macaulay says that he "was sumptuously entertained at Longleat Hall, then, and perhaps still, the most magnificent country-house in England." Yes, "still;" and perhaps more indisputably than in 1680. The late Marquis, a man of exquisite taste, devoted some years to the interior decoration of the house, under his own careful supervision; and the grace and dignity of its architecture, the design, it is said, of John of Salisbury, are now matched by the beauty of its interior as well as by the varied attractions and princely dimensions of the park in which it stands: fields and grassy knolls, gentle hills and woodland slopes, ponds, and lake, and river, stocked with fish, and

the splendid mansion standing well out in its glorious setting, combine to retain for Longleat still the primacy among English country-houses which Lord Macaulay assigned to it. And perhaps it may be added, without intruding on the sanctities of private life—by one who writes this without their knowledge—that it would be hard indeed to place in the midst of such surroundings a family more worthy of the scene in personal attraction and charm of character than the happy family which has now lost its head. One of them, the second son, pre-deceased his father by several years by a violent fall from his horse, which slipped on a tram-rail in York, where he was stationed with his regiment. In beauty of person and loveliness of character he was the most attractive youth whom I have ever known. Two traits of his character may now be related which his own sensitive purity would have concealed. While he was preparing for the army, after leaving Eton, he came one day from the country to consult me on a matter on which he felt very strongly. His experience at Eton, he said, impressed him with the sore need of creating a public opinion among schoolboys in favour of purity. A boy was disgraced who was known to have told a lie. Was it not possible to make schoolboys feel that any violation of moral purity was also disgraceful? And could I get some influential friends to join me in starting guilds of purity in our public schools? His beautiful face was aglow with enthusiasm as he spoke. Some people, who know little of the noble side of human nature, are apt to associate moral purity in men with constitutional defect or with unmanliness. Lord John Thynne was as brave and manly as he was pure in heart and affectionate in disposition; a good rider, and devoted to athletic sports and outdoor exercise. Tennyson understood the invigorating influence of purity on the whole man when he wrote of his hero, "His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure." Not less characteristic of Lord John Thynne was the other trait to which I have referred. While on a visit to me a short time before his tragic death he asked me, with the engaging diffidence of one who was afraid of being thought better than he was, whether I could do him a great favour. Since his father had made a regular allowance to him, he confided to me, he had put aside the tenth part of it as belonging to God, and took out of what remained whatever he was able to give away in charity. Would I take charge of his tithe and dispense it as I pleased? "Perhaps it might help some poor fellow through the University, or be useful in some other way." "When I come of age," he added, "the tithe of my income will then be really worth something." Had he lived a few months longer he would have become the possessor of a fine estate. But it was not to be. The stumble of a galloping horse put a sudden end to a life exceedingly beautiful during its brief span on earth, and very full of promise. He made me promise to keep these indications of a rare character secret even from his dearest

relations; but I think I do not violate the spirit of my promise by revealing them now.

The day before his accident he spent an hour in hospital, reading to and comforting in other ways a soldier of his troop who was seriously ill. The soldier survived him but a few hours, his death hastened if not caused by the shock of the fatal accident. I do not think that Lord Bath was ever quite the same again. Never of a robust constitution, he seemed to age prematurely. He was an admirable man of business, and discharged sedulously his duties as Lord-Lieutenant of his county and Chairman of the County Council; but during the last few years he was obliged to winter abroad, sometimes on the Nile and sometimes in Algeria.

This brief and crude sketch of a man, whose real self was little known beyond the circle of his private friends, would be even more incomplete if no mention were made of his keen sense of humour and playfulness of temper. Haughty and cold as he sometimes seemed to strangers, no one could unbend more readily among friends or in congenial society. He enjoyed with genuine zest the fun and merriment of the young, and dearly loved a good joke. Perhaps I may give an example. On November 9, 1878, I chanced to breakfast alone with a Liberal peer, now a Liberal Unionist. That evening Lord Beaconsfield was to dine at the Guildhall, and we wondered what he would say, for it was the year of the Berlin Treaty and the Cyprus Convention. "Would it not be fun," said my host, "if some one were to write out Lord Beaconsfield's speech beforehand and send it to an evening paper?" I thought it would, and suggested that my host should do it. He declined, and advised me to try my hand at it. In the course of the morning accordingly I wrote the speech, interlarding it liberally with "cheers" and "laughter," and dropt it into a letter-box for one of the evening papers. It was headed "Lord Beaconsfield's Speech," and there was a footnote explaining that it was "from a clairvoyant correspondent." About 8.30 in the evening I heard the newsboys crying, "Lord Beaconsfield's Speech," and on sending for the paper found a report of my own speech in full. I sent a copy to Lord Bath, who was entertaining a party at Longleat. He read it out to his guests at breakfast as the genuine speech, and most of them, he wrote to me, applauded it as "able and statesmanlike." To show how people's prejudices are apt to govern their judgment, I subjoin an extract from this fictitious speech.* Had it not been fathered on Lord Beaconsfield everybody would have seen the absurdity of it. It was long before Lord Bath

* "Let us, therefore, prove ourselves worthy of our ancestors. (Loud cheers.) Let us not be weary of well-doing. We have inherited a great and glorious empire. (Loud cheers.) Let us guard our heritage. (Cheers.) and let us bequeath it to our children, not merely unbridged, but widened. (Cheers.) In Southern Africa a territory larger than France has lately come under the beneficent sway of the Imperial Crown of England. (Cheers.) Later still we have taken upon ourselves to defend the frontiers and develop the resources of a region as large as France and Germany put together. It

let them hear the end of what they considered "able and statesman-like," for the speech was really a transparent burlesque. But that speech nearly got a friend of mine, a member of the diplomatic corps, into serious trouble. I sent him a copy, and received a note in reply thanking me and saying that he had telegraphed a summary of the speech to his Government. Luckily, I had hit off some of the leading points in the real speech, and these, without the burlesque setting, were not too wildly discrepant to betray the hoax.

is a region full of historic memories, the home of extinct civilisations. But it is more than that. It abounds in mineral and agricultural wealth—buried, indeed, and fallow, but still there. (Cheers.) We read in sacred story of a land 'flowing with milk and honey.' Asia Minor not only flows with milk and honey; such is the exuberance of its soil that its herbage may almost be said to exude fat. Since her Majesty's Government have undertaken the protectorate of that country, I have naturally turned my mind to the history of its natural resources, and I find that they are as varied as they are abundant and remunerative. The farmers of Scotland, for example, will see what a fine field there is for their capital and energy, when I assure them that the sheep of Asia Minor grow so fat upon their mountain pastures that they are obliged to carry their enormous tails in a go-cart. (Loud laughter.) My Lord, I am not in the least surprised at that outburst of merriment. Our own Bacon has told us that wonder is at once the child of ignorance and the precursor of knowledge. The gentlemen who are accustomed to aid me in my researches have positively assured me that the fact which has caused the mirth of this illustrious assembly may be found related in a work on Asia Minor, by a learned American missionary of the name of Lennap. Indeed, I am told that the book has a picture of the animal, with its tail and go-cart. But, my Lord, for the development of all this wealth capital is necessary, and the enterprise and governing qualities of an Imperial race. Her Majesty's Government will not shrink from doing their part in this great and imperative work—for imperative it is. India is the brightest jewel in our gracious Sovereign's Imperial crown. (Loud cheers.) Do you wish to place that jewel beyond the reach—I will not stoop to say of capture—but even of perilous cupidity? (Prolonged cheering.) Then see that your route to India is so visibly secure that nobody shall be tempted to encroach on your just rights. (Cheers.) That is the policy of her Majesty's Government; and hence the acquisition of Cyprus and the Protectorate of Asia Minor. I am told that Cyprus is useless for strategical purposes. But what are strategical purposes? Strategy is the art by which you baffle an opponent; but you may do that by other means than military roads. You do it often more effectually, and certainly less expensively, by showing him in an unmistakable manner that you mean to fight. (Loud cheers.) There you have the value of Cyprus. (Cheers.) What matters it, therefore, that the isle of Aphrodite has no harbour, and that it is useless as a military depot? We knew all that as well as our critics. A thing is good or bad according as it answers or not the purpose for which you intended it. We mean Cyprus to be a perpetual *Nemo me impune lacessit*—a material guarantee for the due execution of the Imperial mandate proclaimed by me some months ago from the coign of vantage of this ancient city:—"Thus far, and no farther." How captious, then, is the objection that Cyprus is worthless because it has no harbour! (Cheers.) The flag of England waves on that classic strand, and that flag is the victorious symbol of an Empire which stretches its sceptre over four continents—or rather over five, for what is Australia, with its island satellites, but a continent in itself? (Great cheering, with waving of hands.) Such is the world-embracing Empire over which our Empress-Queen wields an undisputed sway. (Enthusiastic cheers.) But, remember, the key of that Empire is Asia Minor. Egypt is out of the question, for France, as you have doubtless learnt from the correspondence published the other day, has put her veto on an English protectorate there. The only alternative, therefore, is Cyprus and Asia Minor. There lies our mission, and we have the goodwill of Europe in the arduous task of fulfilling it. One thing only is needed to bring our venture to a successful issue. We enjoy the favour of our Empress-Queen; we have the confidence of a great and understanding people. But the first momentum for the reformation of Asia Minor must come from the British capitalists. Nothing can be more admirable than the intentions of that enlightened but unfortunate Prince whose empire was so skilfully concentrated by the Congress of Berlin. But intentions are unavailing in the absence of means to give them effect. The occasion is urgent, and her Majesty's Government feel that they may confidently rely on the wisdom and patriotism of a united people. (Prolonged cheering.)

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

MR. HOBSON ON POVERTY.

MR. HOBSON'S recent article in this REVIEW, in which he discusses the alleged diminution of poverty, is noticeable for many reasons, certain of them being personal to himself. Whether Mr. Hobson is to be described as a Socialist or no can hardly be decided from his writings. He is, indeed, so cautious a thinker that he is not, perhaps, yet prepared to identify himself with any definite party. But though he abstains from urging any attack on existing society, or even suggesting any system that could at present take its place, he is obviously animated by a deep though restrained hatred of it, of which the most sinister revolutionary might be proud. Such being the case, he has certain characteristics as a writer which render him exceptionally interesting. It is impossible to imagine a man more scrupulously conscientious than he, in the spirit in which he deals with facts; and not only is he exceptionally conscientious, but, within limits, exceptionally acute. His elaborate work on "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism" is, with the exception of the concluding chapter, a model of the way in which such a history should be written; and so impartial is his method that his readers, until they read his concluding chapter, may well be in doubt as to the bent of his hopes and sympathies. That chapter, however, leaves us no longer doubtful. He there quits facts for what he conceives to be general principles—principles in the light of which he desires facts to be viewed; and there we see that the feeling by which he is dominated is the same as that which dominates the enthusiasts of Socialism—a hatred of the richer classes, of competition, of capitalism and capitalists; and a conviction—or rather, an instinctive and underlying assumption—that the distresses of everybody who suffers under the

existing social system are due to the well-being of those who most obviously profit by it.

But clearly as he shows this in the pages just alluded to, he shows it more clearly still in the article I propose to examine. The statisticians of to-day, alike in Europe and America, and in this country especially, have been offering the world an increasing volume of evidence to the effect that the great masses of the people, under the conditions of modern civilisation, have not only not been excluded from a share in that growing wealth which shows itself most conspicuously in the remarkable fortunes of the few, but have as a body absorbed the larger part of it; or, in other words, that if we look back to the times when the modern capitalistic system first began to develop itself, the incomes of the poor generally show since then a percentage of increase larger than do the incomes of the wealthy, and that the diminution of individual poverty has been greater than the growth of individual riches. It is in the spirit in which he meets these assurances that Mr. Hobson's real prepossessions most clearly show themselves. Writing as he does—and no doubt with perfect sincerity—as a man full of anxiety for the diminution of poverty and distress, nothing appears to rouse so strong a distaste and antagonism in him as the intelligence that poverty is actually in the course of being diminished. He fights against the belief that this is so with every weapon at his command; and he pushes away from him the idea that the condition of his friends is being improved as impatiently as he would do if what he desired were not their welfare but their ruin. This seeming anomaly, however, is not hard to explain. Not even Mr. Hobson is exempt from certain human weaknesses; and in the present respect he is merely like the physician who, much as he may desire the cure of his patients, is even more anxious that the cure should be due to his own prescriptions, or should, at all events, not take place in defiance of them; and seeing that according to him the existing economic system is the cause of nearly all the social evils which he deplures, he is naturally reluctant to admit that these evils are diminishing in almost precise proportion as the hated system extends itself. To admit this would be to cut his own ground from under his feet—to acknowledge the theories, which he has so carefully worked out, to be false; and the indignation which he has so solemnly nursed to be ridiculous. The fact, therefore, that his anxiety that the distresses of the poor should be diminished is equalled, if not excelled, by his desire that they should not be diminished under the existing system is not any sign that he loves the poor less; it is merely a sign that he hates the existing system more. This is precisely the spirit that animates the typical socialistic enthusiast; but Mr. Hobson differs from most enthusiastic Socialists in his scrupulous

loyalty to facts, and his courageous self-restraint in dealing with them. Though he believes only in one side of the question, he desires to face both. These are reasons which render exceptionally interesting his attempts to prove that, despite all evidence adduced by them, poverty is not, as the statisticians tell us, diminishing; but that it is, on the contrary, figures and appearances notwithstanding, year by year growing deeper and more intolerable. If any one could succeed in making out such a case, Mr. Hobson is the man to do so; and we may feel confident that we shall find, in what Mr. Hobson says, the utmost that can reasonably be said in support of the view he advocates.

One of the first steps which he takes is characteristic of his best qualities. In attacking the optimism of our contemporary statisticians, he does not declaim against generalities; but he selects for examination definite representative statements of accepted statistical authorities, which mainly have reference to the condition of the people of this country between the year 1860 and now. These statements comprise certain official statistics with regard to the decline of pauperism; statistics with regard to wages, contained in a Report just issued by the Board of Trade; evidence tendered to the Labour Commission by Sir Robert Giffen; and also "A comparison of the wages of the manual labourers in 1860 and 1890, presented by Mr. Bowley to the Statistical Society." The particular view of facts which Mr. Hobson combats, is expressed or represented most clearly in the conclusion stated by Mr. Bowley, which was as follows: firstly, that wages, measured in sovereigns, had increased 40 per cent. since the year 1860; and secondly, that the pecuniary power of the sovereign had increased 40 per cent. also; so that "the rate of increase is not nearly 40 per cent., but $\frac{140}{100} \times \frac{9}{12} = \frac{126}{100}$. That is to say, wages have very nearly doubled." Such are the statements which Mr. Hobson examines one by one, and from his examination of which he endeavours, as has just been indicated, to draw the conclusion that practically they are altogether misleading, and that real poverty instead of being diminished is being intensified.

His argument divides itself into four principal parts. *First*, that which deals with such statistics as those of Sir Robert Giffen, statistics purporting to show a general rise of wages during the period under review; *Secondly*, that which deals with Mr. Bowley's more detailed conclusion from these statistics, and his estimate of the increase of the purchasing power of wages, in addition to the increase in their nominal amount; *Thirdly*, that which deals with the true definition of poverty; and *Fourthly*, that which deals with the alleged decline of pauperism, and which is interesting mainly on account of the explanation briefly given by Mr. Hobson of the causes to which

pauperism is due. He does not arrange his arguments in the order just given; but it is the order in which for our present purpose it is most convenient to take them.

Let us begin, then, with what Mr. Hobson says as to the alleged general rise in wages. It will perhaps surprise those readers who know his article only from what has just been said as to the ultimate purport of it, to learn that Mr. Hobson admits Sir Robert Giffen's figures to be, so far as they go, true. With a courageous, though reluctant candour—marred, however by certain vacillations—he admits the unwelcome statement, that a portion of the working classes have been enjoying constantly growing incomes, just as Sir Robert Giffen says they have; and he devotes himself exclusively to the attempt to show that this admitted economic progress is really confined to a comparatively small number, and cannot be predicated of the working-classes at large. In other words, it is Mr. Hobson's endeavour to show that the class excluded from Sir Robert Giffen's statistics is as large as possible. He tells us, in fact, roundly that the whole of "the poor" are excluded. To say this, however, is to tell us nothing; for it is quite possible that the poor may be a diminishing body, and that the exclusion of the poor from the statistics may mean that poverty is diminishing. The important point to consider is, whom Mr. Hobson means by the poor. The nearest approach to any exact definition which he gives us is an indirect indication that he draws the poverty line a little higher than it was, in a purely arbitrary way, drawn some time since by Mr. Charles Booth—namely, at all incomes below 21s. a week; and I say that Mr. Hobson draws the line somewhat higher than this, because he includes amongst "the poor," to whom he desires to show that Sir Robert Giffen's statistics will not apply, "some three-quarters of a million of shopmen, paid on a rough average some 20s. to 22s. a week." Of the status of "the poor," as he conceives it, he gives some further indications. They belong, he says, to "the low-skilled and low-organised branches of manufacture, and to the distributive industries," and they comprise "the worst and poorest employers, conducting an irregular and precarious business"; also casual labourers generally. Now, what proportion does this body, according to him, bear to the population? And what precisely is it that he maintains with regard to its condition? As to its proportion, his language is vague in the extreme. He does not venture on any definite estimate; but he seems to imagine that it amounts to from 24 to 30 per cent. of the population.

And now, as to its condition, what is it that he maintains? Does he maintain that the wages of this fourth or this third of the population have been an exception to the general rule, and have shown no tendency to rise? With regard to this point one thing may be said at once—namely, that if the poor include three-

quarters of a million of adults, as we may presume shopmen to be who receive from 20s. to 22s. a week—the increase in the wages of “the poor” during the course of the present century is obviously enormous; for 20s. a week is a very much larger sum than would have fallen to the share of an adult, had the entire income of the country been divided equally amongst the population ninety years ago. Therefore, whether Sir Robert Giffen’s statistics specifically include this class or no, it has, at all events, shared in the general rise of wages to which he refers. Accordingly, on Mr. Hobson’s own showing, the classes, to whom he endeavours to show that these statistics are not applicable, must be considerably smaller than he is at all willing to admit. They cannot, at the utmost, be more than one-sixth of the population. This sixth will include what General Booth calls “the submerged tenth,” and what Mr. Hobson himself distinguishes as the “real residuum,” and also the casual labourers, and the lowest skilled operatives generally.

Now putting, for the moment, the “real residuum” out of the question, what does Mr. Hobson maintain as to the remaining portion of the poor? Does he maintain that Sir Robert Giffen’s conclusion as to the general advance of wages are inapplicable to this class, in the sense that their wages, instead of advancing, have declined, or have, at all events, remained stationary? From the whole tone of Mr. Hobson’s preliminary observations we would imagine that he was going to startle us by some such revelation as this. But, when we come to examine what he says, we find that the very reverse is the case. The utmost he attempts to prove, or even ventures to suggest, is that some tenth part of the population have failed to feel the influence of a progress that is otherwise general; but this tenth excepted, the remainder of the classes whom he calls “the poor,” and whose condition he taxes Sir Robert Giffen with having omitted from his calculation, he admits have really been progressing like the remaining four-fifths of the community, though not, perhaps, with the same rapidity. Mr. Hobson, in fact, to quote his own words, is disposed to

“admit the existence of a general rise of wages, applicable in some measure to most labour of distribution;” and he adds, “Not only can it not be proved that the poor are getting poorer in the economic sense of ‘poor;’ but it can hardly be denied that the actual standard of comfort of many who are still admittedly ‘poor’ has risen and is still rising. . . . Few,” he continues, “whose memory clearly compasses the last forty years will be disposed to deny that in respect of clothing, of housing, and even food, the mass of ‘unskilled’ labourers and their families, so long as the wage-earner has work, are distinctly better off than they were formerly.”

What, then, does Mr. Hobson’s criticism of Sir Robert Giffen’s optimism come to? It reduces itself, as Mr. Hobson in the end is forced to admit, to a mere problematrical criticism of a problematrical assertion of Sir Robert’s with regard to one-tenth of the population—“the real residuum,” which Sir Robert says is *probably* decreasing absolutely,

but which Mr. Hobson himself, though he questions this assertion about it, does not venture to say is increasing *relatively*. In other words, he admits that the great bulk of the people are progressing, so far as money wages are concerned, precisely as Sir Robert Giffen says they are.

Mr. Hobson seems hardly to realise how complete, in this respect, is his surrender of the position which he apparently had undertaken to establish; and he hastens to hide the failure of this attack in an endeavour to confute the statisticians with regard to another of their contentions. Admitting that wages, in terms of money, have risen, he turns to the assertion of the optimists, as represented by Mr. Bowley, that the real rise in wages has been far greater still, because the purchasing power of each sovereign paid in wages has increased in almost the same ratio as the number of the sovereigns themselves. Here, at all events, he promises himself an easy victory. Let us consider carefully what his criticism comes to. He does not attempt to prove that the purchasing power of the sovereign has fallen, or that the real rise in wages is less than the apparent rise. All he aims at proving is that it is not more. Now, how does he do this? He does so by two lines of argument. In the first place, he points out that the rise of 40 per cent. in the purchasing power of the sovereign, which Mr. Bowley asserts has taken place within the past thirty-five years, is based entirely on the fall in wholesale prices; and that the retail prices—or the prices paid by the consumer—have not fallen by more than 30 per cent. For argument's sake, let us admit this. It does not vitally affect the main point at issue. What is far more important is Mr. Hobson's second contention, which is this: The average purchasing power of a man's sovereign depends, not on the prices of all commodities in the market, but on those which he himself is accustomed to buy; and thus the average price of all commodities taken together may have fallen, whilst those which are consumed by certain classes may have remained stationary, or even risen. Theoretically this is, of course, true; and such being the case, Mr. Hobson attempts to show that the commodities which have of late been so greatly reduced in price are mainly the commodities which the wealthy alone can buy; whilst those on which the wage-earning classes spend most of their wages have, when considered in their totality, hardly become cheaper at all. "Groceries, bread, and foreign meat," he does, indeed, admit to be cheaper, and the workman to have so far gained; but the gain is neutralised, he says, by the rise in rent, fuel, dairy produce, and vegetables, travelling expenses, professional fees, and direct payments to labour; whilst few of "the comforts and luxuries which have fallen most in price" are articles which figure amongst the workman's purchases at all. They have not cheapened sufficiently to allow him to feel their cheapness.

Such being the case, says Mr. Hobson, the situation may, "roughly speaking," be summed up thus—that "the increase in the purchasing power of a sovereign, from the consumer's standpoint, has been in direct ratio to the size of the income, the rich gaining most, the poorest least." I have already expressed my sense of Mr. Hobson's intellectual fairness. It is hard to conceive a more curious triumph of prejudice over—I will not say merely fairness—but over the ordinary faculties of observation, than is to be found in this astonishing statement.

Let us consider it in detail. If there is any truth in Mr. Hobson's statement at all, those commodities (including services) will have cheapened most which are purchased only, or purchased most extensively, by the richest class of all, by millionaires and persons whose incomes are counted by tens of thousands of pounds. Now if Mr. Hobson had taken the smallest trouble to consider what the most distinctive forms of the expenditure of the very rich are, he would have seen that the commodities purchased by them exclusively are the very commodities whose price has not only not fallen at all, but has in many cases very greatly risen. Let us, for instance, take the case of furniture. There has been a great fall in the price of some classes of carpets; but the fall in price has been proportionate not to the fineness of the carpets but to their commonness. A poor man can have a carpet in his cottage, whereas fifty years ago he would have had to content himself with bare boards; but the carpets which the millionaire buys for his dining-room and his drawing-room cost as much, if not more, per yard than they would have done at the beginning of the century. The same observation applies to the highest class of stuffs, cabinets, chairs, tables and so forth; and the reason is obvious. All the highest kinds of furniture are still made by hand, as they were a century ago. Modern inventions have done nothing to facilitate their production; and the increase in the demand for the rare skill requisite for it has tended to enhance their price rather than to diminish it. Mr. Hobson mentions as luxuries which have cheapened in price "watches and pianos, leather and cotton goods, and stationery." The cheapening of these, he says, does not affect the masses; but "they form a considerable proportion of the consumption of the well-to-do." What language can be wilder? How many pianos annually does a man with £50,000 a year consume? What proportion of his income goes in buying them? Does a Hirsch or a Rothschild buy a new watch a week, or go about with a chronometer in every pocket? Or who feels more, he or the poor man, the fall in the price of note-paper or the paper on which he writes his bills? Again, to take the case of leather and cotton goods, or in homelier language, boots and shirts; the price of neither of them is felt by any rich man; but to the poor man it makes all the difference between comfort and privation.

Let us turn to other expenses distinctive of the very rich, their houses, their servants, their horses, their gardens, and their establishments generally. All the finer kinds of building, decorating, and joinery are dearer now than ever they were. They are twice as dear, probably, as they were at the beginning of the century. The wages of the higher class of servants have undergone a similar increase, and not only their wages, but the kind of board and lodging expected by them and accorded to them. The stables in a large house—the coachmen, the grooms, the carriages, and the horses all tend to increase rather than decrease in cost. Ask what the rich man pays for his wife's jewels. Does her tiara to-day cost less than it would have cost his father? Follow the rich man about, and consider his expenses as a traveller. Are his hotel bills less than they would have been in his father's time? If Mr. Hobson thinks they are, he must know little of the modern hotel-keeper. The actual cost of being conveyed by railway is cheaper mile for mile than that of being conveyed by post horses; but the prices of *places de luxe* in the continental trains, and on the Atlantic passenger steamers, have a constant tendency to rise. In fact, we should be far nearer the truth than Mr. Hobson is, if we inverted his proposition, and said that it was the richest classes that had gained least by the fall of prices, and the poorest classes that had gained most.

We should, however, be sacrificing accuracy for the sake of epigram were we to do this. It does, indeed, appear to be the literal truth that it is the richest classes who have gained least from the fall of prices during the past forty years; but it is not equally apparent that the poorer have gained more than the middle. The lower sections of the middle-classes have certainly gained enormously, especially in the cheapening of those decorative surroundings which they prize as giving them an appearance of being somewhat richer than they are. It is not, however, with these classes that our concern now lies, but with the great mass of wage-earners—all sections of them—generally. Much as the lower middle-classes have gained, the great mass of the wage-earners have, at all events, gained as much; and both have gained more than the richer classes and than the very rich. This, again, is something that can be seen from Mr. Hobson's own admissions. The only items in the poor man's budget which Mr. Hobson pretends have risen are rent, travelling expenses, professional fees, fuel, dairy-produce, and vegetables. With regard to rent he is no doubt right, at all events, in large towns; but this is the only important item which has risen to any great extent; and as to the two most important of the other items named, he is absolutely wrong. With regard to vegetables, it must be indeed confessed that potatoes cost half a farthing per pound more now than they did in 1861, but

they are cheaper than they were in 1870. Butter, again, though dearer than it was in 1861, is cheaper than it was in 1865. Therefore any rise there may have been in vegetable and dairy-produce is neither large nor even permanent. Far more important are the items of fuel and travelling expenses. No more groundless statement could have possibly been made than this: that the price of fuel has increased during the past forty years. The average price of coal in England at port of shipment was 10s. 2d. in 1861, and 9s. in 1890; and in retail prices to the consumer there has been an analogous, though not so great a fall; whilst, as for travelling, few of the comforts of the masses have improved in a more marked degree than the third-class carriages and train-services, and the diminution in the cost of travelling by them is almost equally notorious. It is difficult to imagine what can have been in Mr. Hobson's mind when he specified ordinary travelling as a thing the cost of which had increased.

Let us now turn to the other side of the question and consider the articles in the poor man's budget, the prices of which he admits have fallen. They include his watch, his shirt, his boots—and we may add his entire clothing—everything that personally keeps him warm and dry and healthy. We must add further, as Mr. Hobson admits, groceries—tea, sugar, jam, treacle, foreign meat and bread; and we must add yet further, what Mr. Hobson forgets, light, as supplied by petroleum, the cost of which is now one-fifth of what it was when it was first introduced into this country, and began slowly to supplant the miserable tallow dip and the rushlight. The actual lamps themselves have cheapened likewise; and so have all the simple kinds of furniture and utensils purchased by the poorer classes. And now to all this there remains to be added that whole class of comforts which rise above necessities, and range themselves in the category of luxuries. One of them, indeed, has been already mentioned—namely, travelling. Others are cheap literature, education, and accommodation such as clubs offer. The more closely all these matters are considered, the more clear does it become that the rise in the poor man's rent—the only important expense which has increased for him—is made good over and over again by the cheapening of nearly everything else on which he spends his money. Indeed were we to indulge in the supposition that rent had actually doubled for him, this would merely mean that one sovereign out of every six or seven had sunk in value for him to ten shillings; whilst five or six sovereigns out of seven had risen in value to thirty, to thirty-five, or even thirty-eight shillings. We need not, however, insist on the exact proportion in which the value of his sovereign has risen. It is enough to say that the class of facts to which Mr. Hobson himself appeals, entirely refutes the conclusion he endeavours to draw from them; and shows that whatever may be the exact extent to which the poorer classes have gained by

the cheapening of necessities, they have gained as much as, if not more than, any other classes in the community.

Thus both Mr. Hobson's primary and most obvious criticism falls to the ground; and if we read between his lines we find that he is really a Balaam who goes out to curse Sir Robert Giffen and Mr. Bowley, and in the end is constrained to bless them. Indeed it is evident that Mr. Hobson realises this to be the case, for in the latter part of his article he entirely shifts his ground, and relies ultimately on making good his point that poverty is not diminishing, by having recourse to a different set of arguments altogether. Let us grant, he says, in effect, that Sir Robert Giffen and Mr. Bowley are right, and the entire body of the people, with the exception of one small fraction, have, in a genuine sense been growing rapidly richer—that they have more sovereigns to spend, and that each sovereign goes much further: yet they are, for all this, not really richer, but poorer, and that for two reasons. Real wealth and poverty are not, he says, economic conditions so much as physiological conditions and psychological conditions; and if economic poverty is diminishing, physiological poverty and psychological poverty are increasing. Let us consider then, he says, about each of them.

His treatment of the first need not detain us long. His argument is that the working-classes, though they have more money to spend, spend it under more unhealthy conditions and influences, and that a man who spends high wages ill is physiologically poorer than a man who spends low wages well. The main points which, in saying this, he has in view are these: That an increasing proportion of the lower classes live in towns, where there is less sunshine and less fresh air than in the country; that they are in consequence subject in a growing degree to the evil of overcrowding; and that much of their increased wealth they spend in securing for themselves unhealthy kinds of excitement. If Mr. Hobson is prepared to argue that for a man to live in a town instead of the country is equivalent to a diminution of his income, even though the cost of his living is not pecuniarily increased; and that a man with ten thousand a year who spends it foolishly is poorer than a man with five thousand a year who spends it wisely, we may bid him welcome to these paradoxes if he likes them; but they are absolutely out of place in any such discussion as the present; and the only answer that need be made to him is that if this is how he defines poverty, the great mass of people would far sooner be poor than rich. The only one of the above assertions that really demands consideration is the implied assertion that urban overcrowding is on the increase; and this it is sufficient to meet with a flat denial. Had Mr. Hobson studied the statistics of overcrowding in our great towns sixty years ago he would never have ventured to make it; whilst, if he consults the latest census returns, he will find that of all social

evils in this country, overcrowding is the one which is most definitely decreasing.

This, however, is not an argument on which Mr. Hobson lays much stress; and he hastens to pass from it to that on which he takes his final stand:

"But the more philosophic measurement of poverty," he says, "will take neither the standard of economic income, nor of physical life. Real poverty is a subjective condition. It consists in, and is measured by, the number of felt wholesome needs which cannot be satisfied . . . [and] to sum up in a single word, it appears that whereas poverty, measured in terms of income, is diminishing . . . subjective or felt poverty is growing with the widening gap between legitimate human desires and present possibilities of attainment."

Such is the argument to which Mr. Hobson is finally driven in order to make good his case against the existing social system. The masses of the people are not richer but poorer, because the richer they get they always want to be richer still; or, in other words, because increased riches do not bring with them a proportionate increase of happiness! Can any one imagine a more lame and impotent conclusion? If there be anything in this argument at all, what it goes to prove is that not only do the poorer classes really not grow richer, but that nobody has ever grown richer since the beginning of the world; for however much money a man has, he always wants a little more, except in some very few cases where his excess of wealth becomes a burden to him; and in these cases, according to Mr. Hobson's principles, in losing liberty, and in losing lightness of heart, his nominal riches evaporate, and he is really poorer than anybody. In fact, the true paupers of the world are its Goulds, its Vanderbilts, and its Astors!

It is true that Mr. Hobson endeavours to make his position more reasonable by confining true poverty, not to all felt needs which cannot be satisfied, but to all felt *wholesome* needs. But if true poverty is "a subjective condition," how is he or any one else to impose on it an objective standard? One man may be unhappy because he has not £50 to spend in going to races; another may be unhappy because he has not £50 to spend on a microscope. Mr. Hobson may consider the first man's need unwholesome, and the second man's wholesome; but, though the second man will probably agree with him, nobody will persuade the first man to agree with either. Again, there are innumerable desires admitted to be wholesome by everybody, which are far more expensive than other needs which many people will esteem unwholesome; but they do not for that reason become any easier of attainment. It is highly desirable that some people should be travellers—that they should see and know, like Ulysses, many men and many cities; but it is far more likely

that everybody who wants beer will get it than that everybody who would like to see foreign countries will have £100 a year to enable him to gratify his taste. The income per head of the wage-earning classes to-day is greater than could have been that of their fathers if, fifty years ago, the entire income of the country had been divided amongst its population then; and yet Mr. Hobson says they are poorer now than their fathers were. Does he think that if in the next ten years this process were repeated, and every adult male was to find himself in receipt of £100 a year (which is what he would in this case have), that he would be any nearer the satisfaction of all his wishes than he is now? If Mr. Hobson thinks this, he must know very little of human nature. The fact is that man is, in his very nature, theoretically discontented. He always has been so, and always will be so. But this theoretical discontent has never been a source of great practical pain, except amongst an exceptional minority. The majority have the good sense to adjust their practical desires to their reasonable expectations of gratifying them. Every archdeacon is not miserable because he is not a bishop; every vicar is not miserable because he is not an archdeacon; every villager is not miserable because he is not a vicar; nor is every member of the House of Commons miserable because he is not its leader. The kind of subjective poverty of which Mr. Hobson speaks does not depend on the ratio between a man's income and his theoretical needs. It depends on the fact of a man's cherishing personal ambitions which he has not the character, the will, or the intellect to satisfy.

That there always has been a minority, in every nation, made miserable by this union of craving and incapacity is true. Its members are generally miserable themselves, and they have often brought misery on others; and the proportion of this minority has varied at different times. External circumstances sometimes diminish its numbers, sometimes augment them; and Mr. Hobson is no doubt so far right that certain circumstances have conduced of late years to augment them. Moreover, he is right in naming amongst these circumstances modern popular education, cheap travelling (though in the beginning of his article he said travelling had become dearer), and cheap reading. But if these observations of his have anypractical point at all, this point is not to show that the economic system of to-day is at fault, but that the educational system is at fault. It should never be forgotten that it is possible to educate anybody into tastes and expectations which could never possibly be satisfied, except in the case of a very few persons, in any condition of society; and which in many conditions of society could be satisfied in the case of nobody.

The fact, however, is that though the amount of unsatisfiable discontent may have increased during the past half-century owing

to the causes just named, Mr. Hobson enormously exaggerates its extent and its importance. He imagines that because masses of men congregated in cities like London see signs on all sides of them, if not of the growth of individual fortunes, at all events of the growth of a wealthy class, and with this an increase of the glitter and tantalising movement which wealth produces, that a 'growing appetite is developed in the hearts of the many for the pleasures of the few. If he wishes to see what the normal effect on the human mind is where the contrast between wealth and comparative poverty is sharpest, clearest, and most vivid, he must not consider the feelings of the man in the street as he casts a glance at the windows of the rich man's mansion, or of the woman in the street as she sees the rich man's wife in her carriage. He should consider the poorer relations, the brothers, the sisters, and the cousins of the rich men themselves. In no class are the habits resulting from great wealth, and an intimate knowledge of such advantages as it brings, to be found coupled with comparative poverty, as they are amongst the large class of younger brothers and their wives, who having been brought up in homes representing an expenditure of tens of thousands a year, have subsequently to live on a small number of hundreds. If the daily sight of luxuries beyond a man's means is necessarily calculated to render him acutely miserable, the most dangerously miserable class in the whole body politic should be the junior members of our rich, and especially of our landed families. But does this class justify such a description? Does a younger brother coming home from a ball at an elder brother's, and from a house with twenty servants to a house with three or four, go to bed gnashing his teeth with envy? Far from it. Were a fairy to come to him in the watches of the night, and offer to make him an elder brother also, he would naturally be delighted; and his mind would instantly begin to be filled with visions of pleasures and pursuits from which he had been hitherto debarred, and with a charming sense of importance to which he had been hitherto a stranger. But, things being as they are, he accepts them as they are; and what Mr. Hobson calls "the dramatic contrast" between the elder brother's wealth and the younger brother's want, has, as a rule, no tendency whatever such as that which Mr. Hobson thinks must be inevitable.

And what is true of the poorer members of the upper classes is equally true of the masses of the people generally. One explanation of this fact is as follows. To most persons who are not wealthy themselves, or do not belong to the classes to which wealth habitually ministers, great wealth is nothing but a mere general idea, or at least presents itself to them in forms of some fantastic dream. This is often amusingly illustrated by the picture of fashionable life drawn by novelists who have themselves no experience of it. It resembles

the original not much more closely than would a picture of a London drawing-room by an artist who had never been out of Pekin. Another illustration of this same fact is this. In the schools of cookery that have been established for girls of the poorer classes the pupils are often asked, by way of examination, to suggest bills of fare for a series of various meals; and very few of them seem able to conceive of any dishes or any articles of diet except the simplest and commonest which they themselves have seen. It is an old story that some poor man, being asked what three things he would wish for, if three wishes were to be granted him, answered immediately with reference to the first two, "As much money as I can spend; as much beer as I can drink"; and then, after prolonged reflection, added, "and a little more beer." The truth is that men's really keen desires for more wealth than they possess are limited, as a rule, by the limitations of imagination and personal experience; and in the average man they do not go far. There is a speculative wish for more, which is theoretically limitless; but it is only in the case of an exceptional minority that this larger wish has any practical effect. The more gifted portion of that minority are stimulated by it into action, which turns their wishes into realities. The remainder are stimulated by it into fruitless discontent only. This is the only class to which Mr. Hobson's argument is, in any important sense, applicable; and if the present system of education tends to increase this class, it is our educational system, and not our economic system, which is at fault. Apart from this particular point, Mr. Hobson's doctrine as to real or subjective poverty, if it proves anything at all, proves real poverty rises as economic poverty declines; or that, in other words, the higher are the workman's wages the more miserable he becomes—a doctrine which we may safely leave the suffrage of the democracy to refute.

One more of Mr. Hobson's positions still remains to be considered—namely, that which he occupies with regard to pauperism, or extreme and technical poverty, as distinct from poverty in general. One of his contentions is, that the official figures which show technical pauperism to be declining have not the significance which is attributed to them, because they depend largely on the manner in which poor-relief is distributed. On this aspect of the question I do not propose to touch. It does not materially affect the general problem under discussion. I shall confine myself to what he says about a point of far deeper importance—not the precise proportion of pauperism at this date or at that—but the causes of pauperism generally. Mr. Hobson's language as to this point shows the ideas that are really at the bottom of his mind. He complains that those students of poverty, who are widely accepted as authorities—and of these he singles out Mr. Loch as an example—declare the only causes of poverty to be "sickness, incapacity, and moral defects." These

authorities, says Mr. Hobson, are wrong; "sickness, incapacity, and moral defects" are not the true causes of poverty in the great mass of cases. The normal cause, he affirms, is "the barriers of external environment, and the influence they exercise upon the efficiency of effort;" or, to put the matter more strictly, he contends that the normal cause of poverty "is want of economic opportunity;" and here we have, in so many words, his underlying indictment of the existing social system.

The first answer to be made to these statements and to this view of the matter is, that Mr. Hobson misapprehends what Mr. Loch and what those who agree with him really say. They do not represent "sickness, incapacity, or moral defects," as the sole causes of poverty. They do not deny that there is a certain proportion of poverty caused by undeserved misfortune, by a luckless missing of the "opportunity" that Mr. Hobson speaks about, and that effort is well spent in finding opportunity for them. But they do contend that sickness, and especially incapacity and moral defects, though they do not cause all extreme poverty, do cause by far the larger proportion of it, and they have devoted themselves to ascertaining, so far as possible, what this proportion is. The general conclusion derivable from the Reports of the Charity Organisation Society—reports which contain the evidence of all kinds of witnesses—is, that at least 75 per cent. of the very poor owe their poverty to defects personal to themselves. This is the proportion arrived at by Mr. Frank Smith, from his study of the cases admitted at the shelters of the Salvation Army; and the committees of the Society give reasons for affirming that Mr. Smith's estimate errs by giving too large a percentage for those whose poverty is independent of contributory defects of their own. It will be sufficient, however, for our present purpose, to accept the statement of Mr. Smith as it stands. Of those who had recourse to the shelters of the Salvation Army, or came under the notice of its officials, Mr. Smith said that "20 per cent. had been brought down by drink, 10 per cent. through crime, 15 per cent. were runaways, who had run away from home, situations, and so on, and about 30 per cent. were habitual homeless tramps of the vagrant class," whilst only "25 per cent. were brought down by misfortune, sickness, being out of work, and so on."

Now whatever the precise proportions of the two classes of unfortunates may be, will Mr. Hobson venture to say that the moral and mental defects which Mr. Smith's evidence points to, do not form one of the main causes of exceptional poverty? There is a small proportion of the population which is, in a marked way, at the bottom of the scale. Why are they there? He says that this "*real residuum*," as he calls it, consists of those who are "not wanted in our present industrial system." But why are they not wanted? Why are

those particular persons, and not others, superfluous? He himself speaks of their "feeble and irregular physique," and also of their "irregular character." Is he not in these words giving his whole case away? It may be quite true that the conditions to which they have sunk increase their degradation; but it is the irregular character, and in particular the feeble character, which sinks them into conditions successfully avoided by the majority. Drunkenness, for instance, may cause weakness of character, but it is weakness of will which in the first instance leads to drunkenness. Not only is the connection of the *larger part* of poverty with exceptional inefficiency or deficiency borne witness to by those who have studied the question statistically, but it is in the nature of things that it should be so. Unless Mr. Hobson is prepared to maintain that the wills and capacities of all men are equal at birth, that there is no such thing as an exceptionally weak mind, or an exceptionally weak character, he must see that, let us arrange economic opportunities as we will, there will always be a residuum which will make an exceptionally poor use of them, and will consequently, in comparison with the rest of the community, be unfortunate. If he doubts this, let him turn from the poorer classes to the richer—to the upper classes, and to all sections of the middle class. He will not have to look long among the circle of his acquaintances, or at all events amongst the acquaintances of his acquaintance, to come across scores of men who have started in life with every advantage that interest and education can give them, who by idleness, vice, folly, weakness of will, inability to resist temptation, throw their opportunities, one after one, away; and in some cases actually end in a casual ward, and in most cases end in positions which, when compared to the life in which they were reared, are far more miserable than the casual ward is to the majority of its frequenters. Every class, not the poorer class alone, contributes its exceptionally unfit members to the residuum; and though we may commiserate their unfitness, and should make every effort to ease and mitigate it, we are merely obscuring a problem, not solving it, by attributing to external circumstances the mass of misfortune and misery the causes of which are within the sufferers, and not without them. In any case nothing is gained, in discussing the economic conditions of a people generally, by confusing, as Mr. Hobson does, the admitted fact of the growing health of the majority, with questions which merely refer to the inmates and the management of the social hospital. These last are questions of the utmost moment; but to treat them with any advantage it is necessary to treat them separately.

W. H. MALLOCK.

LONDON REVISITED.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

I WAS obliged to spend three weeks lately about the London Law Courts, and, as usually happens to a stranger, noted a hundred things about the town which had never struck me as a resident. The last time I was in the Law Courts was in the Parnell Commission days. A number of Irish members had been brought over from Ireland as prisoners to give evidence. We spent our nights in Holloway Gaol, and our days in or about the precincts of the New Law Courts—a building which always reminds me of M. Jules Lemaitre's witty description of the late M. Renan's brain as *une cathédrale désaffectée*—a cathedral turned to the wrong uses; with its vast empty nave where you miss an altar, and those cloistral depths which might well be echoing with a mediæval chant instead of the unholy tales which are poured into the ears of the Divorce Judges in their dingy confessionals. Thanks to a hint from the three Judges, we were allowed to roam where we pleased around the courts on parole until the rising of the Court. It was probably the happiest time of their lives for the Irish warders who came over in charge of us. Their gold-banded caps were as familiar in the Strand as the helmets of Dr. Jim's Matabele police became later. If the Court rose early, it was not an unusual thing to see a prisoner coming up to a policeman to inquire affectionately where he could find his warder. My own pleasantest recollection of the Parnell Commission is of a delightful old lady—whether she reigns still I know not—who was housekeeper, or one of the housekeepers, of the courts. She was a Tory of the quaintest old pattern, but, whatever the New Woman will think of her, hers was one of those minds in which politics has no chance against human nature. One of our privileges at the courts was to get in a daily dinner from a restaurant, and it was discussed—with what

gusto only an old prisoner may know—in the housekeeper's room. I will never forget the beaming face with which the old lady introduced the daily chop and claret, or the delight—worthy of a mother at the bedside of a starving child—with which she saw us feasting on the chop to the bone. Must I confess that this delicious little old Tory did more to impress me with respect for the English character than the three Judges in all their majesty upstairs—not to talk of that cruel Tory majority in the House of Commons who appointed the three Judges, not to try us, but, *per fas et nefas*, to crush us?

The time has perhaps come when one may safely tell another curious incident of those times. Two of the members for Tipperary—Mr. Condon and Mr. John O'Connor—were among the prisoners paroled for the day, and there being no chance of their evidence being reached, whiled away the time by strolling over to the office of the *Freeman's Journal*, at the opposite side of the Strand. There they met a famous Irish singer, upon whose voice opera-goers hung with rapture that season in Drury Lane. But the great baritone is never half so thrilling as in an Irish rebel ballad. He simply rises in a glorious insurrection of song. As the two Irish prisoners have capital voices as well, their greetings naturally warmed into melody. The great singer burst into the best of all his songs, "The Wearing of the Green." The windows were open; the traffic in the Strand was at high tide. The singer's glorious chest-notes floated across the street against the Gothic sound-board of the Law Courts. People stopped to listen, and other people, and then the cabs and the 'buses. The inevitable Irish element turned up in the crowd, and regardless of the policeman's half-hearted order to move on, would fain join in the chorus, and go into ecstasies of applause. Soon the street in which English "Justice" was engaged in its back room strangling the Irish cause, was ringing with the tremendous chorus:

"When laws can keep the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves at summer time their colour dare not show,
Then we will change the colour, too, we wear in our caubeen,
But till that day, please God, we'll stick to 'Wearing of the Green.'"

It was perhaps as eloquent a sign in its way as Pigott's suicide, of the hopelessness of beating down the Irish cause by Parnell Commission methods.

Alas! But it has its woeful memories, too, that ill-favoured little Commission Court. No Irishman can, without emotion, contrast the position of the Irish party in that hour—triumphant, vindicated, irresistible, only waiting the signal of the General Election to have the seal put upon their triumph for ever—with our broken ranks to-day, when the fate that has sundered into opposite camps the two

Tipperary members who started that chorus of "The Wearing of the Green," is but a type of the tragic sundering that has taken place among their comrades. The traversers' counsel of those old days have undergone a transformation as sharply in contrast with that of their clients as England's sunshiny history with Ireland's. Sir Charles Russell is Lord Russell of Killowen and Lord Chief-Justice of England; Mr. Reed is Sir Robert Reed, late Attorney-General; Mr. Lockwood is Sir Frank Lockwood, late Solicitor-General; Mr. Asquith, then a plain junior counsel, has been a Home Secretary, and may be a Prime Minister; Mr. G. H. Lewis has become the famous Sir George. There is none of their old clients who does not heartily rejoice in their happier fate, but what a scattering of these same clients; what a shipwreck of their hopes; what a gloomier than Greek tragedy has shattered the unity which used to be the wonder of their foes!

"Some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are rebels on the hills"—

(if, haply, we must not complete the quotation):

"But never more—no, never more!
We'll meet to revel or to roam!"

Well, well—if we must needs "stand apart, the scars remaining," let us at least live those old days over kindly again in memory, with the consolation, such as it is, that we are not the first nor the thirtieth generation of Irishmen who have found the Irish cause a drama, in which you must not look for a too happy ending.

The quotation reminds me that I am myself one of those who are "gone"—so far as Westminster is concerned, at all events. The gentle reader, if she or he be English, will doubtless suspect that, during my three weeks in London I wandered about the Palace of Westminster even more disconsolately than around the Law Courts. It is one of the curious differences between the two races that there is probably no man, woman, or child in Ireland who would suspect anything of the sort. I have met Englishmen who lost their seats at the General Election, and who discussed the disaster as pathetically as if they had lost an arm or an eye. They looked as if they wanted to make sure they were not being jested with when I told them that to hear Big Ben chiming the quarters once more, melodiously though it clanged, over the widespreading river, sounded to my ears like the summons of the morning prison bell in Tullamore, rousing me to another of those long, long weary days. It was to them simply incomprehensible that I should be counting the days and the hours until I could get back to a cottage in the wild heart of Mayo, where the daffodils' golden bugles of the spring were blowing, or that I could find so much difference between the primroses as they nestle on the verge of Brackloon Wood, and the primroses in twopenny bunches

which the simple Londoners were heaping up at the feet of Lord Beaconsfield's grinning statue on Parliament Square. It is easy to understand an Englishman's longing for the House of Commons, his pride in it, his worship of it. It is the electric button which you have but to touch to move the world. Perhaps it is only Irish members who lived among the unchained racial passions which divided English and Irish members before 1886, and as to one English party, even later—the remorseless hectoring brute force on the one side, the indomitable hate on the other—who can fully realise the feeling; but for me, the kindlier ways, the *mores humaniores* of later years, can never altogether eradicate my first impression of that embroidered palace by the Thames as an arena where a small band of Irishmen were chained to the stake to fight for their lives against overpowering odds of wealth and prejudice and brute strength. I have no more mere personal desire to see its towers again than a Dacian peasant who had fought the lions in the Coliseum could have to see its galleries thronged again with the Romans who came to see the gladiators die. I entered the House of Commons at a moment when mutual prejudices were at their blackest—in the beginning of 1883. The dramatic incidents of Carey's revelations of the conspiracy of the Invincibles were in full swing. It seems an odd instance of English simplicity now; but you could every day read in the papers, and even see in men's faces, the expectation that to-morrow or the day after would bring some revelation which would involve the fate, perhaps even the lives, of the Irish party. What a whirligig is politics! The day I took my seat, the first Englishman (and, except Mr. Joseph Cowen, the only Englishman) who shook hands with me and welcomed me was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It required as much courage on his part then as his repudiation of Dr. Jim did in his post-Radical days. It has many a time been a subject of debate among Irishmen whether we did wisely to repulse Mr. Chamberlain when, in 1885, he proposed to make Ireland, instead of Scotland, the subject of his "unauthorised programme." When, however, it came to choosing between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain as our national apostle, even those who are most dazzled by Mr. Chamberlain's present glory will scarcely question that we made the best of a hard choice.

Man by man, the House of Commons is full of *bonhomie*. Its judgments of men are often wrong, but they are never wrong by reason of any undue regard for the length of a man's purse or the number of his quarterings. But when the hearty, tolerant (once in a way stupid) Englishmen of the smoking room or the terrace flock in at the division-bell to speak, as it were, *ex cathedra*, in the name of England, ruler of the waves, they even yet call up before my memory the cruel, unteachable, repellent power of those old days when to me the most delightful prospect in all great London was the Euston railway platform,

because it was the way out of it. It may, perhaps, denote a vulgar taste, but the truth is that the only pang I felt in quitting the House of Commons (as I supposed for the last time) was in parting with the doorkeepers and the policemen. Of these I will always preserve a memory as pleasant as the spring. It is, perhaps, chiefly because their friendship was not born of our later years' good fortune as the associates of Ministers and (the malicious said) their masters, but dated from the ancient agonistic days when our friends were few and our enemies seemingly irresistible as fate. I dare say it was the healthy human sympathy of the onlooker for the under-dog, that cannot be got to let go; and we were always the under-dog, hopelessly the under-dog, then. At all events, there they were, attendant or policeman, always ready with a smile, with an umbrella, with a topcoat, after they had been kept long hours out of their beds by some late Irish conclave in the smoke-room. I doubt whether any company of dukes or capitalists would have found as smiling faces.

Not that life was without its compensations in those far-off times when we only knew Cabinet Ministers as our jailers. There is no wine of France to compare with the joy of the forlorn hope. Few of us can survey our present thinned and divided ranks without a sigh for the days when, if practically all the world was against us, all the world was young, and there was at least one small corner of the world, shamrock-spangled, that was with us to the brave and loving heart of it, and that to us was worth more than all the world besides. Then the under-dog had fairly vigorous teeth, too. How often, half a dozen of us poor unfriended Irish *gorsoons* getting out of the Irish mail-train at Euston, and finding all the mighty life and energies of the great metropolis throbbing around us, exulted to think that over the very throttle valve of the English Empire we possessed a grip which would yet harness in the cause of Ireland all that opulence and prejudice and million-handed power. What would have been the feelings of Caractacus (was it Caractacus?) in Imperial Rome, if instead of wailing over the fate of his hut in Britain, he could march up to the Golden House of the Cæsar, and match himself with his Imperial Majesty beard to beard on his own hearthstone? Never did the comrades of any Odyssey with a more frolic welcome take the sunshine or the thunder than did ours. There were nights, after all, through which to have lived was very heaven. For example, the first time when in Morrison's Hotel in Dublin, Mr. Parnell intimated to us (months before the paragraph in the *Leeds Mercury* astounded England) that the foremost statesman of the century was a Home Ruler, and invited suggestions as to the future Home Rule Bill, or the night when the hunted Irishmen first heard the declaration of Irish liberty from that Treasury Bench from which denunciations had so often thundered on their heads.

Nor were certain *noctes canæque* altogether wanting—although on

a very humble hillock of Olympus. When the House was not sitting, a few of us, usually Mr. Sexton, Mr. Healy, Mr. Harrington, and myself (Mr. Dillon was away in Colorado in broken health) would dine together at a frugal chop-house off the Strand, which has long since given place to a flaring restaurant with golden pilasters and French mirrors. Sometimes "T. P." surged in upon us like a burst of sunshine; sometimes it was Mr. Parnell, gentlest and least obtrusive of companions, from whom there would escape some of those unpretentious aphorisms, flavoured with his own peculiar, mildly cynical wit and wisdom; like his smiling comment on the eagerness of the younger men to fight Lord Spencer's Coercion Act, tooth and nail—"My dear——, I don't intend to go to jail myself any more, but I haven't the slightest objection that anybody else should go." Sometimes, the *cénacle* broke up in time for half-price back seats in the pit of a theatre; sometimes, to the wonder of the waiters, we lingered over our tankards of Lager beer until the closing hour, as merry as campaigners in their mess tent, for between men of the stamp of Sexton and Healy and "T. P." when they were at their best, there was an exchange of wits rich enough to make the fortune of a comedy. Here, too, would Mr. Biggar now and again sit and listen, cuddled up in his corner with an expression of beatific glee; but to the theatre proper he was not to be wiled. "My dear sir," he would say, "the House of Commons is the best theatre in London. It's all real there, mister." What a grim pleasantry the collocation of some of the above names would seem now! *Neiges d'antan*, alas! And it is one of life's little ironies—one of Ireland's peculiarly tragic ironies—that all the severing of old comradeship and all the tumult of injustice that followed should be the work chiefly of men whose names were never heard of in council or in battle shock in the brave days of old. This slight gossip is not, however, intended to be polemical. It is only, after all, the familiar Banshee wail that croons for ever and for ever through Irish history if "we return to Kinkora no more."

A favourite haunt of mine on Sunday evenings was the tiny French church of Notre-Dame in a tiny street off Leicester Square. How many Londoners have ever suspected that in that nest of foreign birds of prey, suspected by Mrs. Grundy and by the police—within a stone's-throw of where the ladies of the ballet pirouette in the uncelestial firmament of the Alhambra, and of the back street where, for all we know, the next Vaillant or Caserio may be constructing the next nitro-glycerine bomb—they could behold a scene of Catholic piety as beautiful and as true as ever transfigured a Breton village on a May Sunday morning? It was impossible, even in Ireland, to witness a finer scene of simple-hearted devotion than in that tiny oratory of Notre-Dame at vesper hour. One of the charms of the place was the delicious French vesper canticles; another was, perhaps (all earthly motives are so mixed), to improve one's French by listening to the

French sermon. I was there again during my late visit to England. In a London that had changed so much, here was the only true unchangeable—the Ministry that never goes out, the sanctuary lamp that has a way of going on burning through the ages after the statesmen and the scientists, the poets and the conquerors, have all in their little hour flickered out into the night. There were the mites of French boys in their scarlet soutanes, cherub-like as so many heads by Sir Joshua; there was the procession of young girls in their First Communion dress, with their white chaplets of flowers and their long veils, breathing a piety as pure as if we stood not within hail of Piccadilly, but on the sands of Paimpol with M. Pierre Loti seeing a Corpus Christi procession go by, or with M. Ferdinand Fabre at some chestnut-shaded mountain fête in the Cevennes. Governments rise and fall, but there from the choir rises the everlasting address to the Throne: "In Te, Domine, speraavle: nōng cōngfōngdarr in aeternoom!" and there in the same two front rows of chairs before the altar sit the nuns of the hospital—as on a front Treasury Bench (if one may, without irreverence, use the simile), from which no fickleness of popular passion will ever dislodge them until they are raised to an Upper House, in which there will be moth or rust no more! Then the charming prayers of the congregation for the Church, for France, for the conversion of England, for the sick in the hospital; and—oh! so touching and so French—for the intentions of a mother *gravement soucieuse pour son seul fils*. What a picture it conjures up of some black-eyed, brown-cheeked boy, lost in some den of London—perhaps a young anarchist, living as Vaillant lived, to die as Vaillant died—and the heavy-hearted mother imploring her brother and sister exiles to pray with her to Notre-Dame of her old Breton village to save him! It was all as of old; and as I went out into the night air, penetrated with the something divine that always perfumes the mind in such a place, it seemed strange not to find Leicester Square illuminated with a brightness beyond the brightness of all the electric lights of the Alhambra façade.

When I first found myself all alone in London, a timid boy, all but thirty golden years ago, I saw more of London in a week than I saw in the thirteen years of my parliamentary residence there. That is to say, the London of the country cousin—whom the Crystal Palace dazzles and the Beefeaters at the Tower bore not, and to whom the climb into the black fogs around the dome of St. Paul's is among the most exhilarating of life's adventures. I was glad to find in myself a good deal of the country cousin feeling in revisiting London, and to discover once more that the National Gallery has treasures as glorious as its cupola is ugly, and that the Abbey has mediæval corners more wonderful than aught the modern mason can build out of all the wealth of London, and that the ghosts of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith are still to be seen in and around Pump Court. It was

curious to compare my impressions of London as it lives and moves to-day with my impressions the first morning I set out from a little hotel in Essex Street, which has long since disappeared, to a famous optical surgeon in Harley Street, who is long since dead, through a tangle of Soho streets which were long ago carved up into avenues of violently red brick magnificence. If I were asked to say how the old and the new cities strike a stranger, I should say that London is, in the language of Sam Weller, "wisibly swelling"—swelling not merely in the miles over which it is stretching its prodigious arms and legs into the fields, but in the wealth, health, and energy with which it supports its mighty carcass. I never saw London in such monstrous health. The carriages were more numerous and more splendid than ever; there were fewer of the wan-faced men who sit on the Park seats as long as the policemen would let them, and turn the pleasure gardens of the County Council into such ghastly sarcasms; the hideous struggle for life in the streets, with the policeman standing solemnly in the centre of it all to see that too many bones were not broken, was never so fierce or, in spite of wood pavement and asphalt, and the opinion of M. Alphonse Daudet, so deafening; the well-dressed throngs glittering, eddying, and swelling around the theatres, the jewel shops, the restaurants never so filled with the sublime self-confidence of Britons who had got the men, and got the ships, and got the money too. No suggestion of a *fin de siècle* here; none of the sickly nonsense about *Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe*; but more than ever the burly British energy and appetite, seeking what it may devour. London streets looked as thriving as if they had just bolted the tremendous Budget surplus that was flowing over from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's coffers, and were, in the picturesque American phrase, "feeling good." The evening newspaper boys flying through the streets screaming "the winners," know their public. Nothing wins like "the winners"—not at the City and Suburban alone, but wherever Anglo-Saxon men hustle for success, and push the weakest to the wall. I have myself an old-fashioned weakness for people who can still find something to say for "the losers." There, at all events, was the modern Babylon in all its pride of life, and with its full share, too, of the modern Babylon's unconquerable self-righteousness—with the electric lamp of Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross" at the Lyric Theatre streaming down upon all the wicked Comus rout of Piccadilly Circus, like the eye of some ancient Puritan caught in one of the unholy orgies of the Restoration. It was all very great, greater, perhaps, than anything the world has ever yet seen, in its triumphantly materialistic way. Is it too shocking to confess that, in spite of it all—may be because of it all?—my enthusiasm for the Euston railway platform remained—fresher than ever?

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

ART AND LIFE.

II.

I AM desirous of beginning this second chapter, in which I propose to show how a genuine æsthetic development tends to render the individual more useful, or at least less harmful, to his fellow-men—I am also desirous of beginning this chapter also with a symbol, such as may sum up my meaning, and point it out in the process of my expounding it. The symbol is contained in the saying of the Abbot Joachim of Flora, one of the great precursors of St. Francis, to wit: "He that is a true monk considers nothing as belonging to him except a lyre—*nihil reputat esse suum nisi citharam.*" Yes; nothing except a lyre.

But that lyre, our only real possession, is our *soul*. It must be shaped, and strung, and carefully kept in tune, no easy matter in surroundings little suited to delicate instruments and delicate music. Possessing it, we possess, in the only true sense of possession, the whole world. For going along our way, whether rough or even, there are formed within us, singing the beauty and wonder of the world, mysterious sequences and harmonies of notes, new every time, answering to the primæval everlasting affinities between ourselves and all things; our souls becoming musical under the touch of the universe.

Let us bear this in mind, this symbol of the lyre which Abbot Joachim allowed as sole property to the man of spiritual life; and let us remember that, as I tried to show in my previous chapter, the true lover of the Beautiful, active, self-restrained, and indifferent to lower pleasures and interests, is your man of true spiritual life in one sense. For the symbol of Abbot Joachim's lyre will make it easier to follow my meaning, and easier to forestall it, while I try to convince you that art, and all æsthetic activity, is important as a type of

the only kind of pleasure which reasonable beings should admit of, the kind of pleasure which tends not to diminish by wastefulness and exclusive appropriation, but to increase by sympathy the possible pleasures of other persons.

Now, it so happens that many of the pleasures which we allow ourselves—pleasures which all the world admits our right to—are pleasures which waste wealth and time, make light of the advantage of others, and light of the good of our souls. This fact does not imply either original sinfulness or degeneracy—religious and scientific terms for the same thing—in poor mankind. It merely means that we are all of us as yet very undeveloped creatures; the majority, moreover, less developed than the minority, and the bulk of each individual's nature very much in the rear of his own aspirations and definitions. Mankind, in the process of adapting itself to external circumstances, has perforce evolved a certain amount of intellectual and moral quality; but that intellectual and moral quality is, so far, merely a means for rendering material existence endurable; it will have to become itself the origin and aim of what we must call a spiritual side of life. In the meanwhile, human beings do not get any large proportion of their enjoyment from what they admit to be their nobler side.

Hence it is that even when you have got rid of the mere struggle for existence—fed, clothed, and housed your civilised savage, and secured food, clothes, and shelter for his brood, you have by no means provided against his destructive, pain-giving activities. He has spare time and energy; and these he will devote, ten to one, to recreations involving, at the best, the slaughter of harmless creatures; at the worst, to the wasting of valuable substance, of what might be other people's food; or else to the hurting of other people's feelings in various games of chance or skill, particularly in the great skilled game of brag called social life.

Our gentlemanly ancestors, indeed, could not amuse themselves without emptying a certain number of bottles and passing some hours under the table; while our nimble-witted French neighbours, we are told, included in their expenditure on convivial amusements a curious item called *la casse*, to wit, the smashing of plates and glasses. The Spaniards, on the other hand, have bull-fights, most shocking spectacles, as we know, for we make it a point to witness them when we are over there.

Undoubtedly we have immensely improved on all this, but we are susceptible of a great deal of further improvement. Most people are safe only when at work, and become mischievous when they begin to play. They do not know how to *kill time* (for that is the way in which we poor mortals regard life) without incidentally killing some-

thing else: proximately themselves, birds and beasts, and their neighbours' good fame; more remotely, but as surely, the constitution of their descendants, and the possible wages of the working classes. It is quite marvellous how little aptness there is in the existing human being for taking pleasure either in what already exists ready to hand, or in the making of something which had better be there: in what can be enjoyed without diminishing the enjoyment of others, as nature, books, art, thought, and the better qualities of one's neighbours. In fact, one reason why there is something so morally pleasant in cricket and football and rowing and riding and dancing, is surely that they furnish on the physical plane the counterpart of what is so sadly lacking on the spiritual—amusements which do good to the individual and no harm to his fellows. Of course, in our state neither of original sinfulness nor of degeneracy, but of very imperfect development, it is still useless and absurd to tell people to make use of intellectual and moral resources which they have not yet got. It is as vain to preach to the majority of the well-to-do the duty of abstinence from wastefulness, rivalry, and ostentation as it is vain to preach to the majority of the badly-off abstinence from alcohol; without such pleasures their life would be unendurably insipid. But inevitable as is such evil in the present, it inevitably brings its contingent of wretchedness; and it is therefore the business of all such as *could* become the forerunners of a better state of things to refuse to follow the lead of their inferiors. Exactly because the majority is still so hopelessly wasteful and mischievous, does it behove the minority not merely to work to some profit, but to play without damage. To do this should become the mark of Nature's aristocracy, a sign of liberality of spiritual birth and breeding, a question of *noblesse oblige*.

And here comes in the immense importance of art—and by art I mean æsthetic appreciation even more than æsthetic creation; I mean the extracting and combining of beauty in the mind of the obscure layman quite as much as the embodiment of such extracted and combined beauty in the visible or audible work of the great artist—and here comes in the immense importance of art as a type of pleasure. For experience of true æsthetic activity must teach us, in proportion as it is genuine and ample, that the enjoyment of the Beautiful is not merely independent of, but actually incompatible with, that tendency to buy our satisfaction at the expense of others which remains more or less in all of us as a survival from savagery. The reasons why this mischievous tendency is combated by true æstheticism are both negative and positive, and may be roughly divided into three headings. Only one of them is generally admitted to exist, and of it, therefore, I shall speak very briefly: I mean the fact that the enjoyment of beautiful things is originally and intrinsically one

of those which are heightened by sharing; we know it instinctively when, as children, we drag our comrades and elders to the window when a regiment passes or a circus parades by; we learn it more and more as we advance in life, and find that we must get other people to see the pictures, to hear the music, to read the books which we admire. It is a case of what psychologists call the contagion of emotion, by which the feeling of one individual is strengthened by the expression of similar feeling in his neighbour, and is explicable, most likely, by the fact that the greatest effort is always required to overcome original inertness, and that two efforts, like two horses starting a carriage instead of one, combined give more than the value of each taken separately. The fact is so obvious that we need not discuss it any further, but merely hold it over to add, at last, to the result of the two other reasons, negative and positive, which tend to make æsthetic enjoyment the type of unselfish, nay, even of altruistic pleasure.

The first of these reasons, the negative one, is that æsthetic pleasure is not in the least dependent upon the fact of personal ownership, and that it therefore affords an opportunity of leaving inactive, of condemning to atrophy by inactivity, the passion for exclusive possession, for individual advantage, which is at the bottom of all bad luxury, of all ostentation, and of nearly all rapacity. And here I would beg my reader to call to mind that curious saying of Abbot Joachim's, and to consider that I wish to prove that, like his true monk, the true æsthete, who nowadays loves and praises creation much as the true monk did in former centuries, can really possess as sole personal possession only a musical instrument—to wit, his own well-strung and resonant soul. And now, as to luxury, by which I mean the possession of such things as minister only to weakness and vanity, the possession of such things as we cannot reasonably hope that all men may some day equally possess.

When we are young—and most of us remain mere withered children, never attaining maturity in such matters—we are usually attracted by luxury and luxurious living. We are possessed by that youthful instinct of union, fusion, marriage, so to speak, with what our soul desires; we hanker after close contact and complete possession; and we fancy, in our inexperience, that luxury, the accumulation of valuables, the appropriation of opportunities, the fact of rejecting from our life all that is not costly, brilliant, and dainty, implies such fusion of our soul with beauty.

But, as we reach maturity, we discover that this is all delusion. We learn, from the experience of the occasions when our souls have truly possessed the Beautiful, or been possessed by it, that if such union with the harmony of outer things is rare, perhaps impossible, among squalor and weariness, it is difficult and anomalous in the

condition which we entitle luxury. We learn that our assimilation of beauty, and that momentary renewal of our soul which it effects, rarely takes place in connection with our own ownership, but comes, taking us by surprise, in presence of hills, streams, memories of pictures, poets' words, and strains of music, which are not, and cannot be, our property. The essential character of beauty is its being, so to speak, a relation between ourselves and certain objects. The emotion to which we attach its name is produced, motivated by something outside us, pictures, music, landscape, or whatever it may be; but the emotion resides in us, and it is the emotion, and not merely its object, which we desire. Hence material possession has no æsthetic meaning. We possess a beautiful object with our soul; the possession thereof with our hands or our legal rights brings us no whit nearer the beauty. Ownership, in this sense, may empower us to smash the object and thus cheat others of the possession of its beauty, but does not help us to possess that beauty. It is with beauty as with that singer who answered Catherine II., "Your Majesty's policemen can make me *scream*, but they cannot make me *sing*;" and she might have added, for my parallel, "Your policemen, great Empress, even could they make me sing, would not be able to make you hear."

Hence all strong æsthetic feeling will always prefer ownership of the mental image to ownership of the tangible object; and any desire for material appropriation or exclusive enjoyment will be merely so much weakening and adulteration of the æsthetic sentiment. Since the mental image, the only thing æsthetically possessed, is in no way diminished or damaged by sharing; nay, by one of the most gracious coincidences between beauty and kindliness, the æsthetic emotion is even intensified by the knowledge of its co-existence in others; the delight in each person communicating itself, like a musical third, fifth, or octave, to the similar yet different delight in his neighbour, harmonic enriching harmonic by stimulating vibration.

If, then, we wish to possess casts, copies, or photographs of certain works of art, this is æsthetically considered exactly as we wish to have the "means—railway tickets, permissions for galleries, and so forth—of seeing certain pictures or statues as often as we wish. For we feel that the images in our mind may require renewing, or that, in combination with other more recently acquired images, they will, if renewed, yield a new kind of delight. But this is quite another matter from wishing to own the material object, the thing we call work of art *itself*, forgetting that it is a work of art only for the soul capable of instating it as such.

Thus, in every person who truly cares for beauty, there is a necessary tendency to replace the legal illusory act of owning by the real

spiritual act of appreciation. Charles Lamb already expressed the delightfully in the essay on the old manor-house; compared with his possession of its beauties, its walks, tapestried walls and family portraits, nay, even of the ghosts of former proprietors, the possession by the legal owner was utterly nugatory, unreal:

"Mine too, Blakesmoor, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its twelve Caesars; . . . mine, too, thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority. . . . Mine, too—whose else?—thy costly fruit-garden . . . thy ampler pleasure-garden . . . thy firry wilderness . . . I was the true descendant of those old W——'s, and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste places."

How often have not some of us felt like that; and how much might not those of us who never have, learn, could they learn, from those words of Elia!

I have spoken of *material, actual* possession. But if we look closer at it we shall see that, save with regard to the things which are actually consumed, destroyed, disintegrated, changed to something else in their enjoyment, the notion of ordinary possession is a mere delusion. It is obtainable only by a constant obtrusion of a mere idea, the *idea of self*, and of such unsatisfactory ideas as one's right, for instance, to exclude others. 'Tis like the tension of a muscle, the constant keeping the consciousness aware by repeating "Mine—mine—*mine* and not *theirs*; not *theirs*, but *mine*." And this wearisome act of self-assertion leaves little power for appreciation, for the appreciation which others can have quite equally, and without which there is no reality at all in ownership.

Hence, the deeper our enjoyment of beauty, the freer shall we become of the dreadful delusion of exclusive appropriation, despising such unreal possession in proportion as we have tasted the real one. We shall know the two kinds of ownership too well apart to let ourselves be cozened into cumbering our lives with material properties and their responsibilities. We shall save up our vigour, not for obtaining and keeping (think of the thousand efforts and cares of ownership, even the most negative) the things which yield happy impressions, but for receiving and storing up and making capital of those impressions. We shall seek to furnish our mind with beautiful thoughts, not our houses with pretty things.

I hope I have made it clear enough that æsthetic enjoyment is hostile to the unkind and wasteful pleasures of selfish indulgence and selfish appropriation, because the true possession of the beautiful things of Nature, of art, and of thought is spiritual, and neither damages, nor diminishes, nor hoards them, because the lover of the Beautiful seeks for beautiful impressions and remembrances, which are vested in his soul, and not in material objects. That is the negative benefit of the love of the Beautiful. Let us now proceed to the positive and active

assistance which it renders, when genuine and thorough-paced, to such thought as we give to the happiness and dignity of others.

I have said that our pleasure in the Beautiful is essentially a spiritual phenomenon, one, I mean, which takes place in our own sensations and emotions, altering the contents of our mind, while leaving the beautiful object itself intact and unaltered. This being the case, it is easy to understand that our æsthetic pleasure will be complete and extensive in proportion to the amount of activity of our soul; for, remember, all pleasure is proportionate to activity, and, as I said in my first chapter, great beauty does not merely *take us*, but *we* must give ourselves to it. Hence, an increase in the capacity for æsthetic pleasure will mean, *cæteris paribus*, an increase in a portion of our spiritual activity, a greater readiness to perceive small hints, to connect different items, to reject the lesser good for the greater. Moreover, a great, perhaps the greater, part of our æsthetic pleasure is due, as I also told you before, to the storing of impressions in our mind, and to the combining of them there with other impressions. Indeed, it is for this reason that I have made no difference, save in amount, between æsthetic creation, so called, and æsthetic appreciation, insisting, on the contrary, that the artistic layman creates, produces something new and personal, only in a less degree than the professed artist. For the æsthetic life does not consist merely in the perception of the beautiful object, not merely in the emotion of that spiritual contact between the work of art or of Nature and the soul of the appreciator: it is continued in the emotions and images and thoughts which are awakened by that perception; and the æsthetic life *is* life, is something continuous and organic, just because new forms, however obscure and evanescent, are continually born, in their turn continually to give birth, of that marriage between the beautiful thing outside and the beautiful soul within. Hence, the full æsthetic life consists in the creating and extending of ever new harmonies in the mind of the unconscious artist who merely enjoys, as a result of the creating and extending of new harmonies, not merely in the invisible mind, but in the visible work, of the conscious artist who creates. This being the case, the true æsthete is for ever seeking to reduce his impressions and thoughts to harmony, and for ever, accordingly, being pleased with some of them, and disgusted with others.

The desire for beauty and harmony, in proportion as it becomes active and sensitive, explores into every detail, establishes comparisons between everything, judges, approves, and disapproves, and makes terrible and wholesome havoc not merely in our surroundings, but in our habits and in our lives. And very soon the mere thought of something ugly becomes enough to outweigh the actual presence of something beautiful. I was told last winter at San Remo that the scent of the Parma violet can be distilled only by the oil of the

flower being passed through a layer of pork fat; and I confess that since that revelation violet essence has lost much of the charm it possessed for my mind: the thought of the suet counterbalanced the reality of the perfume.

Now this violet essence thus obtained is symbolic of many of the apparently refined enjoyments of our life. We shall find that luxury and pomp, delightful sometimes in themselves, are distilled through a layer of coarse and repulsive labour; and the thought of the pork suet will spoil the smell of the violets. For the more dishes we have for dinner, the greater number of cooking-pots will have to be cleaned; the more carriages and horses we use, the more washing and grooming will result; the more crowded our rooms with furniture and nicknacks, the more dust will have to be removed; the more numerous and delicate our clothes, the more brushing and folding there will be; and the more purely ornamental our own existence, the less ornamental will be that of others. There is a *pensée* of Pascal's to the effect that a fop carries on his person the evidence of the existence of so many people devoted to his service. This thought is doubtless delightful to a fop; but it is not pleasant to an æsthete: for vanity takes pleasure in lack of harmony between one-self and one's neighbour, while æsthetic feeling takes pleasure only in harmonious relations. Now the thought of the servile lives devoted to make our life more beautiful counterbalances the pleasure of the beauty; 'tis the eternal question of the violet essence and the pork suet. But the habit of beauty, the æsthetic sense, becomes, as I said, more and more sensitive and vivacious; and the more wide awake it becomes, the more difficult it is to seclude it from the knowledge of every sort of detail, to prevent its noticing the ugly side, the ugly lining of certain pretty things. 'Tis a but weak and sleepy kind of æstheticism which "blinks and shuts its apprehension up" at your bidding, which looks another way discreetly, and discreetly refrains from all comparisons. The real æsthetic activity is an activity; it is one of the strongest and most imperious powers of human nature, it does not take orders, it only gives them. It is, when full grown, a kind of conscience of beautiful and ugly, analogous to the other conscience of right and wrong, and it is equally difficult to silence. If you can silence your æsthetic faculty and bid it be satisfied with the lesser beauty, the lesser harmony, instead of the greater, be sure that it is a very rudimentary kind of instinct, and that you are no more thoroughly æsthetic than you could be thoroughly moral, if you could make your sense of right and wrong be blind and dumb at your convenience. Hence, the more æsthetic we become, the less we shall tolerate such modes of living as involve dull and dirty work for others, as involve the exclusion of others from the sort of life which we consider æsthetically tolerable. We shall require such houses and

such habits as can be seen, and, what is inevitable in all æsthetical development, as can also be *thought of*, in all their details; we shall require a homogeneous impression of decorum and fitness from the lives of others as well as from our own, from what we actually see and from what we merely know; for the imperious demand for beauty, for harmony will be applied no longer to our mere material properties, but to that other possession which is always with us and can never be taken from us, the images and feelings within our soul. Now, that other human beings should be drudging sordidly in order that we may be idle and showy is a thought, a vision, an emotion which does not get on in our mind in company with the sight of sunset and sea, the taste of mountain air and woodland freshness, the faces and forms of Florentine saints and antique gods, the serene poignancy of grand phrases of music.

This feeling is increasing daily. Our deepest æsthetic emotions are, we are beginning to recognise, connected with things which we do not, cannot, possess in the vulgar sense. Nay, these deepest æsthetic emotions depend, to an appreciable degree, on the very knowledge that these things are either not such as money can purchase, or that they are within the purchasing power of all. The sense of being shareable by others, of being even shareable, so to speak, by other kinds of utility, adds a very keen attraction to all beautiful things and beautiful actions, and, of course, *vice versa*. And things which are beautiful, but connected with luxury and exclusive possession, come to affect one as, so to speak, *lacking harmonics*, lacking those additional vibrations of pleasure which enrich impressions of beauty by impressions of utility and kindliness.

Thus, after enjoying the extraordinarily lovely tints—oleander pink, cinder grey, and most delicate citron—of the plaster which covers the commonest cottages, the humblest chapels, all round Genoa, there is something *short and acid* in the pleasure one derives from equally charming colours in expensive dresses; similarly, in Italy, much of the charm of marble, of the sea-cave shimmer, of certain palace-yards and churches, is due to the knowledge that this lovely, noble substance is easy to cut and quarried in vast quantities hard by; no wretched rarity like sapphires and rubies, which diminish by the worth of a family's yearly keep if only the cutter cuts one hair-breadth wrong!

Again, is it not one reason why antique sculpture awakens a state of mind where stoicism, humanness, simplicity, seem nearer possibilities—is it not one reason that it shows us the creature in its nakedness, in such beauty and dignity as it can get through the grace of God only? There is no need among the gods for garments from silken Samarkand, for farthingales of brocade and veils of Mechlin lace like those of the wooden Madonnas of Spanish churches; no need for the

ruffles and plumes of Pascal's young bean, showing thereby the number of his valets. The same holds good of trees, water, mountains, and their representation in poetry and painting; their dignity takes no account of poverty or riches. Even the lilies of the field please us, not because they toil not neither do they spin, but because they do not require, while Solomon does, that other folk should toil and spin to make them glorious.

Again, do we not prefer the books which deal with habits simpler than our own? Do we not love the *Odyssey* partly because of Calypso weaving in her cave, and Nausicaa washing the clothes with her maidens? Is it not an additional touch of divinity that Christianity should have arisen among peasants and handicraftsmen?

Nay more, do we not love certain objects largely because they are useful—boats, nets, farm carts, ploughs—discovering therein a grace which actually exists, but which might else have remained unsuspected? And do we not feel in ourselves a certain lack of significance and harmony, of fulness of æsthetic quality, when we pass in our idleness among people working in the fields, masons building, or fishermen cleaning their boats and nets? Is there not in this case a *tare*, a diminution of æsthetic value to our detriment, due to the sense of our futility, an increase of æsthetic value to their account due to what beauty there is about them being connected with ordinary and useful things?

And in this manner does not our æsthetic instinct strain vaguely after a double change: not merely giving affluence and leisure to others, but giving simplicity and utility to ourselves?

And, even apart from this, does not all true æstheticism tend to diminish labour while increasing enjoyment, because it makes the already existing more sufficient, because it furthers the joys of the spirit, which multiply by sharing, as distinguished from the pleasures of vanity and greediness, which only diminish?

One may at first feel inclined to pooh-pooh the notion that mere æstheticism can help to bring about a better distribution of the world's riches; and reasonably object that we do not feed people on images and impressions which multiply by sharing; they live on bread, and not on the *idea* of bread.

But after all, the amount of material bread—even if we extend the word to everything which is consumed for bodily necessity and comfort—which any individual can consume is really very small; the bad distribution, the shocking waste of this material bread arises from its being, so to speak, used symbolically, used as spiritual bread, as representing those *ideas* for which men hunger: superiority over other folk, power of having dependants, social position, ownership, and privilege of all kinds? For what are the bulk of worldly

possessions to their owners : houses, parks, plate, jewels, superfluous expenditure of all kinds, and armies and navies when we come to national wastefulness? What are all these ill-distributed riches save *ideas*, ideas futile and ungenerous, food for the soul, but food upon which the soul grows sick and corrupt?

Would it not therefore be useful to reorganise this diet of ideas—to reorganise that part of life which is independent of bodily sustenance and health, which lives on spiritual commodities—the part of life including ambition, ideal, sympathy, and all that I have called *ideas*? Would it not be worth while to find such ideas, as all people can live upon without diminishing each other's shares, instead of the ideas which each must refuse to his neighbour, and about which, therefore, all of us are bound to fight like hungry animals? Now, as I have tried to show, ideas of beauty are foremost among those which, like the miraculous loaves of the Apostles, feed thousands and leave *basketfuls* for next day.

But such ideas, such impressions and preferences are, after all, one may again object, very rare—themselves an exotic, almost a luxury.

Quite true. Indeed, I have already remarked that they are not to be expected either from the poor in material comfort, nor from the poor in soul, since both of these are condemned, the first by physical wretchedness, the second by spiritual inactivity, to fight only for larger shares of material bread; with the difference that this material bread is eaten by the poor, and made into very ugly symbols of glory by the rich. But, among those of us who are neither hungry nor vacuous, there is not, generally speaking, much attempt to make the best of our spiritual privileges. We teach our children, as we were taught ourselves, to give importance only to the fact of privilege, expense, rareness, already necessarily obtruded far too much by our struggling, imperfect civilisation. We are angry with little boys and girls if they inquire too audibly whether certain people are rich or certain things cost much money, as little boys and girls are apt to do in their very far from innocence; but we teach them by our example to think about such things every time we stretch a point in order to appear richer or smarter than we are; while, on the contrary, we rarely insist upon the intrinsic qualities for which things are really valuable, but for which no trouble or money would be spent on them, but for which the difficulty of obtaining them would, as in the case of Dr. Johnson's musical performance, become identical with impossibility. I wonder how many people ever point out to a child that the water in a tank may be more wonderful and beautiful in its beryls and sapphires and agates than all the contents of all the jewellers' shops in Bond Street. Moreover, we rarely struggle against the standards of fashion in our habits and arrangements; which standards, in many cases, are those of our ladies'-maids

and butlers, or tradesfolk, and in most cases the standards of our less intelligent neighbours. Nay, more, we sometimes actually cultivate in ourselves, we superfine and æsthetic creatures, a preference for such kinds of enjoyment as are exclusive and costly; we allow ourselves to be talked into the notion that solitary egoism, laborious self-assertion of ownership (as in the poor mad Ludwig of Bavaria) is a badge of intellectual distinction. We cherish a desire for the new-fangled and far-fetched, the something no other has had before; little suspecting, or forgetting, that to extract more pleasure, not less, to enjoy the same things longer, and to be able to extract more enjoyment out of more things, is the sign of æsthetic vigour.

Still, on the whole, such as can care for beautiful things and beautiful thoughts are beginning to care for them more fully, and are growing, undoubtedly, in a certain moral sensitiveness which, as I have said, is coincident with æsthetic development. This strikes me every time that I see or think about a certain priest's house on a hillside by the Mediterranean—a little house built up against the village church, and painted and roofed, like the church, a most delicate grey, against which the yellow of the 'spaliered lemons sings out in exquisite intensity. Alongside, a wall with flower-pots, and dainty muslin curtains to the windows. Such a house and the life possible in it are beginning, for many of us, to become the ideal, by whose side all luxury and worldly grandeur becomes insipid or vulgar. For such a house as this embodies the possibility of living with grace and decorum *throughout* by dint of loving carefulness and self-restraining simplicity. I say with grace and decorum *throughout*, because all things which might beget ugliness in the life of others, or ugliness in our own attitude towards others, would be eliminated, thrown away like the fossil which Thoreau threw away because it collected dust. Moreover, such a life as this is such as all may reasonably hope to have, may, in some more prosperous age, obtain; since it involves no hoarding of advantage for self or excluding therefrom of others. And such a life we ourselves may attain at least in the spirit, if we become strenuous and faithful lovers of the beautiful, æsthetes who recognise that their greatest pleasure, their only true possessions are in themselves; knowing the supreme value of their own soul, even as was foreshadowed by the Abbot Joachim of Flora, when he said that the true monk can hold no property except his lyre.

VERNON LEE.

THE INCARNATION: A STUDY IN THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

THE Incarnation idea is essentially that of the unseen universe looking out upon us from the seen. The spiritual world puts in an appearance in the sensuous, and hence comes all the stir which the religions of the world have made. Religion is no other than man trying to get himself into harmony with what he has seen of the unseen universe, trying with more or less of success to make himself responsive to the clamant spiritual world. Mr. Herbert Spencer, with his clear, perceiving mind, has said: "Unlike the ordinary consciousness, the religious consciousness is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense." But we see beyond the sphere of sense through the medium of sense, and incarnation is the agency between the sensible and supersensible spheres. The Incarnation is a showing and a lighting of the unseen.

Now, the mediation, or incarnation, is first in the creation around us, and secondly, in ourselves as conscious beings, the most highly evolved and most meaningful part of nature. It concerns us, therefore, with some definiteness to know what nature is, what do we see in the seen, what have early poetry, and philosophy later, and science last of all, found in nature? These questions are vital to our study.

We look at a river in flood or fall, and we are fixed to the banks by various thoughts; we look at a glacier-clad mountain, and we are amazed; we wonder at the display of colour in the after-glow of the sunset; we are alarmed at the streamers of the aurora in a frosty sky; we sit in a daisied meadow and observe the orchid, the butterfly, and the rabbit. Now, Professor Clifford, as a master of physical science, would have said of the flood and of the chromatic and the electric exhibition that it was "mind stuff" which has met our mind. Darwin rose from his study of orchids to announce the discovery that

the orchid is a modified lily, and that it is profoundly modified to prevent self-fertilisation. He saw in this most curious of plants design and the principle of modification. Professor Huxley, looking at the buttercup and butterfly, would have been saddened at the story of the pain in the ceaseless struggle by which species have acquired the forms they now possess, a sadness which was enough to make a sensitive nature agnostic. Wordsworth would say that there was a presence in nature which disturbed him, whose dwelling was the light of setting suns and the blue sky and the mind of man, a motion and a spirit which rolled through all things, and that therefore he was a lover of the meadow and the mountain. Plato would have said that he saw all butterflies in the original idea of them, and all buttercups in their archetypes, and that these ideas were eternal and divine. Kepler tells us that when he discovered the laws of motion he caught himself reading some of the thoughts of God.

Primitive man, in his simple intuitions, saw and felt what Plato, Wordsworth, Darwin, and Clifford had seen, each in his own department. In him are rolled up the poet, the philosopher, the man of science, who in these later days have been evolved out of him, and he, the unrefracted man, instantly became the theologian and worshipped God. He read the thoughts and emotions of the Infinite Power in the phases of nature and in the drama of his own life, and, startled by the apparition, he brought his sacrifice. He called them, very properly, gods and goddesses, for they were the ideas and emotions of God Himself, and what could he do but see deity in them?

We have lost this primitiveness. We go to nature to find illustrations and analogies. We go to human history and register the motions on its surface, the froth of earthly motive and intrigue and pleasure, never coming near that border-land where the fleeting of time passes into the abiding. Even analogies are only true when they have caught the divine ideas in nature. What we have to do is to go back to the primal, and see in nature the thoughts of the Infinite Mind and in human life the emotions of the Eternal Heart; to find law, order, principle, beauty, pensiveness, sympathy. Not the analogies of them, but the things themselves; not illustrations of them, but the realities themselves. What we have to study as we look at the sky of space is a shower of divine thoughts which have been sown in suns and stars. In the flood and the after-glow we have to see God thinking Himself into the creation; looking at our own selves, we have to hear God present in consciousness, speaking aloud and making the drama of history. And then we shall see God clothing the invisibles of Himself in motion, molecule, and cell.

The creation is the incarnation of thoughts. The flood, the orchid, the sunset colour, the butterfly are the clothing of some emotions. And we who summarise all idea and emotion on the summits of creation

are the more perfect incarnation. The thinking of the Infinite Mind which underlies nature underlies us. Irenæus long ago said "the life of man is the vision of God," and Carlyle has said "we are the great inscrutable mystery of God." The immanence in nature comes out in Incarnation. How the ideas of the Eternal got planted in the creation, how the emotions have become woven into physics and physiology—the mode of the incarnation we shall not know. The incarnation is not the darkness of a mystery, but the light of it. It is a publication of the secrets of the universe. It is a revelation and a manifestation. The ideal is in the real appealing to us, the unseen in the seen looking out upon us, the Immanent in the Incarnate, in very various costumes. And there is a soul in the man who finds them.

The religions of the world are the religions of the Incarnation. They may be roughly divided into two large groups, those which are ruled by the incarnation in nature and those which are ruled by the incarnation in man. A third group may be made of those religions in which the two elements mingle in various proportions, without the decided prominence of the one or the other, but these details need not be intruded into our discussion.

We must expect to find the imperfect in every form and grade of it, for it is of the essence of human nature that we find the imperfect where the perfect was intended, that we see the intention of the finished, but meet with the rough-hewn realities of the unfinished. And it is for this imperfect that the last Incarnation has inspired a touching sympathy. Christmas Day comes to collect this sympathy into charity and benevolence, and to provoke a respect for the weak, the ignorant, and the inferior of our kind. The Christian Church has never lacked the missionary sympathy, but it does lack an intellectual sympathy with the imperfect conceptions and the rude worships of the lower races.

Greek religion is a typical sample of the first group. Greek gods and goddesses were mainly law, order, and beauty perceived in the works of nature, made ideal, and traced to their source in the Absolute One, the *τὸ ἓν καὶ τὸ ὅν*. Greek deities were a pantheon of abstractions. This is the very account which Tacitus gives of the deities of our own Teutonic ancestors in the Rhineland: "They consecrate woods and groves, and they apply the names of deities to the abstractions which they see in spiritual worship."* A mountain has its lake and wood and exciting air, and it is the abode of the nereid, the dryad, and the sylph. Plato's philosophy of ideas was found in this same medium. His ideas are eternal, divine archetypes of the visible world. The deities divested of their material clothing are ideas, and become a

* "Germania," c. 5.

philosophy which gave material help to Christianity in its early days. The Greeks were of all mankind a rational people; and we give a rational basis to Greek modes of thought when we relate their deities to the incarnation principle. The creation is the creative mind incarnating thought and emotion into physics and organisms. The sensible world is a clothing of supersensible ideas.

A ruder, and therefore louder, form of the incarnation idea is to be found among the primitive races inhabiting the Pacific islands. Dr. Turner has been a missionary in Samoa for forty years, and has seen Samoan life evolve into the Christian life. He says that in these islands every family had a household god. These household gods were supposed to "appear in some visible incarnation"—one as an eel, another as an owl, and a third as an octopus. The village gods, like those of the household, appeared also in their "particular incarnations"; one assumed the form of a heron, and another that of the rainbow, and another as a shooting star.*

Into this group of religions excited by the incarnations in nature will fall the religion of the Aryans, before they divided east and west, as found in the Rig-Veda; of the Western Aryans, represented by the Greeks and our own Teutonic ancestors, and of the Eastern Aryans still represented by the Brahmans of India. Also the religions of the ancient Egyptians and of many North African races of our day. The incarnation in these religions is of some particular thought or passion in the Eternal power, who was seen behind or within the phenomena of nature. The sense of our relation to the eternal is sleeping in the human faculty, and is stirred by the stimulus of nature. It is an intuition, native to the mind, one of its inevitable categories, waked up in this medium, till it organises itself into an institution of worship.

A principle of biological science will now serve us through the maze of religious ideas and institutions. Biology has impressed upon us the almost axiomatic canon that the key to functions and structures in simple organisms will be found in the developed structures and functions of higher life. A speck of jelly is all that makes the indistinct body of the hydra; a mass of pulp forty feet long makes the body of some jelly-fishes. This pulp draws in at the approach of danger, and this is a nerve movement which corresponds to sight and hearing, when as yet there is no appearance of eye or ear. The lancelet is a little fish-like creature to be seen at low-water mark in the sand. It has a long rod with square brick-like structures on each side along the centre line of its body, which is known as the notochord, or chord of the back. This structure appears in the embryo of the vertebrates, and it is afterwards replaced by true vertebrae. The lancelet has an incipient backbone; that which lay so long hidden in the plasma of the invertebrates has made an appearance.

* "Samoa a Hundred Years Ago." By George Turner, LL.D.

We know its nature from the developed backbone of the mammal. Our great embryologist has said, "All the modes of development found in the higher vertebrates are to be looked upon as the modification of that of the *Amphioxus*."

Wordsworth is the poet of our century who has taught us what to look for in nature, and how to touch nature by the sympathy of our mind with the mind that is in her. His readings were obscure to the last generation because he took us back to the more primitive parts of us. It was in the society of the rude dalemen of the Lake country that he found this primitiveness. It is what shepherds, cottagers, the village schoolmaster, the leechgatherer, the herdsman, living in a single room, born among the Athol hills, in whom sensation, soul and form were melted into one, who, though he loved his Bible, found his faith in the mountains, who not merely believed, but *saw*—it is what such as these thought that he sings to us. When we look closely into the pedigree of his message, we find that he has revived the relation to nature which lies at the root of primitive religions, and from which we have been removed a long way by a larger relation, in which the lower was included and lost.

Wordsworth felt a sense sublime of something deeply interfused in the light of the setting sun, in the blue of the sky, and in the mind of man, and it was the soul of all his moral being. He saw that every flower enjoyed the air it breathed, that St. Mary's Loch was visibly delighted through her depths. The boulder stranded on a hill-top was a thing endued with sense; the stars had feelings which they sent down to us; the sunset was the apparition of a god; there was a spirit in the woods; the cuckoo was no bird, but an invisible thing, a mystery; the lark had a singing mind. Wordsworth's mind is cast into the Greek mould, and he shows us the genius of Greek religion.

Wordsworth is sensitive to effects of mind in nature, and they are to him an angel, a presence, an interfusion. In Greece and modern Polynesia these effects are called gods and goddesses, but essentially they are the same religious and philosophical conception. Wordsworth has given us the key to the secret of deities and deifications which we impose as a mythology of illusion on primitive religion, unable to enter into the thinking of men whose mind is so differently arranged from our own. The meaning of primitive religions is found as we find the meaning of functions in lower life from the evolved forms. It takes a lengthened study of Wordsworth to make us congenial with primitive modes of thought. The primitiveness is in us, but it has fallen into the lower stratum of intuitions. We think that we have broken with the past, but in Wordsworth we see that religion has produced the evolved backbone when it has become Christian.

The relations of the incarnations in nature to the Incarnation in

Christ is the relation of an ascending series. The parts have found their whole. The ideas distributed in the cloud and the leaf, the emotions distributed in the daisy and the doe, are gathered up into a Personality, from whom they have originally come. There is a gloom and grief in the principle of natural selection; there is a tenderness and a beauty in the hues and lines of a bird's feather, though adaptive colouration has been acquired in a great struggle; there is majesty in the magnitude of a mountain; there are secrets in the woodland haunts of the squirrel and the woodpecker. And all these are ideals and emotions of the Infinite Mind in shrines of incarnation scattered over the earth.

When the Greek became responsive to Christ, he called Him the Logos or Word, of whom the incarnations in nature are the logoi or words, which are ever speaking and suggesting to us the Logos to come in the flesh. The Christ lay hidden in the incarnations, in the mistletoe and Yule log of our Teutonic ancestors, and the Oread and Dryad of the Greek. The Greek anthem of Christmas Day has yet to be understood and chanted in our churches:

"In the beginning was the Eternal Mind, and He was God. All things were born of Him; in Him was the primal life. The Eternal Mind became flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory."

In the second group of religions, the incarnation in man is the worshipful element, and the pressure of it is more especially felt when death divests him of the flesh. The mystery of death meets love, and the divine immanence in man becomes awful in the Unknown with God. The friction flashes a light which illuminates the Infinite of God, and men retain that light in the institution of religion. From deep to deep we go in life, and in the abyss of death, our love wrapped by the earthly cloud, we meet with God, and go up with Him to the mountain of sacrifice.

The Roman religion is an accessible specimen of this group. Roman deities were mainly human virtues and interests idealised and transferred to their high source in the Infinite Heart. Faithfulness was Fides; field labour was Ops; the opening of a shop was Janus; war is Bellona; home and hearth are Lares and Penates. Unlike the abstracted Greek, the Roman was a practical, capable man, governing many and various nations by a sympathy with human nature acquired by this perception of human worth. In his Emperor he tries to see collected all virtues, and he is Cæsar Divus. The Roman Pantheon was mainly a picture-gallery of the essence of human qualities, excellences, affairs, found in the Infinite God.

In this group of religions we place the old Chaldean and most of the modern Mongolian religions, the religion of the Zulus in Africa and of some tribes represented in Madagascar and Patagonia. They

are well represented by the religion of China, where religious services partake largely of the character of commemoration of the dead. It is common in the literature of Comparative Religion to speak of this group of religions as the worship of ancestors and the propitiation of ghosts—phrases in which worship and propitiation are vague ideas and the word ghost simply discredits religion generally. Dr. Legge, the Professor of Chinese in Oxford, who has spent a long life as missionary in China, tells us that the Chinese do not regard the ancestors as divine, "the name of God was not given to them, but honour was done to them as ministers of God." *

The doctrine of immortality has one of its reasons in the human sensitiveness to the spirits of the dead. The sensibility enforces the doctrine, and religion has one of its larger tributaries in the truth of immortality. The primitive man, seeing by his unspoilt intuitions, has always seen something beyond the seeming of death and has never been cheated by its look. When those who are dear to him die this untutored sensibility is roused and he feels the spirits of the dead near, which they really are, and communes with them, and in the roused sensibility a dialogue goes on, which is symbolised by meats offered to the spirit as once to the man at the family meal. The activity of this co-operation between the two worlds depends upon the degree of the sensibility, and what it is in its earliest forms may be seen from its development in the gifted Laureate of our race, recently gone from us.

Perhaps one of the most pathetic and most spiritual products of poetic genius is the "In Memoriam." It is a cathedral built of exquisite marbles, quarried from every mine of thought, passion, imagination, from every vein of pain, joy, hope, doubt, in which you may hear a commemoration liturgy chanted to a music which ever haunts the ear. This literature was produced in the Valley of the Shadow, where we see our poet walking with the departed spirit of Arthur Hallam, and he was seventeen years in the valley. He tells us that "spirit may come to spirit," "my ghost may feel that thine is near," that spirits may be seen by the memory and in the conscience.

* "They haunt the silence of the breast
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a seat at rest."

Tennyson reproduces the primitive sensibility to spirits of the dead, purged of its childish simplicity, but shows the type. The purification comes from the medium which the departed spirit of Christ has supplied. In the Christian world we have lost this communication with spirits by our larger communion with Christ. In Alpine mountaineering, as we ascend, the lower pyramids and domes which made

* "Religion of China," p. 70.

our sky-line and our guide disappear, are flattened down into unknown valleys. But Tennyson, during these seventeen years found himself in communion with the departed spirit of Arthur Hallam :

" So word by word and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once, it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine."

We see the course of the religious sentiment excited by grief and love, flashing up into society with a disembodied spirit and then settling into communion with the departed spirit of Christ. The "In Memoriam" was finished by the hymn addressed to Christ, which forms the prologue to the poem, "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love." The elementary sensitiveness to spirits in the lower religions is here seen in the matured, refined, chastened communion with Christ. Tennyson's genius is cast into the Roman mould, and he has the Virgilian sensitiveness to the universe of spirit. The divine immanence in man, glorified by death, gives character to this second class of religions.

As we may expect, in this second group of religions, there is a pronounced assurance of immortality. The divine immanence having once appeared as personality cannot suffer an eclipse, and death only kindles new fires. Cicero, as a typical Roman, is quite sure of a life beyond for him, or, he says, he would have lost the motive for his activity. Plato, the typical Greek, is hesitating, but assures himself, as in the "Phædo," by a metaphysic which is within reach only of the Greek or German mind.

In the lower races ruled by this type of the religious sentiment, immortality was made expressive by sacraments and expensive customs, sometimes æsthetic, often barbarous, and even awful. A Kirghiz chief has his horse buried with him, a Bedouin his camel. A queen in Madagascar was buried with a box containing 11,000 dollars. The Eskimo has the custom of placing a dog's head over the grave of a child as a guide to the land of spirits, a picturesque symbol of the unseen landscape seen in the medium of death and the inexperienced traveller therein. This vision of immortality has also become an intoxication, with a horror in it for us. In a Polynesian island the grandfather has been killed to accompany a child; in another, slaves are killed in the prospect of a death of a chief, that they may go before and prepare him a place. In Peru, the wives of a person of royal blood offered themselves to death in such numbers that a selection had to be made. In Dahomey, wives have been known to kill each other when a king dies, to join him on the other side. We see here the fanatical diminishing of the sensible world in the certainty of the supersensible, as it becomes visible in the competition of this life with the life to be.

The incarnation in Christ stands in the same relation to the second type of youthful religions as to the first. It is the passage of the parts into the whole. The immanence discerned is a strand of feeling perceived in one man, a power of faculty in another, a beauty of virtue in a third. No man has a rounded completeness; even his one excellence appears with serious imperfections, though it stands out. In Christ the fragments are collected into one Person; this one human personality has all the excellences in harmonious proportion. A divine personality has been grafted into a human personality. We do not know what personality is, but it is the highest and the abyss in us, and we affirm it of God. We do not see in Christ a great idea or a great emotion of God incarnated. We see the personality of God incarnated. The mingling of the divine personality with the human has given us a universal man, not of one nation, but of all nations, the Original of manhood.

This remarkable fact remains about the Christian incarnation, that it was received by the two races for whom the older religions had done their best, and which then stood exhausted, waiting for a future. The Greek, the developed type of the first class, and the Roman, the developed type of the second class, were both sick and despairing when the message of the Christian incarnation came to them and changed the classical into the Christian world. The same movement is going on before our eyes when primitive races receive the last incarnation. The Fiji islands and Samoa are Christianised; and, not to go further, Mr. H. M. Stanley has recently said: "When I was at Lake Victoria, eighteen years ago, there was not a missionary there; now there are 40,000 Christians and 200 churches. The natives are enthusiastic converts, and would spend their last penny to acquire a Bible." And there is no violence or suddenness in these human movements. It is the law of evolution at work, the natural passage of the lower incarnations into the higher, a movement native to the mind, along the line of the basal intuitions.

At this point we bring into perspective the Hebrew type of religion, which stands supreme among the old religions, a mountain range towering above the plains, but with relations to the low country. It has emerged out of the old religions and shows reversions throughout its eventful history to both the classes above described. Its distinctive character is in the hold which the kernel of the nation had of the unity of the Godhead, and the persistence with which it sustained communications with the Eternal without the sensuous medium of nature or the semisensuous medium of departed spirits. When we say this we give it a unique character. The small kernel of the nation was large enough and strong enough to be influential, and to create an atmosphere for centuries within the narrow border of Pales-

time and, after the dispersion, over the Greek and Roman Empires. All the lapses into the lower types from which it emerged, which were serious, left the kernel untouched.

Certainly the most decisive epoch in our world's history was the migration of Abraham out of Ur of the Chaldees as from an ungenial climate, as the Puritans fled from England to lay the foundations of the American world. The religion of Chaldaea was sensitive to spirits. Professor Sayce tells us that the Chaldaean spirits were spirits not of departed men, but of nature. If by spirits of nature is meant abstractions of law, order, and beauty, we ought not to use the word spirits, which must be confined to the spirits of the deceased. But the declensions of Abrahamism show traces of both types of religions, and further research will perhaps show that the Chaldaean species of religion was in part inspired by the incarnation in nature, and in part by the incarnation in man. Aaron made a calf in the desert to satisfy the Hebrew religious feeling. Jeroboam carried the calf of Israel with him and made groves and gods and molten images. In the days of Saul commerce with familiar spirits was widespread, and in this we see the medium of spirits appearing, probably now as an imposture.

It is the glory of Abraham that he gripped himself clean of both the mediums of nature and of spirits in his communion with the Eternal. He went direct into the invisible sanctuary. The spiritual genius of the man perceived that this simple communion could be transmitted by the law of inheritance. Throughout its history the strength of Hebraism lay in the directness of its spiritual communications and the clearness with which it perceived moral duties in this clean medium. The communion of Moses with Jehovah, the Eternal, supplied him with the diamond-cut summary of the moral law preserved to this day in the Ten Commandments. Righteousness was the ideal of the Hebrew; obedience his endeavour. Israel had the genius to see that this specialised spirituality, without the common media used by other nations, and a specialised morality were mutually dependent. By a perennial struggle and in much weakness the dependence was preserved and the victory handed over to the Christian succession, in which it found a new home.

The weakness of Hebraism lay in its inevitable situation, in the childhood of the world in which its lot was cast. Its weakness mainly consisted in the defences by which it guarded its strength. It protected itself against the intrusion of the medium of nature by adopting a medium of rites and rituals, which became a snare, which took the place of righteousness, and against which the prophets maintained a long protest. By the absence of immortality from its faith, it protected itself against the mediation of spirits, and the later psalmists and prophets introduced it to sustain its mission.

But both by its strength and its weakness Hebraism held the future. It was instinct with a great hope, which burned brightest in darkest days, a hope which proved to be of no use to it, but of great use for the world. Abraham moved westward; and the look of his race is ever westward. In the word *Elohim*, gods, lay Greek idealism, which in Alexandria found its inmost idea in the doctrine of the *Logos*. In such phrases as were applied to human greatness—"Ye are gods," "Jehovah the Great King above all gods"—we have the Roman ideal of human nature. Christianity, the true heir of Hebraism, has served itself heir to Greece and Rome. The genuine religions of the world link themselves on to Hebraism, and Hebraism links itself to Christianity. Though Hebraism had discarded the incarnation in nature and in man as a medium of communion with the Invisible, the hope of the race lay in a birth and in an incarnation, and the utterances of her seers with regard to the Person to be born, have been appropriated by the Christian successors of the prophets and applied to Christ. Of old the anthem of Christmas, taken from the Hebrew hope, has been :

"Behold a virgin shall conceive
And bear a Son;
They shall call His name Emanuel.

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given,
And the government shall be upon His shoulder,
And His name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God,
The Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

In the Incarnation as an immanence and as a revelation we have stood in the outer courts of religion. We enter now into the inner sanctuary, there to find that the secret of religion is the Incarnation as a medium of communication between the sensible and the super-sensible worlds, between God and man.

One of the essential conditions by which an organism lives is environment. Environment is of two kinds, the local and imperial. The seed first communicates with the local medium of soil and water, and then, as its life cycle begins, the plumule or embryo shoot opens correspondence with the imperial medium of the sun and takes on its leaf and chlorophyll, which establishes the higher relation. The plasma of life is quiescent till it is stimulated by an environment, and it dies away if it does not find the right stimulus within a certain time. The administration of mind is on a parallel line. Nature and man and death beset the mind and make the local environment. The worshipful thought stirred in this lower medium carries us into communion with the infinite and eternal Power who is the imperial medium. In this correspondence we have the heart of religion.

The communication of primitive man with nature is so active that

its incarnations are pictured as deities, and with the spirits of the dead so real that learned students have confounded it with the worship of God. We have lost this lower society by imperial communications, and we are in the habit of speaking of it as magic, witchcraft, necromancy, mistaking the later pretensions for gain for the reality. There had been no imitation of gold if gold had not a real value. The genuineness of this communication has been affirmed by Wordsworth and Tennyson, in whom our race and our Christianity have flowered with rare thought and passion. Wordsworth has lived on such terms with nature that one impulse from a vernal wood has taught him more than all the sages. Tennyson has lived on such terms with the departed spirit of Arthur Hallam that he feels him a spirit diffused around him, though mixed with God and nature, and his songs as pleasing to his Arthur. All men of the finer fibre, in rare moments, have known passages between them and nature in which they have felt that they were in contact with something more than it, which was within it, and which is the divine immanence in it.

In the religion of the unevolved races, the imperial intercourse is never absent. Research has discovered that every race has found the supreme simplicity of the Godhead. Ahura Mazda is the expression for the Supreme Being among the ancient Persians, and it means I Am who I Am. He Who is above all gods is the Only God is the expression for the Eternal in the Vedic hymns. The ancient Egyptians called the great Supreme, the One of One, intensifying their sense of the unity. In the religions of China and Japan and the Mongolian races generally we have the august name of Tio and Tien, which mean the same as Jehovah. In Samoa the name for Jehovah is the absolute One, and among the Tongans, another Polynesian race, the name is the eternal Ono. The Red-skin Indians of America, from Canada to Mexico, have the name Michabo for the Supreme, which means the great Spirit. The Zulus have the name Umkulunkulu, the great Fatherly Spirit. But communion with the One only God was an arduous thing for the ordinary man. His highest name was a metaphysic. In varying shades of meaning it was the same—I Am that I Am.

The unincarnate God is everywhere revealed to the human faculty. Modern research breaks down the common distinction of religions into monotheistic and polytheistic. This classification has no basis in fact; the mind sways from communion with the supreme unincarnate One to the many incarnations of His immanence in nature and in man, at one time in converse with the local and at another with the imperial environment. Plato tells us how this is done: "I am a great lover of these processes of division and generalisation; they help me to speak and to think. And if I find any man who is able to see a One and

Many in nature, him I follow and walk in his steps as if he were a god." To sustain correspondence with the unincarnate Unity has been a strain on the human powers, and a struggle seen even in our European atmosphere. But still, communication is the heart of religion, and I use the word communication of design to release the idea of communion from religious phrasiness.

Now communication with the incarnate Christ, removed from the range of sense, is the open secret and everyday wonder of the order of life known as Christian. And here the advance made must be specially observed. The striking phenomenon in the Christian life is that this correspondence is direct and immediate, without a medium of sense. The lower incarnations in the natural world are superseded and the stride is immense.

This communication is one of the supreme facts of our world, ruling great crises, creating the familiar atmosphere of our civilisation. It is writ large in literature, in life, in institution, and yet there is not a chapter upon it by Gibbon, by Carlyle, by Froude. It is remarkable that Gibbon should have found many reasons why Christianity succeeded in the Roman Empire, that Froude should have written with so much of genuine sympathy with the Reformation and the reforming Calvinists, that Carlyle should have discovered a hero in Cromwell; and yet they had not discovered that the inner heart of this heroism and of these masterful revolutions is the rise of a capacity in the human faculty for communicating with the personality of Christ in the unseen world which besets us. Froude even stands helplessly by unable to see the cause. He says: "Whatever was the cause they, the Calvinists, were the only fighting Protestants. . . . In England, Scotland, France, and Holland they, and only they, did the work, and but for them the Reformation would have been crushed." Whatever was the cause—why, in every parish all over Europe the cream of its teeming millions meet every Sunday to give social expression to this cause. On Christmas Day they recall themselves to this cause. The hymns and psalms of the Church are the poetry; the prayers are the prose; the sacraments are the symbols of this communication. To write of the Christian centuries without a chapter which will explain this central moral force is to write of the revolution of the earth without the sun. The force which lay in reforming Calvinists came from their correspondence with the departed spirit of Christ. The Puritans who saved England from reverting to mediævalism, the Covenanters who saved Scotland from the same doom, were the successors of the reforming Calvinists. They also got their fibre by communications with Christ, and they struggled to preserve this holy society undarkened and unweakened by intervening sacraments, saints, and priests which were being forced upon them, and prevailed.

The worship of Jesus is the amazing phenomenon of the modern world, and nothing can rob us of its impressiveness, except our familiarity with it. All that is distinctive of this period of time is in this, that the human mind has gone directly into the invisible world, and found Christ there, and brought to Him the burden of its sin and gloom and the beauty of its hope and aspiring. The capacity for this communication and the fact of it are the ground and reason for Christianity. The presence of the unseen Christ in the human consciousness is the secret of Christ. He said, before He took His place in the unseen country: "I will not leave you alone; I will come to you; he that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and manifest myself to him; ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away and come again unto you. A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The Christian sacrament does not recall the memory of the dead Jesus, but calls for an access to the living Jesus to revive the mysticism of His presence. Life has a sympathy with summer, and it is in the summer of Christ's presence in heaven and in the sympathy of the human mind with that summer that the modern world has found its growth and gain.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has told us with incisive conciseness that "superior organisms inhabit the more complicated environments." One of the first gains of the Incarnation in Christ is the complex environment into which we have been taken. Christ as a Divine Personality, accessible to the human mind in the unseen, is a new discovery in the imperial environment. The infinite power is discovered as a fatherly love. The personality of the Holy Spirit, dimly perceived in earlier religions, is now distinctly made out. The Sacred Trinity in the godhead is not an obscure unpractical speculation; the Triune God is now the complex environment to whom the superior organism of the Christian evolution must be in conformity. The Divine Personality seen in the incarnations of the natural world is now known as the Son; the Divine Personality reflected in the mirror of conscience, justifying right, accusing evil, is now known as the Holy Spirit; the Divine Personality known by the metaphysics of the I Am that I Am, is now communicated with as the Heavenly Father. The upper environment has gained both complexity and clearness. God is approached without abjectness, and man is seen with something in him greater than himself. The Incarnation in Christ has shown us more of the imperial environment and more of the local environment with which to converse and to which to conform ourselves. It has multiplied the human capacity.

The divinity of Christ offers a violent contradiction to our concep-

tion of both God and man, that a human body can enclose the infinite. This incredible truth is verified to the intellect by the human communication with Him. When the Fathers met at Nicaea and formulated the well-known Creed, they expressed a discovery made by research in the unseen world. They found that communications reached Him; that prayer, obedience, love found Him; that gifts reached them from Him. They came to their business at the Council laden with the burden of their experiments in correspondence, and with the experience of communications which had shaken the nations for centuries. Theology is first of all an experimental science; it collects the results of researches made by the human mind in its own native region of universal mind. Christian doctrines are the costumes of experience obtained in the co-operation of our mind with the mind of Christ. The accessible Person in the unseen is a Divine Person.

A direct, clarified, persuasive communication with Christ and God is the gain of the last Incarnation. A complicated environment making large demands of love, obedience, and sacrifice, and producing a superior organism, explains European civilisation and this period of time. The earlier unevolved religions speak in dialects; the language of these dialects is found in the Christian religion. To be religious is to touch the primal intuitions; to be a Christian is to tap intuitions of greater antiquity, which opens windows in the southward of us to make fruitful the simple, universal relations. We might have expected that the first anthem of the Christian Church would be excited by the mystery of the Incarnation. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles; believed on in the world, received up into glory."

Mr. Matthew Arnold, some years ago, wrote a paper in the *CONTEMPORARY* on Christmas Day, in which he said he was going to keep the day, though he did not believe in the Incarnation after the manner of the Church. His creed of the incarnation was that it was a myth of purity which had installed chastity on the throne of our moral nature. The poet was coming near to a conception of the incarnation as a vital force. Dr. Martineau has taken higher ground, and told us that the incarnation has served the purpose of humanising God for man, has relieved him of the intolerable pressure of a stupendous universe, has given an importance to the body, and an idealism to the mind. The philosopher has here come very near to a conception of the incarnation as a vital force, and misses it, for he adds, after the manner of Arnold, "To cite these results as an important evidence of the incarnation is hardly fair, for, were it fiction instead of fact, it would affect its believers as it does at present." We shall reach the

incarnation as a vital force reinforcing the human faculty, the point which Arnold and Martineau have indicated, by the help of a contribution which the science of biology makes to the science of religion. The physiologist has always something to say to the poet and the philosopher, as they have to the theologian.

Biology affirms for life the presence of two constants—first, a plasma of what may be called living molecules, contained in the egg or seed; and secondly, an environment which starts the sleeping plasma into activity, and to which the forceful plasma is obedient—so that we have the miracle of the minute nucleus, less than the least pin point, transformed into bone, muscle, and nerve, and organised into a system as huge as a whale. Psychology is a counterpart of physiology. We cannot disjoin them; mind life rises by a sloping stair from the life of the body; the partnership of cell and faculty, with corresponding laws, remains intact throughout the earthly cycle.

The plasma of mind is the basis and beginning of the religious life. This plasma is no other than intuitions, the constant tendencies with which mind begins its career. In the human infant the plasmatic contents of its future metaphysics are folded, and in a year or two the most metaphysical part of him unfolds in a language spoken without tuition in case endings or tense inflexions, but only by the action of the local human mind around him. In a few years, the fears, the dependence, the outlook, the conscience of right and wrong, the mystery of being and the hereafter, all involved in the mind content, are set in motion to organise religiousness, but now only by the action of the Infinite Mind. In these latter days the complex environment, supplied through the personality of Christ, organises the more complex religious life of the Christian world. When Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us that of all certainties the most certain is that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy he has been in correspondence with the Almighty. When Cowper hymns, "Jesus, where'er Thy people meet, there they behold Thy mercy seat," and Ray Palmer, "I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me," and Keble, "Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour dear," they are in correspondence with Christ, as a new appearance of the godhead.

We have already seen the twofold division of the environment into the local and the imperial. Myth, poetry, music, church, tradition, teaching are the local environment as silica and water are for the seed. The imperial environment—without which the local will fail in course of time—is the Infinite and Eternal overshadowing us, and the Logos of the imperial mind in Jesus Christ, like unto light and heat. Mr. Arnold was not far from the reason of Christmas Day, and he missed it by the unfortunate use of the word myth. With the eye of genius he saw that he was in the presence of an active energy, and

he lodged it in an exquisite myth of purity, which is after all, like all religious literature, one of the contents of the local environment.

It is instructive to hear lectures on the sun by an astronomer, and on light and heat by a professor of physics. Yet the sun is not a system of teaching but an energy, rather a system of energies, which marshals plant and animal life. The sunrise and the sunset have inspired great myths, but in science the sun is the author of physiology. The song of the thrush, the May blossom, the sheep on the moor, the yellowing of the autumn woodland, are fine subjects of poetry, but life is a subject of cell and function administered by the sun. The religious life has been the theme of the epic and the lyric from the days of Homer and David to Milton and Wesley and Newman. It has been brought into the lecture-room from the days of Confucius and Plato to the divinity halls of Chalmers and Lightfoot. But it is first of all a system of faculty, emotion, sadness, joy and vista ruled by a specific pressure. It is instructive to hear Mr. Herbert Spencer telling us of the Infinite and Eternal Energy from whom all things proceed, but if this august Energy had not pressed upon the mind of our philosopher, he could not have discovered Him, nor had there been any religion in the world. It is instructive to hear lectures in a divinity school on the Person of Christ, but Christ is before all the correspondent in the heavens of the human mind from whom comes the energy without which there had not been Christianity in Europe. Myth, literature, philosophy are a teaching about this living presence and pressure, and fall into the category of the local environment which is inoperative without the imperial environment.

The Incarnation as a vital force is involved in the Personality of Jesus, as light, heat, electricity coalesce in the energy of the sun. We shall understand from the analogy of the sun that it is one of a group of forces originating in the personality of Jesus which can be separated in thought, but which more or less coalesce in their total effect on the human person. The incarnation, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the ascension, are specific forces, which acting together have touched the roots of being and personality so as produce the modern type of man—the Paul, the Origen, the Pascal, the Bernard, the Luther, the Faraday, the Heber, the Livingstone, the Newman, so unlike the moral greatness of the Hebrew and classical order.

Now we know a force by the effects it works. Our concern is with the Incarnation effects.

1. The Incarnation collects in Christ, as the Firstborn of creation, the vestiges of the divine mind profusely scattered in nature—the beauty, the law, the power, the wonder. It gathers also in Christ the divine inherence seen in the thoughts and virtues of men as the Original Man. The scattering effects of the lower incarnations in

primitive religion have produced idolatry. An idol is at first only a work of art, which gives form to a divine inheritance seen in particular objects of nature. Art helps us to make real the ideal, and then it reduces the ideal to commonplace; and when this stage is reached, art becomes the idol, and idolatry is the capitulation of the mind in the struggle to sustain the invisible of God. Idolatry is the disease which grows into a pestilence in primitive religion. The Incarnation in Christ has cured the mind of this disease by absorbing the producing germs. It is a force of unification, giving us a clear, clean sky in which to see God. In Catholic Christianity, where art is too freely used, the same disease may be seen from the same old source.

2. Men have found it hard to be religious. As the highest endeavour of being, religion has been naturally an onerous undertaking, and the reaction from its tasks has been the scepticism to which the mind has yielded. To make ourselves vivid with the higher relations, every resource has been used up of sacrifice, ceremony, art. To put ourselves into accord with the Will that is over us no propitiation has been spared. To insure the soul for the career of spirits, a heavy premium of minute tasks, fasts, and mortifications has been paid, not more, indeed, than the value of being demands. Nobly has the mind borne the strain. Abraham attempted to offer his only child Isaac; Agamemnon, as the Trojan legend goes, offered his daughter Iphigenia. The youth-time of the world is like the youth of the individual, which to be redeemed demands a heavy ransom of labour.

The Incarnation in Christ met man after his education by the incarnations in nature. The advent of the divine personality in the flesh has given the Eternal the experience of what it is to be human; it has established a kinship between God and man, and the flow of a new sympathy. The negative effect has been that the awe of the Infinite is softened and the distance upwards shortened. The intervention of priest, sacrifice, observance—all vicariousness—has been put aside. The positive effect is that religion, which is indigenous to us, though burdensome by reason of its dignity, becomes a freedom and a love. The Incarnation has made religion homely, where it was stately and awful.

Moral forces work slowly because capacity enlarges slowly. We see in the Catholic Church, which ministers to the inferior mind of the Christian world, the worship of Mary, a heavy calendar of saints and gorgeous ceremonials, by which it preserves elements of the older religions.

3. The value of human life and the sense of human worth are made a law to us by the light of the incarnate Personality, who spends thirty years in the obscure workshop of Nazareth. The Emperor Theodosius, with his staff of officials, appeared at the cathedral of

Milan, on his return from Salonica, where he had ordered a massacre of the inhabitants. Ambrose, a bishop known for his extreme meekness, refused him admission to the cathedral till he had expiated the crime. The Emperor and the Roman world were amazed at the daring attitude of the bishop about a matter so commonplace as the slaughter of human beings. It was the flashing up in one of the humblest of ecclesiastics of a new sense in human nature for long in abeyance. The everyday man is worthy; the everydayness of his life is valuable. Slowly this idea has risen to the level of a working force. Murillo put it into one of his larger and striking pictures, "The Miracle of San Diego," where a door opens and two noblemen and a priest enter a kitchen, who are amazed to find that all the kitchen-maids are angels, one of whom handles a water-pot, another a joint of meat, a third a basket of vegetables, a fourth is stirring the fire. The inner content and high destiny of man as man, the poor toiling man, apart from all accidents, are so seen, by the showing of the Incarnation, that they become a forceful sympathy.

The large negative result is that slavery and serfage are cast out never to be revived amongst us. Paul sends a letter to a slave-owner by the hands of his regenerated runaway slave, saying, "Receive him now no longer as a slave, but as a brother beloved in the Lord." The feeling in that simple sentence sapped the ground from under this immemorial and not unnatural institution of primitive society. It was a legislation dictated by the incarnation in Christ. The positive result is that there is established a franchise of equal rights. On Christmas Day, for at least one day, we forget the divisions of high and low, educated and uneducated, weak and strong, as a sample of what should be every day. We give what we can to make others like ourselves.

4. The Virgin and the Child were the subject of the earliest Christian art. The imagination was much stirred by the birth in Bethlehem. Every gallery in Europe has long spaces occupied by the productions of Cimabue, Giotto, Lippi, Perugino. The function of art is to make the meadow and the hill look finer than we have ever seen it. The higher function of art is to make human life look purer and dearer than we have ever found it. The early artists of the Christian age tried to express the common feeling which possessed men that the relation of the sexes was renovated by the Incarnation. The sanctity of sex, the wonder of motherhood, the mystery of birth, had received a refining influence, and the artist expressed in his Madonnas and Annunciations that a delicacy and a purity had been found for the family as yet unknown. Maleness and femaleness were early seen as the divisions of the divine image in us,* and they

* Genesis i. 27.

are now traced to the sacred complexity in the Trinity of the Father and the Son. The commonplace has been glorified by the nativity in Bethlehem.

The large negative result is that polygamy is cast out amongst us. The positive result is that the capacity to love one and only one has become general which had been the property of the few and outside the Christian forces still remains a lame and hesitating emotion.

5. The Incarnation further sets before us or, better, presses upon us a moral ideal. Mr. Arnold discovered purity in the ideal; but it is an all-round ideal of goodness, obedience, self-control, self-sacrifice, service. It is lived in the flesh and only once reached by our humanity in the special incarnation. We cannot do without ideals, and we have now an ideal which is not Hebrew, French, or English, but catholic and universal, alongside of which we like to come. We see what it is to be human, and humanity becomes dear to us in the ideal, though we and all around us be failures.

The negative result has been that the Spartan, Athenian, Roman ideals of courage, knowledge, strength have lost their place. The positive result is that life is for goodness. He is the good servant who works with his master's interests in view. He is the good master who prefers the interests of his servants to his own. The ideal is the imitation of the incarnate personality of Jesus.

The Incarnation may be said to have invented a new type of humanity and to have drawn out an indenture for a new quality of service.

The mode of the Personal incarnation remains beyond us as the mode of the incarnations of idea and feeling in nature. If we can make plain to ourselves where God is in the creation and how the creation is in God, we shall have taken the first step towards explaining how God in Christ is one with Christ in God. But we have found the fact by communication, and rediscovered it by the inflow of moral forces, evolving the finer virtues of our human nature, graphically described by a master of this experimental science when he said, "Christ liveth in me."

The Incarnation principle finds a common inspiration for the religions of the world. The Christian Incarnation fulfils the promise in all the reverences and worships of the world. It puts poetry, art, philosophy, and religion into a kinship. The method of life looks upwards to it as the now reached and realised hope in the imperfect faiths and forms of religion among primitive races. It illuminates the profound saying of Paul, that the invisible things of God from the creation of the world have been clearly seen and understood by the things that are made.

In the morning-time of the world, religion is mystic with the

voices of the Eternal Mind heard in the incarnations of nature. In the noontime we lose these voices ; they are mixed with the voice of the Incarnation in Bethlehem, to be reheard by us, however. If we are to have a new religion it must be by another incarnation which will show us more of the personality in God and more of the manhood in man, which will introduce us into a richer correspondence with a more complex environment, and touch still lower down the unchanging forces of consciousness.

The daisy sleeps in the wintry ground of Christmastide and summer dreams in frosty skies, and they are waked up : so the sense of God, dreaming in our Valley, Drift, and Cave-men ancestors has been called up, and the sense of Christ sleeping in the Hebrew and classical world has been awakened. If we keep this side weariness and inferior living, we shall find strength enough in the sympathy of the last incarnation to will the highest and to work the best in us, while we wait for the summer of those tendencies with which the whole creation labours.

W. W. PEYTON.

THE HIGHLANDS OF NATAL.

SPEAKING at the banquet given in London on November 6 last to celebrate the completion of the Natal-Johannesburg Railway, Mr. Chamberlain expressed more than sanguine views as to this and other South African lines. Returns to "make the mouth of an English director water" he looked upon as assured.

The elevated plateaus of Natal, which are especially referred to below, have been developed by the older parts of the railway for twelve years past, and the effect is very apparent in the increased prosperity and comfort everywhere visible throughout the country. From the birth of Johannesburg the Natal Government Railway has been a very paying concern. Since the completion of the line its prosperity has increased to such a degree that it would probably now fetch, at public sale, a sum largely in excess of the total debt of Natal.

Hitherto Natal has been generally mistaken, even by many educated South Africans, for territory mainly sub-tropical and low-lying, owing to the fact that the two towns which have in the past attracted almost all the passing notice given to the Colony are Durban, which is on the coast, and Pietermaritzburg, the capital, which is sunk in an extremely deep hollow, though it stands 2200 above the sea-level. As a matter of precise and vital fact, out of some sixty stations on the Natal main line, six are over 5000 feet (one, Van Resnen, 5500), and five more—eleven in all—above 4500, while more than half are over 3500; although a railway, of course, passes through the lowest parts of the country it traverses. After the eightieth mile of railway, less than fifty miles in a direct line from the coast, the average altitude of the next thirty-five railway stations—up to Charlestown, namely—is quite 4200 feet, which shows a temperate and very attractive climate.

At the 111th mile of rail from the port, and much less than that by

road, an extensive plateau, just on 5000 feet, is reached. So that in Natal the series of high plateaus, which is general all over South Africa, and on which its climatic repute solely depends, lies within about one-fourth of the distance from the coast, or port, which must elsewhere be traversed in order to attain them. The two large towns are only now beginning to have the means to appreciate this at all adequately, and within the last few years there has been a very marked improvement in the highland hotels, an improvement now certain to extend at an increasing rate. In point of fact, within 110 miles by rail from the coast everything, ranging from coffee to chilblains, can be successfully raised.

Though sub-tropical in climate on the coast, and producing tea and sugar, Natal lies well outside the tropics; and, to give a rapid picture of the climate at about 4500 feet, it is such that on an average on five days a week during every month of the year, both winter and summer, afternoon tea may be taken under the orchard or other shade at a temperature of from 60° to 70°, and in a light, bright, and bracing air. The day temperatures vary little between summer and winter, but the nights a good deal. Contrast this with a climate like that of Canada, where a large part of the settler's energy must go in preparing for and fighting six months of excessive cold, and two months of heat far in excess of the highland summer in South Africa.

During the last twenty years the farmers of the higher lands of Natal have prospered generally in two ways. They have made money slowly but steadily from wool, stock-breeding, and from general farming produce, milk and butter, oats, maize, &c., for Colonial requirements. They have in that period enjoyed three brilliant money-making spurts in the way of produce and of transport freights, arising from, first, the early development of the Kimberley diamond mines, then the Zulu war, and, lastly, the discovery of the stupendous gold-mines directly to the north. But in addition to this they have generally been large holders of land—from 2000 to 10,000 acres as a rule. A fair estimate of the increase in value of such holdings during the last twenty years would put the average rise at about 400 per cent., i.e., from between five and ten shillings per acre up to one to two pounds an acre. This increment of bare land value merely—not of land with homestead—has sprung in no appreciable degree from improvements made by the owners, but entirely from a gratuitous element of success; it is owing to the rapid progress of Natal and her immediate neighbours, a progress which will go on rapidly for another generation. The neglect of centuries, coupled with the advances of science in steam transport, ice apparatus, and economic treatment of low-grade gold-ore, renders South Africa the more quickly progressive now.

During the ten years preceding 1891 the white population of Natal

doubled itself. There was also an enormous increase in the black population, largely by influx from Zululand. There is every indication that a like rate of increase among the whites is being maintained, and possibly exceeded, since 1891.

To the least speculative farmer in the Colony the conditions and prospects of gold-mining must remain vital for at least ten years to come. Johannesburg, commonly called the Randt, lies immediately to the north. The second shortest of five railway-approaches thither from the sea traverses Natal through an already developed farming country, and is the route through which Johannesburg was mainly equipped and rushed into existence. The nearest of the five railway-approaches, that by Delagoa Bay, has drawbacks peculiar to itself. It is Portuguese, and is extremely malarious at its base. Besides being much shorter than the Cape railway routes the Natal line is exceedingly picturesque and attractive. It may safely be assumed that the very real rigours of the Johannesburg winter—more people die there from cold than from heat—will to some extent be varied and relieved, now that quick railway connection is complete, by visits to Durban, the Natal port, which has an excellent winter climate, and can offer bathing, yachting, &c. In every branch of her revenue, and through most of her citizens, Natal has already been much enriched by the success of the Randt mines, and those mines have not as yet approached their zenith. Looking farther north, Mashonaland and Matabeleland will more than probably become solid contributors to the world's gold supply. The persistent hopes of numerous experts and small capitalists in Natal will be sorely disappointed if the gold existing in Zululand close by be not ultimately worked to advantage.

Relying, however, only on what is already wholly proved, Johannesburg, as we all know, is not only the largest gold-producing centre the world has yet seen, but the most permanent, the most industrial, in essentials the least speculative. Five-and-thirty years after California touched her zenith as a gold-producer she was estimated on high authority to be one hundred times as rich in fruit, wheat, wine, and wool as ever she had been in gold. Present conditions seem more favourable in some ways to a like progress in South Africa than they did in California. South Africa is already in a very advanced state of development as to steam transport by land and sea, which was far from being the case in the gold-mining days of California. She has copious and cheap black labour—at present somewhat disorganised. Many of the gold and diamond mines employ over a thousand natives each, some coal-mines their hundreds, numerous farms their fifties. The geographical position of quite Southern Africa is singularly favoured for purposes which will tell their own tale with surprising force in the near future. Capetown is almost in a direct line under-

neath London; their longitude is sufficiently similar to make the Cape the nearest point possible to London at that latitude with the seasons reversed; which means Cape fruits, vegetables, and so on, in the European winter. At the last general meeting of the Union S.S. Co. their chairman had to remark: "It is disheartening to see our ships coming home comparatively empty, but sooner or later the agricultural resources of South Africa will be developed."

To touch on but one coming article of export out of several: Around Capetown there grow luxuriantly and cheaply, at about one penny per pound, most luscious open-air grapes, muscatels and others, too rich for wine-making, but excellent for invalids and for raisins. Good peaches, too, are very cheap. During the last few years some of the ablest men in South Africa, and at least one of her largest capitalists, have been devoting time and money to the development of a trade in fresh and dried fruits and fresh vegetables with London, and later Europe, which may linger a little, but must come. Expert growers, with their up-to-date methods, have arrived from California. Some of the London fruit-dealers already send out their skilled packers. The main steamship lines have built cool chambers expressly for fruit.

In Natal the export of fruits is not as yet a staple source of income. But besides bananas and pine-apples on the coast, at a level of from 500 to 3000 feet there flourishes a superb orange, called the naatché. It is of the mandarin form and odour, but very much larger; its colouring, a most brilliant vermilion orange, renders it a singularly effective decoration for table purposes. Its export has only been attempted as yet on the slightest scale, but a quotation from the London agent of the consigner seems worth giving. Messrs. Gillespie & Son, of London, wrote: "Your trial shipment of twenty-two cases of fruit per U.S.S. *Moor*, duly arrived, and we have effected a sale at prices which we consider eminently satisfactory. The mandarins were, without exception, the very finest lot that were ever seen in our market—the boxes containing only a hundred yesterday realised 1½*d.* each wholesale. This is, we believe, the highest price that has ever been obtained." Reversed seasons bring all such products to market at a time when there is no competition from Europe. Without reckoning on startling surprises of wealth exhumed periodically in South Africa, the proximity of coal and iron to each other in quantity in Natal and the Transvaal must be regarded, for it cannot now very long escape the attention of capitalists.

The magnificent results of the gold-mines, and their assured permanency, may keep gold at the head of the exports with advantage for a considerable number of years; but a later generation will surely see the relative importance of gold and agriculture reversed; and South Africa may well, like California, become thirty-five years hence

literally one hundred times as rich in agriculture, horticulture, coal, iron, and other products as she is now in gold. Though such a prospect may stagger, it is not only in time realisable but, in part at least, inevitable. Looking to the immense attraction South Africa is now at last exercising over Europe, to her accessibility, her untapped wealth, and to her good fortune in having gold for a pioneer, a wide development of her general resources seems imminent.

To return to the high plateaus of Natal. Going north from Maritzburg the railway at once enters upon a long corkscrew ascent. After an hour's hard puffing, during which the capital has disappeared and reappeared several times, the fourth station, perched 1500 feet above Maritzburg, and but little more than a rifle-shot distant, marks the commencement of a wide, fertile, and beautiful tableland averaging 3700 feet high. It is a park-like country and strikingly similar in form and colouring to parts of West Somerset, those around the Quantocks and Porlock Vale; but in Natal the tops, unlike Exmoor, are fertile. In both countries the rounded hillsides of about 1500 feet are clothed with a very dark green foliage, the grass is a lighter green, and the soil a deep reddish-brown. Natal is frequently called in South Africa the garden colony, and this is becoming the most gardenised portion. Along this part of the line, good homesteads, and occasionally a handsome residence, with avenues, orchard, and fields hedged with acacia-trees, go about one to the square mile, not to speak of villages around stations every four or five miles. Undoubtedly the Natal farmer often lives too well, and especially houses himself in a style out of proportion to his capital; and in this he is exceedingly unlike the Dutchman, who, though he may own property worth from £10,000 to £50,000, generally lives cheaply and very poorly from our point of view.

Thirty miles of rail, and the yet higher plateau—that just on 5000 feet—is reached. Grassy, but with fewer trees, it is flanked fifty miles to the west—which look like fifteen in that pellucid air—by the Drakensberg range, with its sheer precipitous walls, rising superb and majestic to 10,000 or 11,000 feet, the highest points in extra-tropical Africa, and often snow-clad even at midsummer. This is assuredly the choicest stock-farming district in Natal, and probably in South Africa, and is held by a progressive class of farmers. It seems especially adapted for man, beast, and crop of middle or northern European origin. The delicate texture of the herbage, the garden produce, and the ferns denote a temperate and salubrious climate. Above 4000 feet the orange begins to fail, at 4500 feet the peach; thereabouts the cherry and apple thrive, with such things as clover and turnips. The stately arum lily, which flourishes like our daisy in the Midlands, here gives place, in the frequent watered ravines, to a riot of delicate maidenhair ferns. Here especially the air has com-

monly the immediate result of inducing high spirits and a keen appetite; all the surroundings are wholesome and elevating to the last degree. Amid such expanded views, ranging over a prospect of fifty miles, and in that clear, buoyant air, breezy and bracing, a gallop towards evening in summer produces a sense of exhilaration to haunt the memory for long years. The farmer quietly values the high air for his family and his stock, and pities the lowlander; the visitor discovers it "like champagne"; the doctor dubs it highly "aseptic"; while the Zulus were wont to carry their wounded high up into this hospital of nature. There is in truth quite a striking sense of cleanliness about the atmosphere. If the middle of the day is sometimes hot it is never enervating; far from it. Taking the whole twenty-four hours, it is never warmer here than the English summer and always more bracing; and the winter, though cold and keenly frosty at night, has invariably a warm and sunny daytime, while the dark winter days so frequent at home are quite unknown.

Olive Schreiner has lately been analysing for us, with rare subtlety, the origin of the Boers' love and veneration for the physical traits of the land to which they emigrated. That semi-religious love of their promised land is somewhat recondite. In a very few years the English resident on the highlands of Natal commonly arrives at the same level of patriotism from influences neither subtle nor recondite. Whatever he has experienced before is almost certain to suffer in comparison with the beauty, the climate, and the material comfort of what he has so easily come to possess. He loves his surroundings because they are lovable, and has, as a rule, no desire to move, because change would be to his detriment.

Perhaps the leading feature in the present life of Natal is the immense activity in the matter of agricultural shows and societies, farmers' conferences, farmers' agencies, stud companies, and the like. Ten years ago the agricultural shows, amounting now to about twelve in number—two of surprising scope—were practically non-existent. The first very high plateau, averaging 4800 feet, is beginning to feed the two large towns, and the uses of the ice-factory are catching on through one or two rich country centres. Exceptionally good beef, mutton, and lamb have for the last four years been sent down the twelve hours' journey to the port; butter for two years; milk and fruit seem to be coming shortly. The Government are likely before long to introduce refrigerating cars. The dairy expert, a recent arrival, is attentively listened to and has success assured. Recent experiments prove the growth of English cocksfoot grass (*Dactylis glomerata*) to be a complete success on the highest plateaus, and farmers are fast putting it in. The port and the capital are beginning to supply the district heavily with summer guests. Under such conditions, where good and delicate simple foods are the most easily obtained of the necessities of life, it

is mere carelessness if the hotels fail to feed their guests well and wholesomely.

On these two plateaus immediately above Maritzburg along the main line, hotels are much more frequent, and average very much better than in any other country district in Africa. Two or three are pretty; in many the simple foods are good—in one, now no longer, I fear, public property, deliciously delicate. Until recently coarse living was undoubtedly the insuperable drawback to visitors in the high and healthy country districts in South Africa. The hotels may presently approximate to those of Madeira; the high country is much more wholesome, take the whole year round, and there lies around stimulating opportunity for enterprise. Over 90 per cent. of the white race in Natal is British—no small consideration just now; elsewhere the Dutch still predominate; here only in South Africa the English tongue exclusively prevails. This being so, and having a comparatively dense population, one may expect Natal to remain pre-eminent in the comfort and civilisation of its country district. The increasing wealth of the large lowland towns, and the extreme salubrity of a handy and lofty plateau, must, too, operate much more rapidly in the future than they have done in the past, now that Johannesburg and Durban have complete railway connection. Natal Ministers, two years ago, believed they had secured her Free Trade with the Transvaal, by a much discussed sixteenth clause of an important railway convention. That clause ambiguously guaranteed the granting of full "trade facilities." Whatever that may be worked out exactly to mean, it is undoubted that there is a strong set just now throughout South Africa towards intercolonial Free Trade. By abandonment of trade restrictions on the part of the Transvaal, the Natal farmer along the main line to Johannesburg would peculiarly gain, especially in one or two districts which are thoroughly ripe for co-operative marketing.

The tableland at 4800 feet is quite fifty miles square, or measures roughly 2500 square miles. Comparatively well populated as it is, there are fewer than 500 European families on it. It is land which should be closely farmed, and, allowing ultimately over 600 acres for each family, each will benefit the other when it is held by from five to ten times its present population. Even in the very choicest, most convenient, and best developed farming districts throughout South Africa there will for a long time be ample room.

Certain evergreen trees grow with quite extraordinary facility and rapidity; they are the one shelter which stock require on the high land, and the excellent indigenous timber trees are already used up. Even the poorer parts of timber trees will find a market as mine-props, if near a station. Cocksfoot grass supplements a want in the veldt, and takes stock through the dry winter. Anywhere within five miles

of the numerous highland railway stations, the man who has leisure and capital to keep putting down 10 per cent. of cocksfoot grass to the veldt, and as many avenues and breakwinds, and as solid clumps of timber trees as he can find labour for, will be lucratively employed.

Maritzburg, the capital, has always had, and—as the Imperial Government are still building barracks—seems likely to retain a large garrison for a town of 20,000 inhabitants—two or three regiments of the line, one of cavalry, some artillery, and a few engineers. This has done much, of course, to brighten the social life of the midlands, and much that will last.

Poor as well as rich generally have gardens, however small, bright all the year round. Two of the nurserymen's gardens near Maritzburg rival the best that Madeira can show. It is in truth hard to say whether our English pansy, chrysanthemum, violet, rose, and even primrose, or the half-tropical azalea, camellia, arum lily, and all the lily tribe, thrive the more luxuriantly.

As to education, there is a large Government grant per head, and the very fullest discussion over its disbursement. Besides several private schools, of which one is notably successful, there is a wonderful showing of handsome Government school buildings, too handsome, perhaps. But that Natal is at least capable of fostering the highest attainments would appear in her claiming a recent senior wrangler, Mr. Bromwich, who went direct to Cambridge from four and a half years at a Natal school.

Throughout the mass of literature which the last twenty years has produced descriptive of South Africa, there has been a marked neglect of an aspect which strongly appealed to Anthony Trollope eighteen years ago. In his sagacious but forgotten book on South Africa, when touching on some of the most comely parts, he expressed and reiterated the opinion that the English gentleman with a family, and small or moderate means, would be advantaged by transplanting himself to this country of larger opportunities. Those who are conversant with the fictions, the poignant family history, the autobiography of Anthony Trollope, must feel with what unequalled authority he wrote on the necessities of the English country gentleman.

Time seems but to add to the truth of his opinions. Natal has become better suited to the class he addressed than it was at the time he formed his views. A few sentences from him seem worth quoting now:

“The traveller knows as a fact that the Dutchmen in South Africa are more numerous than the English”—so Trollope wrote about eighteen or twenty years ago; “but in Natal he is on English soil, among English people, with no more savour of Holland than he has in London when he chances to meet a Dutchman there. And yet over the whole South African

continent there is no portion of the land for which the Dutchman has fought and bled, and dared and suffered, as he has done for Natal. . . . It is a smiling, pretty land, blessed with numerous advantages, and if it were my fate to live in South Africa, I should certainly choose Natal for my residence.

" . . . In 1849 a body of English emigrants went out there who have certainly been successful as farmers, and who came chiefly, I think, from the county of York. . . . One man whom we saw had come from the East Riding of Yorkshire more than twenty years before, and was now the owner of 12,000 acres. He was living comfortably with a pleasant wife and well-to-do children. His house was comfortable, and everything, no doubt, was plentiful with him. But he complained of the state of things, and would not admit himself to be well off. 'O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint agricola.' And in the midst of this, the man's prosperity and comfort were leaking out at every corner. The handsome grown-up daughter was telling me of the dancing parties around to which she went, and there were the pies and the custards all prepared for the family use, and brought out at a moment's notice. There were the dining-room and drawing-room, well furnished and scrupulously clean, and lived in, which is almost more to the purpose. There could be no doubt that our Yorkshire friend had done well with himself. . . . I had quite convinced myself that the people whom I had seen during my little tour had done well in settling themselves in Natal. . . .

"Of all the towns in South Africa, Pietermaritzburg is the one in which the native element is the most predominant. It is not only the stranger there sees more black men and women in the streets than elsewhere, but that the black men and women whom he sees are more noticeable. The Zulus as seen in Maritzburg are certainly a peculiar people, and very picturesque. Whatever it be that the Zulu wears, he always looks as though he had chosen that particular costume quite regardless of expense, as being the one mode of dress most suitable to his own figure and complexion. The Zulu grace is much more excellent than the Kaffir grace. . . . At Maritzburg I found that I could always catch a Zulu at a moment's notice to do anything. At the hotel, or your club, or your friend's house, you signify to some one that you want a boy, and the 'boy' is there at once. If you desired him to go a journey of 200 miles, to the very boundary of the Colony, he would go instantly and be not a whit surprised. He will travel thirty to forty miles in the twenty-four hours, and will assuredly do the business confided to him. Maritzburg is fifty-five miles from Durban, and an acquaintance told me that he had sent down a very large wedding-cake by a boy in twenty-four hours. 'But if he had eaten it?' I asked. 'His chief would very soon have eaten him,' was the reply. . . . I was astonished to find at how much cheaper a rate he works than does the Kaffir in British Kaffraria or in the Cape Colony generally. . . . In truth, there is much of Zulu agricultural work done at a low rate of wages, and the custom of such work is increasing. As to other work—work in towns, work among stores, domestic work, carrying, carting, driving, cleaning horses, tending pigs, road-making, running messages, scavenging, hod-bearing and the like—the stranger is not long in Natal before he finds, not only that all such work is done by natives, but that there are hands to do it more ready and easy to find than in any other country that he has visited. . . .

"Comfort in living depends not so much on the amount of good things which a man can afford to consume, but on the amount of good things which those with whom he lives will think he ought to consume. A man with a family, living on £400 a year, cannot entertain his friends very often either in London or in Pietermaritzburg; but of the two, hospitality is more

within the reach of the latter. I do not hesitate to say that a gentleman living with a wife and children on any income between £400 and £1000 would feel less of the inconveniences of poverty in Natal than in England."

If these views were true then (and I think they were, for Trollope wrote with singular discrimination and impartiality), nearly twenty years ago, before the Zulu war, long before the gold-fields of Johannesburg had given an enduring spurt to every interest in Natal and doubled her white population, before ever a rail was laid, they are assuredly much truer now. The cost of living has gone down; there has been an immense accession of every material comfort civilisation can produce; and farmers have set to in earnest over their homesteads since the Zulu war removed the standing menace of the warlike natives. During the same period things have gone from bad to worse with the small country gentleman and the yeoman farmer at home.

With a full experience of Natal in its more developed state, and after a tour through Australia and the United States, Trollope's opinion in regard to the English gentleman with some family and from £400 to £1000 a year seems to me amply true. Not only would such a man find himself presently in easier and more prosperous circumstances by removal to the highlands of Natal, but if at all adept in country pursuits, his is the class to find most advantage. It is a class not slightly represented already; a good many military men have married in Natal, and not a few have settled. The general farmer has most solid points in his favour there: a good and cheap soil in a district thoroughly well opened up, cheap rough labour, reliable seasons and perennial streams, fluctuating but on the whole high-priced markets, in a rapidly progressive country. The European gardener or labourer class finds coolie competition cutting the ground from under him. Should he be lucky enough—as is extremely unlikely—to scrape together enough savings to buy any appreciable quantity of land, he must live with a mortgage over him, in order to stock it or plant it. On the other hand, the very large capitalist would hardly be content to live continuously on his farm, and give to it an absorbing personal interest.

The youth who has enough to go on with, and will be given a little capital, has a good chance here, if he does not become too much addicted to polo, cricket, shooting or other sports, very rife in the midlands. A somewhat wealthier man than Trollope indicated, if willing to remain on the spot, would gradually find vastly more advantageous uses for his savings than in England. One must assume the mistress of such a man's household to be moderately energetic, and not averse to taking close interest in household affairs, in a pleasant and healthy climate, and with a good supply of rough black

servants, whose thoroughness, honesty, and reliability will well repay a little careful early handling.

By way of summarising, it may be convenient to make some general comparison with such a country, say, as New Zealand, to name one of admitted charm, and with an immeasurable future. The following advantages seem to rest mainly on matters of fact rather than of opinion :

First.—Natal is vastly nearer to England, a fact which for competitive export purposes, wool, bark, and many others to come, must in the long run tell. Visits home, summers in England, and education are easier and cheaper. On a few thousands the higher rate of interest—very nearly double—safely obtainable by one living on the spot, may be taken by itself to pay for the cost of a small family's visit home for six months every third summer. It is about one-half of the distance from New Zealand, and is certainly one of the most temperate and fair-weather voyages in the world. The steamship lines to Natal—there is the same, and even a larger choice than to the Cape—both in quality and quantity, are, to say truth, far ahead of the apparent requirements of the country.

Secondly, and mainly.—The Zulu Kaffir, who counts in Natal ten to the white man's one, is, if fairly and wisely used, an absolutely incalculable boon. By general consent no pleasanter or more faithful servant can be desired, more wholesome in his habits, smarter, or more picturesque in his appearance than a good Zulu. And the better in rank the immigrant the more keenly will he appreciate this particular black man, and the resulting independence of white servants to a large extent ; or, to put it otherwise, the better in rank the immigrant, the more keenly will he and his wife feel the want of such servants in other new countries. Both to the housewife and to the agriculturist that native—among all the motley black races of South Africa admittedly the first in quality—is in truth wholly indispensable, and an invaluable factor in the country's comfort.

Thirdly.—The soil is good, and very responsive, markedly so in regard to trees. Well-situated land—now at about £1 to £2 per acre for the freehold—seems cheaper than in any similarly opened-up country in the world. The veldt, or natural grass, itself a sweet but not very luxuriant pasture, requires no clearing whatever before ploughing the friable soil to plant with many of the most sterling products. Acacia-trees grow without trouble, from seed, ten to fifteen feet their first year, and more than five feet each subsequent year, making solid wood ; their bark is largely exported for tanning. Certain gum-trees grow even faster, and are valuable for timber. Such extraordinary quick growth, which, in a less degree, applies to trees of all sorts—oaks, firs, weeping willows, &c.—is owing to a loose soil, and to the rainy season occurring throughout the summer months.

Along the western side of South Africa the rains come entirely in the winter months. This difference is strongly marked and important.

By tree planting a landscape in Natal may be altered in from three to five years; and, with natives and oxen to plough, and from seed, the production of trees is extremely cheap, and, for those who can wait, profitable. One 800 acre plantation of acacias, well cared for and in a good situation at 3700 feet, is now, at three and a quarter years old, from seed, averaging 35 feet high; the wood, too, grows straight, heavy, and hard, till ten years old.

Fourthly.—The district under consideration being very wholesome and comely, and dotted by numerous railway stations, has rapidly become the most closely and best farmed district in Africa, excepting still perhaps a very few of the beautiful and much older Cape wine farms. It is held by a good class of farmers, about five to ten per cent. of whom are of gentle origin.

Fifthly.—The climate on the highest plateaus, at from 3600 to to 5000 feet high, which I would alone strongly recommend to the Northern European of average tastes, is at least equal to the excellent New Zealand climate, or indeed to any climate in the world, taking the whole year round. I have written as one who chances to be attached to the much abused English climate, and believes nothing, even in quite Southern Africa, under 3000 feet to be justly comparable; but at about 4500 feet, especially on a seaward slope, I believe Natal to be even superior in climate for the vast majority of our race. Both winter and summer, at that height, are never much or long removed from our May and September, though more bracing; and there is a far wider area in Natal traversed by the railway and now well farmed at or above that altitude than is generally known.

Dr. Robson Roose, who recently had occasion to accompany an invalid relative to South Africa, has described in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* the splendid tonic properties of certain rather high parts of South Africa. So little known as yet, outside Natal, are her highlands that it was inevitable they should escape Dr. Roose. And yet in one important climatic point they far surpass the places he selects. At Kimberley and Aliwal North, places Dr. Roose praises, the variation betwixt winter and summer is extreme. At Aliwal North the mean maximum temperature is 73.5°, the mean minimum 43.6°, a variation of just on 30°; that is, even more than the English climate gives. Most of the summer is punishing by excessive heat, and the winter nights are very bitter; many cannot stand them. This place and Kimberley, which is similar, are situated in quite the centre of South Africa, many hundreds of miles removed from tempering ocean influences. The same altitudes in Natal, facing seawards, are much cooler in summer and not quite so bitter in winter. The variation is not more than half that at Aliwal North. In Natal over

4000 feet is reached fifty miles direct from the ocean, and that, coupled with the occurrence of the rains wholly in summer, gives the climate a much greater stability. True, in the high parts a white mist prevails much at night during summer, but it comes ozone-laden from the ocean, is aseptic, cool, and refreshing, and every highland farmer knows it to bring health to man, beast, and crop.

While South-Western Africa is hopelessly and terribly arid, South-Eastern Africa is well served for rainfall, averaging about forty inches; and upon it the energies of our race are concentrating. A day was devoted at the last Geographical Congress to the discussion, mainly among eminent explorers, of a problem which, to those who have studied the future of South Africa, must seem from one aspect fatuous. The discussion, though its title was slightly different, largely turned on this: whether *Tropical Africa* was suitable for European permanent colonisation, for agriculture of one form or another, as opposed to mere temporary occupation, mineral snatching, and the like. But, meanwhile, *South Africa* is only now beginning to cry out for development in agriculture; its day has barely commenced to dawn; it is vast, and, in nine respects out of ten, in regard to comfort, health and permanent profit, incomparably superior to any part of *Tropical Africa*.

Of the very healthiest and most vaunted spots in *Tropical Africa*, it is urged that "there is but mild malaria." The truth is that in Central Africa, those who have not succumbed have thereby gained reputation largely by that very achievement, and though their voices are to-day much and honourably in the air, we cannot but remember that dead men tell no tales. The excitement of gold-mining, and the romantic interest and just importance attaching to exploration, to what is wholly new, have caught the mind of the public to the exclusion of any adequate appreciation of the older districts. People forget the immense difference implied in fifteen degrees of latitude, and to the contrast in present facilities: they are blind to the splendid opening-up effected by the numerous railways from the south.

Indeed the public have a quite inadequate sense of the difference between South Africa and Southern Tropical Africa. There is as much difference in latitude, and therefore in the power of the sun at similar altitudes, between the centre of Mashonaland and the southern part of Cape Colony, as there is between Rome and Moscow, or London and Iceland. South Africa is the most generally elevated part of the whole enormous continent; the hinterland at latitude 30°—the Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Basutoland, or Natal, a hundred miles from the coast—averages slightly higher than the hinterland at latitude 20° or 15°; and the average European likes all the height he can suitably attain even at the more temperate latitude. One is not concerned to belaud

especially Natal. Pondoland, for instance, the latest accession to civilisation, is worth a hundred times a similar area within the tropics, for a permanent home for white races.

The development of South Africa is now progressing rapidly; but it is so vast a country in proportion to its population, and has been so long neglected that there is probably a hundred years of leeway to make up in order to place it in the splendid position to which, from its situation, climate, and yet undeveloped fruitfulness, it is entitled and destined. While there remains around 30° S. latitude an immense choice of handy and cheap land, no more tropical or sub-tropical in climate than the Channel Islands, and where malaria is no more heard of than in England, it seems inhuman that any European should voluntarily punish himself, his family, his stock, by choosing, or being misdirected, to a tropical latitude.

Recently Natal has suffered, with other parts of South Africa, an invasion of locusts, the first in Natal for fifty years; there was one in the forties, which according to the old natives disappeared suddenly. These insects commonly thrive on dryness and heat. Natal with its heavy rains in summer, and keen frosts over a large part in winter, is unsuited by climate for a permanent home to them. Last summer being quite unusually hot and dry gave them an exceptional chance; but even so, of eggs laid in Natal four out of five have developed a fatal maggot, and the colder autumn rains are chilling the survivors. It is believed by experts that there must have lately occurred some failure of food supply in the ordinary habitat of the locust, or some prescience of heavy rains, to drive them so far south. While farmers have during the summer been grumbling at them, and at the apathy of each other, in the result several districts are reporting that the maize or "mealie" crop, one most sensitive to insects, may yet turn out a moderate one; while the sugar-crop, where the locust was thickest, has by exertion been quite successfully protected. Trees and grass, the pillars of the highlands, are little sensitive to them; an inch or two of grass soon repairs itself. Even should the locust, contrary to all past experience, survive in the Natal climate, the thick native and prosperous farming population is very capable of effective organisation against them; and a temporary short fail of the mealie crop would force some of the immense latent supply of native labour into use.

EMILE M'MASTER.

MR. TUKE AND HIS WORK.

EVERY thoughtful and educated man perforce takes an interest in the perennial "Irish question." Most men hold views on the subject—more or less inaccurate. Many even labour under the belief that they can suggest remedies or palliatives, political or economic. Few, indeed, there are who have been able practically to deal even with one branch of the subject, and to do something to improve the condition and the lot of a few of our Irish fellow-countrymen.

Mr. Tuke was one of these. An Englishman, a banker in a quiet country town, there seemed initially no reason why he should trouble his head about Ireland. Without political or official influence, there seemed no likelihood that, even though he were a dreamer of dreams, he would be able so to act himself and so to influence others, as to be enabled to translate his dreams into realities. But Mr. Tuke possessed singular force of character; he was absolutely disinterested; he took pains to acquire practical knowledge of the question with which he desired to deal; he had the gift of being able forcibly and lucidly to express his views—and he was a member of the Society of Friends. Thus it came about that he was able largely to influence and to shape the social policy of successive Governments in dealing with the poorer parts of Ireland. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, in regard to the carrying out of assisted family emigration, to the provision of "seed potatoes," to the systematic encouragement of the fishing industry, to the introduction of the system of light railways; and, finally, in regard to the creation of a permanent Board to deal systematically with the problems presented by the congested districts, Mr. Tuke's propaganda and Mr. Tuke's individual action were the moving causes.

From very early days the problem of the poverty-stricken districts

of Ireland had for him a singular interest. The deplorable conditions under which the people dwelt touched his heart, stirred his Quaker blood, and weighed upon him with a sense of deep responsibility. The idea that feasible and practical remedies might be found and applied appealed to his business instincts. He acted—and his name has become a household word in many of the most distressed districts of that distressful country.

Pending a possible Memoir, we have thought that a slight sketch of a man who, with so little natural opportunity, could accomplish so much, and whose work was therefore so unique, might be of interest to those who knew him personally or by repute. And it is with the concurrence of his family that we have here attempted to give a short account of his work—especially of that part of it with which we ourselves are more personally familiar.

James Hack Tuke was born in September 1819. The son of a York merchant, he began business in his father's office at an early age. He was educated at the Friends' school, York. In 1852 he became a partner in a banking firm in Hertfordshire, and lived the last forty-five years of his busy life in Hitchin.

In 1849 he married Miss Janson—also a Friend, who died in 1869. In 1882 he married Miss Kennedy, who from that time forth was his constant companion in his many journeys, and was indefatigable in ably and actively seconding all his exertions for the cause of the people he loved so much.

In 1846-7 the Society of Friends—always to the fore when practical philanthropic work was to be done—raised some £200,000 for the relief of the distress caused by the "Great Famine." One of the most prominent among those who undertook, during the whole of that terrible winter, the task of administering the relief fund in the poorer parts of the West was Mr. William Forster; and he was ably assisted in his arduous work by two young men—the one his son, William-Edward Forster, the other James Tuke.

This was Mr. Tuke's first visit to Ireland; and the practical acquaintance which this visit, and the work it entailed, gave to him, led him, even at that time, to ponder over and to search for permanent and effectual remedies for the evils which he witnessed with so much distress of mind.

The seed was sown, but it was many years before it came to fruition.* His life was a full and active one. His business was absorbing, his domestic claims considerable; numerous beneficent movements in connection with the Society of Friends made heavy calls on his leisure.* Time and opportunity for giving further practical

* In 1871 he was one of those who, immediately after the capitulation, distributed relief to the citizens of Paris—a distribution not without some personal risk under the condition of things then prevailing.

attention to Irish matters did not speedily recur. Indeed, it was not until 1880—thirty-four years after his first visit to Ireland—that a second Irish "Famine," though fortunately of a far milder type, again brought him actively into the field. Thenceforward until his death Irish distress, its palliatives and its remedies, formed his over-mastering interest.

The potato crop of 1879 failed over a considerable portion of the poorer parts of the West of Ireland. Further, the demand for harvest labour in England and Scotland had been of late diminishing; the fishing industry had been gradually collapsing; the profits of the kelp industry had been rapidly dwindling. Distress was rife, and two relief funds—that of the Duchess of Marlborough, and that of the Dublin Mansion House—were formed. Representatives of the Society of Friends met, but decided that, in view of the existing relief agencies, and of the conflicting statements as to the extent of the distress, they would for the moment hold their hand. However, at their instance, and warmly encouraged by Mr. W. E. Forster, shortly to become Irish Secretary, Mr. Tuke undertook the necessary journey to the West in search of information. This visit, in the spring of 1880, extended over two months. To the Committee of the Duchess of Marlborough's Fund—so ably administered by Lord Randolph Churchill—Mr. Tuke's knowledge and information were of much practical use, and the value of the help he was able to render was warmly acknowledged. He himself distributed some £1200, privately subscribed for the relief of distress.

But the value of his visit lay not so much in the relief he was able to accord to the immediate sufferers, as in the light it threw on the difficult and complex problem of which he desired to discover the solution, the insight which it gave him into the conditions under which the people dwelt, and the vivid picture which he was able to draw of the life of an Irish peasant in the congested districts.

His diagnosis of the disease known as "Irish distress," together with an account of his visit to Donegal and Connaught, was published on his return. This pamphlet, "Irish Distress and its Remedies,"* attracted very considerable attention, was looked upon as an authoritative statement of the economic position, and helped much to form and to crystallise public opinion.

In the carefully weighed conclusions to which Mr. Tuke then came we see the foundations of his subsequent policy and actions, and we note the germ of the various proposals which eventually took shape and substance. Apart from the specific remedies proposed for the congested districts, the chapter dealing with the political and social conditions of Connaught was a plea for fixity of tenure and the three F's; and, by anticipation, a defence of the Land Bill which was brought

* Messrs. Ridgway, London.

forward by his friend Mr. Forster, now Chief Secretary, twelve months later. The principles of land purchase and peasant proprietorship on an extended scale were, moreover, advocated. But Mr. Tuke's "clients," if we may use the term, were not those who were likely to gain much from land legislation, however great might be the need for it in other parts of Ireland. It was the smaller class of tenants, who were little more than labourers living on the land, and labourers without employment, with whose condition he was chiefly concerned. Of these he wrote:

"It is of the utmost importance to realise the fact that farms under ten, fifteen, or twenty acres of land, according to its quality, are too small to support a family. It matters not whether a man has fixity of tenure or, being a peasant proprietor, has no rent to pay, he cannot, unless he has some other source of income, live and bring up a family on the small farms under ten or fifteen acres of land, which form so large a proportion of the holdings in the West of Ireland."

And he called attention to the fact that, of the 126,000 holdings in Connaught in 1878, no less than 70,000 were under fifteen acres.

He was deeply impressed with the fact that the normal social and economic condition of these people was such—their holdings so small, the soil so poor—that the bulk of them were always poverty-stricken, and that it only required a bad harvest, a diminished demand for harvest labour in Great Britain, or some other abnormal cause, to turn poverty into distress, distress into semi-starvation. There was too great a population for the work available, and too little work for the population.

What, then, could be done "to prevent, not merely the ever-recurring periods of distress arising from failure of crops, but to raise and ameliorate the permanently miserable and disorganised condition of the people?" To him the most obvious, the most immediately effective, and the most feasible remedy—though a sad necessity—was emigration—family emigration. Such emigration would have the double advantage of not only benefiting those who went, but of improving the condition of those who remained, by relieving the pressure in the labour market, by lightening the rates, by enlarging the holdings. Such family emigration, he fully appreciated, would require most careful supervision on this side in the selection and transport; supervision which "should not end in Ireland, but should be continued under the charge of properly qualified agents in Canada and elsewhere, whose object it should be to give assistance in the selection of land and in obtaining employment." Thus the objection so validly raised by the Irish clergy and others to emigration—namely, that the raw Irish emigrant simply drifted into the large towns, and men and women rapidly sank lower and lower in the social scale,

would be obviated. Thus, also, would be obviated the objection so validly raised, by politicians and economists, that the drain of Irish emigration simply took the "bone and sinew," and left behind the young, the old, the weak, and the decrepid.

But, while pointing to a system of family emigration as the most practical and readily available remedy, he wanted more than that. "Perhaps," he wrote, "apart from the wretched condition of the people and their dwellings in the West of Ireland, the fact that most impresses itself on the mind of the traveller is that nothing is made the best of; that the resources of the country are never really developed; muscle, energy, land, water, natural resources, beauty of scenery, all are more or less wasted for want of a wise and right direction and the use of capital and skill." He advocated then, as he advocated in more detail and with fuller knowledge later, that the "fostering hand of Government might with manifest advantage be given in aiding the carrying out of light (cheap) railways in the poorest districts of the West, so as to bring the produce within easier reach of a market." The fishing industry should be encouraged and regulated. While unable to support "emigration," on the grounds of expense and impracticability, he advocated the addition to the small holdings of mountainous and bog land where available—a plan since successfully carried into effect by the Congested Districts Board.

He was himself convinced of the practicability of his suggestions, and was sanguine enough to believe that, if properly and persistently applied, they would work marvels. "Amidst the general gloom," he ends his pamphlet, "and acknowledged difficulties which surround the Irish question, may not the facts that the numbers to be dealt with are so comparatively small, and that in looking back for a quarter of a century we may discern a marked improvement even in the West of Ireland, be some encouragement to those who may be called on to attempt its solution?"

Leaving no stone unturned in order to accomplish the object he had in view, Mr. Tuke followed up his suggestions of the summer of 1880 by a visit in the autumn to the United States and Canada, in order to ascertain what prospects Irish emigrants would have on arrival, and what share the Canadian Government would take in facilitating the settlement of Irish families on the free grants of land. The results of this journey were embodied in an article,* in which, as a means of carrying out a scheme of State-aided emigration and colonisation, he recommended that the Imperial Government should appoint a body of unpaid Commissioners—a scheme which may be said to have been eventually realised in the Congested Districts Board. With the view of facilitating such colonisation by means of loans to the Colonial Governments or to public bodies or associations, a clause

* *Nineteenth Century*, February 1881.

(32) was inserted in the Irish Land Bill of 1881. It was soon found, however, that this clause alone would effect but little, and Mr. Tuke, with others interested in the movement—Lord Emly, Sir W. Gregory, and Mr. Arthur Kavanagh—set to work to form an "Emigrants' Aid Association," in the hope of rendering practically effective the provision thus made for emigration. But it was not under that Act that assisted emigration was to be brought about.

In 1881 Mr. Tuke twice re-visited Ireland; and a further visit in February of the following year additionally strengthened his belief in the urgent and paramount need of some definite and extended system of family emigration. He embodied his mature views on the subject in a further magazine article,* which, like everything he wrote, attracted much attention.

Mr. Tuke's persistence and foresight were to be rewarded more rapidly than he could have dared to hope. About this time, while calling public attention to the matter, he also urged upon a few friends—among them Mr. Forster, Mr. Rathbone, and Mr. Whitbread—that, pending any possible Government assistance, voluntary aid should be evoked, in order, by family emigration, to relieve the condition of the congested districts. Contrary to the fate of most enthusiasts—who so seldom combine business instincts and lucidity of exposition with philanthropic ideas—his views were not only received with polite attention, but were at once seen to be of a practical and feasible character; while it was obvious that he himself was eminently fitted to carry out the scheme in question.

Thanks to the heartiness of these friends and others, and to the zeal of Mr. Tuke himself, a meeting was called at the then Duke of Bedford's house on March 31, 1882. At this meeting, after a detailed statement from Mr. Tuke, it was unanimously agreed that an Executive Committee should be formed and a fund raised to promote family emigration from the congested districts of Ireland.†

As a practical proof of the earnestness of those present, and of their belief in the ability of Mr. Tuke to carry out his own desires and their intention, a sum of no less than £8000 was then and there subscribed. Further, the Executive Committee—which met with unusual promptitude that very afternoon at the House of Commons—having laid down certain general rules of action, entrusted the entire control of the work to Mr. Tuke, and decided that the Fund should be called after his name. Thus, almost as if by magic, Mr. Tuke

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April 1882.

† The Duke of Bedford was President of the General Committee, and the following formed the members of the Executive Committee: W. H. Smith, M.P. (Chairman); Samuel Whitbread, M.P. (Deputy-Chairman); Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton; Hon. Henry Cowper, M.P.; H. S. Northcote, M.P.; Arthur Pease, M.P.; William Rathbone, M.P.; the Marquis of Tavistock, M.P.; J. H. Tuke, and (after his resignation of the Irish Secretaryship) W. E. Forster, M.P. J. Gurney Barclay and Arnold Morley, M.P., were the Hon. Treasurers. The Hon. Secretaries were Sydney Buxton and Howard Hodgkin.

was placed in a position to carry out, and to carry out with a free hand, the project which he had so much at heart.

But this was, after all, but the minor part of the undertaking. It is one thing to get the support of an influential Committee, to have funds placed at one's disposal; and another, more arduous and responsible task, successfully to carry through the consequent operations. Mr. Tuke himself felt the responsibility heavily. "A feeling akin to dread," he wrote, after the meeting of the Committee, had come over him; "a feeling engendered by the magnitude of the task naturally sobers my rejoicing." But, though sobered, he acted with characteristic promptitude. It was necessary, if anything were to be done that year, that it should be done at once. The inaugural meeting, and the first meeting of the Executive Committee, had been held on March 31. On April 4 Mr. Tuke left for Ireland. On April 28 the first batch of emigrants, to the number of 201, sailed from Galway Bay; on May 5, 345, and on May 19, 432 further assisted emigrants left Ireland for Canada and the States. Thus, in less than six weeks from the formation of the Fund, he had selected and shipped a thousand souls, and started them on their new and more prosperous career.

Nor, in spite of this rapidity of action, was anything left undone to ensure the success of the shipments and the care of the emigrants on arrival. And it was truly a considerable task. There was no precedent for guidance—assisted family emigration, as distinct from individual emigration, was a new departure, and involved infinitely more care and organisation, both on this side and on the other side of the water, than the ordinary Irish emigration of individuals and adults. The success and promptitude with which this first year's work was effected were due to Mr. Tuke's wonderful power of organisation, to the zeal with which he inspired all those who worked with him, and to his warm-hearted desire to bring succour to the poor people whose miseries he felt so keenly.

The result of the first year's operations was the emigration from Galway county, chiefly from Clifden and its neighbourhood, of 1200 persons in families, at a cost of about £6 12s. a head. The experience gained from the experiment confirmed the conviction of the necessity as well as the possibility of a carefully devised scheme of assisted family emigration, which should benefit alike the people assisted and the districts from which the emigrants would be taken.

Mr. Tuke, therefore, soon after his return from Ireland, wrote an article describing the work already undertaken,* and made an earnest and urgent appeal to public opinion to support a scheme of State-aided family emigration from the congested districts of Ireland. The committee drew up a well-considered Memorial to the Government on

* *Nineteenth Century*, July 1882.

the subject, signed by every member of the Executive Committee, followed by a deputation to the Chief Secretary, Sir, George Trevelyan.

In the Memorial the Committee urged strongly that Parliament should be asked for a grant of money for the purpose of assisting family emigration; and engaged, on behalf of themselves and Mr. Tuke, that they would give every assistance in their power to ensure that the emigration was properly carried out.

Thereupon provisions were inserted in the Arrears of Rent (Ireland) Bill, then before the House, authorising the grant from public moneys of a sum of £100,000 for emigration purposes. Thus was quickly realised, and more than realised, one of Mr. Tuke's earliest formulated demands, to the effect, that the State should lend £100,000 without interest—if, indeed, a free grant were not possible—for emigration purposes.

After detailed negotiations with the Irish Government, it was agreed that the Committee of "Mr. Tuke's Fund" should be made solely responsible for the emigration from the distressed areas in the Unions of Clifden and Oughterard, co. Galway, and of Belmullet and Newport (including Achill Island) in co. Mayo. For each person emigrated they were to receive a capitation grant of £5, they themselves meeting the additional cost involved, and undertaking all the work of selection, transport, and location on "the other side." The districts thus handed over to the committee comprised a population of some 46,000 souls. They were the districts which, among others, Mr. Tuke had visited in 1880 and subsequently; and the part of Ireland in which he took a special interest, and of which he had made a special study. With a view to a better appreciation and knowledge of the situation on this side of the water, Mr. Tuke and one of the honorary secretaries (Mr. Buxton) travelled at different times, in the autumn of that year, over the whole ground; while, at the same time, the other honorary secretary (Mr. Hodgkin), in company with Father Nugent, went a trip to Canada and the States to look up some of the emigrants sent that spring, to endeavour to appreciate the prospects of work and wages for those about to be sent, and to make adequate preparations for their reception; and the following year Mr. Hodgkin, accompanied by Major Rutledge Fair, paid a second visit to Canada and the States.

The total number of emigrants sent in the following spring (1883) was 5380. The Committee, well satisfied with the great success that had so far attended their operations, and feeling that there was still a demand and need for family emigration from the districts under their charge, presented, in July of the same year, another Memorial to the Government, earnestly pressing upon them the absolute necessity of providing further funds for emigration purposes. As a result

of the Memorial a second sum of £50,000—the £100,000 previously granted, being exhausted—was voted by a clause in the Tramways (Ireland) Bill of 1883.* To the districts under the charge of the Committee was thereupon added Swinford, co. Mayo, from which, however, it was not found practicable to emigrate many persons. In this third year of their operations (1884) the Committee emigrated 2802 persons.

The total of persons who were emigrated with the assistance of the Committee in the years 1882–4 numbered 9500. The total expenditure, including all incidentals, amounted to £70,000, provided as follows: Government grants, £44,500; subscriptions, £20,000; balance of Duchess of Marlborough's Fund, £3600; the emigrants and their friends, £1400. The average cost per head was £7 6s.

The principles of action laid down by the Committee, and adhered to throughout the three years of their operations, were these: That the persons sent should be those really dependent on the soil; that the emigration should be "family," and distinct from "individual" emigration, and that the whole family should be sent; that efforts should be made to arrange, as far as possible, that the vacated holdings should be consolidated with neighbouring holdings; that most careful arrangements should be made, not only for selection—so that unsuitable families should not be sent—but for all the details of clothing, transport, and shipment; that each family should be booked through to their destination, should receive a sum for landing money on arrival at the port—varying according to the size of the family and their destination—and should be supplied with proper clothing and outfit. Above all, the emigration was to be absolutely voluntary; no pressure of any sort was to be put on the people to go.† Replying to the objection so frequently urged, that the people had no desire to emigrate, Mr. Tuke had written, in the early spring of 1882: "I wish that one of these objectors would take a well-found ship into Galway or Westport Bay, offering free passages to all families who might wish to leave. The result would, I think, convince him of his error." His prophecy was, as usual, speedily fulfilled.

Initially it had been hoped that some part of the cost of emigration would be forthcoming from local sources and from the emigrants themselves; but it was found that the local and personal poverty

* Under the Tramways Act of 1883 a sum of £8 instead of £5 could be given under certain conditions.

† "To us," wrote an eye-witness at that time, "who were besieged when we went out, and overwhelmed with written memorials—addressed, when we had shown ourselves obdurate, 'To the honourable lady with feeling'—it seemed perfectly ludicrous to learn, as we did from certain newspapers, that we were dragging the people from their homes and forcing them to emigrate. The anxiety to leave amounted almost to a mania, more especially after 'their honours' came down, and it was seen that the emigration was a reality, that it was not pressed upon them, and that every care and consideration—incompatible with a mere Government scheme 'to get rid of them'—was taken for those who were emigrating."—"The New Exodus," by Sydney Buxton, in the *Fortnightly Review*, June 1883.

was so great that practically but little was available from these sources.

The dry totals we have quoted represent a mass of suffering humanity. But their mere recapitulation gives no real idea of the immense amount of forethought, personal supervision, administrative work, and responsibility entailed; nor the anxiety and strain it involved on Mr. Tuke and his coadjutors in successfully carrying out the work.

Detailed arrangements had to be made with the Irish Government; forms of various sorts had to be prepared; the districts had to be carefully mapped out; minute arrangements had to be made with the shipping companies to send their ships at stated intervals into Galway, Westport, and Blacksod Bays, into which last magnificent roadstead no ocean-going steamer had ever previously penetrated. Clothing and ship-kit for each family had to be chosen and provided; through railway tickets to their destination in Canada or the States bespoke, and vouchers provided in each case for the money they were to receive on landing and arrival. Then came the arduous, delicate, and responsible task of selecting the families who had applied to be emigrated, and arranging as to the destinations, involving a personal interview with at least the head of each family. Selected, the emigrants had to be divided into batches for the various shipments, the clothing distributed, &c. Then, on the day or night previous to the embarkation, men, women, and children had to be conveyed from their distant and scattered homes, often as much as 50 or 60 miles, from remote hamlet and out-of-the-way corner, by cart or car—railways then there were none—and lodged in the town. The embarkation, itself a novelty with this "family" emigration, was no easy matter, often involving, as it did, the transport in open boats of hundreds of men, women, and children from the shore to the gunboat, and from the gunboat to the liner lying two or three miles out. Thanks, however, to a combination of good luck and good management, no hitch and no accident occurred in the case of any one of our ten thousand emigrants.

One day of selection was very like another; one embarkation repeated itself elsewhere, whether in Galway or Blacksod Bay. The following vivid description* may be therefore given as showing the way in which the work was carried out—work which had its humorous as well as pathetic side:

"February 16, 1883. *Co. Mayo.*

"We parted from the Tukes, amid mutual expressions of esteem and regard, this morning—they going south to Clifden, and we coming on here with Mr. Richards. We began work at Mulranny. The applicants came

* Extracts from the Diary of the late Mrs. Sydney Buxton.

in one by one; Syd talked to them, and I made out their tickets and entered them on a list, as each family was disposed of, putting down the names, ages, and number on the register. This is the style of things that happens: Enter Pat Murphy, and, preliminaries being disposed of, Syd asks, 'Where do you wish to go to?' *Pat*: 'To Cleveland, yer honour.' It is ascertained that Pat has no friends in Cleveland, and merely mentions it because he has heard the name. Then he is told, 'You can't go to Cleveland. Will you go to Canada?' *Pat*: 'Yer honour?' *Syd*: 'Will you go to Canada, or stay at home?' *Pat*: 'To Cleveland.' But, finally, Pat is convinced that he will have more chance of getting work and wages in Canada. I make out his ticket and enter him on the list while the next applicant is being ushered in. It is quite difficult sometimes to keep pace with them, as they all have such 'long' families to enter and count up; but my scribbling is very little trouble compared with what Sydney has to go through in the way of yelling at the people. I often wonder how he manages to keep patience, and to bear in mind that each applicant is a separate individual human being. They are all deaf, they all say exactly the same things, and they all seem to imagine that they've not had fair done unless they get a lengthy conversation with 'the Dublin man,' as they call Syd. One old man to-day, on being told that he could not be sent to the States, as he had no friends there, wanted to know whether he might go to Canada without his wife, as she would never go there. Syd explained to him that we could not send the bread-winners of a family, leaving others to be dependent on the rates, and the poor old man cast up his hands, crying out, 'Och thin! I'm bet! I'm don! She'll stack, and we'll starve.' At last I wrote down for him on a piece of paper, 'If Anthony McNulty will go to Canada with his wife and family, he can be sent free. But he cannot be sent free to the States,' and old Tony departed in high glee, saying, 'If I've writin' to show her, she'll be bet.'

"Generally, when a few families make up their minds to go from any district others follow suit, but there is always a great deal of chopping and changing going on among the crowd. To-day, when we thought we were about getting through the list, the Relieving Officer (who acts as Master of the Ceremonies) put his head outside the door and shouted for 'Parties as has changed their minds'—whereupon there was a general rush of applicants, and the work began all over again. Sydney goes through it all with the patience and fortitude of an angel; but, as he truly says, I always wish the emigrants were going to a worse place than Canada, when they come back and want their tickets altered—taking up time, untidying my lists. On an average we spend about a quarter of an hour in deciding the fate of every family—which does not seem long when one comes to consider the question."

"Tuesday, 20th February, 1883. *Dugort, Achill Island.*

"After tea we interviewed emigrants. Some of the letters from friends in the States, which they bring us to read, are very touching, and the descriptions of the delights of the new country most vivid. 'This is a place where one has Christmas times every day,' one man said. They all begin in a most formal manner, as 'From John Carton to his wife Mary Carton. Dear Mrs. Carton, I hope this finds you in health as it leaves me'—and then they go on to ask, 'How is so-and-so and family, and so-and-so and family?' &c. The style hardly ever varies, though the spelling frequently does. 'Take the wrought as soon as ye can,' is a favourite expression. I asked one man to-day how he spelt his name, as he was not on the Union list, and I had to 'take him down.' He said, with an air of making a great concession, 'I'd be willin' to lave the spellin' to you.' We never send any

one to the States who cannot produce a good letter from some near (male) relation promising a welcome and help in finding work.

"Sydney, Captain Fair and I drove from Malranny to Belmullet, fifty-six English miles. It was a lovely day, and we had great fun. We stayed a week at Belmullet, interviewing emigrants all day long, and working our heads off, but having on the whole a very jovial time. One of our difficulties was, that at Belmullet the people had taken it into their heads that it would be a good plan to excite sympathy by putting their families as very 'weak,' so the number of infants in arms that appeared on the Union lists was extraordinary. But when it was discovered that very weak families could not be sent, and when a few applicants had been rejected on that account, they would calmly come back and give all the ages differently. So, finally, we had to have the children in and put ages to them for ourselves. Thus, enter little girl, aged five, according to the register. *Syd*: 'How old are you?' *Little Girl*: 'Nineteen, yer honour.' *Syd*: 'You are twelve years old. Next child!' In vain did we deliver to the parents short but impressive homilies on the wickedness and folly of trying to mislead us, in vain did Mr. Richards fiercely stroke his beard, and in his most terrible voice inquire why they went telling such gollagues—the parents always smiled benignly upon us, and the more we scolded the more did they invoke the blessings of heaven upon our sweet faces."

Then follows later on a description of the first embarkation from Blacksod Bay—the first ever undertaken from there:

"*March 30, 1883.*—We had a miserable time of it before the embarkation. Yesterday there was a regular gale of wind (after all our care and all our hopes!), and it seemed useless to think of embarking emigrants next day. We drove out to our pier at Barnagh in the afternoon to see how things looked. It was an awful drive, cold, wet, and wretched, and we got no comfort from anything we saw and heard there. . . . In the evening, after getting back to Belmullet, we had a melancholy little dinner-party of five. No one thought or spoke of anything except the weather. Would the wind change? Could there be time for the waves to go down if it did change? We went to bed, still almost hopeless; but at 12.30, at the turn of the tide, the wind did change, and when we got up, soon after 4 A.M., it was quite calm, though raining hard. As soon as the day broke, Sydney, Captain Fair, and I started to drive down to Barnagh, and a delicious drive we had. We were all three in the highest spirits. The rain had stopped, and just as we got in the sun rose gloriously over the high tops of the hills. We found that our pier and the little 'shelter' had been swept away by the waves and the wind; but Mr. Richards had been up all night, working 'like a black' to repair damages, and by 7.30 (when the first emigrant, John Phillips, appeared) we were all ready to begin work. Syd and Captain Fair stood on the pier, passing the families into the boats, seeing that the right number went on board, yelling out directions to every one and keeping the whole thing going. I wandered about the shore, sometimes collecting a family ready to be passed on to the boats; sometimes charging the mob so as to prevent them from crowding on to the pier; sometimes tearing a distracted emigrant out of the arms of his or her sorrowing relatives. Our emigrants themselves were very cheerful. Such a noise as they and their friends made, what with crying and kissing, and shouting farewell messages. . . . And then, every now and then, some of them would rush into the sea after a departing boat load, or an emigrant would jump out of a boat and run amok among his friends; kissing them (men and women) all round, until recaptured and put on board again. It

was what newspapers call an 'animated scene'; and perhaps it was as well that one had no time at the moment to think over its very solemn side. In an hour and forty minutes all the 267 Belmullet people were on board, and Captain Needham had kindly taken the *Orwell* (which happened 'accidentally' to be present) down to the Bull's Mouth to fetch the Achill contingent—33 in all. We followed the last boatload from Barnagh on to the gunboat, the *Seahorse*, where the emigrants had a good meal, cheerful and grateful, and then we steamed out to the *Nestorian*, and went on board the big ship to inspect the emigrants' quarters. These were clean, and what I suppose one ought to call comfortable, all things considered."

This may be supplemented by the following characteristic letter from Mr. Tuke:

"BELMULLET,
"Friday (May 1883).

"DEAR MR. BUXTON,—

"You may like to have a line from this place to-day, as Captain Fair will not be able to write before the post leaves. Yesterday was passed as all days before the sailing of the ship are spent, in an infinite variety of interviews, 'doings and undoings'—emigrants who wished not to—others who at the last moment wished 'to lave by the next ship'; husbands who wished to leave the 'wake' family 'behint'; wives who wanted to go without the husband, who declared he would not go: 'couldn't make up his mind, and why, because he was entirely wake and wanted to be abed for a fortnight,' had vowed to 'perform a station' before he left home, 'had some earnings owing to him which he would lose, and many other possible or impossible reasons for not going as the wife and family wished him to do. Then a long scene between a virago country shopkeeper and dolt of a husband, who sat dumb whilst his wife harangued and abused Fair because he would not stop Mrs. Somebody who owed her £6, and had sold any amount of stock. The defendant, an old Irish speaking woman, voluble, and denying all charges while her daughter-in-law with pale, rather nice face stood between them—final dismissal of parties—neither satisfied, and shopkeeper and company not triumphant but abusive.

In the midst of it who should walk in but —, who had the benefit of the scene and others which followed whilst dinner was being served and after. Then at dinner Mr. —, filled cram full of impossible schemes for the regeneration of Ireland by migration, had the most indisputable authority—'highest head authority'—for saying that millions of acres of land could be reclaimed at £1 per acre, and handed over to tenants in twenty or more acres, who, with £25 to build a house—tenant's output to be employed at 1s. and 1s. 6d. a day, and send earnings home to families—they would then work out the whole at a minimum of expense. (Perhaps I might add and a maximum of nastiness.) Had already surveyed thousands of acres suitable for the project on authority of highest agents in Irelands! 'Have you ever thought what it would cost to fence in your twenty-acre lots which you say you can reclaim at £1 the acre?' interjected Fair. 'No, I have not,' replied Ireland's regenerator; 'that surely is a very small sum when they are made of sods—plenty of sods,' 'Yes; but then the labour?' 'It would cost you exactly 1s. 6d. a perch. I have proved it, and my father's books will show it.' 'The fences would cost alone £100, and the house £25. My good sir, it is impossible.' 'Well, let me take a note of this' (notebook in hand), replied the savant. 'I am assured by the highest authority that it can be done as I say. Then, with superior supervision and education, and priest's guidance, all will be——' How can sensible men be so insane as to send out a man so foolish and easily misled.

"And now for this morning. All yesterday our anxieties were quickened by a high wind and rain all night; at three, however, Captain Fair—what a splendid fellow he is—was at work rousing out the people, and soon after six was himself off to Elly Bay, where the embarkation took place. Here I followed with the learned Professor. How picturesque the grouping of the people on the beach amidst the huge red and brown chests, the final hugs and embraces, and the trim man-of-war and coastguard boats coming backwards and forwards from the gunboat—no sign of steamer then. Captain Fair arranging all, with Nolan and Richards to assist, and the four men appointed to the work. It was raining all the time, but it did not damp the good temper and liveliness of the people, who showed no signs of grief. Then, when all were safely put in the boats, Fair and others left for the gunboat; for myself, only to shake hands with Captain Sutton and thank him for his kind attention to the people. As the day was so wet and dull, no object seemed gained by going further.

"Now I must stop; hope to reach town on Tuesday. With kindest regards to Mrs. Buxton.

"Yours very truly,

"J. H. T."

So much for the work on this side the water. But, above all, most careful arrangements had to be, and were, made in Canada and the States for the reception of the emigrants; and in this matter Mr. Tuke and the Committee received much most valuable and disinterested aid from the bishops, clergy, and members of the Romish Church, to which the emigrants with hardly an exception belonged.

The general demand was for emigration to the States, for Canada was to most of the people an unknown and ignorantly dreaded country. The Committee, on the other hand, being able to place them there, desired to send the emigrants rather to Canada than to the States. Thus the essential and necessary rule was laid down that, except in cases where the emigrants were going direct to the Committee's correspondents, no family could be sent to the States unless they received and produced (including the envelope!) a letter from some very near relative, not only encouraging them to come, but promising to look after them on arrival, and to put them in the way of work. Further, we avoided as far as possible sending the emigrants to the large towns, and endeavoured to scatter them and send them as far west as possible.

The best proof that the care taken, both in selecting and locating, was well expended, is shown from the fact that but a very small percentage of the emigrants have returned—the return in nearly every case being due to sickness—and that, when they have returned, they have come back better off than when they left! Then, again, the letters*

* The following characteristic extracts may be given. They are representatives of many hundreds of letters that have been shown us from time to time:

"WHEELING, U.S.A., March 18, 1884.

"My dear Friend Mr. —

"If you have any desire of coming, come like a man and don't be needing councils or encouragements from people here. You won't be worse off while you are here, any-

written home by the emigrants to their friends tell an almost universal tale of content, general well-being, and thankfulness.

These were the satisfactory results to those who went; but Mr. Tuke was able, with justice, to claim that the condition of those remaining behind, of the districts in question, was materially improved by his methods of family emigration—the way in which it was administered, and the extent to which it was carried out in certain definite districts. There was, in the first place, a material relief to the congestion of population. In the portion of the Clifden Union worked by the Committee, for instance, out of a population of 14,000, no less than 1330 or 22 per cent. were emigrated. From Belmullet district, also, over 20 per cent. of the population were assisted to leave. Further, while of the ordinary unassisted emigration from Connaught, no less than about 78 per cent. of the emigrants are young persons between the ages of 15 to 35, chiefly unmarried, but 32 per cent. of Mr. Tuke's emigrants were between these ages; a striking proof that he was not sending away the "bone and sinew," and leaving the weak and helpless behind. Again, under the system of "family" emigration the little holding was entirely cleared, and to a large extent became consolidated with neighbouring holdings, increasing the size and the capacity of the holdings to sustain a family. To these advantages should be added the amount of money sent home by the emigrants, which, after very careful inquiries, Mr. Tuke estimated at £4000 to £5000 in the years 1882–3.

Thus, in every way—lesser population, larger holdings, better

how. You will be in the midst of luxury and a beautiful continent in the lands of freedom, spending a pleasant summer as a guest among your friends, and, again, after you get to be citizen we will all do all we can to appoint you as city surgeon, sheriff of this county, or stump speaker among your Irish friends; and is that not a great privilege in this dear land of the free?"

"Tell Mr. Buxton send for me and I will go back to Ireland and give him a correct idea of this country and point out the men who can't and can get along here. I am getting along myself right good, and I will never dispraise my country, but add to its reputation as much as I can possibly. It is nice to gaze on the sunshine leaves of our American woody hills and sweet to rove on a pleasant evening, when the still winds are no more heard, when everybody meets with a smiling, happy countenance, where there is no complaint of miserableness, where every man can run his hand down his pocket and play with those pretty coins called dollars. Come and see them and be satisfied, and sure you will be owner of some at a glance.

"Your most affectionate friend ———."

From another letter:

"If you give me a present of a house and farm in Tip. I would not go back to it. I have only ten hours a-day to work here; when it is done, I can go walk through the city. I could not describe it to you, it's more like a paradise; the very smell of the trees growing all along the footpaths here would do you good. . . . The last letter I wrote you, I did not like it. The boy that wrote it did not put in half what I wanted to say, but this one will satisfy you better. . . ."

And another, from a girl to her sister:

"Hurry up and get big and strong for the Atlantic. You are as big and as stout as I am, and its far better than carrying the olive [turf] from Crumpaun-a-traw to Cruchaun-a-laughta. So father can sit down by the fireside then, and let the rough day pass him and us earning lots of money for him in this country, where there is plenty of it. I am getting my health first-rate and very glad to get to this country."

receipts, lessened pressure on the rates—those who remained behind benefited simultaneously with those who went.*

Thus was three years' emigration work completed—the first year tentatively, the second with full fruition, the third with, naturally, a somewhat lessening demand for emigration.

The spring emigration of 1884 ended the work of the Committee of Mr. Tuke's Fund as such—though from time to time special cases were taken in hand. The cessation of the work of the Fund brought with it one advantage: it set Mr. Tuke free to devote himself in other ways for the permanent good of the western districts of Ireland, and to endeavour to develop some of the other remedies which he had foreshadowed in 1880.†

The next opportunity which offered for action in this direction was in the early spring of 1886. Owing to very exceptional and local storms which in the previous autumn had swept the west coasts of Ireland, the potato crop in certain well-defined districts had been entirely destroyed. The Government of the day came to the relief of the districts by the grant of public money to be expended on relief works. At the same time, both the out-going Conservative and the in-going Liberal Governments appealed to Mr. Tuke, and urged him to raise a small fund privately, in order to purchase seed potatoes, and thus arrest the dreaded famine. "With the generosity which we might expect of him," as Mr. Morley stated in the House, Mr. Tuke took the matter up with his usual promptitude and energy. The work, at first confined to the Island of Achill, was subsequently extended to the mainland, and the large sum of £5200, privately raised by Mr. Tuke, was expended on the provision of some 1500 tons of seed potatoes, &c.‡ The work involved was in some ways even more trying and exhausting than the emigration work. Carried out by Mr. Tuke in his ever-efficient and painstaking way, the result has been singularly satisfactory. Indeed, severe

* In a letter dated July 1890, a well-informed correspondent writes to Mr. Buxton in regard to one of the districts:

"In reply to your letter of 4th inst. I beg to say that the holdings of almost all our emigrants have been taken up by adjoining tenants. In the majority of cases only one or two holdings have been taken by each, but I have known some cases where two or three holdings have been taken up by the same person. This was at —, where the very poorest of our emigrants went from. It is now one of the most flourishing villages in the district. Of the thirty-two families who lived there, twelve only are left, and all are fairly comfortable; in fact well off, when compared to former days."

† It may be mentioned that, at a meeting of the Committee of Mr. Tuke's Fund in Feb. 1886, at which certain other gentlemen were invited to be present, it was resolved at Mr. Tuke's instance, "That it is desirable the Colonial Office should collect and distribute reliable information as to the demand for labour, and rates of wages, at the different colonies, and such other information as might be useful to emigrants." The effect of this resolution was largely instrumental in promoting the formation of the "Emigrants' Information Office." It was created in Oct. 1886, is under the direction of the Colonial Office, and is managed by a voluntary Committee, of which Mr. Tuke was one of the original members.

‡ It may be mentioned that the total working expenses of this fund of £5200 amounted to only £42!

as, was the ordeal to the poor people during those few months of privation, and anxiety, the storms of the autumn of 1895 may almost be said to have been to them a blessing in disguise. The most gratifying reports poured in to Mr. Tuke from all parts of the assisted districts, telling him of the wonderful growth of the "champions," and the great contrast between the fields sown with them and those sown with the worn-out native seed. The gain to the whole district from this importation of new seed was incalculable and lasting.

Brought thus by this visit again face to face with the chronic poverty of the West, Mr. Tuke was led to formulate, with somewhat greater precision than before, the other schemes which he had already more than once foreshadowed. In his "Suggestions for the Improvement of the Congested Districts of Ireland" * he asserted that "the time for inquiry and speculation is past; the necessity for action is acknowledged, and the question now is, what shall that action be?" He suggested the answer, and there, and subsequently in some letters to the *Times* in 1889, he recapitulated, and in some cases more definitely insisted on his previous suggestions: (a) The establishment of a Fishery Commission for the purpose, in the first place, of instituting a scientific inquiry all along the west coast as to the presence of fish in fairly large quantities within a reasonable distance from land; and, secondly, if these inquiries should prove successful, of training fishermen, providing boats and gear, and establishing a fishing industry on a considerable scale, including the necessary provision of rapid transport, and of a market for the fish.† (b) The construction of light railways, in order to bring the west coast into easy reach of the main lines of railway. (c) The establishment on a permanent basis of some Board that could and would deal with emigration, and with such questions as forestry and planting, provision for the sale of seed potatoes, &c.

Mr. Tuke's earnest and persistent appeals for practical and permanent assistance to the congested districts, like his appeals for State-aided family emigration, bore fruit. And when, at length, his further desires were realised, it was to an extent even in excess of his expectations.

The first further instalment came in 1889, in the form of the Government Bill for the promotion of light railways, which has admittedly been most successful in its results. The Bill was warmly supported by Mr. Tuke; and his advice was sought in deciding upon the lines and routes that should be undertaken. Two years later came the fulfilment

* Messrs. Ridgway, London.

† The suggested inquiry as to the fish was undertaken by the Royal Dublin Society, with a Government subvention, and proved the existence of fish off the coast, especially the early mackerel, in sufficient quantities to allow of a profitable industry, an industry which the Congested Districts Board has since established.

of Mr. Tuke's most cherished plans. In the Irish Land Bill of 1891, introduced by Mr. Balfour, were included clauses which virtually formed a separate Bill in themselves, and which dealt exclusively with the so-called "congested districts." These districts were placed by the Act under the care of a Board, practically permanent in character, well provided with funds and possessing extended powers. The Chief Secretary, a member of the Land Commission, and five honorary members, appointed by the Crown (together with some temporary members, formed the Board. The Bill became law in August 1891, and the first person to be asked to serve as one of the honorary members was naturally Mr. Tuke. He was then seventy-two, and his incessant labours and exhausting work had told on his frame, so that living as he did on the other side of England, and membership involving, as it would, monthly visits of ten days at a time to Dublin, and occasional journeyings to the West, it is not to be wondered at that he shrank from accepting the offer. But, being pressed to undertake the duty, he felt it was one which he could not decline, and for three years—that is as long as his health lasted—he was an active, energetic, and most valuable and valued member of the Board.*

Thus, at length, were his pleadings successful, his expectations fulfilled. Though it was too much to hope that the newly created Board could, or would, forthwith carry out all his proposals, they were endowed with the necessary power. Light railways were already provided for under the Act of 1889; and the Congested Districts Board—with the status of a Government Department, but without its staid, bureaucratic tendencies—had the power, and the assured means, of controlling and encouraging emigration, of developing the fishing and other industries, of carrying out public engineering works, of providing seed potatoes and other cereals, of improving the breed of live stock and poultry, of paternally supervising and encouraging the agricultural interest, of consolidating and enlarging holdings, of undertaking forestry and planting. In a word, of taking all these practical steps which, for the previous ten years or so, Mr. Tuke had been proclaiming as the only effectual means of permanently relieving the congested districts. Perhaps, however, it hardly falls within the scope of this sketch to detail the work that the Congested Districts Board has actually been able to accomplish. Their work has been emphatically the work of the Board, not that of an individual; and, although Mr. Tuke took a share, and an active share, in the work, he would have been the last man to claim more

* Shortly after Mr. Tuke's death the Board unanimously passed the following resolution: "That we wish to place on record our deep sense of the irreparable loss that this Board and the congested districts of Ireland have sustained in the death of our respected colleague, James Hack Tuke: that we recognise that our efforts are but a continuation and extension of work with which he was identified for half a century, and that we have greatly profited by the experience which he derived from his life-long devotion to the cause of the Irish poor."

than a proportionate part in its deliberations and proceedings. His glory lies chiefly in this, that it was largely, if not primarily, due to his exertions that the Board was created at all.

The foregoing imperfect account will show the really astonishing work which Mr. Tuke was able to perform. The secret of his success lay, first, in his marvellous insight into the problems with which he desired to deal, in his painstaking efforts to get at the facts and to acquire accurate knowledge, in his large grasp of the situation; secondly, in his transparent disinterestedness, his calm, judicial, and businesslike mind, his modesty; and, finally, in his warm-hearted sympathy, and in the charm of his character, which inspired a feeling of affection and confidence in those with whom he had to deal, and a feeling of devotion in those who had occasion to serve with or under him. Not only his Committee, not only his lieutenants who shared in his counsels, but the humble rank and file of Irishmen who carried out his instructions, one and all felt it a privilege to be associated with him. As a benefactor—though this does not always follow—he would naturally be popular in the districts to which he had rendered such material aid. But it was more than this. He had a personal popularity besides; he was appreciated, not only as a benefactor, but as a warm-hearted friend.

And, indeed, the good that Mr. Tuke accomplished was not limited to the material benefits that were brought to certain districts in Ireland during his lifetime; nor even to the benefits still to be derived from the policy which he inaugurated—namely, by the creation of a permanent non-political and representative Commission to watch over the interests of the congested districts. His action and its results afforded another proof that wise and patient well-doing on a hard, though not hopeless quest, will at length attain its end, and so earn its reward.

Somewhat frail and fragile in appearance, never very strong, it was often a marvel how Mr. Tuke was able to endure the great strain of work, anxiety, and responsibility which all his Irish activity involved. But he had indomitable pluck and cheery spirits. He was excellent company, his interests were varied, his sense of humour was keen. He was the best, kindest, and most faithful of friends. He had no enemies. He was charitable in his soul as well as in his deeds. He never (unlike many of us), unless absolutely goaded into it, spoke a harsh or contemptuous word of any one. He always sought rather to find the best qualities that lay in man or woman.

SYDNEY BUXTON.
HOWARD HODGKIN.

THE FRANGIPANI RING.

A GOLD ring lost about three hundred and ninety years ago, and recently unburied in a Friulian field, has proved the key, in Professor Thode's hands, to a sixteenth century love-story backed on all main points by documentary evidence, and no less fascinating than true. Accordingly, we attempt no critical review of the volume before us,* no analysis of its literary merits. We merely record the tale of a strange experience, in which, as it seems to us, the discoverer plays a scarcely less interesting part than the hero and heroine of the drama he has unveiled.

The learned Professor, whose great book on St. Francis of Assisi is well known to the reading world, has long been engaged on a still vaster work on Venetian history and art. While reading one day in the Marcian Library, a curious old ring was brought to him for inspection. It was a thick gold circlet, engraved with a double scroll of waved lines, leaves, and minute Gothic letters, in the late Gothic-German style, and apparently of sixteenth century Augsburg make. It had been dug from the soil of an old earthwork at Castell di Prata, near Pordenone, and was offered for sale by the peasant who had found it. Professor Thode slipped it on his finger and set to work to decipher the inscription. On reading, or, as he puts it, hearing the words: "Myt wyllen dyn eygen," *i.e.*, Mit Willen dein eigen (Willingly thine), he was seized with enthusiasm for this old love token and yearned to unravel its history. Surely something stranger than chance had brought this German ring to a German's hand! A word with the finder, a rapid bargain, and the treasure was won. But his imagination was in a whirl, and hours passed before he could

* "Der Ring des Frangipani Ein Erlebnis." Von Henry Thode. Heinrich Keller, Frankfurt am Main.

settle down to his work and resume his investigation of the perils of the Republic in 1513, as set forth in the fifth chapter of Romanin's *History*, vol. v.

We all know how the destruction of Venice was planned at Cambrai, in 1508; how the Powers of Europe were arrayed against her, and how every member of the League was bidden to conquer the share of Venetian lands assigned him by the treaty. For five years Venice had stood at bay, now striving to retrieve by diplomacy all she had lost in the field; now to soften the wrath of the Pope, the Emperor and Spain; manœuvring to turn the arms of England against France, and even imploring aid from her worst foe, the Turk. Although the Pontiff's secession from the League in 1510 raised the hopes of the Republic for a while, it only heightened the rage of Germany, France, and the other confederates. Early in 1513, Cordova's Spaniards were threatening the Lagoons, and Maximilian's troops ravaging Friuli. The invading force, led by that dreaded Croatian chief, Count Christopher Frangipani, easily captured Udine, occupied Marano laid siege to Osopo, and pushed on still farther.

Professor Thode ceased reading. Germans in Friuli in 1513? It was a flash of light. The ring on his finger might have belonged to some officer of the expedition, for no common person could have owned so dainty a thing. But had the invaders reached Pordenone? Failing to learn this from Romanin, he turned to other sources, and, with the true instinct of historic research, soon hit upon a "*Diario di Pordenone*" describing the capture of that town by the Germans, and their expulsion by the Venetians in March 1514. So the Germans not only held Pordenone, but the neighbouring Castell Prata as well. Some account of their doings there was added, but without the details of which our Professor stood in need. That king of chroniclers, Marin Sanuto, was next consulted, and now the scent grew warm. Sanuto not only supplied a narrative of the campaign, but included the letter of an imperial officer named Rizzan, written after his capture by the Venetians, minutely recounting all that took place at Pordenone.

Rizzan also relates how his chief, Count Frangipani, had his horse killed under him in a skirmish before Osopo, and how, in falling heavily to the ground, he lost a precious relic that he had cherished as a charm. The Count, he adds, was much depressed by this loss, and declared it an evil omen. From that moment, in fact, everything went ill with him.

The castle of Osopo was too important a position to be turned or left unheeded in the enemy's hands, since it commanded the Carinthian Pass, that formed the easiest link between Italy and Germany. So, despatching Rizzan's advanced guard to occupy Pordenone, the General sat down before the impregnable stronghold, hoping to lure

its defender, Savorgnan, to open battle in the valley beneath. Pending operations he spent some days in Pordenone and strengthened the garrison there. But Venice was on the alert, her main army on the move, and suddenly Bartolommeo d'Alviano appeared at the gates, recaptured the town after a fierce struggle, and seizing Rizzan and most of his men, sent them off prisoners to Venice. At the same time (beginning April 1514) intelligence came from Savorgnan that the siege of Osopo had been raised and Frangipani mortally wounded in a desperate attempt to storm the walls.

So there was great rejoicing at St. Mark's, and the general gladness farther increased by a report that the formidable Frangipani had ceased to breathe.

His name was a terror to the Republic, for not only had this very Count Christopher and his father Bernhadin led various attacks against the Venetian power in Istria and Friuli, and treated the population with incredible cruelty, but throughout many generations their turbulent stock had shown persistent hostility to the State. According to some authorities, these Croatian magnates were an offshoot of the Roman Frangipani, whose honour was tarnished by the treacherous betrayal of the fugitive King Conradin and the murder of Duke Frederic. Others consider them a branch of the Ravenna Frangipani, who were among the earlier settlers in Venice, while several writers assert them to be of purely Croatian descent, and their name derived from the ancient term "Frankopan," signifying "Franz the Lord." Whatever their origin, Venice had reason to hate them. It is true that one or two of the line had been received by the Doges as honoured guests; but, besides other bones of contention, the Frangipani's usurpation of the island of Veglia near Fiume had frequently caused hard blows as well as bad blood.

The news of Count Christopher's death proved unfounded, but he was lying at Gradisca in a critical state, while Alviano's brave force was repulsing the invaders at all points.

To return to the ring. During the first stage of the inquiry, Professor Thode supposed it to have belonged to one of the German officers taken at Pordenone, but in seeking for evidence to that effect, Rizzan's account of Frangipani's loss of a "cherished relic" served to put him on another track; and the scent grew keener when he presently ascertained that the Count's newly married wife had flown to Gradisca to tend her wounded lord. Hence more ransacking of archives in quest of fresh particulars concerning the Croatian chief.

While still prostrate in the German camp at Cormona, Count Christopher sent an energetic despatch to the authorities at Udine, reminding them of their oath of allegiance to the Empire, and bidding them beware of his vengeance, should they dare to evade it. By the end of April he was again in the field, but defeat dogged his steps.

After repeated efforts to break through the circle of steel pressing Gradiſca on all ſides, Frangipani was wounded and taken prisoner while heading a ſortie. But he fell into good hands, for his captor, Juan Vituri, treated him with ſo much kindneſs and conſideration as to excite the wrath of his fellow-commander, Savorgnan, who made bitter complaint to the Doge that a foe ſo notorious for cruelty and contempt of all rules of war ſhould be handled "like a ſon rather than a criminal." Nevertheless, the foe was caged, and on June 9, 1514, ſafely ſhut in the Torresella of the Ducal Palace.

Now might Venice truly rejoice, for this important capture was not only a trump card in the game of negotiation about to be played, but the beſt ſatisfaction of her old animosity. It was no ſmall gain to hold a Frangipani in her lion's claws! Beſides giving full details of this event, the State papers corroborate the romance Thode's intuition had divined. For they comprise Frangipani's correſpondence with the young wife left to mourn his fate at Gradiſca. This lady was the beautiful Apollonia Lang, ſiſter to the famous Cardinal Mathias Lang, Biſhop of Gurk, and Maximilian's truſted adviser, whoſe rapid riſe to the higheſt dignities of the Church was indeed ſaid to be due more to his ſiſter's charms than even to his own achievements in diplomacy and politics. In the year 1500 Kaiſer Maximilian had ſeen the fair Apollonia at Angsburg, and appointed her maid-in-waiting to his conſort. The poſition ſeems ſomewhat equivocal, but is not unexampled, even in later times. At any rate, it was ſanctioned by the code of ſixteenth century manners, and Apollonia became a power at the imperial Court. According to the records of the Lang family, the lady "ſhowed ſuch notable virtue and diſcretion as to bring counts and lords to her feet." Another chronicle adds that Duke George of Bavaria was among the more ardent of her adorers. Not the favoured ſuitor, however, for in 1503 ſhe beſtowed her hand on Count Julian von Lodron, ſon of Count Parisoto von Lodron, probably of the ſame ſtock as the Count Paris-Lodron, who had a part in the Veroneſe love tragedy recorded by Luigi da Porto, and afterwards immortalised by Shakeſpeare's pen.

In 1510 the Counteſs Apollonia was a widow, and after an interval of three years became the wife of Chriſtopher Frangipani. Her new ſpouſe had barely time to ſnatch a brief honeymoon and inſpect the wide Carinthian lands brought him in dower, before he was ordered off to command the expedition deſtined to ſo diſaſtrous an ending. Therefore, even this grim fighting man may well have treaſured a gift from his bride.

No wonder that all Venice flocked to the Piazza that June day of 1514 to gaze on the Croatian ogre, of whoſe cruelty in war ſuch terrible proofs had been ſeen. We are told that general ſurpriſe was felt when the monster proved to be a tall, dignified, ſtill youthful

man, of very comely appearance in spite of his scars. It was also murmured that the Torresella (now destroyed) was far too good and cheerful a lodging for this bloodthirsty foe, and that he should have been consigned to the Pozzi instead. But it was some comfort to know that the Palace guards were doubled and many special precautions employed. It is certain that Frangipani was treated with unusual gentleness and courtesy, rather indeed as a hostage than as an adversary taken sword in hand. After the first few weeks, he was permitted to exchange letters with his family and friends, although, naturally enough, the correspondence was subject to inspection. Apollonia's letters are full of pathos and charm, for even the high-sounding epistolary style of the day fails to stifle the expression of her anxious love; and she often drops into simple domestic details. She is much concerned about the best means of forwarding supplies, vows steadfast fidelity to her "high, mighty, well-born, and most beloved lord," and promises obedience to all instructions received from him. His communications are equally affectionate, if less eloquent, and his tender words are queerly mingled with extremely precise directions as to warm hose, fine linen, and other articles required for his use. His darling wife is to feel assured of his unchanging faith and devotion, and always remember to keep him in funds, inasmuch as his expenses are never less than forty florins the month.

Had nothing else been discovered, much gratitude would be due to Professor Thode for bringing to light this quaintly interesting correspondence. But more was to come, and we may imagine the historian's exultation on finding the following paragraph in a letter from the Countess, dated March 21, 1515:

"As to the ring, gracious and dearest husband, I should say that the ring entrusted to Messer Zuan Stefano Maga ought to have been made somewhat smaller than your old ring, and graven with the same letters which were on the outer and inner side of that one, since those words are a reply to the words on the other ring sent to me by your Lordship, the which I ever keep with me, and would have fain sent to your Lordship, so that you might deign to wear it for my sake and remembrance. But, since there is no good goldsmith in this place, I pray you, an it please you, to have the ring made there (in Venice)."

Here then is proof in black and white that a ring given by Apollonia to her husband had been lost, and that its device gave answer to some question engraved on that she had received in exchange. So it is easy to conceive that the Count's ploy may have been "Art willingly mine," or words to that effect, and his wife's response: "Mit willen dein eigen."

Thus the strangest chance had not only drawn the long-lost treasure from the depths of the earth to the very building in which its owner lived captive for years, but had given it to a German, who

within a week had succeeded in tracing its history. No wonder that he burned with enthusiasm for the gracious lady Apollonia, and, thrilled by the magnetism of her love-gage, followed with almost mystic ardour the vicissitudes of her life. By another coincidence, Frangipani's prison house, the Torresella, was a small tower on the Palace roof situated exactly above the Marcian Library.

At the date of the letter concerning the ring, strenuous efforts had already been made to procure the prisoner's release. His family, Cardinal Lang included, had all done their best; the King of Hungary had addressed the Republic in his behalf, and special appeal had been made to Maximilian's help. But always with a negative result. Until peace was concluded, there could be no hope. In fact, the Venetians were too keenly aware of their captive's importance to dream of letting him go until circumstances should deprive him of power to offend. But they treated him most gently. The Superintendent of the prisons, Messer Zuan Antonio Dandolo, constantly visited him and saw to his bodily comfort. He was cheered by the companionship of some of his officers, and on great festivals was allowed to leave his cell and enjoy a sight of the gay doings in the Piazza from the windows or terrace of the Ducal Palace.

Meanwhile his beloved Apollonia had sent a pathetic appeal to Dandolo, imploring him to persuade the Government to let her come to Venice and share her husband's imprisonment. The kind Provveditore warmly pleaded her cause, but to no effect.

With infinite politeness and circumlocution the Signory replied to the Countess, regretting that they were unavoidably prevented from granting her a safe conduct, and gently remarking that it were far wiser she should stay where she was.

This refusal seems to have urged Frangipani to a desperate resolve; for shortly afterwards one of the Torresella guards was accused of having secretly furnished him with means of escape. Some of the bars were already sawn through when the plot was betrayed, and poor Frangipani was more strictly watched than before. His former opponent, Bartolommeo d'Alviano next endeavoured to obtain his release, but the Signory turned a deaf ear, even to this powerful voice. Thereupon the General stamped with rage, and swore he would leave the Venetian service at the close of the campaign for which he was bound. At all events, his friendly championship had cheered the prisoner's soul. Frangipani was well informed of all that went on in the world, and perfectly realised that he might not hope to be set free until Venice came to terms with Kaiser and Pope. Indeed, he plainly hinted this in a pretended dream related by him to Dandolo.

Besides, there were wheels within wheels. If Mathias Lang's influence had failed to stir the Emperor to make an express stipulation in favour of the Count, it was only because Maximilian had reason to

distrust the fidelity of the Frangipani clan, and knew, they were already inclining to the Venetian side. For at this moment, the energy of the Republic's ally, King Francis, had turned the tide of war, the French monarch being already in Milan, and the Venetian force on the march to Brescia.

Time passed, but even when a truce was concluded between Emperor and King, in August 1516, no steps were taken to rescue the Count. He seemed forgotten by all save by his bride. For suddenly, in January 1517, Apollonia appeared in Venice. She came without any safe-conduct, solely trusting in God and the force of wifely love. Doge, Senate, Council, all the authorities were greatly disturbed by her arrival. But, their annoyance notwithstanding, she was politely received, lodged in Dandolo's palace, and allowed to see her husband at once. A few days afterwards, Doge Loredan granted her a State audience in the Senate. She entered his presence with a train of three maidens, costumed *à la tedesca*, in coifs and robes of black cloth; an elderly dame, a physician, and major-domo, all walking in procession. The Countess wore "a new silk gown, an outer robe of black satin lined with sable fur, a thick gold chain round her neck, and a gold-embroidered head-dress in the German style." "She is a worthy and honour-inspiring lady, very beautiful, small and slender."

Apollonia earnestly implored the Doge for permission to visit her husband twice a week, and explained that, being compelled to consult physicians with regard to her health, she craved leave to see them in the Count's presence. Also, that she was collecting funds for her husband's ransom, and expecting a sum of 50,000 ducats from Laibach. The Doge gave a vaguely reassuring reply, saying he hoped that the re-establishment of peace would speedily bring about the fulfilment of her desires.

The next day Dandolo came to the Council Chamber in great haste and excitement. In defiance of all rules, entreaties, and commands, the Countess had positively refused to quit the Torresella, insisted on spending the night with her husband, and, moreover, was still there, prostrated by a relapse of her old malady. So now the Count prayed the Signory to let him keep his wife and to provide her with the requisite medical aid. This incident caused much commotion in the Senate; there was a hot debate, and the majority voted against the petition. Nevertheless, Frangipani firmly insisted in retaining his wife, vowing that he would only be parted from her by force. Now, though extremely vexed by this feminine complication, the Senate shrank from violence, and after loud verbal protest yielded the point. So the devoted couple were left in peace. Meanwhile, more vigorous negotiations were opened for Frangipani's release. Even the Spanish King joined with Francis I. in sending urgent appeals in his favour, and weighty secu-

rities were proffered by his father, Bernhadin. But powerful voices protested against the danger of loosing the bonds of so dreaded a foe. The Marquis of Mantua opined that nothing less than the total destruction of the Republic would be the result. Next came a question of exchanging the Count for Giulio Manfron, who had been taken captive by the Duke of Urbino.

All these points, however, took long to debate, and two gracious epistles from Maximilian expressing his Majesty's hope of the speedy restoration to freedom of his "beloved and faithful subject," merely served to lighten the prisoner's weary suspense. Countess Apollonia had been compelled by illness to leave him for a time and go to the baths of Abano, but in July 1518 she returned in better health to his side. Frangipani's patience, however, was now worn out. He fell ill, and presently, in October, was detected in another desperate attempt to escape. Hence increased severity was employed, and Countess Apollonia promptly removed from the prison to Dandolo's care. A month or two more, and at last the Count's fate was decided. On January 6, 1519, after 1813 days of durance, he was, not set free, but handed over to the French in exchange for the Marshal of Navarre, who had been taken by Spain. So, under honourable escort, Frangipani was conducted to Crema, consigned to Lautrec's commissioners, and borne away to the Castle of Milan. His loving wife was only allowed to accompany him on the first stage of his journey across the lagoon, and parted from him at Lizzafusina. But she certainly went to Milan, and probably shared his imprisonment there. Her sad story was nearly ended, and is briefly summed up in the following passage of Marin Sanuto's chronicle :

"On the 4th September (1519), died in Milan the Lady Apollonia, sister to his Eminence the Cardinal of Gurk, and wife of Count Christopher Frangipani, detained as prisoner in the Castle of Milan, whither his lady had followed him. And the said lady's corpse was placed on a bier and sent hither to Venice, and thence by land to Friuli, for interment in a castle of the Count's (at Modrusa) near Capo-d'Istria."

The suffering woman had fulfilled her promise of daring the worst for her husband. "Wholly his," as ran the device on the ring, unto death she had clung to him. It seems worth noting that Professor Thode's investigation of the family history unearthed the fact that one of Apollonia's brothers, Johann Lang of Augsburg, was a goldsmith by trade, and therefore possibly the maker of the love token owned by the Count. One point alone remains unsolved. In the letter concerning the ring, Apollonia mentions a second inscription on the inner side in addition to the outer device, *Mit wyllen dyn eygen*. Now the ring found at Prata has a blank inner surface. Of course the second posy may be engraved on the back of the lining, but Thode shrinks from deciding the question by tearing his treasure apart.

True faith demands no proof, and we think the Professor is right to be content with the testimony of the outer inscription. And what of the widowed Frangipani? Bereaved of his good angel and robbed by Maximilian's speedy decease of his last hope of succour, an ordinary man might have yielded to despair. Instead, Venice was presently startled by the news that the prisoner had escaped and was safely across the German frontier. He never again made war on the Republic, but the old fear of him endured. Accordingly, when he wrote later on to the Signory asking a safe-conduct to Chioggia, whither he wished to make pilgrimage in fulfilment of an old vow, his request was promptly refused.

His after career must be briefly sketched. True to the self-seeking traditions of his race, he trimmed between the rival parties by which Hungary was torn, and even hoped to seize the contested crown for himself. As a powerful border-chief and a leader of known valour and prestige, both sides competed for his adherence. He invariably accepted the highest bid; and it is thought that the crushing defeat of the Hungarians at Mohacs was owing to his wilful delay in bringing up the reinforcements awaited by his king. Infuriated by Louis's refusal of certain coveted lands, he refrained from checking Soliman's advance. Of Croatian blood, he had no patriotic feeling for Hungary; and cynically remarked that "the catastrophe of Mohacs was of wholesome effect, since had the Magyars been victorious, their arrogance would have passed all bounds." After intriguing for a while in favour of Ferdinand of Hapsburg, he finally joined John Zapolya's side, and on September 26, 1527, was killed by a bombshell at the siege of Warasdin. He was buried beside his good angel, in the family vault at Modrusa, but had not remained faithful to her memory. Death had snatched him on the eve of a second and highly profitable marriage.

Besides the story of the ring, Professor Thode's work teems with interesting particulars of the Hungarian drama in which Frangipani played so conspicuous a part. But its character as a romance of historic research has been its special attraction to us. The author's enthusiasm pursued his heroine even beyond the grave, for in the final chapter he describes his pilgrimage to Obervellach and the discovery of contemporary portraits of Apollonia and her husband in the altar-piece of the village church.

LINDA VILLARI.

CHAMPAGNE.

CHAMPAGNE—nectar of the gods!—is the favourite wine of the hour. How long its popularity will last none can tell; there being a fashion in wine-drinking as there is a fashion in dressmaking—the admired of to-day becomes the neglected of to-morrow. The life-history of all popular wines, from the time of the ancient Greeks and Romans until now, tells this tale. Even within the last couple of decades or so a noticeable change has taken place in the relative quantities of hock, claret, champagne, port, sherry, and madeira, drunk at dinner-tables. The uninitiated think the change is due to mere caprice—to a meaningless revulsion in public taste. It is, however, not so. The appreciative powers of the Briton's gustatory nerves have undergone no change; but the qualities of the wines presented to them have altered. Consequently, the fault is not on the side of the consumer, but on that of the consumed.

The reason why one wine after another falls into disrepute is easily explained, on the grounds that the supply of every vintage being limited, no sooner does a wine become popular than the demand for it exceeds the supply. Wine merchants not having sufficient moral courage to confess to their customers that they can no longer supply a sufficiency of the genuine article, adopt the disingenuous practice of equalising supply and demand by the addition of more readily obtainable wines. Were the added wine of superior, or even of equal quality to that asked for, no objection could be raised to the proceeding. But, alas! as the added wine is never as good, it naturally follows, that in direct proportion to the augmentation in quantity there is deterioration in quality. And as one false step in general leads to another, in order to hide from the buyer the deterioration that has taken place in the flavour of the wine, artificial

essences are had recourse to ; none of which, it is to be feared, ever originated within the skin of a grape—the chemical laboratory, not the vineyard, being their birthplace. Luckily for the public, however, although it is easy for the sophisticator to imitate the colour, body, alcoholic strength, and dryness of any given wine, it is exceedingly difficult for even the most skilful manipulator to give to any concoction whatever an artificial vinous bouquet capable of deceiving an educated palate. This arises from the fact that, in so far as flavours are concerned, the human mouth and nose in combination are far more delicate testing agents than any chemical appliances.

This will be more readily understood when I say that not only is each special bouquet developed during the fermentation of the grape juice each entirely *sui generis*—each species of grape yielding different aromatic principles ; but even grapes of the same kind, grown on different soils and fermented in different cellars, possess characteristic and easily distinguished bouquets. There is all the less wonder that they should be difficult to imitate, seeing that a profound mystery hangs round the modes of development of one and all of the endless varieties of vinous aromas generated in Nature's laboratory. No sooner will this veil of mystery be rent asunder than, no doubt, an end will be put to the tedious and oftentimes not altogether satisfactory avocations of the viticulturist, as the laboratory and not the vineyard will then become the source of our wine supply. Indeed, even now it does not do for us to inquire too minutely into the parentage of some of the wines in the London market, as, when traced to its lair, it is in some cases both startling and unpleasant ; all the more so as it is not always the cheapest classes of wines that won't bear the lamp of truth focussed upon them, but even some of the dearer. This remark being specially applicable to the mode of manufacture of sparkling wines, few words on the subject cannot fail to prove acceptable.

In order to be thoroughly understood it is necessary to begin by saying that sparkling champagne is nothing more nor less than a still white wine, artificially transformed into an effervescing liquid. And not only so, but that any still wine can be made into an effervescing one. Hence there are still champagnes as well as sparkling ones ; still hocks and sparkling hocks ; still Moselles and sparkling Moselles ; still Burgundies and sparkling Burgundies ; still Astis, &c. &c., and sparkling ones.

The effervescence of the wine is due to its being bottled and corked up before fermentation has entirely ceased. And all forms of vinous fermentation are due to the splitting up, by minute living micro-organisms, of the sugar contained in grape juice, into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The gas, after the bottle has been corked, finding no means of escape, remains suspended in the wine until the cork is

withdrawn, when it instantly rushes in bubbles to the surface, and, in escaping from it, causes the wine to effervesce and sparkle.

Strange though it may seem, the sugar is the food, and the alcohol and carbonic acid gas the excretions of the minute organisms that cause the fermentation.

There is no such thing as a natural sparkling wine; consequently, champagne is a manufactured article, in the sense that it is brought into existence by the skill of the viticulturist. The process is a complicated one. It consists of three distinct stages: the first being merely the making of a still wine. This step differs in no essential particular from that followed in the making of any other still wine—be it port, sherry, or claret; that is to say, it consists in the fermentation of expressed grape juice in open tubs, at a temperature ranging between 60° and 70° Fahr., and, from the tubs being open, the carbonic acid gas generated escapes into the air as a waste product, the alcohol only being retained in the liquid.

The second stage is the conversion of the still liquid into a sparkling wine. This is accomplished by withdrawing it from the tubs into bottles, and tightly corking them so that none of the gas generated during the subsequent fermentation can escape.

In this stage there is, however, another object held in view. For while up till now it was chiefly alcohol that was wanted, during the secondary fermentation the delectable aromas and flavours upon which the commercial value of the wine mainly depends are sought to be developed. So the fermentation is no longer a rapid one at a high temperature, but a slow one at the low temperature of 43° Fahr. And the fermentation is not, as in the first instance, kept up for merely a few weeks, but for months, or even years, according to the quality of the vintage and the price the wine is ultimately expected to bring.

It ought not to be forgotten that "bouquet" is a point of paramount importance in apprising the value of any wine, and champagne being no exception to the rule, a word or two on the mode of its production will not be out of place here.

The bouquet of a wine depends mainly on the following five factors: the species of the grape; the soil of the vineyard; the amount of sunshine; the mode of fermentation adopted; and the temperature at which it is conducted.

So great is the influence of soil and sunshine on wines yielded by the same species of grapes, that those grown on one side of a hill may produce an entirely differently flavoured and bodied wine from those grown on the opposite, though their expressed juices be fermented in the same cellar and in precisely the same way. For example, the famous stein wine, made from the grapes grown upon the sunny side of the Fortress rock at Wurzburg, is of six times greater commercial value than that made from those grown on the other side, although but

a few yards separate the vines—the difference being entirely due to aspect and soil.

The influence of soil alone on the bouquet-yielding principles of grapes is, indeed, so great that notwithstanding that those grown in the champagne districts of France, including those of the Aube, Ardennes, and Marne, are so deficient in saccharine matter as to necessitate, in the majority of years, the addition of sugar to the “most” to make it alcoholic enough, and at the same time to make it yield sufficient gas to cause it to effervesce briskly, the grapes are so rich in the delicate bouquet-generating ingredients that the champagne made from them has long and justly been regarded as the queen of sparkling wines.

In order that no mistake be made about the nature of vinous bouquet, it may be well to remark that its intrinsic value depends far less upon its quantity than upon its kind. This will be readily understood when it is said that the powerful bouquets given to sparkling wines by muscatelle grapes, as well as those met with in sparkling Moselle and Rhine wines, are infinitely less prized than the far less pronounced ones of the finer kinds of champagne, thus proving that the commercial value of a vinous bouquet is not to be calculated by quantity but kind.

As sugar is an essential element in champagne manufacture, it may be stated that its amount in grapes materially depends—other things being equal—on the sunshine and rainfall. The hotter the season the more saccharine is the grape; the colder the season the sourer the wine. Moreover, it has recently been noted that the sweetness of a grape is in direct proportion to the size of the vine leaves; the larger the leaf the larger being the amount of sugar in the grape, and, as a consequence, the stronger the wine made from it.

Although some French champagnes are vastly superior to every other kind of sparkling wine manufactured in Europe, this cannot be said of all; for there are as great differences in French champagnes as there are in English ales; and in most instances from similar causes. Just as two breweries at Burton-on-Trent, separated by nothing but a brick wall, send forth entirely different flavoured ales, in like manner two adjoining champagne manufactories will produce differently flavoured wines.

Various reasons for these differences, both in ale and wine, might be given. But here it is only the two main ones as regards champagne that will be considered. These are fermentation and *dosage*.

With respect to fermentation. As already explained, the temperature of the cellars in which it is conducted has an all-important influence on the result; and this is particularly noticeable in the bottle stage of fermentation, from its being the period during which the vinous aromatic ethers are chiefly developed. In order to develop them in perfection, it is necessary that a uniform temperature be

maintained during the whole process—no easy matter in a changeable climate like that of Europe. Indeed, so important an agent is temperature, that one might say that the secret of the fame of the delicate bouquets of the champagnes of Châlons, Epernay, and Rheims, springs solely from the fact of their possessing great chalk cliffs, in which have been excavated vast cave-cellars, capable of being maintained at a uniform temperature, not only during the entire day, month, or year, but year after year, no matter how hot the summer or how cold the winter may be.

These cliff wine-caves are a marvellous sight. For in them are not only thousands and tens of thousands, but millions of champagne bottles, standing like regiments of soldiers, row upon row, battalion behind battalion, as far as the eye can reach. But the bottles are all placed with their bottoms uppermost, in order that the dirty *débris* arising from the fermentation may fall into their necks, the more easily to be got rid of at the period of *dégorgement**—a process by which the wine is rendered clear and pure, and ready to be placed on the market.

When we visited the celebrated chalk caves of Jacquesson et Fils, in order to see the system of champagne manufacture they contained between two and three millions of bottles, and a few years before there had been over four millions in them; which fact, of itself, affords some idea of the vastness of these cellar excavations.

Until after its *dégorgement* the bottled champagne is spoken of as *vin brut*, meaning thereby a harsh, immature article, and brut(e) it might well be called; for in its then state it is acid enough, and acrid enough to take the skin from the mouth of a crocodile. Consequently, it has to be submitted to a softening process—called *dosage*—to suit the varying tastes of its consumers; for even the grossest palate could not drink the wine in its then condition, notwithstanding what some English wine merchants, who discourse learnedly upon what they are pleased to call the beauties of “natural champagne,” tell us to the contrary. The word “natural” might, perhaps, with some show of reason, be applied to a still wine; but the word is as inappropriate when applied to champagne as it would be to butter or cheese manufactured out of milk.

Dosage, the last act in the drama of champagne manufacture, is a most important one in the eyes of the viticulturist, for the reputation of his brand mainly depends upon the skill and care with which he accomplishes it, seeing that, as just said, it is the converting an unpalatable sour liquid into a pleasant beverage. And this cannot

* The act of *dégorgement* consists in the removal of the cork, which (in consequence of the sudden outrush of the pent-up carbonic acid gas) goes out with a bang, along with all the dirty *débris* that has become deposited in the neck of the bottle. The operation requires great care, and is performed by men with masks on, as the bottles frequently explode. It likewise requires great skill, in order that the whole of the *débris* may be got rid of with a minimum loss of wine and gas.

always be done in the same way; for no two vintages being ever identical—either in alcoholic strength or vinous bouquet—in order to maintain the brand as nearly as possible at a uniform standard, the kind and quantity of *dosage* must be varied year by year, according to the richness or poverty of the wine. The basis of the "*dosage* liqueur," however, is always the same in the same manufactory. Indeed, it varies but little in the different high-class champagne manufactories, for it essentially consists of sugar-candy dissolved in fine old champagne, with a certain amount of pure, full-flavoured cognac added. A few firms add a certain proportion of glucose or glycerine.

The *dosage* of inferior kinds of champagne is attended with little difficulty, from the fact that all that unrefined palates care for in sparkling wine is alcoholic strength and effervescing sharpness: two qualities that can be given to the poorest of champagnes with but little trouble or expense. What makes the *dosage* of high-class champagnes so extremely difficult is the fact that the *cognoscente* apprises the merits of his sparkling wine less by its alcohol and "fizz" than by its softness and bouquet, two combined qualities that cannot be artificially given to a poor wine, manipulate it as you may, and can yet be readily destroyed in a fine wine by the addition of either too much or too little *dosage* liqueur—just in the same way as, while a little hard riding suffices to spoil the paces of a thoroughbred, no amount of good horsemanship will ever give a rough cart-horse the soft, easy action of a palfrey. So well does the vitiiculturist know how easy it is to spoil the flavour of a fine champagne, that he takes the greatest care never to use anything but the purest cane sugar, and the very finest old liqueur cognac procurable, in making his *dosage* liqueur.

Strange though the fact may at first seem, it is nevertheless true that "nationality" is a most important factor in determining the amount of *dosage*; for the quantity of liqueur added has to be regulated according to the country to which the wine is exported, champagne drinkers in different parts of the world demanding entirely differently *dosaged* wines. This comes from the fact that the wine-taste, like almost every other form of human taste, is a mere question of habit; and habit, in its turn, is simply the offspring of imitation. We like what others like. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule; but, broadly speaking, this statement is absolutely correct. How otherwise account for the Spaniard's love for rancid salad oil; the German's delight in stinking Limburger cheese; the Englishman's relish for putrid game; the Italian's enjoyment of garlic, and so forth? Moreover, the statement is confirmed by the fact that, although the newborn babe is only conscious of two flavours—sweet and bitter—smacking his lips with satisfaction at the former, and making a wry face at the latter, before three years have elapsed,

So great a secret of State, and Australasia are each pledged to share the cost of the cable route), and the delegates from each of these of the Empire who meet in London will make it their business to complete the details of the scheme, and enable the work to go through with all despatch. The tenders received by the British Government from some of the best and oldest firms in the world are taken to establish four most important facts: (1) they show that Great Britain can obtain direct telegraphic communication with Australasia without having resort to any soil not under British jurisdiction; (2) they prove that without elaborate preliminary surveys, the cable can be laid and guaranteed its success; (3) they show that the outlay of capital required is at least 1½ million sterling less than the General Post Office authorities estimated, and is well within the immediately available resources of the countries affected.

No one can doubt that the lands which border on the Pacific Ocean are on the threshold of a great development. France has already, by her initiative, carried a French cable from Australia to New Caledonia, avowedly to form the first link in a trans-Pacific cable in non-British hands. Definite proposals for another link in a non-British Pacific cable—the San Francisco-Hawaii link—are now under legislative discussion at Washington. The time has therefore come for decisive action to maintain legitimate British influence in these seas.

The South African crisis may be expected to give new force to the vote of the Ottawa Conference for an extension of this Pacific cable from Australia to South Africa by one of two routes—(1) *via* St. Paul in mid-ocean to the south-west coast of Westralia; or (2) *via* Mauritius and Keeling Islands to N.W. Cape or Port Darwin. The delegates from the Cape Government to the Ottawa Conference spoke strongly of the need of such an extension, and of the readiness of South Africa to pay her reasonable share of the cost. There seems no doubt as to the perfect practicability of the cable. It was not deemed well to complicate the business of the Pacific Cable Conference by adding a South African delegate, but the extension may be made a sequel to the Pacific cable scheme.

The solution of the difficulty as regards India lies in the same direction. From Keeling Islands, on the proposed Australia-South-Africa extension, to Ceylon is about 1450 miles, so that India, as well as Africa, may be connected with Australia by cables aggregating about 6500 miles.

Here, then, would be a great trunk line of all-British cables built up in co-operation with the colonies and India. The detailed estimate submitted to the Ottawa Conference respecting the Pacific cable, an

in a variety of ways; for example, by adding salicylic acid, or by simply reducing the amount of liqueur added to the sour *vin brut* after *dégorgement*. This he can do without fear of detection, from the fact that not one Englishman in a thousand, unless he be in the champagne trade, can distinguish a sour sparkling wine from one that has become dry by being kept from nine to fifteen years. This saving of time is money in the pocket of the manufacturer. He derives yet another advantage in being able to pass off a sour as a dry wine, from the fact that the absence of bouquet is less appreciable in sour than in delicate soft wine. This game, however, cannot be played in France. So fearful, indeed, are some champagne manufacturers lest any sour wine with their labels upon it should accidentally get upon the French market that they have special labels for it, on the corner of which either the words "Pour Angleterre" or "For England" are placed. For, as one of them smilingly remarked—"We Frenchmen don't turn our stomachs as you Englishmen do into pickle-jars, by drinking sour wine because it is labelled dry!"

The next point meriting attention is the widely spread though erroneous notion, that no champagne will keep good for more than fifteen years, and that it is at its best between seven and ten. Both ideas are false in as far as the higher classes of champagne are concerned. For we know, from personal experience, that Perrier Jouët's "cabinet champagne" of 1857 not only remained perfectly sound, but improved in flavour, for no less a period than thirty-five years, though some of the bottles were by that time nearly half empty from ullage, and their iron wires and silver foil had all rotted away, the corks being held in only by the strings. And what is more—the wine in the most ullaged bottles not only effervesced as briskly, but tasted as nice as that in the full ones. Be it remembered, this cabinet champagne was an exceptionally fine wine, one such as few Englishmen have ever had the good fortune to taste. Inferior kinds of champagne do not keep any more than inferior kinds of hock or claret.

In order that a champagne may keep, and improve by keeping for more than twenty years, not less than 8 per cent. of *dosage* liqueur must be added to it.

Another equally popular erroneous notion is that champagne becomes sweeter by age. So far from this being the case, it does exactly the reverse. The older the wine, whether champagne, port, sherry, burgundy, or hock, the more and more its saccharine ingredient disappears; from its being transformed into alcohol and alcoholic ethers. The reason why the old wine is supposed to get sweeter seems to arise from two causes; the first being the mellowing effects age has on all its rough constituents. For the effect of time on wine is like the effect of time on a bright-coloured oil painting. It tones it down. Secondly, when by any chance one

comes across a bottle of champagne that has been in an English cellar for over a quarter of a century, it is most likely a specimen of the old 8 per cent. liqueured wine, which, though having become much less saccharine than it originally was, nevertheless tastes sweet by comparison, to a person accustomed to drink the harsh, sour, so-called dry wines of to-day. And from being ignorant of this fact, he erroneously supposes that the old wine has become sweeter by age.

While on the subject of wine mistakes it may probably be profitable to direct the attention of the reader to another error carefully fostered by English wine merchants—namely, that pure and unfortified light wines will neither bear transport into England nor keep good beyond a year or two in English cellars. Both statements are equally devoid of foundation; for any wine good enough to keep and by keeping in the land of its birth, will not only bear transport into this country, but equally well keep and improve here as on the Continent. Only poor acid wines bear neither transport nor keeping. It may be regarded as an axiom that no matter how light or thin a pure wine is, so long as it possesses a natural bouquet sufficient to please a refined palate, it requires no artificial fortification in order to bear transport into England, and if young, it will improve up to a certain point by age. The lighter and less saccharine the wine however is, the shorter time it continues to improve.

Although all know that most red wines lose their colour as age advances, it is not so generally known that all white wines, on the contrary, get darker the older they become. So markedly is this the case with some, that a white wine fifty years old or more is sometimes of a nutty-brown tint.

We now come to the consideration of an interesting question—namely:

Does champagne cause gout by reason of the sugar it contains?

From the brief epitome that has been given of the manufacture of champagne it is seen that sugar is an indispensable element in its production—from its birth to its maturity. It has likewise been pointed out that far sweeter champagnes are drunk on the Continent than in England. Nevertheless gout is a more common disease in this country than in any other. If, then, sugar be the cause of gout, as we are continually being told it is, one not unnaturally asks, "What is the secret of the immunity from gout among sweet wine drinkers of the Continent?" The answer is very simple. The widespread notion that sugar causes gout is a mere figment of the imagination. Sugar could never bring on an attack of gout even in a constitutionally predisposed individual; from the fact that uric acid—which is now conceded by all leading pathologists to be the peccant material of gout, as it enters into the composition of every gout-stone

and is deposited in the form of urate of soda in every gouty joint—contains an element which does not exist in sugar. For uric acid is a compound of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, while sugar contains no nitrogen whatever. How, then, can uric acid be formed out of sugar, any more than the children of Israel could, during their bondage in Egypt, manufacture bricks from the mud of the Nile without straw? Although this is not a medical paper, it may perhaps be well to add that the idea that sugar produces gout is alike contrary to every-day experience and scientific observation. Were it true, children and women, who consume most sweet things, would be more subject to gout than men. Which they are decidedly not. And the women in the Eastern harems, who almost live on sweetmeats, would all be afflicted with gout in some form or another.

Besides which the urine of herbivora, whose food is richly sugar-forming, instead of being, as it is, alkaline, would be acid. Moreover, that a fit of gout cannot be induced by taking sugar was shown by Dr. Vaughan Harley's taking, while working at the Sorbonne, in Paris, 400 grammes (13 ounces) of sugar daily, until he completely upset his digestion, and totally failing to induce the disease, notwithstanding that he is hereditarily gouty. And while working in Professor Mosso's laboratory at Turin he even took 17½ ounces of sugar in the twenty-four hours without producing a single gouty symptom.

Not only so, but hereditarily gouty patients who freely indulge in sweet foods, are usually found to be no more liable to gouty attacks than their relatives who abstain from sugar.

In corroboration of the fallacy of the sugar and gout idea it may be mentioned that the still more reprehensible dogma in a sanitary point of view that sugar ruins children's teeth is equally false. Indeed, how the idea ever came into existence is a mystery, seeing that the finest, whitest, and strongest teeth are found in the mouths of negroes brought up on sugar plantations, who from their earliest years upwards, consume more sugar than any other class of people whatever. Those at all sceptical of the value of this fact have only to look round among their personal friends and see whether the sugar eaters or the sugar shunners have the finest teeth, and they will find—other things being equal—that the sugar eaters, as a rule, have the best teeth. The only possible way for accounting for this libel against sugar seems to be by supposing that it originated in the brain of one of our economically disposed great-grandmothers, at the time when sugar was two shillings a pound, in order to prevent her children gratifying their cravings for sweets at the expense of the contents of the sugar basin. This theory not being applicable to sugar and gout, however, it is probable that the first person who said that sugar caused gout was a crusty old gentleman fond of strongly spirituous wines, anxious to find an excuse for drinking them instead of the less alcoholic sweeter

young ones. It is so comforting to be able to still the qualms of conscience by shifting the saddle on to the wrong horse.

While all experimental data point to the fact that alcohol and acids are the most potent excitors of uric acid formations, clinical observation has shown that the most alcoholic and acid wines are, as a rule, the chief generators of gout. Nay more, although many gouty people can indulge moderately in good whisky with impunity, a single glass taken daily for a week will bring on an acute attack in some hereditarily predisposed individuals.

There are seven acids in wines: three natural—tartaric, malic, and tannic; and four developed by fermentation—carbonic, acetic, formic, and succinic.

Acetic acid is so powerful a producer of gout that the vinegar in a salad or a mint sauce will suffice to bring on an attack in some constitutionally predisposed individuals, in the same way, and for a precisely similar reason, as a glass or two of the acid *très sec* or *brut* champagnes do.

The value of a champagne, like the value of other wines, does not depend so much on alcoholic strength as on delicacy of flavour. For while alcoholic strength can be given to the poorest wine by merely adding spirits to it, the delectable bouquets derived from the grape cannot be got out of any of champagne's usual adulterants—namely, apple, rhubarb, plum, gooseberry, or tomato-juice—ferment them as you may.

Young men who prefer strength to flavour not only sometimes add brandy to champagne, but even drink it iced in the coldest weather. They do not know that it requires a temperature of 66 Fahr. to bring out in perfection the more delicate of the vinous aromas of sparkling wines. Lord Palmerston was about right when he said that he "looked upon the person who boasted that he liked *brut* champagne as either a fop or a fool." The French *cognoscente*, who knows a great deal more about champagne than we do, values it in proportion to its softness and bouquet, in exactly the same way as the *bon vivant* German appreciates his Rhein wines according to their *geschmack* and *wohlgeruch*, and gives prices for them which makes Englishmen open their eyes with surprise. Many labour under the delusion that all the best wines come to England; which, though perhaps true as regards port and sherry, is very far from being the truth as regards either French or German wines.

GEORGE HARLEY.

OUR TELEGRAPHIC ISOLATION

THE Pacific Cable Conference which Mr. Chamberlain has summoned to assemble forthwith in London, may be regarded as the first step towards meeting one of the most pressing needs of the British Empire—viz., a system of telegraphic communication completely under British control.

Our cables have been well spoken of as the nervous system of the British Empire. Scattered over every continent and washed by every ocean, our dominions have become as dependent upon submarine telegraphs for their cohesive life as the human body is dependent upon its nerve-fibres. Cut off the cables and you paralyse the daily transactions of business men in every corner of the Empire, you expose to innumerable perils the merchant-ships on every sea which bring daily food and work to two out of every three Englishmen, and you render it well-nigh impossible to defend our widely separated possessions.

Instant communication is, in a word, one of the conditions of life to the British Empire. Yet recent events have shown how near we are brought to telegraphic isolation at the first alarm. When all is quiet our cables do their work well, and it is a gratifying reflection that the British pluck and enterprise to which we owe them receive their due reward. But let the shadow of foreign complications cross our path, and each part of the Empire is in peril of being cut off and compelled to stand alone in the face of the enemy. Our cable system is, in short, an excellent fine-weather system, but it is little more. This is so chiefly because, whether we look east or west of Greenwich, our cables each (1) traverse shallow seas, with all the liabilities to interruption which that implies, or (2) pass through territorial waters

open to easy foreign assault, or (3) land on soil belonging to Foreign Powers who may at any moment be hostile.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Let us look first at the position of South Africa, which recent events have made an object-lesson of pressing importance.

There are two cable routes from England to Cape Colony. The East Coast route passes from Lisbon *via* the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, Aden, Zanzibar, Delagoa Bay, and Durban. The West Coast route passes by alternative lines from Lisbon to Bathurst (Gambia), and thence, *via* Sierra Leone and Accra, to Cape Town. Together these East and West Coast lines form a telegraphic circle round the continent of Africa.

But note the weakness of this circle in times of danger. The East Coast cables traverse the Mediterranean and Red Sea, where we must expect them to be rendered useless to us whenever it suits any enemy to cut them. "In case of an armed conflict between this country and England," said the Russian journal *Novoe Vremia* the other day, "our first task would be to block England's communications with India and Australia." In blocking them the East Coast route to South Africa would also be blocked, and to do this would be especially easy in the Mediterranean. As Lord Wolseley said some years ago: "To depend upon lines so placed is unwise and suicidal."

The East Coast line touches, moreover, at these among other mid-stations: Lisbon (Portugal), Alexandria (Egypt), Suez (Egypt), Mozambique (Portugal), and Delagoa Bay (Portugal). The West Coast lines land at Lisbon, Madeira, St. Vincent (all belonging to Portugal), Canary Islands (Spain), St. Louis (France), Bissao (Portugal), Konakry and Porto Novo (France), Prince's Island, St. Thomé, St. Paul de Loanda, Benguela, and Mossamedes (all belonging to Portugal).

Nor is this all. The West Coast route passes through a region where for climatic reasons white labour is almost impossible, and the working of the cables practically by natives must lead to innumerable delays and inefficiencies. How much of the delay in Transvaal and Ashanti messages during the critical times through which we have been passing is attributable to this cause we shall probably never know.

Among other causes of interruption must be named what an official explanation (*Electrician*, January 17) calls the burning of rubbish by "sanitary authorities" at the water's edge. From this cause, we are told, three sections on the West Coast were interrupted in January.

How much depended upon these West African rubbish heaps! Had these so-called "sanitary authorities"—to those who know the

West Coast there is just a touch of humour in this idea of "sanitary authorities"—taken it into their heads to get rid of their refuse a few days earlier, when the East Coast line was down, England and South Africa would have been completely cut off from one another at the height of the Transvaal crisis. There would have been no news in Downing Street of the Jameson raid. There would have been no reassuring word from Mr. Chamberlain to the angry Boers, no restraining word to the excited Outlanders; and before we knew anything was amiss, all South Africa must have been plunged into a chaos which would have been grave enough in setting back the clock, but the outburst in Germany at the time suggests even graver consequences in Europe.

Those vigilant "sanitary authorities" little knew that they were seeking of their hands the terrible issues of the world's peace or war.

That is one of the might-have-beens of history. But as it is, we have come near enough to telegraphic isolation during the South African crisis. On December 24 the East Coast route was rendered useless by a break in the Aden-Zanzibar section. For eleven days the section was down, despite the most strenuous efforts of the Cable Company;

By a strange fatality, with which statesmen have to reckon, those eleven days covered a period of the most acute crisis that British dominion in South Africa has ever passed through.

On Sunday, December 29, Dr. Jameson began his march upon the Transvaal territory. The East Coast cable was down, but happily news of the raid passed the many perils attending traffic along the West Coast line, already over-burdened with Ashanti war messages, and Mr. Chamberlain was able, on Monday, December 30, to set her Majesty's Government right with the Dutch in South Africa.

Then followed a period of the greatest anxiety, when, as the *Standard* put it, we were "as much in the dark as to what was going on in one of our principal dependencies, with which we have double cable communication, as if it were situate in the desert of Sahara."

From December 30, until the repair of the break on the East Coast on January 4, no single ordinary telegram of later date than December 30 left South Africa for Europe. Messages in abundance were waiting at Cape Town on their way to Europe, but they got no further. The Imperial Government, with all its powers and precedence, was little better off. Speaking to a deputation of South African merchants, Mr. Chamberlain said "he felt it right to point out that owing to a block in the cable, said to have been on the West Coast, and possibly due to messages sent in connection with the Ashanti expedition, the Government itself had received no message of any importance on Transvaal affairs from 5 P.M. on January 2 until 4 P.M. on January 4."

So great was the suspense of the Cabinet that we had her Majesty's Secretary of State, though ill from exhaustion, leaving his home and walking the echoes of the City at dead of night in search of news. Day after day the Colonial Office was crowded with anxious relatives of the possibly engaged in conflict with the Boers. Day after day all business was at a standstill for news of what had happened to the millions of British money invested in the Rand; yet, though the cables, many were doing their best with the laggard West Coast cables by alternate came; it was blocked at Cape Town. Even when, on hence, *via* Sierra Leone break on the East Coast was repaired, the eagerly-landed in-bound messages had to remain at Cape Town until the in-bound messages from England were first cleared off, so that at norms which reached the cable office in Cape Town on January 3 last cable being received in London on January 7, and the London papers were publishing on January 7 messages dated Johannesburg, December 30.

Now note what a chance it was that there was even this slender link between us and South Africa. The East Coast route was repaired on January 4. That ended stage 1—the breakdown of the East Coast line. Only nine days later the West Coast line, which had alone saved South Africa from absolute isolation, itself gave way. On January 13 the West Coast cable was interrupted between Accra and Sierra Leone, and on January 14 the duplicate cables running from Sierra Leone towards England were also interrupted. On January 15 there was a further interruption in the section between St. Thomé and Loanda.

It was now the turn of the East Coast route, and on January 20 came the news that the Delagoa Bay-Durban cable was interrupted, and as the St. Thomé-Loanda cable, on the West Coast, was still down, messages had to pass from Delagoa Bay inland to Natal, *via* Swaziland and the Transvaal. That is to say, British cables became subject to the favour of Portugal and President Kruger and his angry Boers.

Thus we have three stages in the cable developments of these three eventful weeks:

Stage 1.—December 24 to January 4: East Coast line down.

Stage 2.—From January 13: West Coast line down.

Stage 3.—January 20 to 22: East Coast line down south of Delagoa Bay; both East and West Coast cables being thus down together, and messages had to be sent inland from Delagoa Bay, by favour of Portugal and the Boers.

"A mere chapter of accidents," some one may say. Even then the gravity of the position would remain. But let us see. Here is a record of interruptions since 1890 on the two routes:

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Is that a route upon which it is wise for British commerce to rely?

Moreover, even apart from this Cuban insurrection, Cleveland's message at the close of last year plunged us with our kith and kin in the United States, of what the United States route have been to us? Strategically we depend upon United States land lines to the West Indies, for the Galveston route is an alternative in times of peace or war; and these United States lines being denied to us, the West Indies stand isolated—every enemy.

Note again that in the ordinary course of things the North Atlantic squadron of the British navy leaves the Bermudas in the first week of January for its three months' winter cruise among the West Indian islands. Directly it leaves the Bermudas it passes out of reach of British cables, and Canadian coasts might well be devastated and British commerce on the American side of the Atlantic crippled before the squadron could be called back or help sent direct from England.

But it needed no such startling reminder as the Anglo-American war scare to convince the West Indies of the dangers of their telegraphic position. For years past the Legislative Council of Jamaica, the authorities in Trinidad and other islands, and the West India Committee in London have begged for reasonable help to free them from their telegraphic dependence upon the United States. They have every reason to keep on friendly terms with such excellent customers as are the people of the United States, but it is quite another thing, they say, to be under the commercial domination of New York, as this cable dependence implies. No one can read the West Indian papers without realising how real and paralysing to British and Canadian trade this domination is, and what sacrifices the West Indians are ready to make if Canada and Great Britain will extend them a helping hand.

THE REMEDY.

What, then, can be done? South Africa, India, Australasia, and the West Indies stand in peril of isolation; how can the risk be minimised?

The Ottawa Conference and the pending inter-Imperial Conference in London will, we may expect, answer that question so far as Australasia is concerned. The Pacific cable from the Pacific coast of Canada to some point in Australasia will give the Empire the necessary alternative and all-British cable to the Antipodes, which, touching upon no foreign soil, and lying in deep water, will be as secure from interruption and foreign attack as any cables can be. Great

So great a secret of State, and Australasia are each pledged to share the cost of the cable route), and the delegates from each of these of the Empire who meet in London will make it their business to complete the details of the scheme, and enable the work to go through with all despatch. The tenders received by the British Government from some of the best and oldest firms in the world are taken to establish four most important facts: (1) they show that Great Britain can obtain direct telegraphic communication with Australasia without having resort to any soil not under British jurisdiction; (2) they prove that without elaborate preliminary surveys, the cable can be laid and guaranteed its success; (3) they show that the outlay of capital required is at least 1½ million sterling less than the General Post Office authorities estimated, and is well within the immediately available resources of the countries affected.

No one can doubt that the lands which border on the Pacific Ocean are on the threshold of a great development. France has already, by her initiative, carried a French cable from Australia to New Caledonia, avowedly to form the first link in a trans-Pacific cable in non-British hands. Definite proposals for another link in a non-British Pacific cable—the San Francisco-Hawaii link—are now under legislative discussion at Washington. The time has therefore come for decisive action to maintain legitimate British influence in these seas.

The South African crisis may be expected to give new force to the vote of the Ottawa Conference for an extension of this Pacific cable from Australia to South Africa by one of two routes—(1) *via* St. Paul in mid-ocean to the south-west coast of Westralia; or (2) *via* Mauritius and Keeling Islands to N.W. Cape or Port Darwin. The delegates from the Cape Government to the Ottawa Conference spoke strongly of the need of such an extension, and of the readiness of South Africa to pay her reasonable share of the cost. There seems no doubt as to the perfect practicability of the cable. It was not deemed well to complicate the business of the Pacific Cable Conference by adding a South African delegate, but the extension may be made a sequel to the Pacific cable scheme.

The solution of the difficulty as regards India lies in the same direction. From Keeling Islands, on the proposed Australia-South-Africa extension, to Ceylon is about 1450 miles, so that India, as well as Africa, may be connected with Australia by cables aggregating about 6500 miles.

Here, then, would be a great trunk line of all-British cables built up in co-operation with the colonies and India. The detailed estimate submitted to the Ottawa Conference respecting the Pacific cable, an

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since more than verified by the figures of the actual trade, suggest that the initial cost would be so small a bit of section affected as to be no impediment, while the growth of cable business under the stimulus of reasonable rate facilities must in a few years produce an annually increase. Between Europe and the Australasian colonies alone a normal increase of business, with the present high rate, 50 per cent. per annum.

From this trunk line a few short branches would connect the various sections of Imperial telegraphs fit to cope with the needs of a world-wide empire. One of these branches—the extension of the Halifax cable to Jamaica and the rest of the West Indies—is an important accomplishment, with the co-operation of Canada and the West Indies, that it should at once be undertaken, and so relieve the West Indies of their present isolation. Mr. Chamberlain pointed out in the House of Commons on April 23 that he knew of no insuperable constructive difficulties, and he hoped that the proposals now under consideration would result in the laying of the cable at no distant date.

From Port Darwin in Australia another branch would run to British North Borneo, where the cables already laid to Hongkong, Singapore, and Madras would be joined. At the Mauritius the existing cable to the Seychelles Islands, Zanzibar, and Bombay might be met. Thus India would be approached by all-British cables from the east as well as the south, and all British possessions of any note in both hemispheres would be brought into daily and hourly touch of each other and the mother country.

This is the splendid ideal of the cable reformer of modern times, Mr. Sandford Fleming, and it is perfectly well within our reach, as it certainly is within our pressing needs. There are many who would say that so immensely important an Imperial work should be kept in the hands of the Governments of the Empire, in order that the commercial community may get the fullest benefit in normal times without hampering the strategic value of the cables at all times. So far-seeing a statesman as Mr. Hofmeyr, the Dutch Afrikaner leader, laid special stress upon this when in conversation with the writer upon his return from the Ottawa Conference. In that case it would not be difficult to make some equitable arrangement with the existing private lines, either in the form of a guarantee against loss, as is suggested in the case of the South Australian land lines, or in some other way.

No one who has eyes to see the certain expansion of the commerce of the Empire can doubt that Canada, Australasia, and South Africa are but at the threshold of their development, and that an increase of facilities will bring an increase of traffic enough to occupy all the lines we are likely to create. The rate from England to Australia will be,

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3s. a word, as against the present rate of 4s. 9d. The rate would be proportionately reduced. To the West the word is now charged; the new rate would be 3s. a day is spent in cables between Great Britain and the United States, in 1865, was under £60,000,000, yet it that year more than £400,000. The trade is now and five cable systems are well employed in connection with India, Australasia, and South Africa, other possessions, is now £145,000,000. Cable systems are needed for the Transatlantic trade, can the commercial possibilities of a second alternative cable for this large inter-Imperial trade?

Whether the new lines be State lines or company lines, the need for them is imperative. Our commerce requires them. Our safety as an Empire depends upon them. Our colonies stand ready with a liberal share of the cost, and a guiding hand is alone needed to take up the question in the spirit of statesmanship. Is it to be the hand of Mr. Chamberlain?

PERCY A. HURD.

